**The Martyrs**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Each morning has found them

Shouting at the roof top

Beyond the mighty walls

Wardens of sacred sepulchers.

Like rooster that trills

Three times at night

To awaken the saints

Who had fallen asleep

Are melancholy prophets

And guardian angels

Who lost their herald voices.

Afterwards, the daylight

Raised the sun from night

The tongues of holy fire

Uttering sigh of radiance

Emblem of the firmament.

A nailed mystery was revealed

Which only the martyrs

Nearer to the brim of hell

Bleeding on their crosses

Begin to understand.

Their hope is still to anchor

At the border of dusk

On the path to redemption

Undying while passing

Rising from night’s grave.

Their suffering is surefire

A heavenly promise of joy

That death is not anymore

For those who out of love

Give up their own breath

So that others may gasp it.

HOMO LITURGICUS

Poems by Marin Mihalache

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