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Gorčin

Mak Dizdar

Here lieth
Gorčin the soldier
In his own land
On an alien
Patrimony

I lived
But I summoned death
Night and day

I never hurt a fly
I went off
To be a soldier

I've been
In five and five campaigns
Without shield or armor
So that at last
These throes
Might cease

I perished of a strange pain

Not pierced by a spear
Not shot by an arrow
Not cut down
By a saber

I perished of a pain
That has no cure

I loved
My beloved was seized
In bondage

If you meet Kosara

On the paths
Of the Lord
I beseech you
To speak unto her
Of my
Truth

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović, Anne Pennington, and Stephen P. Meyer – © 2007 Omer H Hadžiselimović

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