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# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Before Death

The agony is like golden dust aswirled,  
Above me a yellow flower's aflutter.  
Never before was there such fragrance  
In my little room—my great world.

My weak hand reached for the yellow flower,  
Trying to grasp it, so yellow and so sweet,  
But in vain was my effort, the flower kept fleeing,  
And fell at last upon my chest and suit.

And drunk so with its scent—  
The figure of Virgin Mary from  
The golden dust I saw appear . . . .

*Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović - © 2009 Omer Hadžiselimović*

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