**The Bohemian Cemetery**

*Marin Mihalache*

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

The one who dares to cross

The verge of night alone

Needs wings of cherubim

On shoulders, no hands.

Angels also lose their way

Through forests of crosses

Of the Bohemian cemetery

At the border of windy city.

Under Florentine chapel

Skullcap pontiff scarlet

Zucchetto half of the hourglass

The bell pendulum is ringing.

Garden architecture museum

Of monumental crypts

Of high Egyptian obelisks

A la Pietà marble statuaries

Blue-grey veritable Carrara,

In forests of lilac and jasmine.

Postmortem emulation sepulchers

Of Lord’s faithful devotees

But now the struggle for life

It's over, the cemetery alone

Sacked under a blanket

Of green grass is resting.

At the outskirts of new Eden

Of providential city of winds

Sleeping spaces are now on sale

Cheap, convenient, attractive.