

Broken Wings

Marin Mihalache

One day a bird has lost
Her wings in the sky
And that bird is now
Even I here alone
In the middle of the ocean
On this forsaken island
Stranger in solitude
My hands sore wings
Dreaming unceasingly
To find a way out.

Many times like Icarus
I tried to climb higher
Closer to the sun's nest
But I returned in the evening
With my own shadows
On dark clouds of dusk.

Like a bird in its nest
Behind the bars of cage
I am tending my wounds
Mend the tent built
With cracked feathers.

Trying to loosen the shackles
The rusty fetters
Which someone, sometimes
Long time before I was born
Has attached to my ankles.

HOMO LITURGICUS, Amazon.com