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## Emina

Last night, returning from the warm hamam,  
I passed by the garden of the old imam,  
And lo, in the garden, in the shade of a jasmine,  
There with a pitcher in her hand stood Emina.

What beauty! By my Muslim faith I could swear,  
She wouldn't be ashamed if she were at the sultan's!  
And the way she walks and her shoulders move . . .  
-Not even a hodja's amulet could help me!

I offered her salaam, but by my faith,  
Beautiful Emina wouldn't even hear it.  
Instead, scooping water in her silver pitcher,  
Around the garden she went to water the roses.

A wind blew from the branches down her lovely shoulders  
Unraveling those thick braids of hers.  
Her hair gave off a scent of blue hyacinths,  
Making me giddy and confused!

I nearly stumbled, I swear by my faith,  
But beautiful Emina didn't come to me.  
She only gave me a frowning look,  
Not caring, the naughty one, that I'm crazy for her!

*Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović - ©2006 Omer Hadžiselimović*

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