**A Nightingale**

*Marin Mihalache*

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When we’ll finally finish

Dividing the planet

And all the world wars

And each name under sun

Shall be cataloged

In monasteries ossuaries

On the cusp of the skulls

From which Bacchus

Grew inebriated with wine

And innocent human blood

In that new dawning

When we will wear devout

Garments of saints

Like translucent angels

Imponderable hovering

Over celestial patches

In enthralling mornings

Early before dawning

We all shall be longing

To hear again in the sky

In melancholic meadows

The earthly awe-inspiring

Crescendo whistling

Of a thrilled nightingale.