

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## With Hand Raised

With hand raised to endless sky  
 To great monuments around me I say  
 All daily words entangled by the grave  
 Which ensnare me in painful motion  
 Pain magnifying on the way  
 To the one

Stop  
 I say to the sun  
 That scorches my scalp  
 To the ground that holds me firm  
 To the day that leaves again  
 To the ancient snake that slithers by

I say  
 To the sage  
 Burning and ablaze  
 Marching constantly toward my hand  
 Thinking always and remembering always me

I say  
 And catch  
 Nothing  
 Everything about me is the same  
 The same unchanging movement  
 Never looking round Flowing continuing changeless

(In reality, everyone does their wretched vain work)

And the word  
 Spoken in this wasteland  
 Lost, mute, and forgotten

Only my cry  
 Is firm like this my stone Steady everlasting

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Translated by Keith Doubt

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