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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

Long)

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

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

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

(I understand you:

By Fate)

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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