

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Morning Glory Sarajevo

Ferida Duraković

*For M.H.*

This town, catching up to us,  
clasping us to its arms  
and around our necks -  
we watch it from above.  
We are Caesars of the moment,  
breathing in Sarajevo's breath: human  
bodies, divine blossoms,  
murmuring stations...  
the calm of the Japanese cherry  
in the State Museum Garden, and those  
who were dear to us  
and nested in our bosoms like vipers...

One of us waves his hand toward  
the ruined tower high above in the air  
as if giving the permission  
for it to be built anew, and says:

Still, this is an incredible town.

Let us go, then, you and me...

Downwards. The face of History  
ought to be perceived  
with more modesty. Only thus  
shall we be reflected  
in ourselves: How big were we  
amidst poverty and splendor?  
Neither poor nor splendid, but... so-so  
that - God forbid - neither befalls us...

Each of us tore off for himself  
what the haughtier  
and greater

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had conquered, with a simple  
and sublime account: addition,  
multiplication, division, subtraction...

Let us go, then... - we, the masters  
of the air-made tower, let us go  
down to the town, quiet  
And hurt by everything.

Let us glide down the street's palm  
like raindrops, so our dreams do not come true —  
they are all the same: addition,  
multiplication, division, subtraction...

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