

Angels

Marin Mihalache

From far away have seen
These hallowed creatures
Through eyes of God
Angelic yet impervious
To eye of mortals.

Polling through thin air
Their wings exalt
In a high soaring winds
Hasty burning bushes
Glowing at horizons.

And in dreams solace twirling
Imponderable coryphaeus
Singing on sad twigs
Of our cerebral nests.

Specks of holy grace
Melted tears of joy
Spring is pouring rain
From leaden skies.

Those heavenly hosts
Visiting us startling
Could be seen clearly
Through eyes of God
And in dreams of children.