**The Squatter**

*Marin Mihalache*

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God sighs in me.

I have the feeling

He has moved there

Like a squatter

Thief at night

While I was sleeping

Roaming in dreams

Vaguely remembered.

He found my chamber’s

Door slightly open

And moved therein.

First He has brought

Just a nail from the Cross

And He has fastened it

On the inner walls

Of my bleeding heart.

Next day though

He has placed His wreath

Of thorns on the nail.

He knocks on my door

Since then unexpected

Unwelcome even

Pretending He has come

Only to make sure

That His possessions

Are surely still there.

Now He even claims

That He owns the place.

He often comes and sleeps

There in the tiny chamber

Of my shabby heart.

Homo Liturgicus, Amazon