

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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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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