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## A Male Child

Amela Mustafić

They had a happy life  
and a daughter with his eyes and nose.  
They loved the scent of earth after the rain,  
the sound of the woods,  
in the autumn, when the wind  
takes the leaves on a deadly swirl,  
leaving blood-red traces on the ground  
so that the pain renders  
a new flower in the spring.

They had an estate,  
large enough for a hundred boys and girls,  
with no home,  
along with their toys,  
who hug as mothers should be hugged  
and still with room for twice as many dreams.

They had a wish,  
a male child, their own blood.  
And another girl was born with his eyes  
and nose,  
and the third,  
and the fourth.

“Ladybugs are nice” – said his folk  
“but they ain’t kids, go on till you get a son” – they ended.

And they got him,  
he did not have his eyes,  
or his nose,  
and he did not like the rain,  
or the autumn,  
or the spring.

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He loved art  
and nothing else.

And he had but one wish  
to leave everything  
and go there  
where the sound of guitars  
builds estates.

Translated by Amira Sadikovi?

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