

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Prayer

Mile Stoji?

My Jesus

protect us from those who protect you  
defend us from those who defend you  
those who protect you from the men in despair who blaspheme your name  
the young men similar to you  
protect us from those who protect you  
because their words ring with the clanking of gold coins  
while they auction off your passion, while pitying you  
poor our Lord, they say, died a martyr's death  
as if you were someone worthy of pity  
and maybe you rejoiced in that death  
and in leaving this world in which they administer justice

In any case you did not die so they would lament you  
your cut up lips even today  
refuse vinegar from the cup of their mercy  
protect us from those gluttons who belch  
while they defend you from the hungry, from the disdained  
plundered new proletarians and beggars  
whose daughters sell themselves on the streets for ten marks  
whose young sons slice their veins from pain  
because their future has been stolen from them

Protect us from the looters of people's pain  
from the tax evaders  
from the pedophiles and perjurers  
from the journalistic dog-catchers  
who from your pierced insides  
and thorny crown make breaking news  
from the organizers of the beauty pageants  
from the priests of brothels  
who with your name silence  
the anger of the people who suffer

Maybe your death was salvation for you

and not only for us  
Because you wanted to leave this valley of tears  
This valley ruled by the law of the strongest  
the law of the sword  
for centuries  
this land no one loves  
This land whose bloody rags are sold by her sons  
for nothing  
You wanted to see the face of your father  
Who sold you to the thugs  
You left because you didn't want this kind of world

My Jesus  
I know you believe more in the ugly words of those who  
sweat blood, rather than the flattery of hypocrites  
and that you love the Muslims of poor Bosnia  
more than the Catholics of rich Rome

and much more the young men and women who imitated you out of their own despair  
than the executioners who erected golden altars for you  
you were an enemy to the priests and the Pharisees  
and a brother to the beggars and the drunks  
you rejoiced in life  
made wine out of water  
so the feast of birth could be celebrated  
and not the dance of death

You said "Let the one among you without sin cast the first stone"  
Amen.

*Translated by Amy Gopp – © 2011 Amy Gopp*

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