

A Nightingale

Marin Mihalache

When we'll finally finish
Dividing the planet
And all the world wars
And each name under sun
Shall be cataloged
In monasteries ossuaries
On the cusp of the skulls
From which Bacchus
Grew inebriated with wine
And innocent human blood
In that new dawning
When we will wear devout
Garments of saints
Like translucent angels
Imponderable hovering
Over celestial patches
In enthralling mornings
Early before dawning
We all shall be longing
To hear again in the sky
In melancholic meadows
The earthly awe-inspiring
Crescendo whistling
Of a thrilled nightingale.