

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## You Love?

It's a secret thought, it's the smallest of worms  
 That slowly nibbles and warms the blood

How so?  
 On an eyelash of dreams a little dust  
 At a casual smile moist with fear  
 It banishes all that's gray and stiff from a head  
 Born of a thought, it lives on hope

What's that?  
 A purple smile in a singing wind  
 The snowy whiteness of a moon's spectrum  
 A tiny drop that changes the universe  
 Hidden in the sky, a flower of stars

Why then?  
 I can see: rain and cloud, tune and color  
 And what emerges: soul and eye of an altered style  
 I can hear: a touch a smile a dream  
 And I feel a look washed from all blackness.

That something, no one knows what,  
 It has no reason, it's there while it lasts  
 They say that all good is born in the head  
 But I'm a warrior for the whole truth:  
 In life, light is overtaken by darkness  
 From darkness not only your head protects you  
 One must love, for life and breath  
 All the way to the end, till into dust you turn.

So, then, say that love is born in a heart  
 But it rules on its own:  
 I exist, and therefore I LOVE  
 And  
 I LOVE, therefore I EXIST

*Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović and Keith Doubt - © 2009 Omer Hadžiselimović*

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