

SPLENDOUR OF TRUTH

Everything that we saw,
Heard and knew
we can't see now
and we no longer want to know.
What happened – we knew,
but we don't want to know now.

Evil has repeated itself,
and we fear that it will happen again,
but it is all because we fear to tell the truth.

The truth is sometimes harder to tell
than to experience.

Why must one nation go
through a path of suffering,
while the rest of the world turns a blind eye?

FRIENDSHIP

(Dedicated to my namesake Mirso)

There is something in Kozarac
there is something in Sana¹
there is something in Krajina
in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

There is something in Birmingham
there is something in London
there is something on the island
in the United Kingdom.

¹ A river in the north-western part of
Bosnia and Herzegovina

What gives me the strength
is the friendship from childhood
which lasts despite everything,
that is the greatest wealth.

There is something on the big screen.
There is something in silver and gold.
There is something in a glittering city;
it might be a brilliant success or
terrible failure.

There is something in a long journey
There is something in a great flight
There is something in the passing of
time
there is something beneath a burden.
But friendship that lasts
gives me the new strength
to live, to smile
to admire the world.

OLD MOSTAR BRIDGE

(Excerpt)

Old Bridge,
nobody has ever managed to erase its
arch.
The tumultuous centuries flew across
it.
The greatest military leaders
from the whole World
and they have carried
across countless treasures
and piles of weapons
Old Bridge is our dearest rose.

That is our pride,
our scented rose
which connects Bosnia with
Herzegovina.
They are two wings of our country
that could never run from each other.
That Old Bridge of ours binds them
connects us, strengthens us and never
betrays us.

[. . .]

Books are written about those men
with brave hearts.
The jumpers who were flying through
the sky
like swallows
and jumping to Neretva's embrace
that beautiful green clear water.

The Old Bridge remembers well,
military leaders and heroes
walking upon it
leaving legends behind them.

Separated banks of Neretva hurt
where the white arch once stood hurts
it has been glittering for centuries
on its young bridge keepers were walking,
guardians of the bridge,
after whom the city got its name

- Mostar²!

After ten long years
once again the glamorous bridge
emerged from the green water
and a gorgeous white arch
shone above Neretva
like a dream vision
it reunited separated banks
it reunited east with west.

² From the Bosnian word "most" which means "bridge"