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The Shapes of Bosnian Souls

Nenad Azijus Tanović

[One]

Here lies Berko Miotoš,
on his noble land.

If you would my tombstone overturn, overturn it,
but spare your arms and legs.

This stone is too heavy to move,
and far too heavy to overturn.
Its weight has blistered my bones.

If you would still tread my bones
Do, and the Good Lord and I shall forgive,
but do not kiss Bakulin's daughter.

For it was not life that killed me
it was she who broke my foolish heart.

And if you do kiss her,
may the Good Lord strike you down
and may my heart's fate be the fate yours.

In the month of July of the 1317th Year of Our Lord and who knows when in time.

[Seventeen]

Do not overturn my tombstone for I fear all that
was and is my only hope shall become
but fog and illusion.

In the 1334th Year of Our Lord, the third month, the eight day in the fortress town of Bobovac

Translated by Una and Ulvija Tanović

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