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We have Fierce Girls in Šipovice.

Ćamil Sijarić

They reap barley, and sing,

sing.

Their vests burst at the chest.

Their shirts tear open.

Buttons snap.

They don't care about the vests.

They don't care about the shirts.

They sing, sing,

our girls from Šipovice.

Reaping barley.

So it is by day...

But at night, they step into the moonlight,

fall onto the green, dewy grass,

clawing at their chests with their fingers,

tearing locks from their hair,

and they scream, scream in anguish

at being girls

from Šipovice.

Translated by Esma Hadžiselimović

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