**Bach**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Finally, I am enlightened

I eavesdropped to Bach.

Clearance in the woods

Sun gleaming over from

Its saintly cathedral

Icy rivers in the forest

Quiver in my body.

Suddenly apprehending

Why I have been born

In this world with a body

And leave without it

For the celestial one.

I sense that until now

Have unwittingly

Drag my humble soul

Like an old dark horse

Carts its forbearing master

Through the dusty roads

Of this wonderful world.

HOMO LITURGICUS, Poems by Marin Mihalache

Amazon.com