

The Good Bošnjani

Omer Ć Ibrahimagić

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They call them the Good ones for something that could be felt without a lot of words.

They wondered where such a good breed, such a strong strain, such a noble flock come from.

The barbarians considered them a wild tribe for never giving up.

Time, however, changes the soul that is letting go...

Kindness has become lavish,
many Good ones, through time,
became wicked and those who boast and end up in trouble.
Grafted as they shouldn't be, they chose the other side,
and where they will haste but into wickedness.

A weed is immortal since the World has become.
It is conceived, nested and spread in ways you can't even imagine.

No matter how much goodness it soaked up.

So, it will be, when I contemplate it,
I grasp that the Good Bošnjani have dissappeared,
one can find them in songs,
in fireside stories,
quite rarely seen.

And wickedness?
It has, like some kind of dark busby hat, covered the World.
It would never settle down,
like a cavern in the lungs, it suddenly opens in the wrong place.

As such, it closes slowly, despite the balm of goodness.

Corresponding Author: Omer Ć Ibrahimagić

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That's why, if you came across a Good Bošnjani today,
he will seem confused, unprepared for life.
Yet, he wasn't accustomed to fighting the beasts of hypocrisy.

You may ask what happened to the entire nation that
scattered like polen
around the World—you won't get an answer.

Instead, you'll see sunrises, clear rivers and tombstones,
strong people and healthy children.
You'll smell spring blossoms caressed by the wind from the
mountain.

You'll hear laughter,
so distant,
forgotten and strange.

Note: Dobri Bošnjani (The Good Bošnjani) was the name of
original inhabitants in the area of Bosnia from medieval times.
Translator: Alma Muhedinović

Dobri Bošnjani

Zvali su ih Dobrim zbog nečeg što se moglo osjetiti bez puno riječi.

Čudili su se otkuda pa takav dobar kov, čvrst soj, odakle takvo harno jato.

Barbari su ih smatrali divljim plemenima jer nisu dali na sebe.

Ali, vrijeme mijenja dušu što se pušta...

Dobrota je postala suvišna,

od puno Dobrih su, kroz vrijeme,

postajali brojni naopaki što traže i nalaze taksirat.

Okalemljeni kako ne treba odabirali su drugu stranu, i gdje će nego u zlo.

Ono je, otkako je dunjaluka, korov neuništiv, prima se, gnijezdi i svija gdje ni zamisliti ne možeš. Ma koliko dobra upilo.

Tako će biti da je, kako shvatam kad promislim, nestalo Dobrih Bošnjana.

Još ih se u pjesmama može naći, u pričama oko vatre, sasma rijetko u pogledima.

A zlo?

Ono je, poput kakve mračne šubare, odavno poklopilo dunjaluk.

Ne smiruje se.

K'o kaverna na plućima, odjednom se otvori na nemjestu.

Pa se sporo zatvara, usprkos mehlemima od dobrote.

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Zato, ako danas naiđeš na Dobrog Bošnjana, on će ti se učiniti smušen, nepripremljen za život.

Taj još nije svikao na borbu sa zvijerima skrivenim iza licemjerja.

Pitaćeš ga šta se zbilo sa cijelim narodom što se poput polena po Zemlji rasuo – odgovora nećeš dobiti.

Umjesto toga vidjećeš izlaske Sunca, bistrice rijeke i stečke, snažne ljude i zdravu djecu.

Omirisaćeš behar što ga miluje vjetar sa planine.

Čućeš smijeh, tako dalek, zaboravljen i stran.