**Gliding**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Gliding over the pinnacle

Of the mountain’s solitude

Hearing heavenly

Angelic choirs

Golden trumpets

In dark valleys echoes.

Pathway to bloody

Thorns of the crown

Nest in clouds of skies

For a wounded eagle

Bleeding in twilight

Soaring at the horizon

Of the glowing sunset.

Breathless silence

And awesome elation

Vibrant vision

Of the sunny side

Of enchanted mountain.