**Angels**

*Marin Mihalache*

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From far away have seen

These hallowed creatures

Through eyes of God

Angelic yet impervious

To eye of mortals.

Polling through thin air

Their wings exalt

In a high soaring winds

Hasty burning bushes

Glowing at horizons.

And in dreams solace twirling

Imponderable coryphaeus

Singing on sad twigs

Of our cerebral nests.

Specks of holy grace

Melted tears of joy

Spring is pouring rain

From leaden skies.

Those heavenly hosts

Visiting us startling

Could be seen clearly

Through eyes of God

And in dreams of children.