

Harnessing

Marin Mihalache

From mountain peak
Eagle-eyed on the path
The footsteps of God.

Feeble feet still limping
Like lonely eagle hurt
By thunder bleeding
In to rustle of autumn.

Hearing own heart
Gallop like a horse
Through narrow alleys
In the foggy forests
Running hasty eagerly
To catch up with God
At the end of road.