**The Chapel**

*Marin Mihalache*

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I built this tiny chapel

Blindly with my own hands

In the long night of my soul

Like in a dream walking.

With sweat of the brow

Laid down every layer

Hefty boulders of granite

From the hill of the skull

With dust and tears

Painted icons on walls

Windows to heavens

Doors I left wide open

For pilgrims to find abode

For the Lord to return.

I have no seen the chapel

But unrelenting shaped it

On faith through stained glass

With blind fingers I molded

All long night of my soul.

In the morning at sunrise

I shall see the mystic abode

I have built blindly without grit

In the trying night of my soul.

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