

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Mrs. Isak

Amela Mustafić

Born as wheat was sown,  
registered as it was reaped  
and Mehmed loaded  
his horses to sell a few sacks  
in town.

They told her she needed  
just a few letters  
to sign her name  
and that schooling was:  
make bread, knit socks,  
marry off a chaste daughter  
and bring up good sons.

She married Isak and lost her identity  
and the hope of growing old with the one she loved.  
Her sorrow was soothed by  
her sons' smiles,  
her daughter's beautiful face  
and strong body hidden by loose dresses.

She saw herself as an accomplished woman.

And a shot.  
A cannon.  
A grenade.  
They took Mehmed, and Isak, and her sons.  
With her girl she was taken,  
from wire to wire,  
from house to house,  
from forest to forest.  
In one, she was killed for the last time,  
as she saw soldiers violate her daughter's honour.

She died after she laid to rest  
the bones of even her youngest son.

Translated by Amira Sadiković

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