

The Bohemian Cemetery

Marin Mihalache

The one who dares to cross
The verge of night alone
Needs wings of cherubim
On shoulders, no hands.

Angels also lose their way
Through forests of crosses
Of the Bohemian cemetery
At the border of windy city.
Under Florentine chapel
Skullcap pontiff scarlet
Zucchetto half of the hourglass
The bell pendulum is ringing.
Garden architecture museum
Of monumental crypts
Of high Egyptian obelisks
A la Pietà marble statuary
Blue-grey veritable Carrara,
In forests of lilac and jasmine.
Postmortem emulation sepulchers
Of Lord's faithful devotees
But now the struggle for life
It's over, the cemetery alone
Sacked under a blanket
Of green grass is resting.

At the outskirts of new Eden
Of providential city of winds
Sleeping spaces are now on sale
Cheap, convenient, attractive.