**The Pilgrimage**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Like pilgrims going

In a faraway country

Arriving at the border

Where there is

Neither dusk, nor dawn

Laying claim there.

Free thoughts like birds

Shoring up and resting

On ancestral branches

Of the tree of life.

The crown of the forests

On sky suspended gardens

Of white acacia flower

Sweet elixir and ecstasy

Heaven on earth.

Out of the wild

Tail birds in the sky

Hawks wounded

Flying back home

Through shadow of clouds

Of the evening nests.

Clear rivers are springing

From the obscure depths

Ironclad of requisite

Fleeting spirits of awe

Knowing of the unknown

Grasping the intangible

Second death of the dying

Aware of the Other

Of His fullness of Being.