**Road Signs**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Under the clear azure

Of Voronet monastery

Souls seeking that beauty

That saves and inspires

I have longed after You

In the days of my youth.

Church shielded by icons

Shelter for homeless souls

Windows open up the heaven

In the sightless nights

Stars are lit like candles

On a celestial candelabrum.

My thoughts crawled

From the pits of my mind

From the gloom of heart

Towards the clear windows

Opened towards the heavens

At Voronet monastery

A peek into Your Kingdom.

Thou I neither see You

Nor touch the nail marks

Like Thomas the doubter

I have found Your footsteps

On paths traveled by saints

Signs of routes and roads

All pointing to The Way.