

The Squatter

Marin Mihalache

God sighs in me.
I have the feeling
He has moved there
Like a squatter
Thief at night
While I was sleeping
Roaming in dreams
Vaguely remembered.
He found my chamber's
Door slightly open
And moved therein.

First He has brought
Just a nail from the Cross
And He has fastened it
On the inner walls
Of my bleeding heart.

Next day though
He has placed His wreath
Of thorns on the nail.

He knocks on my door
Since then unexpected
Unwelcome even
Pretending He has come
Only to make sure
That His possessions
Are surely still there.

Now He even claims
That He owns the place.
He often comes and sleeps
There in the tiny chamber
Of my shabby heart.

Homo Liturgicus, Amazon