

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Waiting for the Bogumils

Milorad Pejić

For Mak Dizdar

Just as Tibetan nomads choose their headman  
by a throw of dice in which the one who loses  
the gamble wins, it's fallen to me to continue  
to wait for the Bogumils after you. So that there  
is always someone who will go out to meet them  
in the language they understand.

Every day I open the house of our forefathers,  
bring out figs, and pour the wine, reading the stone  
while I wait for the Bogumils. I enjoy this work but  
I can see that my children are already growing old  
and that my time on earth is running out, too. Soon  
I will go lie down, like you, in the coldness of space  
and cover myself with a stećak\* like with a comforter.  
I therefore seek someone to relieve me, someone  
who will wait for centuries to come out to meet me  
in the language I understand.

Translation by Omer Hadžiselimović

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