**Broken Wings**

*Marin Mihalache*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

One day a bird has lost

Her wings in the sky

And that bird is now

Even I here alone

In the middle of the ocean

On this forsaken island

Stranger in solitude

My hands sore wings

Dreaming unceasingly

To find a way out.

Many times like Icarus

I tried to climb higher

Closer to the sun’s nest

But I returned in the evening

With my own shadows

On dark clouds of dusk.

Like a bird in its nest

Behind the bars of cage

I am tending my wounds

Mend the tent built

With cracked feathers.

Trying to loosen the shackles

The rusty fetters

Which someone, sometimes

Long time before I was born

Has attached to my ankles.

HOMO LITURGICUS, Amazon.com