

The Martyrs

Marin Mihalache

Each morning has found them
Shouting at the roof top
Beyond the mighty walls
Wardens of sacred sepulchers.

Like rooster that trills
Three times at night
To awaken the saints
Who had fallen asleep
Are melancholy prophets
And guardian angels
Who lost their herald voices.

Afterwards, the daylight
Raised the sun from night
The tongues of holy fire
Uttering sigh of radiance
Emblem of the firmament.

A nailed mystery was revealed
Which only the martyrs
Nearer to the brim of hell
Bleeding on their crosses
Begin to understand.

Their hope is still to anchor
At the border of dusk
On the path to redemption
Undying while passing
Rising from night's grave.
Their suffering is surefire
A heavenly promise of joy
That death is not anymore
For those who out of love
Give up their own breath
So that others may gasp it.

HOMO LITURGICUS
Poems by Marin Mihalache
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