

## Fields of Grass

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You, fields of grass  
Place of interment  
For our old bodies  
Tired of travails  
You are ours witness  
And the last confessor.

I have seen you  
In the springtime  
Rapture as green fire  
The wind hitting  
With its bare foot  
In the rising flames  
Stirring your power  
What is for longs dead  
Can be born again.

Now the gloomy earth  
Is sick and suffers  
Under the rusty pedestals  
Of the hazy sky.

Sun has fell in love  
With another planet  
Far away, but you,  
Field of grasses,  
You have remained loyal  
Pious earnest mother  
To cover with a green  
Warm blanket  
Our tired bodies fallen  
Asleep in the Lord.