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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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