# **Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne**

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## A Word about Man

Mak Dizdar

#### **FIRST**

Wrought within the body sewn into the hide You're dreaming of the sky once more spreading wide

Within the brain enclosed in the heart detained Ever dreaming sunlight but by darkness stained

Prisoner of flesh imprinted into bone Can you bridge the distance

To the heavens' throne?

### **SECOND**

Caged by the ribs in silver's grip you rest No better than a serf even at your best

Wrought within the body sewn into the hide You dream earth becoming heaven's willing bride

Wrenched away from heaven you crave bread and wine But will it feel like home

This abode of thine?

#### **THIRD**

Of the flesh your box is of the bones your crate Sharp bones that your tender flesh will perforate

Wrenched away from heaven you want wine and bread But it's smoke and rocks that everyone is fed

Just one of the two hands bends to your will The one that seems to wish The other to kill?

FOURTH

Within the brain enclosed in the heart detained Ever calling sunlight but by darkness stained

Praying that your soul close to heaven should pass While your drunken body staggers through the grass

Within your roots ingrown in your blood immersed In this painful circle

Are you last or First?

**FIFTH** 

In this painful circle neither first nor last You are vultures' playground and maggots' repast

Seized by the body for tomb you plant the seed Is there hope for body to

Turn into deed?

Translated by Bruno Ogorelec © 2012 Bruno Ogorelec

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