
Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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Vertical and Horizontal

Mak Dizdar

How shall we bury the screams deeply in the ground of oblivion
So they do not reach us on these arduous paths
How shall we place every cherished word and smile in these tight bags
How shall we lace these swollen feet with ever tightening hide

Behind us let sadness and her companions remain
Rather than torches crusading in the dark dough of the unknown
Deeper and deeper sparkle
The bones of the departed

In vain

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