

Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

Invitation to Dear Jesus

Oh, Jesus, how I would love it if you would care
To come into my humble home,
Where quite ordinary things hang on the wall
Where the day dies early in the windows.

I would tell you how I light a dim candle
To make this short day last longer.
How I live quite a simple life.
And serve with my brothers, choking with bile.

I would tell you about the human house
About the windows, which are sometimes blue.
About the door you have to bend to enter.
About the keyhole locked secure.

Over the smoke of cheap cigarette, I would tell you
About every man and his birth name.
And how some always wear old clothes.
And how others always wear brand-new clothes.

And how there are seven days, all full of concern.
Oh, Jesus, and each one like the one gone by
When the wound starts to hurt,
One pulls one's hat still deeper over one's brow.

I would talk to you long, till we hear
How the dew starts streaming down the window.
Then I would tell you in a voice mute yet clear:
Jesus, you are tired and feel like sleeping.

Oh, lie down, fall asleep on this bed,
Which man redeems every day.
With the bandage of comfort I'll wrap your woeful brow.
You just sleep, and I to the bench will go.

Translated by Keith Doubt and Omer Hadžiselimović - © 2008 Keith Doubt and Omer Hadžiselimović

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