

Road Signs

Marin Mihalache

Under the clear azure
Of Voronet monastery
Souls seeking that beauty
That saves and inspires
I have longed after You
In the days of my youth.

Church shielded by icons
Shelter for homeless souls
Windows open up the heaven
In the sightless nights
Stars are lit like candles
On a celestial candelabrum.

My thoughts crawled
From the pits of my mind
From the gloom of heart
Towards the clear windows
Opened towards the heavens
At Voronet monastery
A peek into Your Kingdom.

Thou I neither see You
Nor touch the nail marks
Like Thomas the doubter
I have found Your footsteps
On paths traveled by saints
Signs of routes and roads
All pointing to The Way.