

Gliding

Marin Mihalache

Gliding over the pinnacle
Of the mountain's solitude
Hearing heavenly
Angelic choirs
Golden trumpets
In dark valleys echoes.

Pathway to bloody
Thorns of the crown
Nest in clouds of skies
For a wounded eagle
Bleeding in twilight
Soaring at the horizon
Of the glowing sunset.

Breathless silence
And awesome elation
Vibrant vision
Of the sunny side
Of enchanted mountain.