

Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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Hiža of Mile

The hiža ¹ of our fathers was founded here to fix virtue more strongly in the hearts of men
 May it ever be open wide for welcome visitors and for the great of heart
 For guests for elders and other believers
 For all good people for all good Bosnians
 For all warriors in the war that is waged against war
 And various other small and mighty harms and evils
 For all who flee from their flaming homes
 For those fleeing the blazing circle of pyres and fleeing the hangman's noose
 For all who are burnt for ever aspiring to the sun far and great
 For all who have uttered the right word in the right hour
 Who had their hands cut off for a single word on the bloody path seeking an outcome
 For the word that bread is bread that wine is wine and that water is water
 For those whose living flesh was burned and cheeks marked with a burning brand
 By those who ever appeal to the laws of God's mercy and to canon law
 For those whose tongues were torn from their throat for not betraying the word they gave
 For those condemned to die on horses' tails
 between two horsemen
 May the hiža of our fathers be open wide
 For those damned by the heaviest curse
 From the consecrated altars of Provence, Lombardy, Zara, Arcady, and Rascia
 In the stupor of incense in the militant press of crosses and swords in that bitter choir
 For those thrice damned for they were not yet
 Butchered and slaughtered on their own doorstep before women and children
 May the great hiža of our fathers be always open wide
 For those who pay no heed to ancient and new tzars
 For true kings and false for bans and barons for boyars
 For their ample treasure, for many ducats, gold dinars, for that evil money
 For men who never miss paying taxes but never bribe the collectors blaming and cursing them
 openly
 May the doors of the house of our fathers be open wide
 For those who in meetings speak words mild and pure not only to their kin and kind
 For those who live without envy yet life always beats them, only mocks and laughs at them

May it be open for the unknown comrade for the unknown brother
For all that pine in the darkness of their body's confinement
Yearning that that word be for all men that they become brothers with that word
May the hiža of our fathers be open wide all night and always
For the one who left long ago and now treads in darkness toiling from afar
But knows that he will arrive awake where someone awaits him
May the house of our fathers be open wide
But if someone in love of himself shuts that door of virtue
May the house of our fathers crumble to its foundations in my soul
Into a heap may it be crushed may it turn into bare soot and black ashes
May hot scorpions and snakes breed in it as in the den of Satan
Forgive you who are condemned and cursed in this slander of the slanderer
But the house of our fathers without the welcome traveler and the dear guest
The house of our fathers it is not

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović - © 2005 Omer Hadžiselimović

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