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Before Death

Musa ?azim ?ati?

The agony is like golden dust aswirled,
Above me a yellow flower's aflutter.
Never before was there such fragrance
In my little room—my great world.

My weak hand reached for the yellow flower,
Trying to grasp it, so yellow and so sweet,
But in vain was my effort, the flower kept fleeing,
And fell at last upon my chest and suit.

And drunk so with its scent—
The figure of Virgin Mary from
The golden dust I saw appear

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimovi? – © 2009 Omer Hadžiselimovi?

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