**Fields of Grass**

*Marin Mihalache*

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You, fields of grass

Place of interment

For our old bodies

Tired of travails

You are ours witness

And the last confessor.

I have seen you

In the springtime

Rapture as green fire

The wind hitting

With its bare foot

In the rising flames

Stirring your power

What is for longs dead

Can be born again.

Now the gloomy earth

Is sick and suffers

Under the rusty pedestals

Of the hazy sky.

Sun has fell in love

With another planet

Far away, but you,

Field of grasses,

You have remained loyal

Pious earnest mother

To cover with a green

Warm blanket

Our tired bodies fallen

Asleep in the Lord.