

# Sounds and Memories of Mongolia

## by Prue Robinson

No sound, yet all sounds of the earth growing, living, being.

The moist, short breaths of the nomad's horse

meld with the breath of God in this place.

Whispering, swaying grasses wrap themselves around the horse's legs.

The nomad's tune held lightly in his dark throat, held securely in his confidence, held for ever in his heritage. His noble bearing, his presence, his reverence for his land; all as was and is.

Creak of leather, swish of horse's tail; hooves scrape on harsh ground, climbing higher and higher. Stones fall, clinkling over rocks. Gentle breezes sigh against a sun burnt brow, soft winds play tunes through angular rocky crevasses.

Narrow pathways lead steeply down from dizzy heights to vast, green valleys; the shifting light brings ever changing colours to this sunning landscape. Bleating sheep skip onward to richer grazing under the disdainful eye of an ever watchful eagle. On a distant edge an elegant Agouti sniffs the air.

Eek eek - a marmot darts to the safety of its burrow.

A leaf drops, a stone falls, a wing flaps.

Far off the nomad is awaited; he is loved; he is celebrated.

Greeted by shrieks of laughter from outdoor children and

welcomed his honey voiced wife, arms outstretched.

Tethered horses, anxious for freedom, stamp at the dry ground.

Metal rings on metal — meal time gathers family, young and old, to the ger.

Crackling fire, sizzling meat, slurps of airag enjoyed in a smoky closeness.

Happy gossip in muted voices, tired from traditional and boundless duties.

Thin whistle and deep hum of a throat singer, gently reassuring.

Eyes gaze wistfully in contemplative awe at the night-rise over distant hills.

The air becomes indigo blue. A wolf calls; echoes and replies from distant

friends. Foals whiny for their mothers. A murmur, a smile, a snore

Evening peace descends in this historic land; all as was and is.

No sound yet all sounds of the earth growing, living, being.

Sounds of deep sleep meld with the breath of God in this place.

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