**Noon Acedia**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Lord, pass from me this cup

Of the quagmire and despondency

Rancorous feeling of ashes

Flames of the dark fire

Shatter hourglass

Snow of dust and ashes

Gloomy, absent time

At the noon day.

The oceans are empty

Springs are hollow

Birds are drinking bitter

And salted tears

In lamenting meadows.

Can even touch the void

Inside own soul

All is reverie and sleuth

Gloomy clouds of beings.

Lambs are fearing dreadful

Fierce spotted hyenas

Scavengers of terror

Laughing in Savannah.

Soft wind breezes hope

Winking flames in wasteland

Startling elusive echoes

Over the solitary islands

Minds and hearts of man

In the mist of midday.