

White wasteland, empty, with a view of absolute nothing. As if a white silk cloth was laid on the ground with crystal snow-white sand. The wind played with the sand, creating small whirlwinds and storms, which, growing, go into the distance to frighten the desert inhabitants and lost people. Sometimes the wind brought a find from neighboring territories – a bush or a piece of garbage, an integral part of human existence. Or a tumbleweed – a desert wanderer roaming from wasteland to wasteland in search of the same place for his rest.

Surprisingly, among the sands, as if dividing them in two, a small river flowed between these banks. The river flowed steadily, unceasingly, like time, and, like time, melted in the colorless valley of nothingness. On the edge of the sandy horizon it poured clear waters into the blue sky. It hugged the coastal stones with cold belts, tiled shallow in the sandy channel. Hundreds of drill bits twirled the underground veins of old rocks, and even the hard stones became hollow flutes, from which she extracted quiet, piercing sounds. The shooter shone from the bottom like crushed glass.

There was something eternally the same and eternally changing in the face of the river. Some kind of eternal wisdom of an old man's forehead. Some calm thought over the omnipresence. Some whisper of the subconscious element.

Sometimes, a migratory bird, another wanderer and traveler of life, will stop on one of the banks of our stream to rest, drink water, and even clean a feather. Having fallen behind his flock (and it will not wait for the lazy one who decided to rest), he will hurry to catch up with them.

There was also a small bridge between the banks. The bridge spanned both banks. The river under the bridge was a little bit faster and deeper. Light blue bubbles were bubbling, squelching, jumping, gurgling, scattering like a handful of flour scattered in the wind. Looking at the horizon, oh wonder! What I see!

There was a tree on the left riverside. A green thick-haired tree slightly tilted to the river, with the leaves of which the wind likes to play even more than with the whirlwinds of sand. How did you get here, tree? You shouldn't be here at all, you should be growing and growing, be a home for birds somewhere in the high mountain forests, so why are you here? I see your wide trunk tells me about your age, more than a century of life. You are the only thing left here.

As if a reminder and memory of the past liveliness of this place, its dense forest, on the trees of which birds made their nests, careless animals that enjoyed their existence in the wilds of this place. You probably saw how the bridge was built and how some troupe of wandering actors or theater masters crossed it in search of fame. You must have heard how a young lute player sat down in search of inspiration, perhaps even near you, and drew the same inspiration from the sound of the river, birds singing and the rustle of your trees and leaves. Perhaps you saw how the muse was hiding from the tireless poet, who was trying to find her in his wanderings for many days, and it was on your shore that they met.

The tireless writer rhymed until he knew and then, as if in tribute to this place, read his work loudly and shared with you, through the prism of his work, his travels and experiences. I wonder what exactly did he tell you? Did he show you the brightest landscapes that his eye saw, told you a love story that he can't let go of until now, or maybe described to you the craziness that is happening in the city. You saw, tree, how the lovers behind the trunk kissed, joked, laughed carefree and what is there, probably drank wine. You probably saw the sadness – the crying of the woman and the silence of the man, but as for this, do not take into account the sadness, or it will not stick. How much you have seen in your life, even I have no idea. You were once a home for birds, I am sure, for your leaves are thick even now.

Then, when winter came, they left you. But that same winter, under your trunk, in a hole, a bear was sleeping soundly, and God forbid someone disturb his sleep! Yes, but only you and the river remained from those times, which, I am sure, was once more unrestrained and wide, turbulent and unstoppable, until you saw the withering of your fellow trees, and the approach of the sands to this place. But yet, as long as you are here, the memory of this place will not fade. The stream that flows unceasingly into oblivion, and the tree that carries the memory of being.