Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

Snow has fallen on the fruit-tree blossoms

Author Unknown

Snow has fallen
on the fruit-tree blossoms.
Let each one love
who his heart desires.

If she will not,
let him not impose it.
From imposing
there can be no blessing.

Were I lucky
rather than unlucky,
and might I come
up into your chambers,

I would sit there
on your silken cushions
like a pasha
among his faithful stewards

And I'd kiss your
lips of sweetest honey,
lips of honey
May no one ever kiss them!

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović, Esma Hadžiselimović, and Wayles Browne.

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