# Wandering Phantom

## Cales

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 plaines 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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