

Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

Stillness and Solitude of Woods

It is a stillness and solitude from which perhaps God begins
 Green and blue they are like polar ice
 The stillness and solitude one can find only in a soul that,
 Having just torn itself from its flesh and, delivered from the world's
 Evil, is looking upon the earthly globe from above
 With the eyes of an eagle.

It is a stillness and solitude when you listen to a baby bird's feathers
 Growing, when you listen to an elder tree
 Sprouting from human absence amid the ramparts,
 And when rocks start looking, for a moment,
 Like gigantic layers of police files
 With the fingerprints of millions of vanished beings
 Whose murmur is heard anew.

It is a stillness and solitude on a fairy's steed which,
 While flying, stands still.
 In that stillness and solitude even a blade of grass has
 Sway over the soul.

In that stillness and solitude the cry of a hawk
 Can light up the soul
 Like headlights a hare
 By the roadside at night.
 The soul, suddenly, in that stillness and solitude,
 Has nothing
 Needs nothing
 Either to give or take away.

As it listens to the trees rustling their leaves in darkness
 Like the audience their programs
 It is a stillness and solitude in which hours
 Stand still, while passing.
 It is a stillness which by the cavities of trees
 Is looking through you.
 The stillness of woods in which to the will of God
 You surrender like a plant.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović - © 2008 Omer Hadžiselimović

The preceding text is copyright of the author and/or translator and is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.