

The Season of the Little Golden Spider Web

... And then the season of the little golden spider web will arrive. Just don't confuse it with an Indian summer. It's a completely different thing. It's timeless. Not everyone happens to find out, grasp and experience - but only once - this astonishment, which has crept between the past and the future into that moment when the present becomes alien, unnecessary, and gone to the edge. And everyone who happens to be lucky has his own tribute to this little golden spider web, but one should be rather careful not to tear it before a tiny knot appears followed by a delicate, shiny and elusive trace, which is a bittersweet memory of suddenly predicted good luck.

It sometimes happens that you are too slow to understand what it is: a golden thread has enlaced your fingers and keeps flowing... By the time you have a closer look, it has already slipped out of your hands and, having disappeared to nowhere, is lost. No trace and no memories. How could we be so sluggish! But what's the use in lamenting. There's no turning back. Everything happens just once. So does everything marvelous and wonderful. If you are slow to catch and lick the sweet membrane or have a bite of a juicy fruit - your heart will regret. The present will return and stand back-to-back again, and the golden timelessness will be forgotten as if it had never existed. Looking back to the past, the eyes won't squint, daydreaming of reminiscences, and the lips won't be folded in a sad and sneering smile. The hand won't get warm, holding a cup of golden tea, and the swinging glare will be a mere reflection of a light bulb.

How can it be? How can we allow ourselves to lose such alms! Look towards the sun, smile lingeringly and wait - there will come the little golden vibrating spider web of innermost feelings and desires, absent-mindedly and whispering, it will tie into a knot as a keepsake for a lifetime. The ones embracing happiness.