

Praises

Marin Mihalache

Unapproachable Light
Starry endless night
Incomprehensible Logos
Spirit is moving depths
Waive rising from tombs
Bouncy towards heavens
Burrowing empty wombs
For others' interment.

Anguish and grace
Flickering lamps in wind
Of intangible halo of fire
Light of heavenly glory
Of the icon splendor
Sound anchor of hope
Root of immortality.

The holy ground burning
Bright flame of mind
In the dark unlit hearts
True contentment
Quiescent abode of thought
In Thy worthy worship.

Transference of light
Veil dreamland snow
On Thy sacred ground
On the heart altar
Transparent wings
Of celestial angels
Descend from unseen
From Thy holy glory.
Incomprehensible
Goodness of Thy Being
Light becoming visible
Breeze of joy in hearts
Light of the spirit
Redemption by blood
The sword of Spirit
Piercing of the soulful
Everlasting mind.
Loving infinity
Bestowing the gift

Living word igniting
Our souls and hearts
Of the rhizome buried
High from groove arising
Blossom in the spring
Bright efflorescence.

Mighty trees are falling
In the stormy springs
But humble grass threads
Are withstanding tornadoes
Meandering whirlwinds
Mystery of the humble.

You are far away
No one has yet found
Another path to You
Only You the very Way.

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