**It ought to be**

*Marin Mihalache*

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It ought to be

A harbor for innocent

Victims, martyrs,

Lambs slaughtered

In flowering youth

Solace of implacable

Misfortune of being

Vale of the vow.

All those departed

With no light in candles

Melting hearts like wax

In solitude of amnesia

Of narrow graves of loam.

Those untidy souls

Homeless on this earth

At the poles of history

Waiting for their death

A welcome reprieve.

Those souls undone

Eyes not even yet open

To take a short glimpse

At the gentle light.

If time is endless avatar

It ought to be somewhere

An angelic dominion

Where pain has fled

And sorrow and sigh

For pure souls to retire

Sad, grievous and unhappy

All those innocent lambs

Taken away from earth

By those who could not

Walk in their blessed shoes.