**Harnessing**

*Marin Mihalache*

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From mountain peak

Eagle-eyed on the path

The footsteps of God.

Feeble feet still limping

Like lonely eagle hurt

By thunder bleeding

In to rustle of autumn.

Hearing own heart

Galloping like a horse

Through narrow alleys

In the foggy forests

Running hasty eagerly

To catch up with God

At the end of road.