**Equinox**

*Marin Mihalache*

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Equinox

Leaves after leaves

Wrapping the earth

In yellow waves

Of the autumn.

Houses pondering

Tired camels

In the desert.

Wings of wind

Hovering in clouds

Stirring the tempest.

This hallowed night

At full moon

The darkest rose

Of shadow

Shall blossom.

And angels will descend

From the bliss with torches

Of gladsome light

Like the snow in the winter.