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Invitation

Mak Dizdar

And now
let us finally go

now
let us clearly depart

In this
unwitnessed walk

finally
now
there

In the sack there is
the bread and the
stone

there is the knife
and the heart

let us go

let us depart from there
where we do not remember
whether we ever were
or at any time were anything

we arrived there
truly long ago
as what we are

what we are
we have neither
concealed nor
dreamed

plowing into the deep watery world
without the plow

there where already is the measure
that never was

plowed it is not

there where it already is sowed
without the sower

let us go

there where the fruits hang low
beneath the true hand

the harvest is not only
in the hands at the sacrificial altar

let us depart there
where the graves are
sufficiently romantic
and sufficiently
dreadful

always without the hoe
dug for us

there where no one barters

(still humming in my ears is
the sound of that trumpet, of that horn,
drums still rumbling
inside the eardrums hills

still freshly glued
on the posters

and the announcers have stayed
what they were
zealous in duty
and for every praise.)

Translated by Keith Doubt

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