

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Circe

Mak Dizdar

She sings still boisterously for a long time

And we do not really know who she is or what she is

And when we eat these well-baked tasty cakes  
That she herself prepares and serves  
We will be transformed into lions, wolves, boars  
Wild animals without their wildness

We will retain all that otherwise adorns us  
Human propriety instantaneous Courage  
Soft backbone And also this wretched hope

We will be transformed into sniffers  
Without significance or pleasure  
Who will be called by our name  
Which exists in the present

But it needs to be known that this is the land  
Upon which we too just emerged

In the grasses growing underfoot is strength  
It needs to be known

That the weighty seeds live for the blossom  
Not only for the death

Let us strongly gird ourselves with these grasses brothers  
Because we are deep within them

And in the sword whose lush roots  
Birthed  
the same land

In the sword when drawn at the right time  
And with the right purpose

And so all this  
Mixed with the right measure of cunning  
Leads an attack barely noticed  
But carefully considered and certain  
Leads a retreat with excessive perfection  
For which you know perfection is excessive

Comes the oath of one who is conquered  
And unexpectedly life is beautiful such that  
the gods envy those who are most wise  
and most sinful

Upon the end

*Translated by Keith Doubt – © 2008 Keith Doubt*

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