

The Pilgrimage

Marin Mihalache

Like pilgrims going
In a faraway country
Arriving at the border
Where there is
Neither dusk, nor dawn
Laying claim there.

Free thoughts like birds
Shoring up and resting
On ancestral branches
Of the tree of life.
The crown of the forests
On sky suspended gardens
Of white acacia flower
Sweet elixir and ecstasy
Heaven on earth.
Out of the wild
Tail birds in the sky
Hawks wounded
Flying back home
Through shadow of clouds
Of the evening nests.

Clear rivers are springing
From the obscure depths
Ironclad of requisite
Fleeting spirits of awe
Knowing of the unknown
Grasping the intangible
Second death of the dying
Aware of the Other
Of His fullness of Being.