**The peaceful side of myself**

*Marin Mihalache*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

The clock on the tower

has been broken and the time

like the ashes of the sun

it is still dropping upon us

bright colors of hyacinth.

Strange birds pick up

the dead seconds

while one chariot carries

their relics to the other

side of the night.

The power of darkness

black rose of shadow

strengthens the power

of the whirling tempest,

forests of white wings till

the heavens and earth.

And the moon itself seems

to be a lost chariot –

clear sign that we were

once upon the time visited.

On its anvil a farrier

is forging large nails

of golden fire in the twilight.

This night my thoughts

have been like a flock of pigeons

that have been taken away

but they have come back

always to me.

Thus in that day

without evening, only light

I shall dig through the wall

and go to the peaceful side

of myself to remember

my future.

O, my God, it seems to me

that we have known one

another long before

You have indulged for me

to be born.