

Tales of her homeland stir my soul;  
Four seasons did she toil and love  
and cook the radki on the fire.  
When she, with caution in her glance  
Surveying skyline endlessly,  
Saw darkness riding on the land  
Descending from the hills beyond,  
Hid children in the caves of snow  
And joined the mass in silent prayer.  
While in a day of many hours  
Serene and fresh from evening psalm  
She paused beside the mountain slopes  
To let the soft wind whisper by.  
When morning spread its eager cloak  
Upon the tundra's crevices,  
She worked the day in sun and wind  
Harvesting the hills of Sigmakhai.

- Elizavetpol.

by,  
Eliz. Hood/Moorhouse