**Hatching**

*Marin Mihalache*

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The coiled roof

Of unseen canopy

Plump eggshell

Of gravid earth.

In the springtime

Eggs are hatching

Wings of the souls

Let them free to fly

To the blissful shores.

Like Prophet Jonas

In the whale’s belly

Hiding and awaking

Rising to new life

Ascending to the peak.

A time of being born

On the mortal ground

A time to grow wings

A time to fly timeless

From the hatching egg.