**The Cage**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Early each morning

The blue dome above

Heavenly cathedral

Opens its stained-glass

Windows towards

The bright eye of the sun.

Hidden in branches

Of the cerebral tree

In their solitary nest

For some birds cage

Is their true paradise;

For some people too

It’s all in their heads.

Thoughts and birds

Left free always

Return in a hurry

To a place they know

Afraid of not losing

Right of first coming.

Only after the sun sets

In new worlds of dreams

The birds of our thoughts

Leave the cage of earth

For a stroll through heavens.

HOMO LITURGICUS

Poems by Marin Mihalache

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