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WOMAN OF MY LAND

Omer Ibrahimagić

With this small infinity surrounding you
in every situation you cannot be satisfied.
Because, you are powerful and glorious,
Not without pedigree
There is no exit in your soul.

They want to break you, mold you,
accustom you to pain
Make a doll of you,
with restricted movements in the large joints

The more difficult to you it is,
the more beautiful your soul's scent
Gold coins glowing in the eyes

When the dew falls on your face,
they will collect rose water from it.

Translated by Keith Doubt

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