

The Night of Easter

Marin Mihalache

Under dimness of ground
Our parents are still sleeping
Waiting for undying awaking
Between the ancestors
The night has dumped thick
Layers of dark loam.

The rustle is throbbing
In cool winds of spring
Tender uncorked buds
Are unfettered to flourish.

The snow is melting
At the top of mountain
Valleys rejoice exalted
Rivers are reversing
Their flow from the oceans
Retreating back in the clouds.

Morning Star arises
Above, beyond, at zenith
Light gushes from darkness
The hearts are hatching
Breaking the eggshells
White coffins of light.