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Sarajevo

Bosnia and Herzegovina

**Poetry**

**FLOWER OF REMEMBRANCE**

At the memory spring, I found  
A lost, dewy rose,  
With a strand of blond hair on it

One juicy petal I kept,  
And drunk  
-dew crystal from it.

I return this lost rose  
To you, incautious,  
Who picked it from the dewy grass,  
And left it on the threshold of my memory..  
But I am going to hide,  
That fragrant strand of hair,  
that soft silk,  
from you..  
and from myself  
Let it serve as a remembrance,  
To a beautiful,

Precious memory,  
Special and dear.  
tk.

## MORNING AWAKENING

With the first tweet of a chanting bird,  
I kiss my darling,  
Lit by the ray of the spring sun,  
I caress that sweet, lovely face.

I whisper softly, not to wake her up:  
-‘You are my sugar and my honey,  
Pollen of a flower, dew drop..  
A whiff of wind on my face,  
Summer night, river waterfall.’

I woke her, - unadvisedly,  
With the soft whisper of mine.  
She opened her blue eye, pleasant and sweet,  
And gave me a smile,  
With her lips, - fastening my heart beat.  
She gave me a modest look, trembling with joy,  
And shed tears down her white cheeks.  
I wiped them gently, still warm,  
And kissed her both tearful eyes,  
As each tear that she sheds, rips my heart out  
It hurts me so much, that my heart even cries

With a smile, still asleep,  
She silently looked at me,  
And with the sweetest voice she said:  
“I love you, honey”.  
And one more tear of joy, fell on the bed.

With the passionate kiss,  
I reply to her tenderly:  
-“I love you too, so much, my little angel”

And listening the tweet of that same chanting bird,  
When the day begun,  
We fell asleep – in each other's arms.  
tk.

## THERE WILL BE BOSNIA

Everything will be, and be gone.  
But Bosnia will survive,  
And remain.  
To someone else,  
After us, who will come..  
In the next century,  
To people,  
Better than us.

And to several inhumans!

How..and when?  
As it has been the case so far!

And those,  
That after us will come,  
They will be, -and be gone.  
But Bosnia will survive,  
And remain,  
-to those better than us!

And it goes again,  
-day by day,  
year after year,  
throughout the centuries,  
-into the future!  
Because Bosnia will remain in it!

And what about us?  
And those that will come?  
We will all remain,  
Somewhere in the past.

Dreaming of Bosnia.  
But forgotten we will be.  
tk.

## BY HIS WILL

All we are,  
Only powdered grains.  
scattered across the vastness  
of the universe.  
With the sunlight  
surrendered, to the splendor,  
and by His will  
created.  
On a piece of stone,  
gathered.  
And with a drop of life,  
ennobled.  
By His will.  
And we were given a choice:  
To strive for paradise,  
Or sinful, in disgrace,  
be determined.  
To the Hell.. Jahannam!  
tk.

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