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## The Una

Faruk Šehić

that is my river  
in her I have recognized myself  
there where the reeds are the braids of travertine nymphs  
who in August, when the water level lowers, show their thighs  
on which walk incandescent swimmers while the summer sun sprays the air

that is my river  
swift as a thought of one's beloved  
capable like opal of changing shades  
it is a meander in the shape of glittering veins  
along which sail wood-framed boats  
and between them flash the polished bellies of fish  
with scales larger than a human fingernail

that is my river  
her color rhymes with the atmosphere  
I drink it like mother's milk  
hidden from bullets, I watched it through shivering leaves of ash  
and I admired its live azure

that is my river  
in war, a line of the demarcation of two worlds  
the Berlin Wall of a million drops  
which we built during Babylonian night watches  
yearning with all our might to break it down

that is my river  
my earthly star  
not as famous as the Guadalquivir  
it still flows through my heart  
perfectly justifying her name.

*Translated by Sara Elaquad – © 2007 Sara Elaquad*

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