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WOMAN OF MY LAND

Omer Ibrahimagić

With this small infinity surrounding you in every situation you cannot be satisfied. Because, you are powerful and glorious, Not without pedigree There is no exit in your soul.

They want to break you, mold you, accustom you to pain Make a doll of you, with restricted movements in the large joints

The more difficult to you it is, the more beautiful your soul's scent Gold coins glowing in the eyes

When the dew falls on your face, they will collect rose water from it.

Translated by Keith Doubt

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