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In the Evening You Lie Down in Bed

Marko Vešović

and you know you are lying down in vain: tomorrow you will get up still more
 enervated
 than when you lay down. In the morning you get up from bed and you know that you
 are
 getting up in vain: yesterday's day is awaiting you, with yesterday's stress.
 With the humiliations of the day before yesterday. With the despair of the day before
 that.
 This siege has been going on not for two years but for a single day that has no end.

From this I could find rest, it seems to me,
 Only by the sea. And who knows if we will ever see it again?
 Will I ever again be able to stand on those cliffs
 Where the air currents are so strong they
 Return the cap you threw?!

But I do not long, this time, for the sea with the fleshy
 Leaves of agaves in which the names
 Of love are carved. For the olive trees feverishly
 Twisted like green Laocoons. For the hats of jellyfish
 That look like silken tents from Oriental
 Tales. I do not long for the monotony of waves which the poet compares
 To Homer's metrics. I do not long for that ink
 With which one could write billions and billions of
 Iliads and Odysseys.

I long for that sadness that
 Comes over you when, looking at the eternal blueness
 You listen to the murmur of that eternity.

For the sadness that tells you that you have a soul again.
 Maybe not even for that sadness, but I long for that magnificent
 And balmy emptiness.

To plunge the soul into the emptiness that relaxes.
 That heals and rejuvenates. To stare for hours not even at the open seas,
 Nor above the open seas, but—just so! The Bosnian way. Until you

forget

Both what you are and where you are and where you're from and what your name is.

The only thing you know is that within you are—miles and miles of emptiness.

And that the sea's vastness has sucked out of you

All the centuries, all the way to Adam. The blue emptiness stretches

To the end of the world and, backwards, to its beginning.

And you grasp—actually, you don't grasp, you feel it on your palate:

The sweetness that will take over after Judgment Day!

Everything will be obliterated, like a child's scribble on a blackboard

And only pure rapture will remain!

So you taste ahead of time, albeit with a teaspoon only,

The bliss the world will explode in!

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović - © 2006 Omer Hadžiselimović

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