

## The Pigeons

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I have been a pilgrim  
In the land of dreams  
Of elusive promised land  
Where milk and honey  
Gush down the hills  
Like the rivers in spring.

I have traveled overseas  
And mountains, wondering  
Far from the native nest  
The land of my ancestors  
All now resting in graves  
Waiting for the family reunion  
In the eve of resurrection.

Now my restive thoughts  
Longing and weary  
Are flying back far away  
To the origins, the abode where  
I was born past century.

My thoughts worn-out and lonely  
Are like a lost flock  
Of traveling pigeons  
Which taken away a while ago  
From the native cottage  
They always dream to return  
To that hatching nest.

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[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)