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Morning among the Trees

Mak Dizdar

In the forceful fine dust That showers down from the blue fountain On my palms are hot poppies Withered branches already dark ripe Early wounds and crows From a jump that never falls into any sweetness The flower of a vanished smile Live barefooted desires And there is the dear moisture in the depth of a dark eve And the venom of the grass strand of a still awakening autumn hair And something from the hands of trust that carry and lead When they navigate the stars they defy Beyond blue, real blue That will not become reality So for whom then is This blood For whom are these daring flowers For whom these poor legs that at times hobble But while hobbled never kneel The slim property of one who loves When he swears and begs for a promised light Even when it has passed From some great river It is there Upright it flows In the eternal leap merciless For itself and for me Not blurred. No but absent From it she does not flee Then waiting futilely it connects us madly Squeezes And hurts constantly Because this morning it is born in the trees and does not bring us together Double-faced as the past evening

Note: The abstruse poem, we think, is an allusion to when Odyssey awakes in the morning hearing Nausicaa playing with her maids. He emerges naked from the forest before the daughter of the Phaeacian King, Alcinous. The two are smitten holding a love interest never expressed. Unlike her maids, Nausicaa, however, does not flee from Odysseus. She has him bathed, clothed, and fed before taking him to her home, wondering if he might become her husband. The goddess Athena, Nausicaa's shadow, plays matchmaker.

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Translated by Keith Doubt and Bojana Vukovi? with E. Wayles Browne

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