**November**

*Marin Mihalache*

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You will be a man born too late.

Fortunes have forgotten you

Weaving thread

Of thin spider

For the knotted mottled

Rug of destinies.

You will be a latecomer.

In November there is so much

Wish of death.

The wind powders the dust

From the ruins

And from the rotten

Alder's neck fountains

Prolong as a giraffe

At crossroads meditating.

The poplars hear

Their own melancholy rustle.

Autumn's gold

Drips in the cold ratting-pool

Of the matter.

There's much want

Of death in November.

Cats are walking

On the putrid fences.

In the hospitals of fear

Lonesome is writing

Letters of lost love.

Adieu, my soul.

I will pass through the shadows

Mountain throws

To the most distant equinox.

I am a late man.

They say that

In the winter which followed

My coming into the world

There was rich and beautiful snow.