

Resurrection

Marin Mihalache

From the tree of the cross,
Stairway to heavens,
White angels are descending
Like the snow on the lambs
On the Calvary, that blessed
And cursed bloody hill,
A nailed mystery.

In the sanctuary the day before
It rained in that spring
With coins of cold silver,
Floods of passions,
Tempests of sorrowful tears
Of tardive repentance.

In the valley of dry bones
We then buried our God,
And from that solaced day
When He gave Himself up
For the life of the world
At every triple cry of the rooster
Our bleeding hearts repent
Of our selfish betrayal.

The next noonday
Has found Him alone,
Scorched by the sun
Between two thieves,
A dreadful crime
Crying to heavens.
When the Son of Man died
The eclipse of the sun,
The darkness which covered
The land could not swallow
The ray of His divine glory.

A little while still in the womb
Of the grave, forsaken
And in the translucent silence
A fishing boat has brought us
Back what we have lost:
A hope anchored at the border
Of the unsettled dusk,

A nailed mystery of ages.

Our restless souls too
Escaped from the bodies
Fallen rainbow, sunset
Roving to an unseen shore
On wings of butterflies.
He still suffers for us,
Hidden in our blindness –
While forests of wings
Heralding to the fishers
Of men, his sailing brothers
The soon looming swirl.

There was a burial
And now the light shall
Face the darkness
In the valley of tears.
The spring is awakening
The bright colors of hyacinths
In sleeping rhizomes,
The sun drops ashes,
Like the salt of the earth
While the sea tossed
On the quilt of warm sand
That miraculous whale
Of Jonah, the prophet.

The third day thereafter
He has risen and behold
The fig is blossoming
In the barren desert.
And the cups of our hearts
Are filled with His holy blood.
Shinning angels are still
Guarding the empty tomb
Rebuking the wavering multitudes
“Why are you still seeking
The living One among the dead?”
This is the first day without evening,
The day of His Holy Resurrection.