

## My Mother's Dream

Marin Mihalache

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When it was to be born  
An angel was eagerly  
Waiting for me  
In the mist of autumn  
Under a weeping willow  
Tree grown at the edge  
Of the River Lucius  
Tail of the placid Snagov Lake  
Where Vlad Tepes reposes  
In front of monastery's altar  
On a bewitching island.

My mother was alone  
As she has always been  
Weaving charmed carpets  
Of dreams waiting for  
A miracle to happen.

The angel was waiting too  
He perhaps had seen me  
From far away coming  
Swimming in the waves  
Rushing to arrive  
In the world at right time  
While my affectionate mother  
Had the most beautiful  
Riveting, blessed dream  
Of her own life.

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