

## Bach

Marin Mihalache

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Finally, I am enlightened  
I eavesdropped to Bach.

Clearance in the woods  
Sun gleaming over from  
Its saintly cathedral  
Icy rivers in the forest  
Quiver in my body.

Suddenly apprehending  
Why I have been born  
In this world with a body  
And leave without it  
For the celestial one.

I sense that until now  
Have unwittingly  
Drag my humble soul  
Like an old dark horse  
Carts its forbearing master  
Through the dusty roads  
Of this wonderful world.

HOMO LITURGICUS, Poems by Marin Mihalache  
[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)