

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal  
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

## With Hand Raised

Mak Dizdar

With hand raised to endless sky  
To great monuments around me I say  
All daily words entangled by the grave  
Which ensnare me in painful motion  
Pain magnifying on the way  
To the one

Stop  
I say to the sun  
That scorches my scalp  
To the ground that holds me firm  
To the day that leaves again  
To the ancient snake that slithers by

I say  
To the sage  
Burning and ablaze  
Marching constantly toward my hand  
Thinking always and remembering always me

I say  
And catch  
Nothing  
Everything about me is the same  
The same unchanging movement  
Never looking round Flowing continuing changeless

(In reality, everyone does their wretched vain work)

And the word  
Spoken in this wasteland  
Lost, mute, and forgotten

Only my cry  
Is firm like this my stone Steady everlasting

Translated by Keith Doubt

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