

There is no trembling in your hand

(Yefim Zhuk)

When water is freezing at dusk
Camp fire – impossible task
The night's never ending its charm
And everything waits for alarm

There is no trembling in your hand

It's time to climb

No scary thoughts about the land

Below, the lake looks like a dime

And there is nothing that can stop

Excitement in your heart

There are no summits in the world

Which are too hard

So many ways, all start from home

Yours is unique to launch

Your destination is unknown

Your trails – untouched.

Your pick is watching and its ice

Dark Blue on red

It does not look like paradise

Cold knife – deep in sunset