

## Cales

# "Wandering Phantom"

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When twilight gives way to warming beams of the  
upcoming dawn  
I hover with freedom  
Over open surfaces of lakes  
With coming of early evening when sun lies down into  
mountain clefts,  
In moonshine I am coming back in the form of hawk,  
Rushing headlong where forests border the horizon.  
Dark hostile lands, where wild animals rule, are my  
home.  
Where roaring waterfalls rush down rocky cliffs,  
Wild unbridled water ruins banks,  
Furrows its way through slopes and aims down, south.  
Where storms do not end  
At time of winter kingdom's frost,  
Where bunches of mist are gathering  
And fade away again  
When pure pale morning illuminates white plains with  
hoarfrost,  
Where time stays unmoving  
To be formed by moments of changes.  
There I live in inseparable bonds of appurtenance.

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