

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Paths

Mak Dizdar

You have resolved that I shall not be and at all costs  
You come towards me and in your haste  
Laughing and weeping  
You sweep  
And destroy  
All before you

You have resolved to destroy me at all costs  
But you cannot find  
The true path  
To me

Because  
You know the deepcut and wellworn paths  
And no other  
(And indeed they are narrow and barren  
Moreover  
For you  
The strong and proud  
They are hard  
And  
Long)

You know only those paths  
That pass  
From heart  
And  
Eye

But that's not all  
There are paths stretching before us  
Without clear tracks  
Without timetable  
Without time  
And terminal

You think your journey towards the poor thing that I am  
Is quite safe and honorable  
Coming  
From left  
Or  
From right

You are wrong to suppose you can reach me  
In such directions  
From north  
Or  
South

But that's not all

Pestilence  
Always searches  
For my eyes cleverly  
Under the rye rippling in the wind  
Out of the clotted darkness at earth's roots

But from measureless heights  
From above  
It may crush the ribs  
Hardest  
It may  
It must

But that's not all

You are not aware of the law of the crossroads  
Between light  
And  
Darkness

But that's not all

For least of all you know that in life  
The hardest struggle  
And the real battles  
Are in your own  
Being

So you don't know that you are the least evil  
Amongst my  
Many  
Great  
Evils

You don't know who

You have to deal with  
You know nothing about the map of my paths  
You don't know that the path from you to me  
Is not the same as the path  
From me  
To you

You know nothing about my riches  
Hidden from your mighty eyes  
(You don't know that  
Much more  
Than you think  
Was turned  
And  
Given me  
By Fate)

You have resolved to destroy me at all costs  
But you cannot find the true path  
To me

(I understand you:  
You are a man in one space and time  
Who lives only now and here  
And knows nothing about the infinite  
Space of time  
In which I am  
Present  
From distant yesterday  
Till distant tomorrow  
Thinking  
Of you

But that's not all)

*Translated by Anne Pennington - (1934-1981)*

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