

The peaceful side of myself

Marin Mihalache

The clock on the tower
has been broken and the time
like the ashes of the sun
it is still dropping upon us
bright colors of hyacinth.

Strange birds pick up
the dead seconds
while one chariot carries
their relics to the other
side of the night.

The power of darkness
black rose of shadow
strengthens the power
of the whirling tempest,
forests of white wings till
the heavens and earth.

And the moon itself seems
to be a lost chariot -
clear sign that we were
once upon the time visited.

On its anvil a farrier
is forging large nails
of golden fire in the twilight.

This night my thoughts
have been like a flock of pigeons
that have been taken away
but they have come back
always to me.

Thus in that day
without evening, only light
I shall dig through the wall
and go to the peaceful side
of myself to remember
my future.

O, my God, it seems to me
that we have known one

another long before
You have indulged for me
to be born.