

The Cage

Marin Mihalache

Early each morning
The blue dome above
Heavenly cathedral
Opens its stained-glass
Windows towards
The bright eye of the sun.

Hidden in branches
Of the cerebral tree
In their solitary nest
For some birds cage
Is their true paradise;
For some people too
It's all in their heads.

Thoughts and birds
Left free always
Return in a hurry
To a place they know
Afraid of not losing
Right of first coming.

Only after the sun sets
In new worlds of dreams
The birds of our thoughts
Leave the cage of earth
For a stroll through heavens.

HOMO LITURGICUS
Poems by Marin Mihalache
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