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Authorized translation by Sergei Zubkov



*HER MAJESTY THE WATER
– THE QUEEN OF LIFE*



Scientific - Information Center ICWC

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HER MAJESTY THE WATER – THE QUEEN OF LIFE



“Have you ever seen water that you are drinking now? Haven't you been the one who had brought it down from the clouds or have it been Us who had done it? If We have wished it, We could have done it to be bitter; why don't you pour out your thanks?”

– Quotation from the Koran: ayats - 56:67, 68, 69.

God has given Water to the World as the Holy sacrament gift and ordered not to tolerate spoiling water, for He has not done it.

In our lifetime – our days filled with perpetual race for all kinds of benefits, wealth, the lifetime of the oil idol and the golden calf, - only belief in Water and devotion to Water; its miracle cure for securing health, for soil fertility, for saving the beautiful all can put the will of God into action!



Those deprived of words never enjoy any human rights.
We're polluters of Nature's ancient depths – to the most,
See dolphins leaping out to beaches on ocean coasts -
Agonizing in silent, crazy and desperate loss of lives.

Cut trunks of former trees make no complaints.
Mountains sag under the load of radar sets.
Nuclear darkness is spreading through plains,
And wordless grass is drying out doomed to death.

Neither water nor stone would curse us for the siege.
No words had dogs killed by our pitiless rage.
No words had birds shot down by missiles in flights.

For two millenniums we've been begging in Christ's name,
But still proceeding to exist, completely being lost to shame.
The Lord! To whom thou gavest the human word and rights!

To whom? Indeed! And what was it for? For how many ages have we been failing to reach an agreement? Just try to count them all.
Well, then ... why not just talk it over?



Recently there had been a display of new limousines in Detroit. To millionaires' joy a row of super cars were exhibited standing in splendor and boasting of six hundred horse powers engines each. One can only fancy, if every nation in the world procures somewhat ten such herds, then half the planet ought to be sown with oat to feed all the horses. But in the case in question not oat crop is needed – powerful cars demand oil! It is Fuel. How much of it will people need to maintain this family of luxury cars? Okay, let's imagine that we managed to feed them all. Then another global challenge will emerge to its full extent. What air will our great granddaughters and sons breathe in? Ah?.. The air generated by the seas and oceans? It might be so, if it were not for tankers and the disaster which befell the clean waters of these seas and oceans when oil flushes from liquid cargo carriers in consequence of frequent shipwrecks. To envisage such a disaster is inconceivable – one gets just dumbfounded.

Miserable waterfowl perish loosing ability to take wing, dead fish swing with desecrated sea waves. And what's about us?.. As to us we've been talking, talking all the way, and so far still fail to hit upon new kinds and sources of energy able to substitute oil in terms of efficiency. Oil,.. oil,.. oil... It is like blood throbbing in the planet's body. We have been pumping it out and burning more and more. Reduced to smoke it vanishes from the face of the earth, while augmenting amount of gold stored up by oil deposits owners. Just think – Gold and Blood of the planet! Hasn't human blood been flowing during endless wars for the sake of wild wealth?

And just as smoke of burning oil - human souls have been departing up to the sky. A very strange coincidence, isn't it?

Oh, yes! We cannot do without energy. However, with oil it will be a bad look out for us in the long run. It's time to recall that there is Her Majesty Water lapping against the shores in the oceans, seas and rivers. It is water that might help us wash our souls clean, wash away the tendency for robbery, wash off evil propensities for mincemeat of each





other and, of course, stop damaging Nature. One should start striving for perception with our hearts of water's living sounds in order to conceive life-giving meaning of its value. And hopefully water will give us help, save present and future generations of people from madness and agonizing mutual destruction.

Childhood reminiscences... we, kids, used to feast our eyes upon puddles stained with petrol opalescent patterns. They seemed to be so picturesque. But this was in unreasonable childhood, when even delinquencies might be taken as a kind of noble deeds. And fakirs in circuses amazed us – boys and girls – when they spewed fire out of their mouths. Now I wonder what made them do it - keeping petrol behind the cheeks so as to surprise us and make money.

Today it seems to me, now and then, that some monstrous fakir has been towering above all of us, and glow of a fire suddenly starts heaving over the whole of our planet, whereas waves of pure sweet water are streaming away from the mankind so as to attain its objective – to return and take vengeance on us for greediness and failure to understand the essence of one sacred gift of Nature – titled Life.





Either scope of Russia or Grand Canyons in the USA
Everything is precarious, my honey, and surely unsafe:

Including blossom colors of Indonesian islands,
And Africa and global power of Britain's lions.

So, what would happen to the Earth and all of us?
When the ultimate tsunamis blow up at last?

Don't worry; lifelessness will come of it, my dear,
And only salty winds cool all the dead without fear.



And that's all there is to it! There are no people on the planet. Oil remains throbbing through the Earth interior, water remains lapping against shores in the oceans, seas and rivers. There are no words on the planet, and no more poets: no Pushkin, no Ahmatova, no Tsvetaeva...

Only the global ocean's waves will wave goodbye
And give the deepest sigh

For:

- Marina,

Anna,

Alexander¹...

¹ These are first names of the above mentioned famous Russian poets.



A mortal fat man and the immortal Kaschey²
Are sitting on grass, looking at a waterway.

The mortal fat man's chewing at that
Garlic, sausages and breaded cutlet. .

Grinning at his neighbor with a sidelong glance,
The fat man's dreaming of a lucky eating chance

The mortal man's eating while Kaschey keeps aloof
And silently stares at the stream in the brook.

Kaschey is immortal, evidently, because he is not eating but looking down at the flowing water.

People usually say to each other after a long separation is over: “Much Water has flowed under the bridge”. Saying this they certainly bear in mind Time. Well, what do Time and Water have in common? The fact is that water having evaporated returns to the ground in the form of rain, snow, crystal springs, whereas time – as we consider – vanishes into oblivion for ever. But still, why do we sometimes become aware of sad feelings and vaguely sense that far away – beyond the frozen river bend passed by you – there are hot summers, childhood, and ever-living parents; at such moments we perceive that all these have not been lost, nobody faded away.

² Kaschey is a literary character referred to in many folk Russian fairy tales; he is notorious for being immortal and extremely wicked.





Over there, somewhere we hear, oh, something
Roaming our streets – it's our bygone summer.

Summer holidays, no need to go to school
The wasteland is an improvised sports-ground
The back-street football game is really cool.
Winners drinking wine and pretty girls around

In follow-up - the smell of autumn burning leaves
Then winter freezing snow and springtime breeze.

Believe - it's real! Take the passage ticket. Go!
The train departure is not so very distant.
But border check-points tell you "No!
Nobody ever has been there - even for an instant



Oh, yes, it's true. No check point of immigration control would ever let you return back to the past. But it's not for nothing that many people believe in their past previous lives. It's not for nothing that from time to time somebody's persons-doubles emerge here and there separated by centuries. Suffice it say that the sculpture of the Charioteer from ancient Delphi³ retrieved by archeologists looks alike rock'n'roll star Elvis Presley ("the King") as two peas in a pod (or "like two drops of water in a pond"⁴). There is something behind that, isn't it? Alas! Such knowledge is not available to us. Well, probably there are people who possess a gift for it, but they are unique. And the idiom "as two peas in a pod" (or "like two drops of water...") – where is it from?

Does not Man himself consist of water? Yes, he does – water constitutes about 80% of a human body. And as to the salt content in human blood – it is similar to ocean water. Therefore human beings must treat water in the same way as they treat themselves. However, unfortunately, we tend to forget about it. And the sky starts growing gloomy looking down at our deeds. That's why the Nature pours rain – meaning to shed tears over our unreasonable behavior and to remind us about the necessity of hearty kinship attitude to Water that has been safeguarding our life.

³ Delphi is an ancient town of central Greece near Mount Parnassus. Dating to at least the seventh century B.C., it was the seat of a famous oracle of Apollo.

⁴ Russian proverb



Her Majesty Water's face adverts like that of immortality personified. For us on the Earth - She reflects the celestial summit, and over there....

Over there on the edge of nocturnal sky
A pensive fisherman stands upright
And stretching a sweep-net to get it dry
On transparent pillars of holy moonlight.

In the empty sweep-net stars stand
And a boat is gleaming at his feet
Washed by feather-like weightless sand
Oars are moving as if in a sleep.





Iridescent rain-drops are trembling on berries of a snow-ball tree, on my high-boots,
on the blue barrel of my Kalashnikov automatic rifle. I am a sentinel.

I am guarding swamp moss against somebody's evil design.
It is general compulsory military service, so to say – the holy duty.

But along with this..., concurrently....



As supreme endowments
I feel with all my guts
Resinous smell of trees,
Pomeridian juice of grass.

I touch a cedar's needle
Or upper birch bark –
I hear my brother speaking,
Enjoy my sister's laugh.

There is no harm to sedge
From my heavy high-boots,
Sunflowers bow as a pledge,
Recalling forefathers' roots.

I slide conifer branches apart
Gently using my rifle's butt,
And suddenly raspberries cluster
Asks to be picked up faster.



Tussock meadows spotted with fires
Showing scarlet ash berries ripe
Hear whisper: take if you desire:
But if unfair don't you even try.

Flower stems piercing forest deadfall,
Each flower is looking at my face and eyes,
As if my face is the icon for all,
expressing its hope and praise to the skies.

Flourishing nature is taken aback - scared
by something hidden in the woods.
A missile is installed among the trees
Aiming at the skies with its nuclear head

Here it is. This foreign object – alien to the environment – has established itself amid tender birches that bestow music upon us, forty-meter high cedars sheltering flying squirrels, amid beautiful pines cherished by Nature. And this monster with a nuclear noodle – has it grown on its own? Chipmunks with stripy backs do not run up and down the “trunk” of the rocket. Vagrant bears, encountering the launching site, cast a gloomy glance at the automatic rifle’s barrel, turn aside and retreat, strolling far away to taiga⁵. And only we – human beings – have been guarding these missiles in various regions of the Earth.

⁵ Taiga is a secular forest in Siberia.

We – Homo sapiens – are ready to push missile's launching buttons. And in that case - off they go– flame-carrying, rushing at full speed across the skies – no, not the Fire-Birds of happiness from the fairyland but quite on the contrary. And at that moment the Ester Bell starts tolling over the planet. . .

Deep
boom-sounds
Ring out their way.
The Earth is blazing. Islands are in fire.
Sea water is boiling away.
Both – North and South Poles are enveloped
in jerks of flame-colored blizzards,
Rushing over centuries-old icebergs.

Deep
boom-sounds
Ring out their way.
It's not an inferno's
mushroom is rising like a hunted beast at bay.
- We see a tremendous blazing Cross.
Christ - the Savior - with thorns crowned Is mournfully
looking down
At disastrous development of human's Environment.

CHRIST'S RISEN! Christus surrexit!
Vere surrexit! ⁶

⁶ Latin translation.







Good God! Two thousand years. And how many millenniums had passed before A.D.? Have we grown wiser? No we have not! We - cultivating in ourselves wicked rapacity – do not prohibit hunt for living creatures as a kind of some game-sport, but not as means of subsistence. Here it is ...slavery in the souls. Wolves – getting in our flocks where everything is easily available – kill sheep and reindeers, not being hungry. The easy meat complex enters into force. And Life returns this evil for degradation. Wolves having got accustomed to such like carnage, when getting into in natural environment, fail to catch up with a savage deer.

This is what happens to people too. I have fallen in love with the book “Don’t cry “Wolves”” written by an English biologist Farley Mowat. The book is not about humanizing of wolves. It’s about the truth of life – of reality where people behave as if they were alien extraterrestrials – they, after having read information on Farley’s research work in Canadian tundra, did not believe the scientist-practitioner and started acting like absolute imbeciles. I might have been a more striking idiot recommending all of my acquaintances to read the book. It turns out they are reluctant to follow my advice – too busy to go to pains reading. Much less pain and trouble people would face if they could comprehend Farley M.!

Only a single step towards conceiving the essence of nature of the Earth might accomplish that which could not be attained through benefits stolen by human robbers ransacking the planet. It is not a matter of wolves. The matter is that Human Race should not tolerate passing Laws making thievery and depredation legal. Is it so that publicity of expressing opinions granted to most clever men by governmental power will remain a voice crying in the wilderness? – as my bosom friend Seva Vilthcek used to say.

We ought to learn from Nature to be wise – that is to cultivate sense of harmony in consuming benefits granted by Nature.



What's next! I hate proponents of arts – even most endowed with a variety of talents – if for the purpose of creating their works of art they kill a living thing. An inevitable punishment will be inflicted on that man – never mind whatever great master one can be (painters, sculptors, film-producers, etc.) – because the mission of artists is to introduce kindness and compassion into the world.

A valley was fired by a double-barreled gun.
Snowstorm went up from under the claws.
The cage is empty – animal has gone.
Taiga is defenseless – there are no laws.

You level the camera's viewfinder
At bared teeth of a big dead wolf.
You're self-assured, self-satisfied.
The animal's trembling in spastic pulls

The film reflects amber-colored eyes
with deadly look at the red rising sun.
Your easy hunt's a success – no surprise!
Snowflakes add luster to the killing fun.

Pretty girlfriend with a rifle is posing
next to the poor vanquished victim,
Wearing a stylish fur coat and gold ring,
as if a member of the hunting team.



And in the film studio with no hue and cries
A Chief accountant doing daily rounds
Scheming remittance to a timber enterprise,
trying to run with hare and with hounds.

... The wolf is dead. Conifer's got frozen.
A wad is oozing smoke at your bloody feet.
Name which next festival will be chosen
to treat spectators with your crazy film.

Where will you win your laureate title?
Will sea resorts set flood projectors on you?
Sparkles of diamond cuff-links are vital.
They reflect taiga tears, Nature knows it's true.





But God be thanked! Not everything belongs to the timber enterprise. There remains Water on the planet. It cannot be caged or executed. And instead of looking for methods to use violence against Water, isn't it better to worship purity of this bounty of Nature to glance at your own reflection and realize how much good and benefit it can bring to human beings!

High spirits of mountain rivers
are not in moonlit deep dreams.
They're happy in clouds crushed in pieces
In mad wild water streams.

There is joy, there is fierce
And perpetual, frenzy race
And clusters of icy peas
Got hurled into the face.

Thrust in the blue with its cool stone head
The rock has been guarding the river-bed.
Clouds of water - rooted to ground,
Cheerful rainbows jingle pebbles aloud.

Let granite slopes be fraught with risk,
Gravel screams of taking no chance,
To climb or drop from abyss cornice,
In ruptures thrilled of this gamble trance.

Thrilled by water splashes on a boulder,
Running around like a naughty child,
Bumping into resilient waves - icy scald,
Concurrently pleasing and warmly mild.





However, while in the mountains one ought to keep in mind that here nights come almost in the twinkling of an eye. And then give a futile try to find at least a single spring on hill-slopes. Three horses, growing more torpid by thirst than people, have rushed to a flume fool of water. Three wonderful muzzles have fallen down into this stone flume made by experienced highlanders. But horses are not allowed water immediately after hard journey. They – flushed up by the climb – should have a rest for a couple of hours to cool themselves down under saddles with loosened belly-bands. And only after the rest they may drink as much as they can. How could they wait for so long?! They are swallowing water like crazy camels. And what is most interesting that we ourselves, having jumped from the saddles, start guzzling this blessed water from the flume.

Sleeping bags granted us oblivion till 5 a.m... And at five o'clock, sunbeams gaily wake us up. And off we go, once again. It takes all forenoon long to get to the destination point – our survey site. Transit compass operation takes ten minutes. It takes the whole afternoon to get to the next point. There – below – one can see a turbulent river. Both – the horses and people got parched lips.

Thirst...Thirst...

When we return in ten days to the camp, we - first thing jump down from the saddles and drown our snouts in the river. Swallows...long swallows. And with open eyes submerged in water I see mirage images of horses drinking and looking at me – horses beautiful and grateful for being granted this flash of luck.

But all these reminiscences are referred to mountain terrain. And how about looking at fluctuating mirage images in desert wilderness?



We – four topographers – are dragging along red sands of the Kyzyl Koom desert ⁷.

Torturing Thirst personified is craving for water. All of a sudden, we see a well at the sand-dune hill foot where there is a triangulation tower pointing at the sultry sky. And it turns out to be not desiccated. What a stroke of luck! We crank a handle. A bucket dropping down falls with a plop on water. Our eyes are brightening up. The winch is squeaking. The scorching chain is tinkling.

And at last here it is – the longed for crumpled bucket – with water. But terrible smell of rotten stuff repels all of us. Hands could not be sunken in such disgusting liquid! Burial breathing itself emanating from graves of the mazar ⁸ located not far off has filled the crumpled bucket.

Heat from the sky is 50⁰C above zero,
and temperature of the scorching sand is plus 70⁰C.

⁷ Kyzyl Koom is the vast desert in Central Asia notorious for its extremely continental climate.

⁸ An ancient necropolis in Central Asia.



You belong to the Sun. It is frying you
on a red-hot pan.

No nesting sites for birds.
No resting place for men.

Giant lizards cover up their tracks with long tails.
Plane-tables and maps cracked, as well as lips and face.

Mirage is playing in your eyes under a felt hat's brims.
You count figures and check theodolite-level trims.





To hell with cities! These endless yellow sands
are ancient countries,
where you - a lonely Egyptian girl - roaming
through centuries.

Your boyfriend – a rod man – is looking from under
rust-colored eyebrows.
He’s under a rod... like ants carrying home
small straws.

Back at the camp, there are packs on camels’ humps.
Fall down to drink – water’s boiling on human tongues.

In the tent – among tripods and T-squares
stained with ink.
The next birthday party is in full swing.

You touch guitar strings after festive drinks.
The moon’ll rise in arid deserts as if
above the seas.



Did not they say that present-day deserts used to be seas' bottoms and oceans' depths millenniums ago – seas and oceans unknown to us? Why not contemplate that once, in time immemorial, axis of equator had changed its position in space? And what is hidden there at present – what mysteries are there in boundless depths? And what would happen to us living today and cherishing hopes for future great happiness?

Happiness is happiness. All human beings have their own separate different happiness, luck or fortune - whatever one prefers. But always are full of love and light reflected in arts types of happiness! Even in tragedies. Such are waves carrying Shakespeare's Hamlet away to exile. Such are irate crests of waves in The Sea Sonatas by Churljenys. They - the waves – are everywhere for water is part and parcel of animate nature – soul of every living thing - all flesh, man and beast. Therefore any kind of arts cannot do without water. Either purposefully or independently of each other Creators of the World and their followers in all human cultures worship water. Some of them dip into water with delight; others come to water with repentance to purify their souls. Not to mention the rite of christening. Don't I dare to touch upon it?! I only mean music, painting, and poetry. Water, water – wherever one goes...Tropical cloud-bursts, snow blizzards, seven-color rainbows. And why there is absence of water in R. Kipling's the "Great Dry Spell". Throat gets parched when I read verses by this outstanding romanticist and once again sense his great dry spell. And once again the lines emerge:

Let fishermen cast down their seines,
A drunkard drink, a blockhead strive for power.
Look up! The treble clef's soaring to heaven,
To make the music raining down to water flowers.

It has poured down...Do you sense it? The music has poured on us – like longed for reviving water for our souls among suddenly sprung up hot dry winds.



Sea waves dandled a yacht with a sail set
Lazy waves are tapping sandy seaside.
A woman beautiful and attractively naked
is strolling in her morning promenade.

Back in Moscow a year ago she squandered
Hopeless life – no shelter, no work – in a reckless race,
When suddenly a rich Arab guy unsolicited
Bought and brought her to Mediterranean for just in case.

Moscow blizzard is throwing snow
At night bars' windows and bright billboards.
Downtown ladies here - shivering with cold,
Try to survive their stampede from backwoods.

So far, clinging to Moscow in a death grip,
They share its drunken feasts and brigandage.
A dolphin's playing in the Mediterranean sea
A young lady's strolling along the beach.

She has forgiven, forgot her grief misfortune.
Remaining calm, not pondering over her fate
A cockleshell is in the hand, she hears sea tune
And sees the prince of the childhood fairytale.

You would never pull in to these far away shores
Neither gold nor power could ever tame you.
You've curbed the waves fawning upon you.
And who knows what happiness is? Who could tell you?





Who have they not believed in me
Cherishing hope in the hearts.
Pets, flowers, trees – all confided in me.
Mother was happy with my studies' results

I have swapped all values for freedom.
Now disappointed – look at the graves.
Burned flowers, trees are behind me,
I killed the pets – my dear kind slaves.

Look, here I am – my own Master.
Wondering about like a sad lost soul.
Why is there no more trust in me?
Where's Liberty? Do you hear my call?

Where are dreams of far-away land?
Where are my travels by ocean and sea?
Cranes in the sky – I am getting sad,
They turn to carrion-crows diving at me.

Drought. Cracked ground supports my feet.
Backpack's empty, not a drop in the flask.
Do I burn with shame or suffer from heat?
Bitten by fortune. Remorse stings like a wasp

Weary and thirsty I'll kneel to the spring,
Stoop in an unhurried old-man way
Slowly the spring starts drawing in,
My water reflection is carried away.





Who could tell you, really? Where is the answer? Is it in the Mediterranean Sea, in the Black or Japanese sea?

It is the eternal mystery of Her Majesty Water; and The Queen of Life may reveal her secret to us – but only then when we are eager, when we learn to listen to whisper of waves' crests and comprehend them or... well, just simply to meditate upon ripples on water generated by a leaf fallen from a waterside tree.

When you are young the world seems to be open wide and infinite. With passing years a lot of changes occur: - other impulses, revised values, newly born affections, different desires. Incredible are the ways of Destiny.

Oh, day-dreaming! What curious reveries I used to have, being eager to travel all over the globe in my youth; and, of course, to make all people happy.

It sounds funny, but as a child I dreamed of finding a tight purse – to buy presents for everybody. And at that, I meant only the purse that had not been lost by anybody. Isn't it amusing? It was really quite childish. Then, later, as a teenager I got attracted by submarines. No, they were not the ones carrying weapons - just subs for aqua-entertainment. In my imagination they might had been moving much faster, provided water friction is lessened. I was proud to hit the right idea. The gist of this “invention” boiled down to a proposal of enveloping a submarine with a layer of air jacket – thus enabling it to get rid of any friction while moving through water. They might have moved like planes in the sky. But an engineering decision I failed to invent. It remained just a childish Dream.

Half a century has passed. Recently I got to know that someone somewhere had made my dream come true through application of “air-bubbles blanket” around the entire submarines hull. The speed jumped up to... Well, let it be. The trouble is that these submarines do not navigate just in round-the-world tourist cruises, they have been sent on the destructive mission by a certain Unknown Someone – the villain carrying





nuclear missiles. To forecast the disastrous outcome of such like cruises would be a nightmare try.

But the dream was to become friends with Water. And if everything is set on fire who would be the first one to blame? Of course it will be the dreamer himself. If not for him there would not have been any sub-water devices at all. Agree? As to these omnipresent certain Someones, nobody can accuse them of whatsoever, no one of them will be remembered. So, what remains? A futile question, isn't it? What about this centuries-old consolation?

I'm lazy sunbathing and fishing in July
At the riverside biting a grass-blade
Tackling the problem: to get up or to lie
Or to flick from the face a cool grain of sand.

A wave's lapped. A martin flushed away.
A ferryman shouted at boys in a boat...
A fresh golden peace and quiet prevail
And water surface does not sway my float.

Dragon-flies are suspended over grass in the air.
Spider's web across the sky is motionless.
A narrow path runs through heated haze
To the river's low bank green with water meadows.

Clouds in the noon sky have stiffened fixed.
Such radiant joy's reigning in the heart,
That there's no way for being a skinflint
Ages for a wink of quiet bliss willing to barter.



So... Well, craving for a quiet bliss... You have got a hope!
TV and radio airwaves are packed to capacity with alarmed voices of studio commentators. Tragic newspaper and magazine photo-accounts lash across the eyes.
“Massacre in South Ossetia... water supply - destroyed...” “Terror in Mumbai – killers came by water in boats...”
“Flood in China... Evacuated...”
“Taiga is in flames...”
“Flood is progressing in Stavropol...”
Water-wells jammed with silt...
No drinking water available...”

It is unbearable neither to listen nor to watch. There is Venice in Siberia. Bellowing cows fright-stricken are taken across high waters in Gondolas. Hallo! America, UN, Europe, India. Hi! My crazy world! The world of terror acts, rapists, billionaires, beggars, show-gangsters.

Oh sheer mental house of mine! My dear Planet! Whom and what have we sinned against to receive so severe a punishment? Cities have been sinking; and as to Your woods, my Lord, they are blazing in fires and no water is available to put them out. Special fire-killing airplanes are not in sufficient numbers. What’s the matter?! But I must halt. What right do I have to disturb the Creator? Isn’t it high time for me and for you, and for all of us to use our heads and understand that one ought always to remember the popular wisdom – “cast no dirt in the well that gives you water” - the water-well granted to us by heavens? People are born to work but not to fight wars. You never know what may happen once. All may go to hell – and you and me and even leaders of religious confessions and governments. Here they are – seas befouled with oil, dolphins leaping out to beaches from radioactive contaminated waves, acid rains. And all these happen because of us – people. That’s why water rises in rebellion; - now...escaping from rivers and seas, now...attacking towns and villages.



To loll on the sand behind a breakwater
Towards the wave I stretch my hands.
Let them wash and tell me what for,
All should protect our waters and lands.

Wind and waves take my sorrows away,
In oblivion dispatching all of them,
I'm not afraid to sail too far and fall prey
To my sinful ever undying fame.

Though I've been unfaithful to girlfriends
My courage never failed me, I broke no pledges
Seeking consolation in unknown places.
The celestial protectress forgives my trespasses.

I'll share happiness with all around us:
Rocks, seagulls, waves, sails and sailors.
Where's the Sea of Luck, where're Islands
of Happiness?
Who'd provide me with heavenly favors?





Also, I've got a vision of the Aral Sea rapidly disappearing with every passing day. Very long ago various committees had been established for saving the dying sea. Business trips, assignments, per diem, salaries...But skeletons of fish and ships remain to be skeletons. It's tragedy of the planet. Truth to tell, one Russian sage caused confusion in the senior executives' ranks of the committees on saving the sea, and for a while made them pondering. He uttered a word of wisdom: "It's expedient to drop down icebergs from the Arctic Ocean into the Aral depression".

A clever person he is... - Ilya Muromets⁹ has wakened up. Would you, please, put him to sleep once more for the period of about eight hundred years!

⁹ He is a legendary Russian folklore character, who is glorified for his miraculous physical strengths that he applied for saving the fate of Russia – exterminating its major enemies. He obtained his limitless power at the moment of waking-up after 800-year long sleep.





What else? Ages ago it had been well known that to assure achieving a turn for the better a person has to start such betterment from improving oneself. And if misfortune overtakes personally you, look back – haven't you once upon a time been a cause of pain, mental anguish or similar misfortune to someone? Let it be very long ago, let be unintentional. Doesn't its return serve you right? Didn't somebody's tear roll down sometime - a tear of somebody whom you reduced to tears – tears that rolled down upon the page of The Book of Providence? Had not that page got covered with tar from a tree cut down to no purpose? Let it be not you who cut it. But you simply passed by, minding your own business.

Everybody is guilty – of everything.



It's my fault that in vain animals die.
I'm not quite aware of the reasons why –
A mother in countryside wipes sad tears,
Son in the metropolis is deaf – nothing hears.

I am guilty of all railway-n-air crashes.
I'm guilty. Of my crime – no witnesses.
My fault – the crop is killed by hail-storm flashes.
And the ship's team drowned in the Caspian Sea.

For emissions of the reactor's wreck I'm to blame
for cracks of fires, age-old trees in flames.
I'm to blame for crucifying The Saviour,
who later rose from under the shroud veil.

Volcano-torrents of inferno coals cover everything,
Burn the planet's face – to everything I confess.
I plead guilty, oh Lord, oh heaven, for my only sin
Implying: "Please, don't you accuse me of everything!"



No, not the vast Sahara desert can be seen on the African continent through seven-colored rainbows. I've the vision of a small country. I have something in common with it through my ancient ancestors. As a matter of fact, kinship is very distant – from time immemorial. The country is called Israel. I'd prefer to refrain from making a remark about dried-up limestone soil of the desert, serving as the farming land fertilized by sweat and human blood for growing green grass and palms, pine woodlands on the hillsides and tangerine groves. But then, one lady-emigrant from Kiev dared to lecture native Israelis on Sinai history:

- Your Moses (she used the abusive language) had been taking you along through the desert for forty years. Instead of bringing his people to Kuwait land full with oodles of oil, he dragged them here...

What a humor caper, ah!? That's wailing, isn't it? My I ask you, young perky lady, - what brought you here from independent Ukraine – the blessed nation among the countries – to this pitiful state, the Promised Land? However let you ---- off (I'd better abstain from using the four-letter language). It's not that what I mean. I'm speaking about H₂O. There are three seas surrounding the country – the country occupying the territory that is hardly set equals the area of Tashkent province¹⁰. Three seas, but they are all salty. And desalination plants are more expensive than purchase of soft water from Turkey. Cisterns are everywhere – on every roof. Collecting drops. The only fresh water lake is Kinereth has been waiting for precipitation - snow or rain. All over the country – beg your pardon - toilet sinks are equipped with two handles; one of them dumps less, another one - more water. And it goes without saying, water meters are everywhere. Not to mention drip irrigation. By the way, the one who had hit the “drip watering” idea used to be a resident of Tashkent.

But it so happened that at that time there lived soviet red tape clerks who managed to sink this flash of inspiration in the paper sea. So, the inventor had taken his heels and got

¹⁰ Tashkent is the capital of the Republic of Uzbekistan





to the Jordan River banks – and now descendants of those clerks purchase the drip technology from the Middle East country at the account of common taxpayers – and I am in their number.

In essence, this idea springs from chygkyr. It's the same, isn't it?

There is a startling phenomenon. When wild nature is overtaken by the drought period then all the animals would simultaneously bend heads to remaining water sources: among them lions, cheetahs, leopards, and, what are most astonishing, - antelopes and zebras. None of these vegetarian animals escapes from beasts of prey and none of the latter attack to feed. At this time, water reconciles every creature, balance, so to say conflicting interests. It is normal, isn't it? So, do we – people – need the doomsday global dry heat to make peace with each other in the long run?

So, a set phrase “Water is life”¹¹ is not a garish slogan, but the noiseless genuine truth. Didn't we once fish in the purest canal Salar¹² catching out silver marinkas¹³ with bamboo fishing rods? There used to be such a fish in our time. This I say for youngsters, who might accidentally read these lines. There was time when the fish could be found in city waterways. Yes, we enjoyed the Salar and aryks from which we gulped down water - flushed from a football game. Surprisingly, even without concrete flumes those aryks were always clean, full of pure transparent running water similar to mountain springs. Tiny baby fishes dashed away when we cooled our faces in aryk water. Every spring all of us went out to clean and drudge these aryks – with spades and shovels, dustpans and choppers. Nobody forced anybody, nobody summoned – all on their own.

¹¹ This slogan used to be the logotype of the Ministry of water management in the Republic of Uzbekistan.

¹² It is an irrigation canal in Tashkent.





Not much remains. Now - just a little remains...
To look at the sky – wave farewell to friends.

Fairy-colored leaves of autumn grove-trees,
Bearing no grudge I touch red rowan berries.

Nothing's left, but to remember only one thing,
Trees and flowers also suffer remorse's sting.

An icy cold spring reflects all colors of the fall
And is iridescent like a Russian orthodox icon.

In the end I'd like to hear the parting song of
a sunset bird, to worship Water – all I long for.

So much remains! So little of you will be left!
So much is omitted to make... So much is left...

Remains?... Much?..
There is so much zest for life.

From the swimming pool...dripped with splashes of a city's fountain...between boulders in a turbulent river...to sand beach pebbles of the blue lake... they are running out – a dark-haired boy and a golden-haired girl. And rainbows, rainbows, rainbows are emanating from their wide-spread hands.





Transparent wings of dragonflies – they stand still over waterside brush of sedge. Water is flowing in the wide aryk. Let it flow forever - hope to God! And let a boy and a girl stand alongside a chigkyr.

- I cannot, - my young friend says – pull a hose over the tap. There is an aryk over there. I plop with my bucket into the aryk and water my furrows.
Say, what about making myself some small makeshift chigkyr – why not?

Then staying for a while silent, he sighs out:
- Provided if there is enough water...

And in conclusion:

- I hate when H₂O has been permanently dropping from a faulty stopcock with no use – dropping to obscurity, to nowhere.



*Water is the very holy thing what we have!
Let's save and protect it, and we will save our world!*



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