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## Stillness and Solitude of Woods

Marko Vešović

It is a stillness and solitude from which perhaps God begins  
Green and blue they are like polar ice  
The stillness and solitude one can find only in a soul that,  
Having just torn itself from its flesh and, delivered from the world's  
Evil, is looking upon the earthly globe from above  
With the eyes of an eagle.

It is a stillness and solitude when you listen to a baby bird's feathers  
Growing, when you listen to an elder tree  
Sprouting from human absence amid the ramparts,  
And when rocks start looking, for a moment,  
Like gigantic layers of police files  
With the fingerprints of millions of vanished beings  
Whose murmur is heard anew.

It is a stillness and solitude on a fairy's steed which,  
While flying, stands still.  
In that stillness and solitude even a blade of grass has  
Sway over the soul.

In that stillness and solitude the cry of a hawk  
Can light up the soul  
Like headlights a hare  
By the roadside at night.  
The soul, suddenly, in that stillness and solitude,  
Has nothing  
Needs nothing  
Either to give or take away.

As it listens to the trees rustling their leaves in darkness  
Like the audience their programs  
It is a stillness and solitude in which hours  
Stand still, while passing.  
It is a stillness which by the cavities of trees  
Is looking through you.

The stillness of woods in which to the will of God  
You surrender like a plant.

*Translated by Omer Hadžiselimovi? – © 2008 Omer Hadžiselimovi?*

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