

Noon Acedia

Marin Mihalache

Lord, pass from me this cup
Of the quagmire and despondency
Rancorous feeling of ashes
Flames of the dark fire
Shatter hourglass
Snow of dust and ashes
Gloomy, absent time
At the noon day.

The oceans are empty
Springs are hollow
Birds are drinking bitter
And salted tears
In lamenting meadows.

Can even touch the void
Inside own soul
All is reverie and sleuth
Gloomy clouds of beings.
Lambs are fearing dreadful
Fierce spotted hyenas
Scavengers of terror
Laughing in Savannah.

Soft wind breezes hope
Winking flames in wasteland
Startling elusive echoes
Over the solitary islands
Minds and hearts of man
In the mist of midday.