**My Mother's Dream**

*Marin Mihalache*

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When it was to be born

An angel was eagerly

Waiting for me

In the mist of autumn

Under a weeping willow

Tree grown at the edge

Of the River Lucius

Tail of the placid Snagov Lake

Where Vlad Tepes reposes

In front of monastery’s altar

On a bewitching island.

My mother was alone

As she has always been

Weaving charmed carpets

Of dreams waiting for

A miracle to happen.

The angel was waiting too

He perhaps had seen me

From far away coming

Swimming in the waves

Rushing to arrive

In the world at right time

While my affectionate mother

Had the most beautiful

Riveting, blessed dream

Of her own life.

HOMO LITURGICUS, Poems by Marin Mihalache

Amazon.com