

## Hatching

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The coiled roof  
Of unseen canopy  
Plump eggshell  
Of gravid earth.

In the springtime  
Eggs are hatching  
Wings of the souls  
Let them free to fly  
To the blissful shores.

Like Prophet Jonas  
In the whale's belly  
Hiding and awaking  
Rising to new life  
Ascending to the peak.

A time of being born  
On the mortal ground  
A time to grow wings  
A time to fly timeless  
From the hatching egg.