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Invitation

Mak Dizdar

And now let us finally go

now let us clearly depart

In this unwitnessed walk

finally now there

In the sack there is the bread and the stone

there is the knife and the heart

let us go

let us depart from there where we do not remember whether we ever were or at any time were anything

we arrived there truly long ago as what we are

what we are we have neither concealed nor dreamed plowing into the deep watery world without the plow

there where already is the measure that never was

plowed it is not

there where it already is sowed without the sower

let us go

there where the fruits hang low beneath the true hand

the harvest is not only in the hands at the sacrificial altar

let us depart there where the graves are sufficiently romantic and sufficiently dreadful

always without the hoe dug for us

there where no one barters

(still humming in my ears is the sound of that trumpet, of that horn, drums still rumbling inside the eardrums hills

still freshly glued on the posters

and the announcers have stayed what they were zealous in duty and for every praise.)

Translated by Keith Doubt

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