

The Chapel

Marin Mihalache

I built this tiny chapel
Blindly with my own hands
In the long night of my soul
Like in a dream walking.

With sweat of the brow
Laid down every layer
Hefty boulders of granite
From the hill of the skull
With dust and tears
Painted icons on walls
Windows to heavens
Doors I left wide open
For pilgrims to find abode
For the Lord to return.

I have no seen the chapel
But unrelenting shaped it
On faith through stained glass
With blind fingers I molded
All long night of my soul.

In the morning at sunrise
I shall see the mystic abode
I have built blindly without grit
In the trying night of my soul.

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