**The Pigeons**

*Marin Mihalache*

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I have been a pilgrim

In the land of dreams

Of elusive promised land

Where milk and honey

Gush down the hills

Like the rivers in spring.

I have traveled overseas

And mountains, wondering

Far from the native nest

The land of my ancestors

All now resting in graves

Waiting for the family reunion

In the eve of resurrection.

Now my restive thoughts

Longing and weary

Are flying back far away

To the origins, the abode where

I was born past century.

My thoughts worn-out and lonely

Are like a lost flock

Of traveling pigeons

Which taken away a while ago

From the native cottage

They always dream to return

To that hatching nest.

From volume “Homo Liturgicus”, 2018

Amazon.com