

## It ought to be

Marin Mihalache

---

It ought to be  
A harbor for innocent  
Victims, martyrs,  
Lambs slaughtered  
In flowering youth  
Solace of implacable  
Misfortune of being  
Vale of the vow.

All those departed  
With no light in candles  
Melting hearts like wax  
In solitude of amnesia  
Of narrow graves of loam.

Those untidy souls  
Homeless on this earth  
At the poles of history  
Waiting for their death  
A welcome reprieve.

Those souls undone  
Eyes not even yet open  
To take a short glimpse  
At the gentle light.

If time is endless avatar  
It ought to be somewhere  
An angelic dominion  
Where pain has fled  
And sorrow and sigh  
For pure souls to retire  
Sad, grievous and unhappy  
All those innocent lambs  
Taken away from earth  
By those who could not  
Walk in their blessed shoes.