

Oblici bosanskih duša The Shapes of Bosnian Souls

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To Una and Ulvija Tanović and Jan

Some are made of stone,
Some of clay,
Some of water,
Some of fire,
...

But air crumbles all,
Love grinds it down.

As does me your name.

in 1222, the youngest year of all time

... blessed be the hand that carves and writes.

Uni, Ulviji Tanović i Janu

Neko je sazdan od kamena
Neko od gline,
Neko od vode,
Neko od vatre,
...

Al' sve vazduh mrvi,
ljubav melje.

Mene ime tvoje.

1222. ljeta najmladeg od pamtivyjeka

... da je blagoslovena ruka koja siječe i pisa.

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 - Herbarium zaboravljenih duša
Herbarium of lost souls
 - O stećcima
On stećci

[jedan]

A se leži Berko Mitoš na svojoj zemlji
na plemenitoj.

Ako tčeš mi bilig pogubiti pogubi ga,
al ruke i noge svoje satčuvaj.

Teržak je ovaj kam i za pokrenut,
a još terži za privalit.
Kosti mi moje svojom teržinom je našuljo.

Ako u kosti moje još hoš kreti
učin to i prosto ti i od men i od Dobri Bog bilo,
al samo nemoj Bakulinu kšćer poljubti.

Jer ne zmrijev ja zbog života
već zbog njer mi je srdce moje ludo prepuklo.

A ako je poljubiš,
pogubio te Dobri Bog
i moja sudba tvog srdca sudba da budne.

*srpnja mjeseca 1317. ljeta po Gospodu, a u vremenu
ko zna kad.*

[one]

Here lies Berko Mitoš,
on his noble land.

If you would my tombstone overturn, overturn it,
but spare your arms and legs.

This stone is too heavy to move,
and far too heavy to overturn.
Its weight has blistered my bones.

If you would still tread my bones
Do, and the Good Lord and I shall forgive,
but do not kiss Bakulin's daughter.

For it was not life that killed me
it was she who broke my foolish heart.

And if you do kiss her,
may the Good Lord strike you down
and may my heart's fate be the fate yours.

*In the month of July of the 1317th Year of Our Lord and who
knows when in time.*



[two]

Here lies Hval Radohtić of Tanorovo,
in the land of Kulin, in noble Bosnia.

It is long since I laid down and long
must I lie here still.
I beg of you my brothers and of you fair maidens
do not trample me underfoot,
do not tread on me,
do not scatter my bones,
for my whole life I gave to others.
To God,
to Duke Nespina,
to horses,
to my Lady Vukava, and to my loved ones.

Now I long for silence
to spend a little time on my humble noble estate
alone with myself.

I long to rest from life as should a man.

Cursed be the one
to tread my bones
and batter my tombstone.

*Many a horse have I shod well but the Lord shod me better to
lie down in the earth on the third day of the second week of
September in the year of 1000 clouds and a 100 thunders and
80 mice and 3 kisses of Our Lord.*

[dva]

A se leži Hval Radohtić s Tanorova
v zemji Kulinovoj v Bosni plemenitoj.

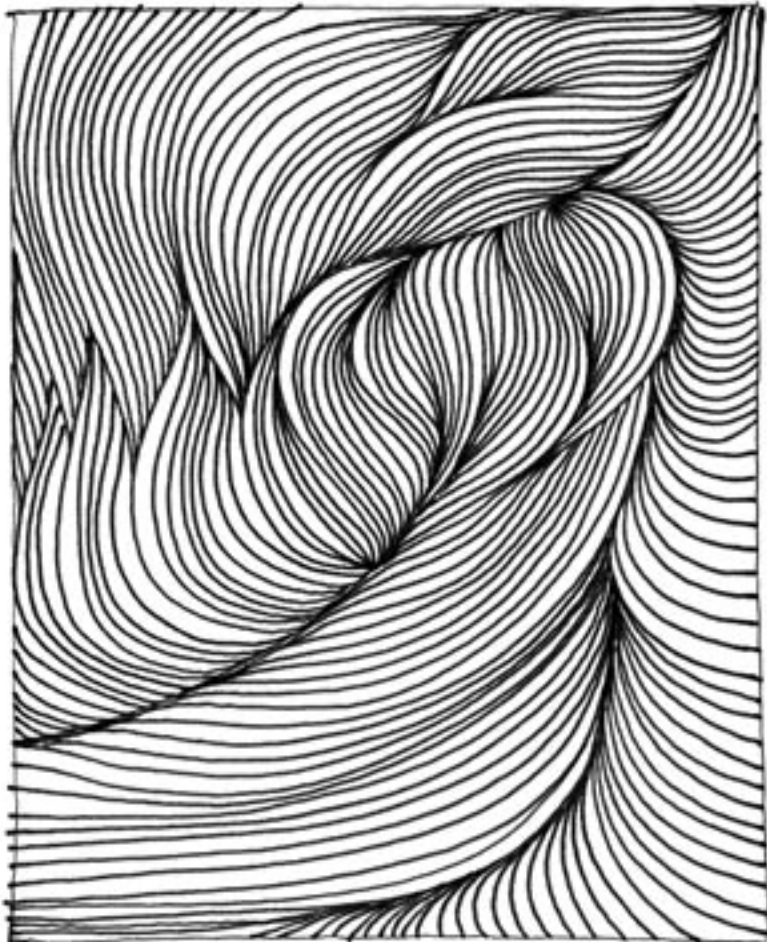
Davno sam ti ovdje lego i dugo
ti mi je tu ležati.
Molju vas bratjo i neviste
ne popirajte me nogami,
ne nastupajte na me,
nemojte mi kosti pretresti,
jer cijeli svoj život dadoh drugima,
Bogu,
knezu Nespini,
konjma,
mojoj kućnici Vukavi i mojimi dobrimi.

Sad hotću u tišini
da budem na svojoj maloj plemenitoj baštini
sa sobom malo sam.

Hotću da se od življenja ljudski odmorim.

Klet i proklet
tko tće kreti u moe kosti
i u biljeg moj.

*ja potkovah mloge konje dobro, al' bogme i Bog još bolje
potkova mene pa legoh v zemji v tretji dan druge sedmice
rujna ljeta 1000 oblaka i 100 gromova i 80 miševa i
3 poljubca po Gopodu.*



[tri]

... dobri čovječe, brate Pribile,
usijeci teržak kamen
za taj meni najdraži stetćak.

Zemi najterži i najtvrdji kam,
da vjetčnosti mjera može biiti,
al i viječni spomen Kosači mojoj jedinjoj jubavi.

Al' kad ga na njen grob staviš
stavi ga malko postrani,
jer ako se ikada podigne
da joj lahkše budne dići se.

*v drugu nedlju prosinca mjeseca ljeta 1201. v zemji
bana Kulina, tamo gdje sve rijeke i svi vjetri samo o pravjoj
ljubavi grgolje.*

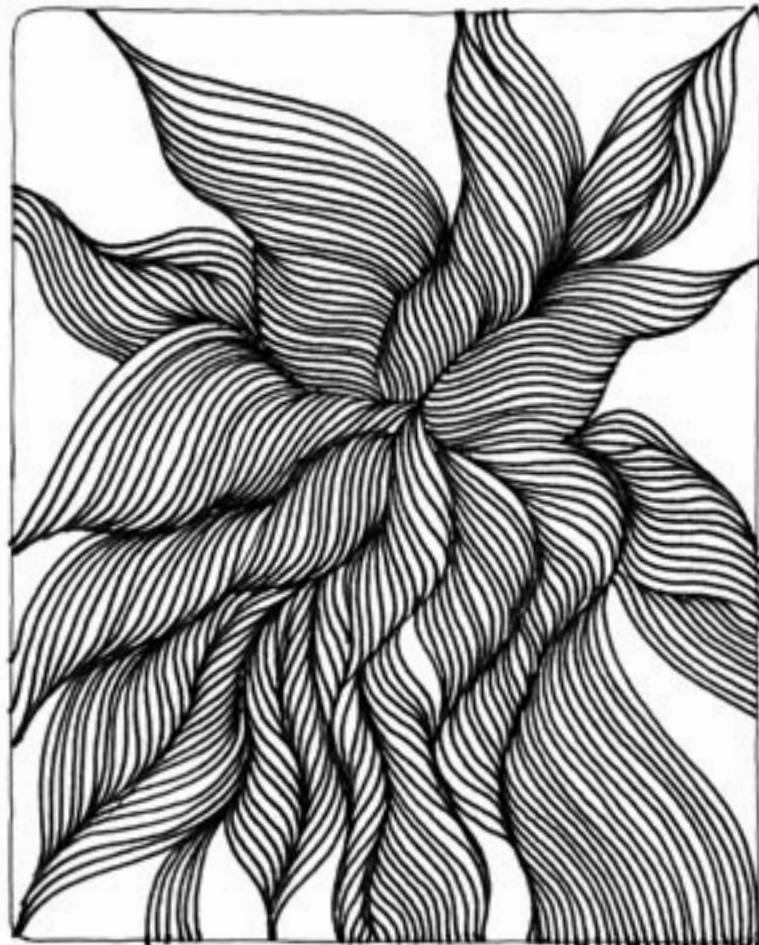
[three]

... my good man, brother Pribil,
carve me a heavy stone
for my most beloved's stećak.

Choose the heaviest and hardest stone,
for a measure of eternity,
in eternal remembrance of Kosača, my only love.

But when you place it on her grave,
lay it a bit to the side,
so she may rise with ease
if she ever were to rise.

*In the second week of the month of December in the year 1201,
in the land of Ban Kulin, where all the rivers and all the winds
murmur only of true love.*



[four]

Here lies Ljubljén, born in Vrhbosna,
buried in Vrhbosna, on his noble land.

I was the one who spent a lifetime standing at
crossroads, thinking, hesitating.
Always questioning my soul about all that
I saw but did not understand.
I was the one who asked why the sky never ages
though it bears forth ever new seasons.
And why the rains and the clouds and the winds
never age?
The answer remained hidden.
As did many others.

...

[četiri]

A se leži Ljubljén u Vrhbosni rođen v Vrhbosni
zakpan na svojini na plemenitoj.

Ja bjeħ onaj tkoji cijel život svoj na raskrsnicam
stajah, razmišljah, oklijevah.
I stalno svoju dušu za sve tšto vidjeh i ne
razumjedoh uporno pitah.
Bjeħ onaj tkoji se pitah kako to da nebo ne stari,
a iz njeg se stalno radžaju sve nova i nova
godišnja doba.
I kako to da kiše ne stare, ni oblaci, ni vjetrovi?
Odgovor ne nađoh.
Ni taj ni druge.

...

...

And in the room where the days of my life were
spent there was a window,
and beyond the window was endlessness.

But I remained bound to the safety of that room,
forever staring at its walls and its floors,
happy in my confinement.
Happier and somehow more confident than the
birds beneath the heavens.

And I thought my death would finally end it all,
And that the world and I would find respite
from me.

But it was not to be.
For my death,
as my life,
ages
and confines me.

*In the 1258th Year of Our Lord, when the Good Lord ruled
over the Earth and Prijezda ruled over Bosnia. This stone was
carved by Dražeta and the inscription writ by Hrsan, not
to show that I were but that I am no more and to return the
unloved Ljubljén, I know not to whom, whether to God or
the earth.*

...

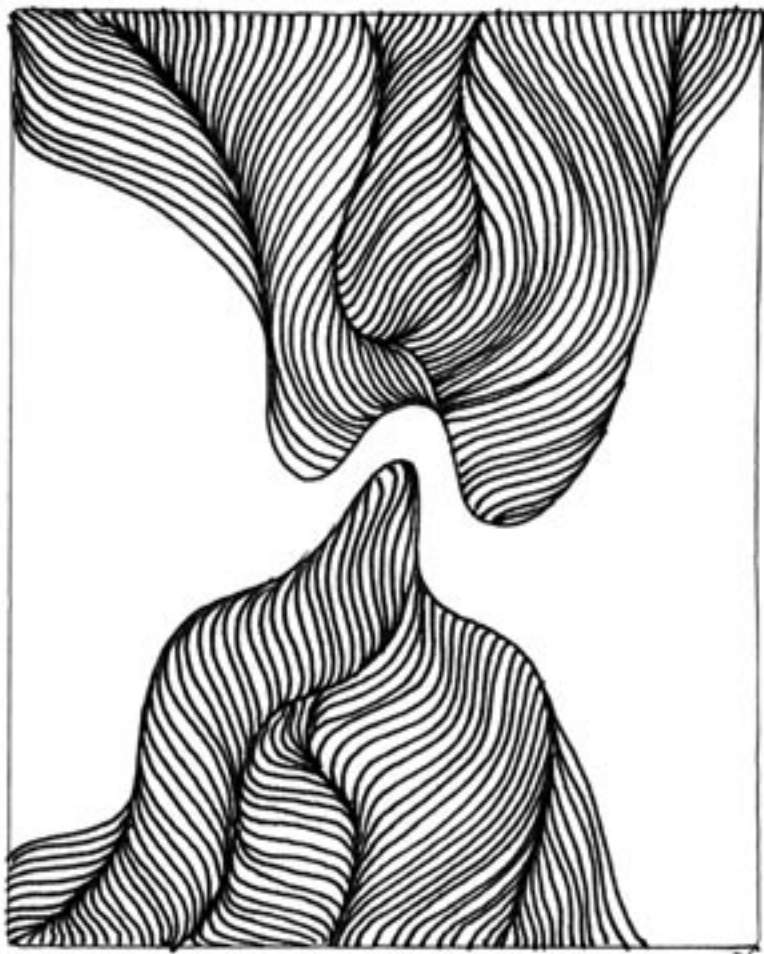
I u sobi gdje bjeh i u kojoj život proživjeh
bješe prozor,
a iza prozora beskraj.

Al ja uporno voljeh tu sigurnost sobe
i stalno gledah u zidove njene i u pod njen.
I bih i sretan u tamnici toj.
Sretniji i nekako sigurniji no pod kapom
nebeskom ptice.

I mišljah mojom smerti sve tće to konačno stati,
i da tće se drugi od mene i ja od sebe
jednom odmoriti.

Ali nije se tako zdeslo,
jer i moja smert ,
ko i moje življenje,
sve starša
i sve tješnja mi je.

*v ljetu gospodnje 1258. kad svijetom vladaše Dobri Bog,
a nad Bosnom bogme Prijezda. Kam mi usiječe Dražeta, a
zapis upisa Hrsan ne da pokažu da bjeh vetć da me višlje
neima i da orate, ne znam ni kome dal Bogu il' zemji, ni od
kog ljubljenog Ljubljena.*



[pet]

A se leži Hlapac Tihmilić i njegva najmilija
kućnica Borija.

Za života svog ja ovaj teržki kam sam
svojim rukama njoj i sebi usijekoh da mrtav
vijekovma mirno mogu jednu ljubav iz
življenja da dosanjam. Ovim kamenim slovima
ti o toj velkoj ljubavi zborim. I ona leži
pored mene. Tek sad znam, vrijedi vječnost
potrošiti samo za taj jedan jedini san za
koji nikada v življenju vremena nisam imo.

Da je blagosloven tko tće tiho projti i proklet
koji prevali.

400 i 10 i 7. ljeta, nakon 1000 po Gospodu u lipanj.

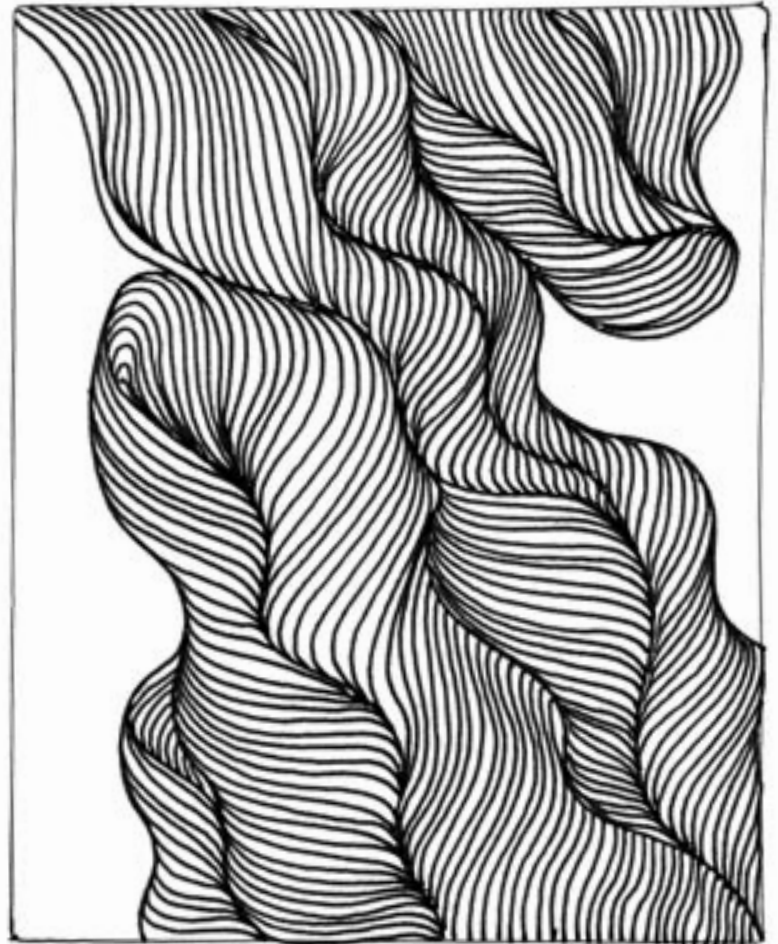
[five]

Here lies Hlapac Tihimilić and his most beloved
Lady Borija.

With my own hands, this heavy stone I carved
for her and for me to spend centuries in
peace dreaming of a love long-lived. These
letters of stone speak of this great love.
And she lies beside me. Only now do I know
that dreaming one dream neglected in
life is eternity well spent.

Blessed be the one to pass in silence and cursed
the one to overturn this stone.

*400 and 10 and 7 years after the 1000th Year of Our Lord,
in June.*



[six]

... nothing changes here.
As in life, I still eat the earth, drink the rain
and my shadow my only companion remains.

1204th Year of Our Lord, in August.

[šest]

... a ni ovdje se ništa ne mijenja.
I dalje, ko u življenju, jedem zemlju, pijem kišu
i družim se samo sa svojom sjenom.

1204. po Gospodu u kolovozu.

[seven]

Here lies Borna, the only daughter of Hlapoje,
the Bosnian elder.

In my life my ears heard only what my heart
desired to hear.
My eyes saw only what my desire
drove me to see.
My lips spoke only what my reason allowed.
My body partook of pleasures
by day and by night.
And I saw truth and falsehood were two faces
of one jester, as day and night
are two faces of time.
I did not understand it then and I never will.

When you walk by, tread not on my tombstone.
I don't want the moonlight to see me dead.
My lover Krać placed this enormous stone here.
It is heavy because still he fears my love's
flame as you must fear his wrath.

The Lord struck me down in January, in the year 1163.

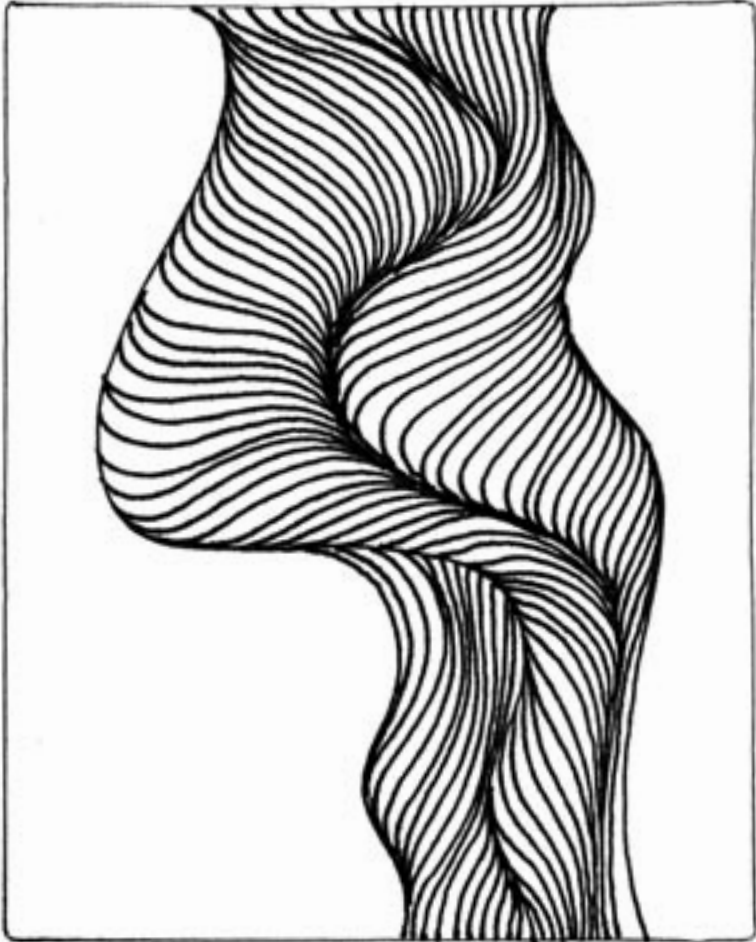
[sedam]

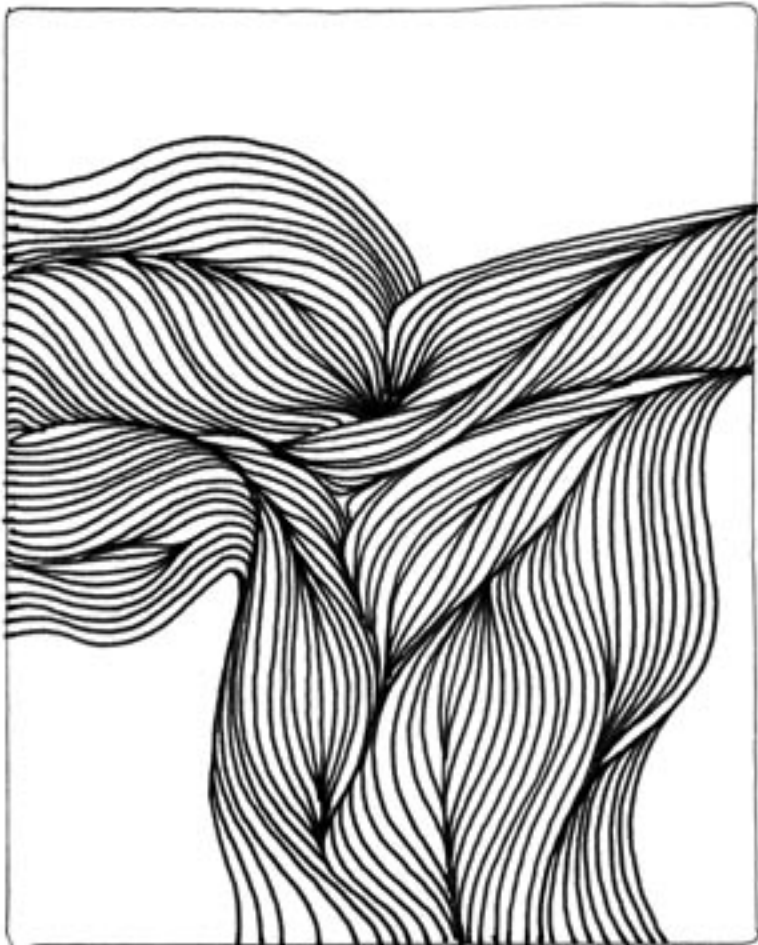
A se leži Borna bosanskog djeda Hlapoja
jedina kšći.

V mom življenju moje uho je tčulo samo ono
tšto je moje srdce voljelo tčut.
Moje otči su vidjele samo ono tšto je
moja želja poželjela vidjet.
Moja usta su rekla samo ono tšto joj je
moj razum dozvolio.
Moje tijelo je uživalo užitke koje su mi nudili
i dani i notći.
I vidjeh da su istina i laž dva litca istog
komedijanta baš ko u vremenu dan i notć.
I ništ mi ne bje jasno tad i nit tće mi bit ikad.

Ne kretći prolazniče u moj biljeg. Netću da me
mertvu vidi mjesetčeva svjetlost. Krać koji
me ljubijaše na mi ovi ogromni kam stavi. Velk
je, jer se on i sad plama moje ljubavi boji, a
ti se boj bjesa njegovog.

u sječanj me Gospod živu sasjetče v ljeto 1163.





[osam]

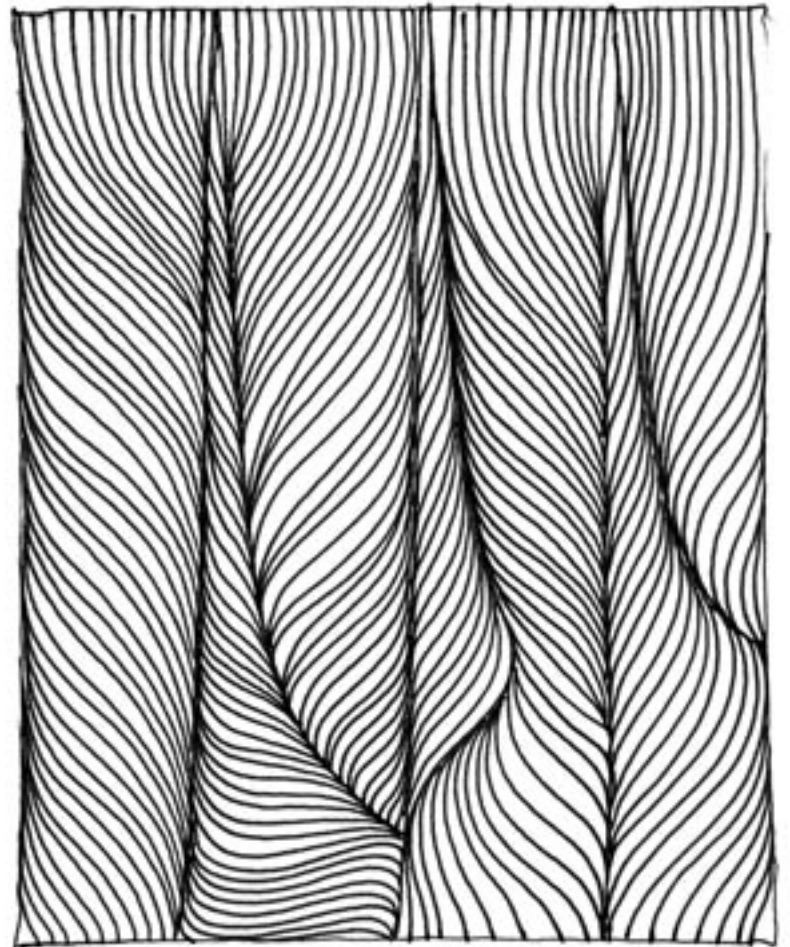
... i samo oni koji mogu izdržati samoću otkriju
da rijeke ustvari teku uzvodno, a vrijeme,
godišnja doba i vode nizvodno ...

1336.

[eight]

... and only those who can bear solitude discover
that rivers flow upstream, while time,
the seasons and waters flow downstream ...

1336.



[nine]

Here lies Mrkša of five husbands a wife.

Lord, my entire life I was a better wife than a Christian. I bore seven and ten children by five husbands. Abbot Radin proclaimed them my seven mortal sins. May the Lord forgive him his thoughts, so befitting a man, an old man, a mad man and lead him onto the true path. How can a child be a sin? It is brought forth in the Lord's joy.

Chance traveller, do not touch or trample my tombstone or seven heavenly arrows will pierce your heart.

In the seventh month of the year 1333.

[devet]

A se leži Mrkša, pet muževa svojih kućnica.

Bože, cjelog života svog bjeħ boljša žena no krstjanka. Rojdiħ sedam na deset dice ot pet muža svojih. Gost Radin reče da su to moji smertni grisi. Oprosti mu Bože misli njegove muške, staračke i lude i izvedi ga na pravi put. Kako dite može biti griħ? Ono je radost Božija.

Prolazniče, ne popiraj mi rukom il nogma moga biliga sedam tće te strila u srce pogodit.

1333. lita v sedmom misicu.

[ten]

Here lies Milac Povržen from Gornje strane,
in his noble land, in Bosnia.

When spring arrives once again gladly would
my inflamed bones follow the scent of another's
old and secret loves.

And in my life it was thus. In my dreams I was a
mountain, in my thoughts a knight, in life a page.

I beg of you do not overturn my tombstone lest
you recognise yourself in me.

*On a Friday, in February, 1000 Years of Our Lord and a 100
more and a fistful of fingers less.*

[deset]

A se leži Milac Povržen od Gornjih strana na
svojini na plemenitoj v Bosni.

Kad proletje dojde po tko zna koji put i moje
bi pomahnitale kostji negdi išle za mirisom nekih
starih, tajnih i tuđih ljubavi.

A i život mi takav bje. U snovima bje ko planina,
u mislima vitez, a u životu paž.

Molim ti se ne prevrni moga kama, mogo bi se
u meni ti prepoznati.

*u petak u veljači i to na 1000. ljeta Gospodnjih dodaj još 100
pa onda manje za prste jedne ruke.*

[eleven]

Here lies Kulduk from Sol.

If only I could rise from underneath this
tombstone, every new day would be a lifetime
and every night a new paradise.

*Since April 1449, my soul keeps company only with the weeds
and the worms.*

[jedanaest]

A se leži Kulduk iz Soli.

Da mi se samo ispod ovog biljega dić,
svaki bi mi novi dan bio po jedan pravi život,
svaka noć novi raj.

*od travnja 1449. moja duša samo sa travama
i crvima druguje.*

[twelve]

Here lies Ahmat Stuk on his noble land.

Let it be known that since my brother carved this stone and it was laid in the field upon me, never a traveller on earth nor a star by night will lose its way. In my death I have become a waypost.

In the 1192nd Year of Our Lord, in the month of January when it was colder for the living than the dead.

[dvanaest]

A se leži Ahmat Stuk na svojoj baštini
na plemenitoj.

Nekt se znade da odtad otkad u polju se na me postavi taj biljeg, kojino usijetče mi brat, višlje ni putnici po zemji ni zvijezde po nebu ne mogu da zlutaju. Mrtav postah putokaz.

1192. ljeta po Gospodu u mjesec sječanj kad bje mlogo hladnije živom no mltvom.



[trinaest]

A se leži Stanac sin Godinov na svojini
na plemenitoj v Bosni.

Ne ubi me sedam rani od strila, kopja i sjekre,
ne proždra me ni jedna šumska zvir, ne
proguta me rični vir, ni mrak, ni oganj ni zima
mi ne zmetoše trag.

Ubi me Šipara jerbo mi se obetćala, a za
drugog otšla. Prosto joj bilo sve, al ja tću našeg
sina i dalje da sanjam makar sada sam.

Ne zvalite mi ovi kami. To su moje otči
tkroz koje i daljše oblake, vjetre, zvijezde i
Šiparu gledam.

*1209. lito v listopad misic lip, al tujžan, jer nima višlje onog
tšo bi, a nima za mi ni onog tšo tće nekad jopet bit.*

[thirteen]

Here lies Stanac, son of Godin,
in his noble land in Bosnia.

I was killed not by seven wounds from arrows,
spears and axes, nor was I devoured by any beast
of the forest. The currents of the river swallowed
me not, nor did darkness, fire or cold bring an
end to me.

I was killed by Šipara, for though promised to
me she went with another. All is forgiven,
but I will still dream of our unborn son, in my
solitude.

Do not overturn this stone, it is my eyes to watch
the clouds, the winds, the stars and Šipara.

*In 1209, in the month of October, a beautiful but sad month,
for that which was is no more and that which was to come
shall never be.*



[fourteen]

Here lies Ljuben Dragota,
on his noble land.

I died without regret.
I bemoan not scaling the wall of time,
not having three sons and three daughters,
to mock time in my sixfold visage.
That I regret, not living.

Pass in peace and do not overturn my tomb,
for I have no one to right my stone.

Underneath not only lie my bones, but my ill fate
awaiting other prey.

*In the 1405th Year of Our Lord when Bosnia was ruled by
King Tvrtko, the first son of our great King Tvrtko.*

[četrnaest]

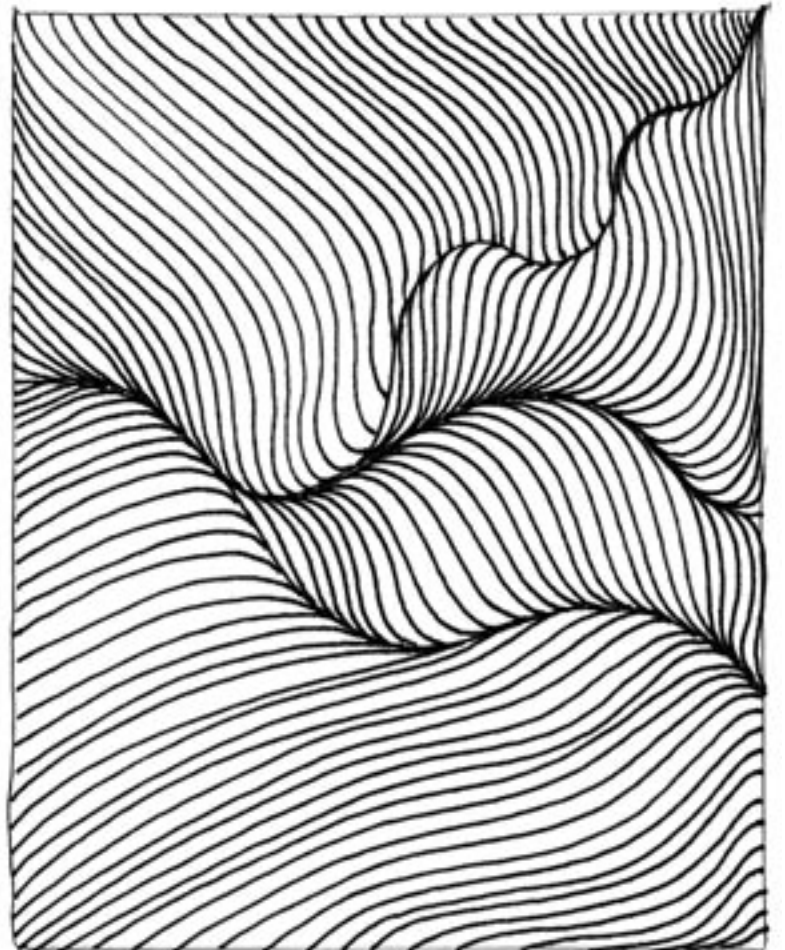
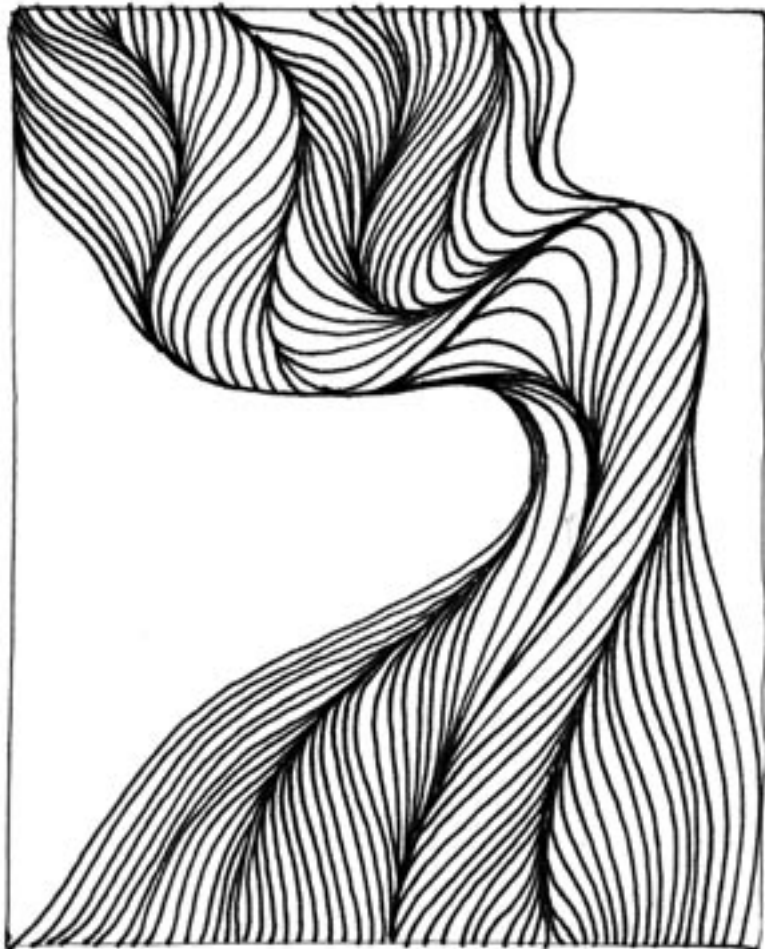
A se leži Ljuben Dragota na svojini
na plemenitoj.

Zmreh i ni mi žal.
Terško mi je tšto ne prejskotčih zijd vrejmena,
tšto nejmadoh tri sin i tri kšćerji
pa da se ušestostrujčen vrejmenu dolgo
izrugujem.
Tog mi je žal, ni življenja.

Ti projdi v miru i ne krejti u moj kam,
jer ja nihkog nejmam da ga obaljenog vrejti.

Ispod nisu samo moje kostji veté moja zla sudba
koja nekog da zjaši vrejba.

*1405. ljeto je po Gospodu, kad u Bosni kralj bješe Tvrdko
našeg velikog kralja Tvrdka prvi sin.*



[fifteen]

Love is madness.
Now, when I am freed from the shackles
of her gaze,
the chains of passion,
the coarse noose of kisses,
the guilt sweat of riveted stars.
Now I know everything.

Now, when everything has been locked away
pierced by a blackthorn stake.
Do not speak in vain of her virtues.
I know, for I have felt a thousand time
on my own skin,
her teeth are of dough, her bites of iron.
In the kingdom below I have learned the measure
of a tree's strength is in the size of its roots,
and not the forests of its foliage.
I no longer compare.
I no longer judge another's joy and pain.
I have learned that not all joy is happiness
and pain not always betters or deepens
the soul.

...

[petnaest]

Ljubav je ludost.
Sad, kad sam oslobođen lanaca njenih pogleda,
užadi strasti,
hladnih omči poljubaca,
zlatnog znoja pomahnitalih zvijezda.
Sad sve znam.

Sad, kad je na sve stavljen katanac
i kroz sve glogov kolac proboden.
Ne rasipajte svoju snagu pričajući mi
o njenim vrlinama.
Znam, osjetih to tisuć puta
na svojoj koži,
zubi su joj od tijesta, a ugrizi željezni.
U carstvu tame naučih da o snazi stabla
treba suditi samo po veličini njegovog korijenja,
a ne po šumu njegovog lišća.
Prestao sam da poredim stvari.
I prestao da sudim o tuđoj radosti i tuđem bolu.
Naučih da svaka radost nije sreća
i da svaki bol ne čini boljom i dubljom
ljudsku dušu.

...

...

I know that lovers belong only to one another,
not knowing their prison is darker
than my grave.
In death I am more free than in life
and in love.

Only now do I understand the loves
I took for the joys of life
were truly punishments.
Rife with poison,
restlessness in my soul,
with sleepless nights, wasted days.

I now know that warriors outlive their swords,
just as light outlives its star.
Hoarding embraces and kisses
bring no happiness.
Love is cruel.

I have filled my mouth with soil. And silence.

What you have heard are the flutes of my bones.
... and I could kiss in seventeen different ways.

And trust me.
Even in my death I remain true to myself.
I kiss and bite the soil and the stones within.

*In the 1387th Year of Our Lord, having taken only twenty for
myself. I would not barter them for another's hundred.*

...

Znam da zaljubljeni pripadaju samo
jedno drugom,
i da ne znaju da je to tamnica mračnija
od moga groba.
Sad mrtav slobodniji sam nego kad bjeh živ,
a zaljubljen.

Tek sad shvatam kako su moje ljubavi
koje prihvatih kao radosti življenja
bile uistinu njegove kazne.
Koliko je u njima bilo samo otrova,
koliko nemira u duši,
koliko neprospavanih noći, neiskorištenih dana.

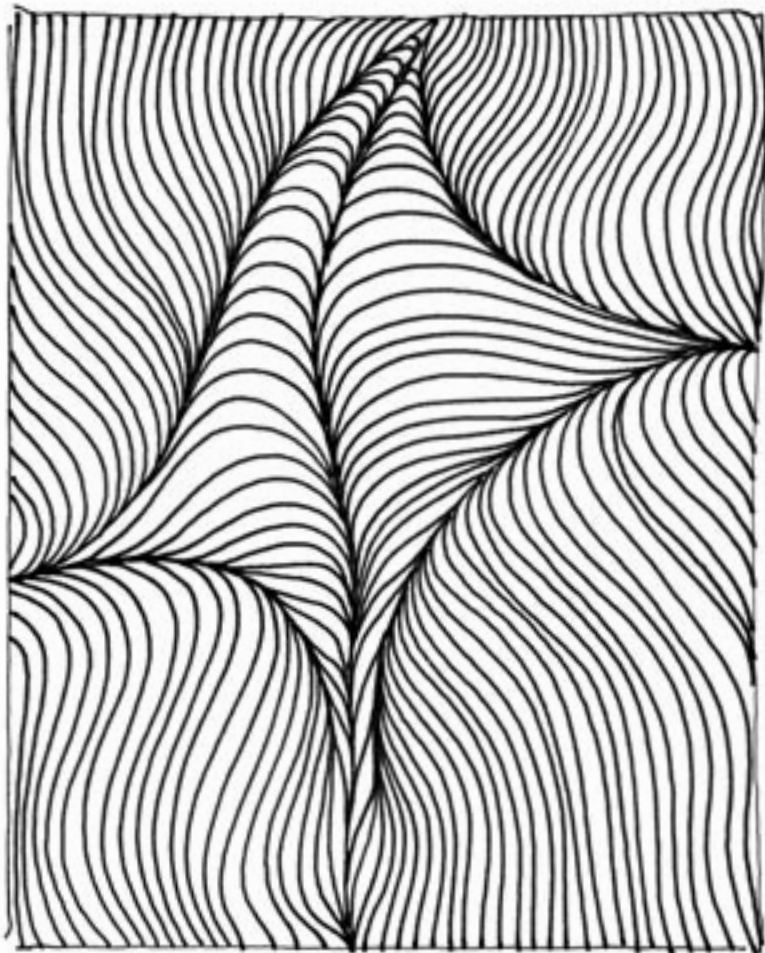
Sad znam da su ratnici trajniji od mačeva,
baš kao što je svjetlost trajnija od zvijezda.
Gomilanje zagrljaja, poljubaca ne znači sreću.
Ljubav je okrutna.

Napunio sam usta zemljom. I ušutio.

A ovo što čuješ su samo svirale od kosti.
... a ljubiti sam znao na sedamnaest natčina.

I vjeruj mi.
I sad v smerti svojoj ja sam osto ja.
Ljubim i grizem zemlju i kamen iznutra.

*1387. ljeta po Gospodu, a mojih ot tog bje samo dvaest.
Al' ne bih se mjenjo za tujdih stotinu.*



[šesnaest]

A se leži Kulduk Krilić u Usori zemji
plemenitoj na baštini. V ime otca i sina i Svetoga
Duha svetvornog da je proklet tko tće
u me taknuti i priveliti, a blagosloven tko tće
samo mirno projti.

Za života ne zgrejših, ne utčinih nažo ni ljudma
ni stoci. I Boga svatki dan spomenuh po dobru
i po tri puti.

Sljedih put razuma ne srdca.
I sad mi je togda žal.

A ti ak ti je osto još samo jedn dni življenja pred
tebom je cijela budućnost.

1268. ljeta po Gospodu v Usori u mom kraju.

[sixteen]

Here lies Kulduk Krilić in Usora,
on his noble land. In the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit
in all their power, cursed be the one to tread
my tomb and overturn my stone and
blessed the one to pass in peace.

I lived free from sin against my fellow man
and all other creatures of God. And I spoke of the
Lord's goodness at least three times every day.

I followed the path of reason, not of the heart.
And now I regret it.

As for you, if you have but one day left to live,
it is an entire future.

In the 1268th Year of Our Lord in my own Usora.



[seventeen]

...

Do not overturn my tombstone for I fear all that
was and is my only hope shall become
but fog and illusion.

*In the 1334th Year of Our Lord, the third month, the eighth day
in the fortress town of Bobovac.*

[sedamnaest]

...

Ne prevrni moga biljega, jer bojim se da
tće sve tšto mi bješe i osta zadnja nada postat
tek magla i tlapnja.

*po Gospodu 1334. ljeta mjeseca tretjeg dana osmog
v tvrdom gradu Bobovcu.*

[eighteen]

... and when it rains you cannot
and I do understand the disappointment
of a cloud turned to common water.

In the 1174th Year of Our Lord, if I counted right.

[osamnaest]

... a kada kiši ti ne moreš,
a ja mogu da razumim kakvo je to i kolko je to
razočarenje za oblak kadar postane obična voda.

1174. ljeta po Gospodu, ako se ne zbunih v brojenju.

[nineteen]

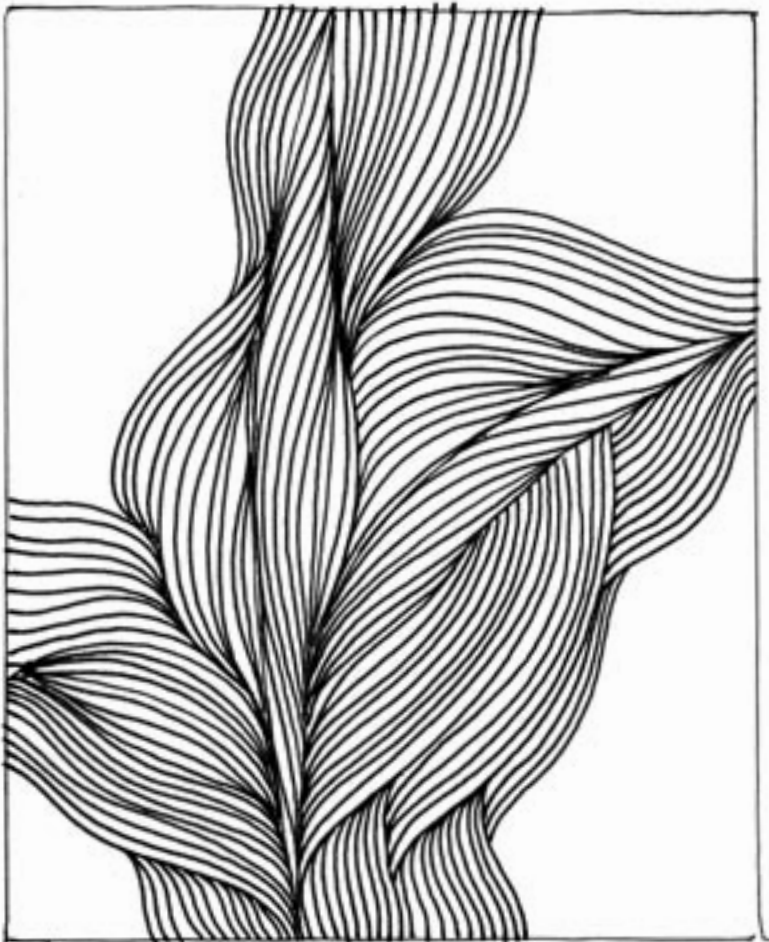
[devetnaest]

... I fear not wolves but people.
If it were up to the wolves, this tombstone
would outlive eternity.

In 1377 when Tvrtko was our king

... ne plašim se ja vlkova već ljudi.
Da je po vlkovma, ovaj biljeg bi vjetčnost
nadživio.

1377. kad kralj naš bješe Tvrtko.



[dvadeset]

A se leži na svoijoj na plemenitoj baštini
Sermorad Ozrkov i duhgo mi ti je ležžati.

Kad mimo mohga kama projdeš, ako ti se želja
javi da se Bogu za mir mooje duše pomoliš
ti se tad za svoju dušu pomoli, a za moju
nejmoj. Za mir moje duše ti samo spomeni
ime Grubačino i moja tće duša od miline
do sljedetćeg proletja da treperi i moj dobri
duh da je ponovo ko nekad sanja.

Ahko izgovoriš ime njezino neka ti dobri
Bog da puno dobrih ljudi na tvomemu putu ma
kud išo. I moja te zahvalnost pratila dovijeka.

v sedamnesti dan v ožujak ljeta 1322. po Gospodu.

[twenty]

Here on his noble land lies Sermorad Ozrkov
and long must he still lie.

When you chance upon my stone, if you wish to
say a prayer for the peace of my soul, pray for
your own, not for mine. For my soul's peace just
utter Grubača's name and it will shudder with
delight till the next spring when my good spirit
will dream of her once again.

If you speak her name, may the good Lord
grant you many a good man on your way,
wherever you may go. And may my gratitude
follow you forever.

*On the seventeenth day of March in the 1322nd Year of
Our Lord.*



[twenty-one]

Here lies brave Bogčín Radinić
from Bosna Srebrena.

Here in his noble land by the tombstones of
his father and grandfather and the grandfather
of his grandfather's grandfather lies only
his tombstone, for I was killed and buried in
a foreign land where the Sun is different
and the wind is different and God, water,
air and people strange and foreign to my soul.

To Kulin, the sword and spear I was faithful
more than to Radača, and I feel no shame
or regret. And if I were as you are today, I would
be the same again. You shall never be as I was
and as I can no longer be.

Blessed be the one to read and contemplate these
words, and a curse of madness befall the
one who merely passes or overturns this stone.

In 1205, five months after the great Ban Kulin was laid to rest.

[dvadesetjedan]

A se ne leži junak Bogčín Radinić
iz Bosne Srebrne.

Tugdje na njegovoj plemenitoj baštini
uz kameni biljeg otca mu i dijeda i dijedovog
dijede dijeda leži samo biljeg njegov, jer je
ja zgiboh i zalegoh u tudijoj zemji, tamor gdi
je i Sonce drugatčije i vjeter drugčiji, a Bog,
voda, vazduh i ljudi tuđi i duši mojoj strani.

Kulinu, matču i kopju bjeh vjerniji no Radači
i ni me togda ni stid ni žal. I kadar bih opet
bil, kakor vi danaske jeste, opeta bih ja bil isti
kakor ja bih. Vi nikdar nečte biti kako ja bi,
a ja ne mogu višlje bit kako to nekdar bi.

Blagosloven tko protčita i zmisli se, a lud
i proklet koji samo projde il privali.

*ljeta 1205. pet mjesec nakon tšto v zemju leže i veliki
ban Kulin.*

[twenty-two]

Here lies Čeprnja Dobrogost,
the son of Hotenja Žunov's son.

What I know today,
tomorrow will be known to you.
So do not rush into new dawns.
Wander the night sky and search for routes
to the Moon and stars.

Later, we will walk long together upon the Earth
and underneath the earth.

If you do not reach the stars, what will
we talk of as we spend eternity dead.
And do not ask if you can do it. You can, go...
just make your steps resolute.

May the Lord trample him
who overturns my stone and tramples my bones
and may he walk over the bones of his father
and his son.

*In a storm, in December, in the 1328th Year of Our Lord,
when the great Ban Kulin was laid to rest.*

[dvadesetdva]

Ase leži Čeprnja Dobrogost
od Hotjena Žunovog sina sin.

Ono tšto ja danaske znadem
znatćeš sutradan i ti.
Zato ne juri u nova jutra.
Lutaj noćnim nebom i traži put do Mijeseća
i zvijezda.

Zemjom i ispod zemje kašnje tćemo hojđiti
dulgo i zajedno.

Ak ne otideš ti do zvijezde o tćemu tćemo
vjetčnost provodeći mrtvi pričati.
I ne pitaj se dal ti to možeš. Možeš, idi ...
samo čvrsto hojđi.

A onaj tkoji mi biljig privali
i na kostji moje zgazi
zgazio ga Bog i po kostima otca svog hodo
i sina svog.

*u nevrime u prosinac ljeta Gospodnjeg 1328.
tšto v zemju leže i veliki ban Kulin.*

[twenty-three]

In the glorious olden days, I, Prehten Kukleć,
lay down here in Hum, on the noble land of my
fathers, in Bosnia.

Ljubljén Mitoš carved my stone
and the inscription

Even when it speaks not, a stećak is not silent
was set by the scribe Hlapac.

I repaid in silver their hands and sweat and
the Lord will repay their good deed.

This stone is a door I passed on my path to
nowhere, never to return. Even now I am here,
seeing all, hearing all, touched by nothing.

May the Lord punish him who overturns
my stone and tramples my bones, may his bones
suffer the same fate, a life filled with hateful
people and an evil woman to plague him long
like a rotten tooth.

*I lay down in the beautiful month of May, in the 1345th Year
of Our Lord. Maybe the faint scents of June will follow me
through death.*

[dvadesettri]

U davno u slavno doba ja Prehten Kukleć
legoh tuđi u Humu na svojini na plemenitoj
zemlji otaca mojih v Bosni.

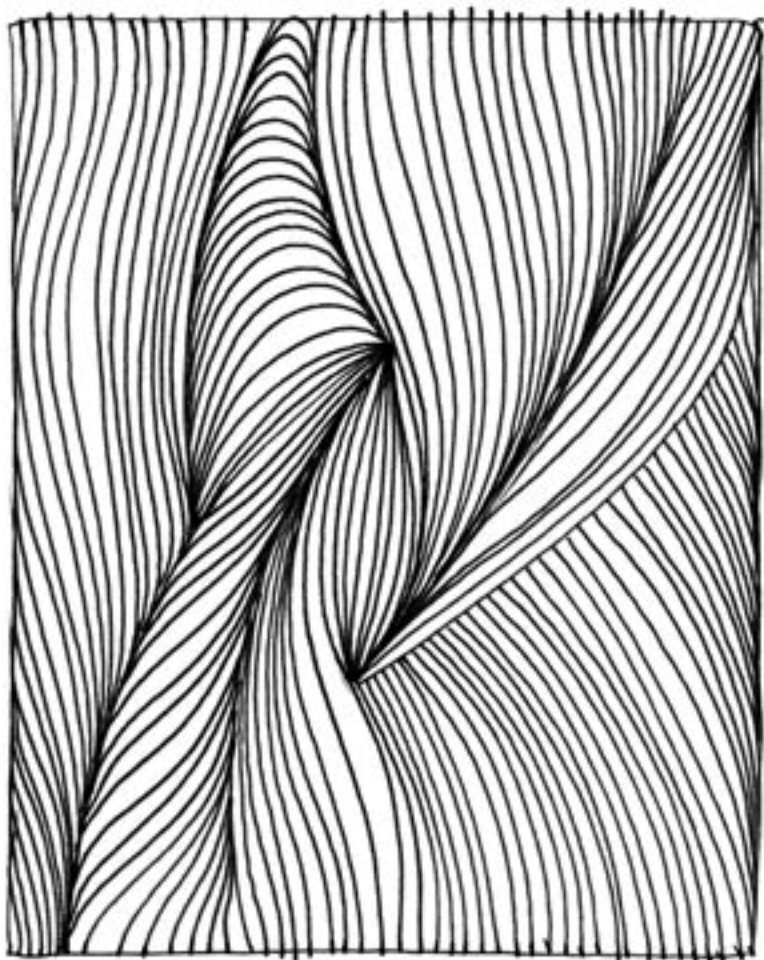
Kam mi usiće Ljubljén Mitoš, a zapis
I kad ne govore stećci ne šute
ureza dijak Hlapac.

Ja im srebrom platih za ruke i znoj, a Bog tće
im platiti za dobro djelo.

Ovaj biljeg su vrata na koja izadjoh da se višlje
ne vratim, al nigdi ne odoh. I sad sam tuder,
sve vidim, sve tćujem samo me nitšta ne dotitće.

Tko mi biljeg obali i kostji razgasi Bog mu
dal kostjima njegovim istu sudbu, život pun
loših ljudi i zlu ženu da ga žulji dolgo ko
šupalj zub.

*u lijepom mjesecu legoh u zemju u svibnju u ljetu Gospodnjem
1345. Morda tće me nadolazeći miris lipa i kroz smrt pratiti.*



[dvadesetčetiri]

A se leži Klut od Dolnjih strana sin.

Legoh, jer se zmorih. Nisam vjerovo al sad znam da nikdar nije isti človek onaj kojino sadi dlvo i onaj kojino se u sjeni dlveta odmara. Dulgo sadih dlveta i ni mi tohga žal. Žal mi je tšto stajdoh.

Suza koju pusti ona koju voljoh terža mi je no ovi kam koji na me ona stavi.

I da se ne zboravi ko bjeh zapis mi ona stavi da sam cjel svoj vjek sadio dlveta, a da se sad odmaram u sjeni ovog kami.

v drugi vtorak v kolovozu 1288. ljeta, a Prijezda sin Prijezdin bje ban na Bosni.

[twenty-four]

Here lies Klut, son of Dolnjih strana.

I lay down for I was weary. I doubted but
now I know it true that it is never the same man
who plants the tree and who rests in its shade.
Long and with no regrets did I plant the trees.
I regret stopping only. The tear my beloved
shed over me weighs more than this stone
she laid upon me.

And to remember who I was, she inscribed
I spent my life planting trees and now rest in
the shadow of this stone.

*On the second Tuesday, in August, in 1288, when Prijezda,
son of Prijezda, ruled over Bosnia.*



[twenty-five]

Here lies Dinko Vlkac, younger than twenty
springs though faster than the winds of autumn.
Unjustly killed by Semrod, a bad seed, the
spawn of a worse father Žleb, for the love Vitača.

Vitača carved the stone and Miltoš inscribed
her words, not a word more and not a word less.

Lord, forgive them if you can and if you will.
I can not and will not forgive him,
nor You, nor the man under this stone where
my Dinko hides.

Lord, if you pass by and read Dinko's stone,
long will You and I glare mutely into each
other's eyes. Even if you do not pass by, sooner
or later we will meet with nowhere to hide
from each other always. Think about what You
will say to me then.

I have said my piece. And I know no fear.

*in the 1327th year of Our Lord when Bosnia was ruled by
Stjepan Kotromanić.*

[dvadesetpet]

A se leži Dinko Vlkac mladji od dvaest proletja,
a mlogo berži od jesenjeg vjetra. Ubi ga na
nevjeru zbog Vitače Semrod lojš sin od gorjega
otca Žleba izdanek.

Kam usijetče Vitača, a zapis ovaj na biljig
upisa Miltoš svojenom ruhkom, al samo ono
tšto mu ona rijetče i ni jenu rijetč višlje,
i ni jenu jedinu rijetč manjše.

Bojže ti ak hoš i ak mož oprosti im.
Ja nit mogu nit hotju ni njem,
ni Teb, ni ojom kog kam ovi pokriva i ispod
kog se moj Dinko skriva.

Bože ako ovud projdeš i pročitaš Dinkov kam
još dulgo tćemo se nijemo Ti i ja gledati u oči.
A ako pak Ti nikada ne projdeš vuda srest tćemo
se mi kad tad, jer ja ot Teb nit Ti od men se ne
mremo vjetčno nigdi skrit. I zmisli dotad šta tćeš
mi rjet.

Jer ja sam svoje rekla. I ni me ničeg strah.

*u ljetu Gospoda našega 1327. kad v Bosni bješe Stjepan
Kotromanić ban.*

[twenty-six]

Here lies Linil, the eldest son of Abbot Hotonja.

Where are you headed?
Which path will you take? Leading to whom?
And why?

Halt, think.
Look back. Do you think with your feet
rather than your mind?

This stone was cut for the eldest son by
the youngest brother Borjen and inscribed by
the scribe Sanko.

*In Vrhbosna, in 1402 when more people died than were born
and Stjepan Ostoja, the bastard son of Tvrtko, was proclaimed
king by the people and he ruled over Bosnia.*

[dvadesetšest]

A se leži Linil gostja Hotjena najstarši sin.

Kuda ijdeš človeče?
Kojim putem? Komu?
I zašto?

Stani, razmisli.
Osvrni se. Zar ti je veća pamet u nogami
no u glavi?

Biljig usjetče najstaršem bratju najmladji
Borjen, a pisa dijak Sanko.

*v Vrhbosni ljeta 1402. kad u godni dani zmre višlje judi
no išo se rojdi, a kralj Bosne je Stjepan Ostoja, kopile kralja
Tverdka, al narod sam tako htjede i tako on kraljem i bi.*

[twenty-seven]

They torched, plundered, stole ... and possessed.
They killed, drank, cursed...
They kissed, demanded a tooth for a tooth,
flattened grass and wheat.
And the Lord forgave all.

I did none of this.
I simply gazed at the stars and waited for
Ukija to notice me.
Waited in vain.

So I cursed secretly and silently for I saw it all
but was late to see he who had not cheated the
Lord, had not lived.

Good Bosnians, I have forgiven the Lord so you
may forgive all my sins. But forget none.

*In 1307, a year filled with mice and rainy days. No butterfly
had been sighted since spring. Without butterflies our good
brother Drač could not live nor dream. So he died.*

[dvadesetsedam]

Oni pališe, otimaše, kraše, ... i imaše.
Oni ubijahu, pijahu, psovahu, ...
Oni jubiše, zube o zube lomiše, i svu travu
i žito povaljaše.
I Bog im sve to oprost.

Ja ne utčinih od tog ništa.
Samo gledah u zvijezde i tčakah da me
Ukija primijeti.
I ni to ne dotčakah.

Zato sovah u sebi tajno i bezglasno, jer sve viđeh,
al kasno to spoznah da v življenju tko Boga nije
prevario taj se radosti u življenju nije ni nauživo.

Dobri Boštjani, ja Bogu oprost dadoh,
pa neka i meni od vas sve oprošteno budne.
Al neka se ništa i ne zboravi.

*Ljeto 1307. puno je miša i kišnijeh dana. Lepira ni jednog
ne vidje niko od proljetja. A brez lepira naš dobri brat Drač ne
more ni da živi ni da sanja. Zbog tog on zmre.*

[twenty-eight]

Men say:

I lived without finding what gives
meaning to life.

I kissed without knowing what cloaks
love in charm.

I dreamt without learning what makes
illusions out of dreams.

I loved, and was loved, but knew not what it was
in me which still longed for more.

And I, Kruta Kapon, a humble wife who lies here,
gave birth to twenty children and named each
one. I named twice as many children as the wisest
men can name winds. And I did not wonder
in vain, as men do, about meaning, living, loving,
dreaming. I clenched my teeth and gave birth.
And it gave me pain. To the heavens. But it was
worth it.

It was worth more than the heavens.

*In the year 1093,
erected for Mother by her sons and daughters.*

[dvadesetosam]

Muške glave kažu:

Živjeh, al ne otkrih tšto je to tšto
življenju smisao daje.

Ljubljah, al ne razumjedoh, tšto je to tšto
ljubav dražju obavija.

Sanjah, al ne spoznah, tšto je to tšto
od sna opsjenu stvara.

Voljeh, i bjech voljen, al tšto je to tšto je
v meni da stio bih to opeta.

A ja, Kruta Kapona uboga kućnica, koja ase leži,
rodih dvadesetero djece i svakome ime dah,
a to bješe dva puta višlje nego tšto najpametniji
človek može dati različitim vjetrovma razli-
čitijeh imena. I ne pitah se uprazno, tko tšto se
muški pitaju, o smislu, o življenju, o ljubavi, o
snima. Stiskah zube i radjah. I boljelo je. Do neba.
Ali i vrijedilo je.

Vrijedilo i višlje od neba.

*1093. ljeta.
Majci sinovi i kšćeri.*

[twenty-nine]

Here I lie gladly, on my noble land. My name Vlk,
son of the soil of Hum.

Listen to what I have to say but do not believe.
You are you, and I am I, so our truth can not be
the same. When you are as I am, you will settle
your accounts as I have settled mine.

Do not hope that what is to come will be for
all eternity but also do not long for what
has been. Most people have little knowledge
and great expectations. So they always
blame their yesterdays for their tomorrows.

Love the moment and the lips that kiss you.
Later your bones, like mine, will sleep peacefully
under a heavy stone.

Do not overturn my stone, let it stand as it does.
If you can not understand me now, maybe the
son of some son of yours will.

*I lay down on a cursed day in 1209. Lasting sleep always was
and will be cursed.*

[dvadesetdevet]

A se ležim rad na svojini plemenitoj. Ime mi
Vlk ot Humske zemje sin.

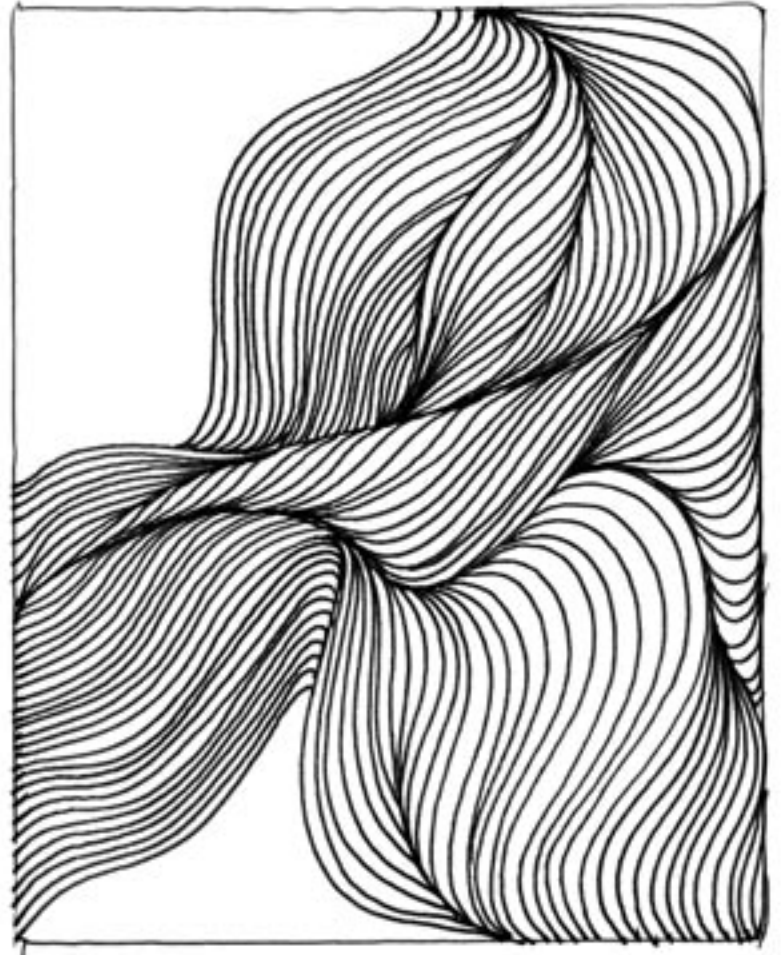
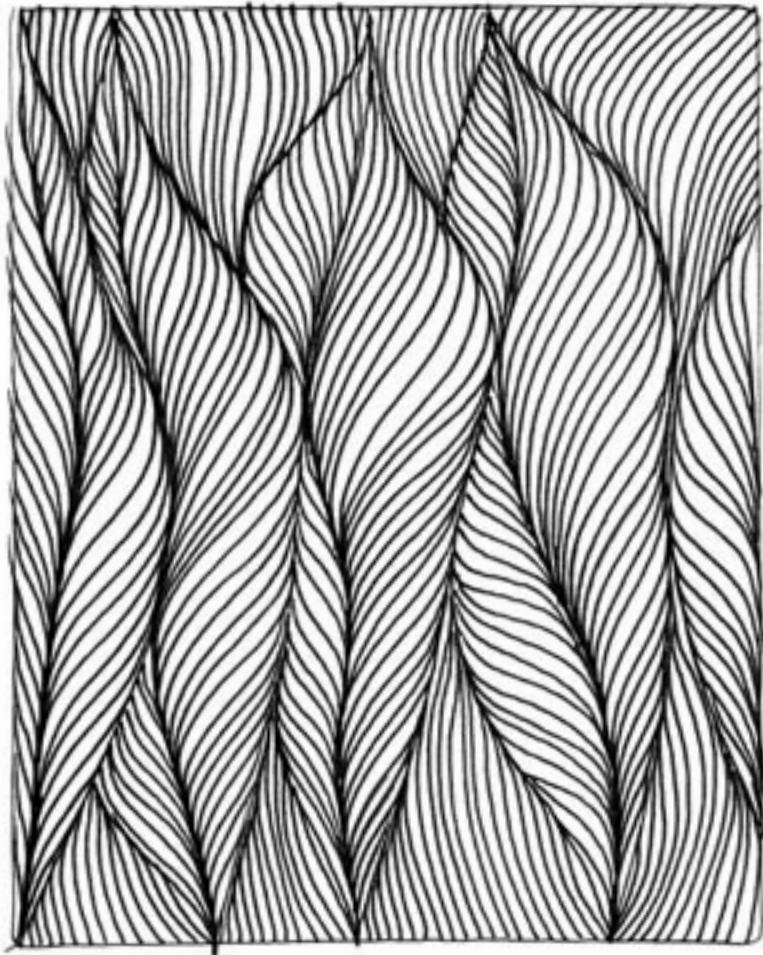
Ono tšto tću ti rijeti ti prihvati, al nemoj
mi vjerovati. Tij si ti, a ja sam ja, pa nam ni
istine ne moraju biti iste. Kad budneš
ko ja svest tćeš ratčun svoj tko tšto svedoh
i ja svoj.

Ne nadaj se da tće biti vjetčno ono tšto tće
tek doći, al ni ne žali za onijem tšto je prošlo.
Vetčina ljudi ima malo znanje, a velka otčeki-
vanja. Oni tće zato uvijek optuživati jutče
za ono tšto tće im se desiti sutra.

Ti voli trenutak u tkome jesi i usne koje te
jube. Kašnje tće ti kostji, ko sada moje, mirno
snivati ispod teržka kamena.

Ne prevali mi biljega mojega, pusti ga da stoji
kako stoji. Ako me ne razumiješ sada ti, možda
me razumjedne tvojeja sina neki daleki sin.

*v proklet dan legoh v ljetu 1209. Sva trajna lijeganja su bila i
ostala prokleta.*



[thirty]

Here lies Bokčilo, the only son of his mother.

Those not shot through with spears, torn to pieces with maces, cut down with axes, plagued by ill fate will be pierced with time's arrow.

No shield, nor refuge, nor strong fortress, nor shelter can save them. Only death can save them from becoming a target. But even dead you must die a hundred times over.

He who hews a door or windows for his house from this stone will do good. Only then will my bones and heart warm themselves a little.

All else remains as human vanity.

Died in 1389 in June when the linden was blooming and Stjepan Dabiša was the lord and ruler of Bosnia.

[trideset]

A se leži Bokčilo u majke svoje jedini sin.

One koje ne pogodi kopje, ne raznese buzdovan, ne sasiće sjekra, ne zgodi zla kob te strefi strijela vremena.

Od tog nejma štita ni zaklona ni tvrde kule ni sklonita mijesta. Otd njena pogodka jedno se u smert sklonit možeš. Ali i mertav moreš još sto put umrijeti.

I ovi moj kam tko isteše i kući svojoj vrata i prozore spravi dobro tće utčiniti. A mojim kostma i mom srcdu tek tad bitće malo toplje.

Sve ostalo bje i osta tek ljudska taština.

zmre 1389. ljeta v lipnju kad lipe mirisahu, a Stjepan Dabiša bi na Bosni gospodin i kralj.



[tridesetjedan]

A sej leži počšteni knez Rastudije Prvonjeg
na svojoj zemji na plemenitoj. U to doba bjeh
junakom, mil bratiji i gospodinu Kulinu.
Najboljši muž u Dubravah bih.

Ondak kad sam mogao nisam htio, sada
kada hotću ne mogu ratširiti krila. Takva mi
kob. Nisam otčajavao onda netću ni sada.

Al ja vidijeh da svi koji lete slete i da niko ne
osta zauvijek u nebu sa svojom hlabroščću
pa netću ni ja dovijeka ispod ovog kamena sa
svojjjem strahom.

Pristupite i žalite me, al ne popirajte me
nogami, jer tćete biti vi kako jesam ja, a ja više
netću biti kakovi jeste vi.

Usijetće Veseoko Kukulamović a pisa Gošt.

*1233. ljeta kad bje nad Bosne ban Matej Ninoslav i vjera
narodna opet narodu bje vratjena.*

[thirty-one]

Here lies honest Duke Rastudije Prvonjeg
on his noble land. At that time I was
a hero, beloved of my brothers and Sire Kulin.
And a good husband to my Dubrava.

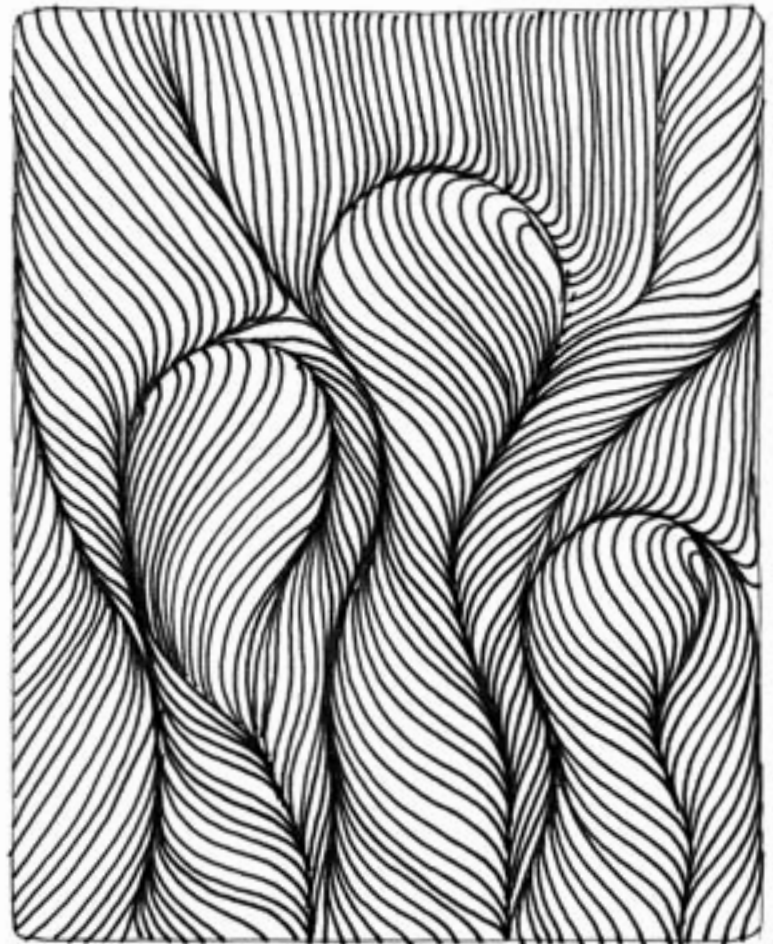
Then when I could I would not and now when
I would I cannot spread my wings. That is
my fate. I did not lament it then, I do not lament
it now.

But I saw that all those who fly must land
and no one's courage can keep him in
the heavens forever, so this stone will not keep
me down here forever with my fear.

Approach and mourn for me, but do not trample
my grave, for you will be as I am, and I will
never again be as you are.

Cut by Veseoko Kukulamović and inscribed
by Gošt.

*In the year 1233 when Bosnia was ruled by Ban Matej
Ninoslav and the people's faith was once again returned to
the people.*



[thirty-two]

In the name of the Good Lord, the good Bosnians placed this stone for their noble warriors slain far from home to be their monument in their land in Bosnia.

Their bones were carried away from the battlefields by wild beasts, while time healed the sorrow of the living. And nothing remained of them. From the shroud of their glory every year more bastard children issue forth.

Where do they come from?

Do not trample this stone. It is here to testify that behind every glorious and great victory lie many a one's failure.

Blessed be the hand that carves and writes and cursed the one to overturn.

In 1449 in August. The winter to come will be long, but oblivion is much longer than any winter.

[tridesetdva]

V ime Boga Dobroga dobri Boštjani digošē ovi kam svojem plemenitim ratnicim tšto legošē daleko od doma svojega da im biljeg bude na njihovoj baštini u Bosni.

Kosti s bojnih polja im razniješe šumske zvijeri, a tugu u živima zalijeći vrijeme. I od njih ništa ne osta. Iz plašta njihove slave svake godine sve višje kopiladi izlazi.

Odakle li samo dolaze?

Ne zgazi ovi kam, on je spomen da iza svake slave i velikih pobjeda stoje sve sami lični porazi.

Da je blagoslovena ruka koja siječe i pisa, a prokleta koja prevali.

1449. u kolovoz. Zima koja tće dojeć bit tće dulga, al zaborav je od zima mlogo duži.

[thirty-three]

This stone marks the grave of the great Bosnian Duke Nenac and it was placed here by his son Duke Muven with the help of God and his faithful with no other help than his own.

You that read this stone may have travelled to the stars. And back, for there was nothing there but yourself. You may see what you have not seen, hear what you did not hear, taste what you have not tasted, be where you have not been, but always and everywhere in yourself only may you find yourself.

Even if I had left my bones in a foreign land,
I would still only dream of Bosnia.

Do not upset my bones and you will not be
cursed by God.

I lay down in 1094 when there was a great drought and people gave their children tears to drink saving none for me. And it is good they did so. And so would I. I would never cry for the dead.

[tridesettri]

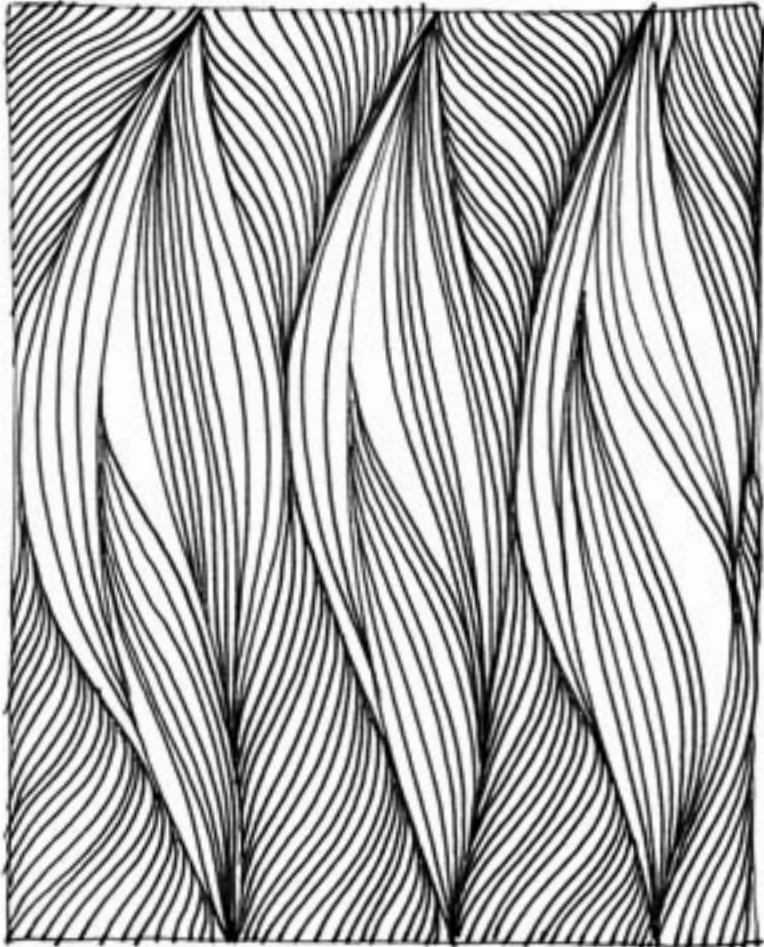
Ovaj biljeg je znamenje kneza Nenca, velikoga kneza bosanskoga, a postavi ga sin njegov knez Muven s Božijom pomoćju i svojih vernih, a s nijednom inom pomoćju nego on sam.

Ti koji protčitaš moj kam moržda si hodio do zvijezda. I vratio se jer tami neima ništa do ponovo ti sam. Človek mojže vidjeti ono tšto nije vidio, tčuti ono tšto nije tčuo, okusti ono tšto nije otkusio, bit tami gdi nie bio, al uvijek i svagdi samo u sebi sebe može najti ili ne najti.

I da ostavih kosti u tujini i tad bih samo
Bosnu sanjo.

Človeče, tako da nijesi od Boga proklet, ne
tikaj u me.

legoh 1094. ljeta kad bješe velka suša i ljudi suzama pojiše žed djece svoje, i za me ni jene suze ne preosta. I pravo to jeste. I ja bih tako. Ne bih za mrtvim plako.



[tridesetiri]

V ime otca i sina i svetoga duha a se leži Vlkosava
Dobra kneza Pribila virna kućnica.

A postavi si bilig vrh nje Hlap sin njezinog brata
Dabiživa kod nogu njenom gospodnu Pribilu
na Lužinam na svojini im plemenitoj, jer za njima
ne osta ni sin ni kšći.

Gospodine koji pored kama hodiš spomeni
Gospodu ime Pribilovo i dometni ime moje da
nas se Gospod sjeti, jer ako to ne uradiš ti
tko tće, jer ja ne rodih usta koja tće po dobru
spominjati nas dvoje.

I molju vas ne nastupajte na me i ne prekopavajte
moga doma vječnoga, jer moja je sudba da ja
ne mogu višlje nigdje ubježati.

*1352. v sječanj ove il prosinac ljeta prije, niko viš ne pamti.
A bješe to ko jutče.*

[thirty-four]

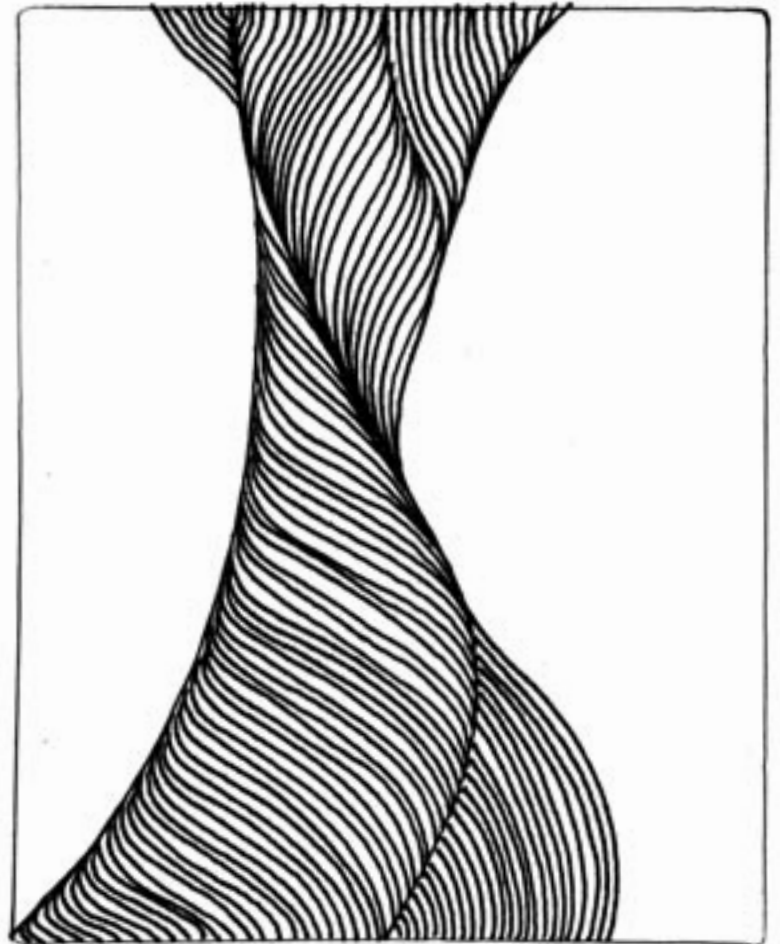
In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, here lies Good Vlkosava, Duke Pribil's faithful wife.

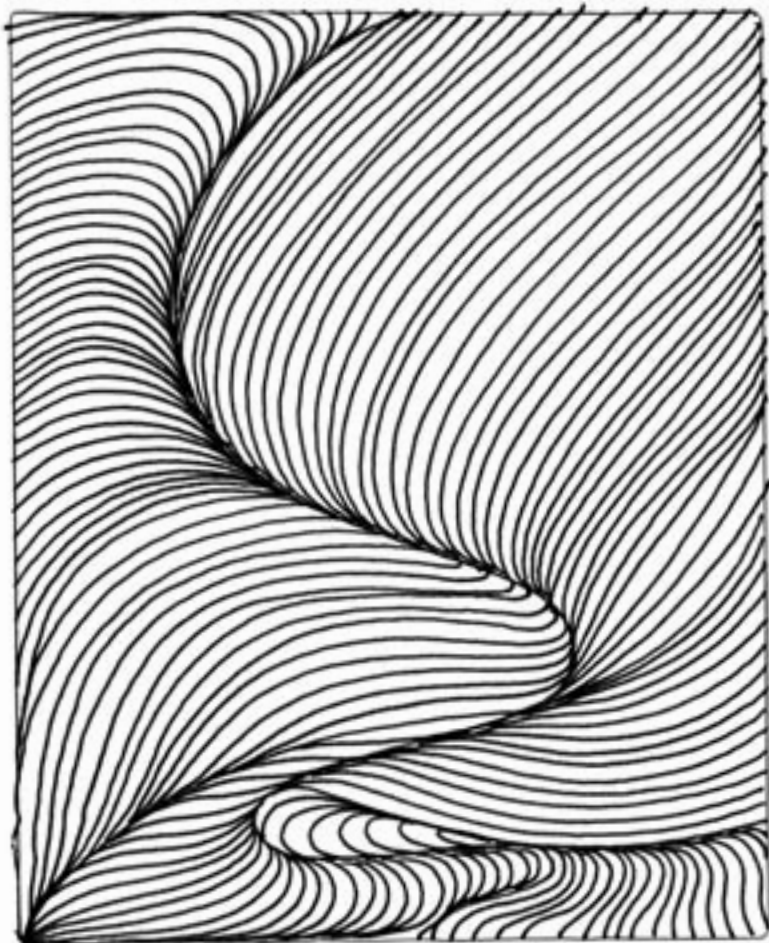
And in Lužine in their noble land, Hlap, the son of her brother Dabiživ, placed his stone by the foot of sire Pribil's, for they left no sons or daughters.

Sir, as you pass by this stone, say a prayer for Pribil and mention my name so that the Lord may remember us, for if you do not who will, I bore no mouths to speak well of us.

Pray you, do not trample on me and upset my eternal home, for my fate is to have nowhere else to go.

In 1352 in January or in December the year before, no one can remember anymore. And it seemed like only yesterday.





[tridesetpet]

A sej je kam od Trtiše.

Živjeh mirno, Boga moleć i zla ne misleć.

Ovden gde mi je sad kam ubi me grom.

Bože, zašto?

Da su klete i proklete ruke koje bi ovo preturile
dok odgovor ne dobjem.

1174. ljeta po Gospodu našem Dobromu pisa mu brat Batić.

[thirty-five]

Here is the stone of Trtiša.

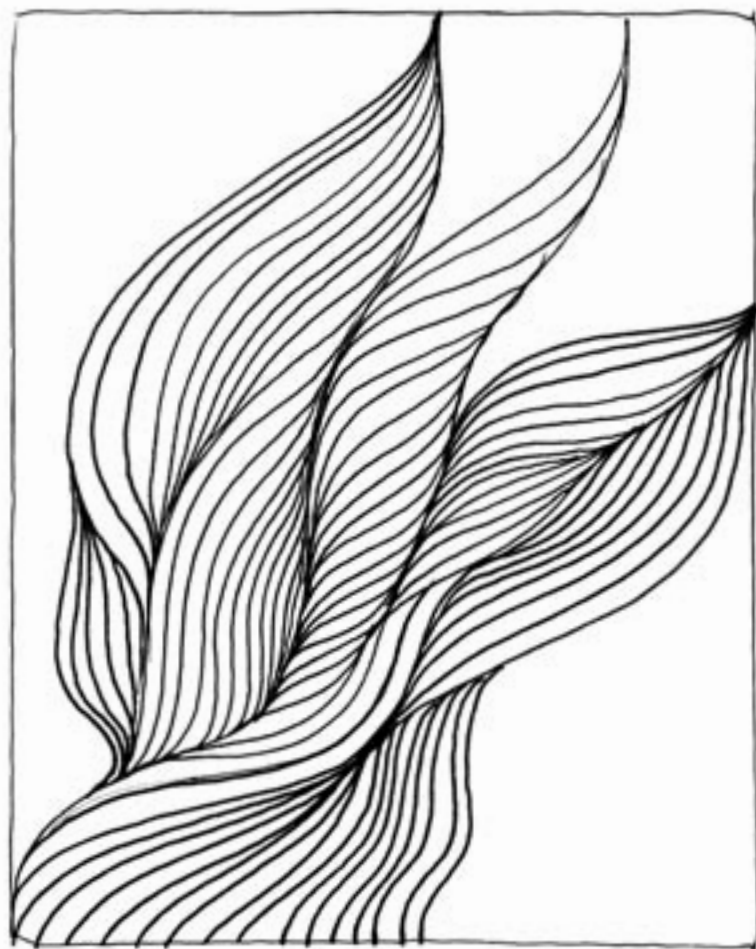
I lived in peace, prayed to God and thought
no evil.

Here where my stone now stands, I was
struck down by lightning.

God, why?

Cursed be the hands to overturn this stone
before I am answered.

*In the 1174th Year of Our Lord written by Trtiša's
brother Batić.*



[thirty-six]

Here lies Krač Obodan on his noble land
in Bosnia, where the earth is not hard on one's
bones nor the eternal night so long and dark
as elsewhere.

My headstrong brother, this stone is a house
that you may enter but not escape. And where
would I go? To be lectured by the children of
your children and your eldest son. It is good that
everything has its place and runs its course.
And let the seas not flow back through rivers
once more.

May your soul dream in peace, brother Obodan
and may many grandsons piss on your stone as
you pissed on our grandfather's stone and
may your joy at that shake your bones to the
high Heavens.

*So spoken by brother Ozrko and written as heard and only
as heard by Ivaniš in the month of September in the year 1313.*

[tridesetšest]

A se leži dobri junak Krač Obodan na svojoj
zemlji na plemenitoj baštini, tu u Bosni
gdje ni zemlja kostima nije pretvrda ni vječna
noć tako duga i mračna kao što to zemlja
i noć drugdje jest.

Ovi kam je, svoje glavi brate, kutća u koju mož
ući al iz nje nemreš izći. A i višlje kud bi?
Da te tak starog djetca tvoje djetce ponovo
pameti utče, a najstarši sin da ti odmjeri
od šake do lakta, ko što nekoć ti odmjeri otcu
našemu. Dobro je dok sve što jeste imade
svoje vrijeme i svoj tok. I neka se ne ponovi
ono kad su mora potčela da otiču rijekama.

Želim ti dobar san duši brate Obodane i još
puno unuka da ti kam zapišavaju ko što si ti
zapišavo kam djeda našega, pa ti od te i take
radosti kosti do Neba još dulgo vrištale.

*Govoraše brat Ozrko, a pisa što iču i samo kako tču Ivaniš.
1313. ljeta u mjesecu rujnu.*

[thirty-seven]

Here lies Sulduk and his father carved his stone.

God fill the sleep of his soul with peace and let us two settle off our unpayable debts.

You are three in one and I am now alone,
but even alone I do not fear the three of You.

If this injustice is God's Will, then my fate is
to be against God.

Son of man, do not overturn this stone of my son.
Let this monument of a divine error remain thus
forever. Do not ask for the peace of my soul for it
can find no rest in this world or the next.

*In the 1135th Year of Our Lord, forever and always accursed
by me.*

[tridesetsedam]

A se leži Sulduk a usiče mu kam otac.

Bože, mir daj snu duše njegove, a Ti i ja
poravnajmo neporavnate ratčune.

Vas ste Troje u jednome, a ja sam sada sam,
ali i sam ne bojim se Vas Troice.

Ako je ova nepravda Božija Volja tada je
moja sudba biti protiv Boga.

Človekov sine, ne privali ovi kam sina
mojega. On je spomen, i nek takav zauvijek
i ostane, Božije greške. Za mir moje duše
ne pitaj ona svoje smirenje više ne može natč
ni na ovom ni na onom svjetu.

1135. ljeto Gospodnje, a za me navjek i zavjek kletu i prokletu.

[thirty-eight]

Here lies the good Abbot Mišljen of the true
Bosnian faith.

This stone was placed here by my daughter
Korija upon myself and my dear wife Badača.

When you go by, pass in peace and do not
mention or wonder at our sins for it is fruitless.
Our days are done, our nights are spent,
our sins burnt up.

Fear your own steps, for they will bring you
to your end on the road that you tread.

And know that there is more worth in a worm
crawling along leaves than in our lifetime
of good deeds.

*This stone was carved in the 1273rd Year of Our Lord in
Kočerina in noble Bosnia, and written by Dabiša.*

[tridesetosam]

A se leži dobri gost Mišljen, vjernik prave vjere,
bosanske.

Biljeg postavi kšći Korija i na mi i na moju milu
kućnicu Badaču.

Ti koji prolaziš projdi u miru i ne spominji
si i ne gonetaj grijeha naše. Zalud ti je taj posao.
Naši dani su izbrojani, naše notći potrošene,
naši grijesi dim.

Svojih koraka se ti plaši, oni tće ti glave doći na
putu kojim hodiš.

I da znaš više vrijedi crv koji se sada po lišću
kretje no sva dobra djela koja zajedno učinimo
za života svojijeh i Badača i ja.

*Kam je usječen ljeta 1273. po Gospodu na Kočerini na baštini
na zemlji plemenitoj Bosni, a pisao je Dabiša.*

[thirty-nine]

Here lie Krkša and Kalija in their
noble land in Ključ.

We loved one another and married for love
and the Lord gave us many children.

And then twenty years after our first October
the rainbow we watched we saw in two ways,
with two wishes, each our own.

And we wondered how our life together drew us
farther apart than we were before.

But I loved him more than anything and
when Krkša died, my heart followed his that
same day and I died too.

Do not overturn this stone, for our moonlit bones
still argue over who was right and who was
not and in our death we are more strangers than
in life. But if you were to part our bones, we
would die alone our final deaths.

*In 1447 when the Stjepan Toma Ostojić was the King of
all Bosnia.*

[tridesetdevet]

A se leže Krkša i Kalija na svojini
na plemenitoj u Ključu.

Voljesmo se i iz ljubavi postasmo muž i žena
i Bog nam dade mnogo djece.

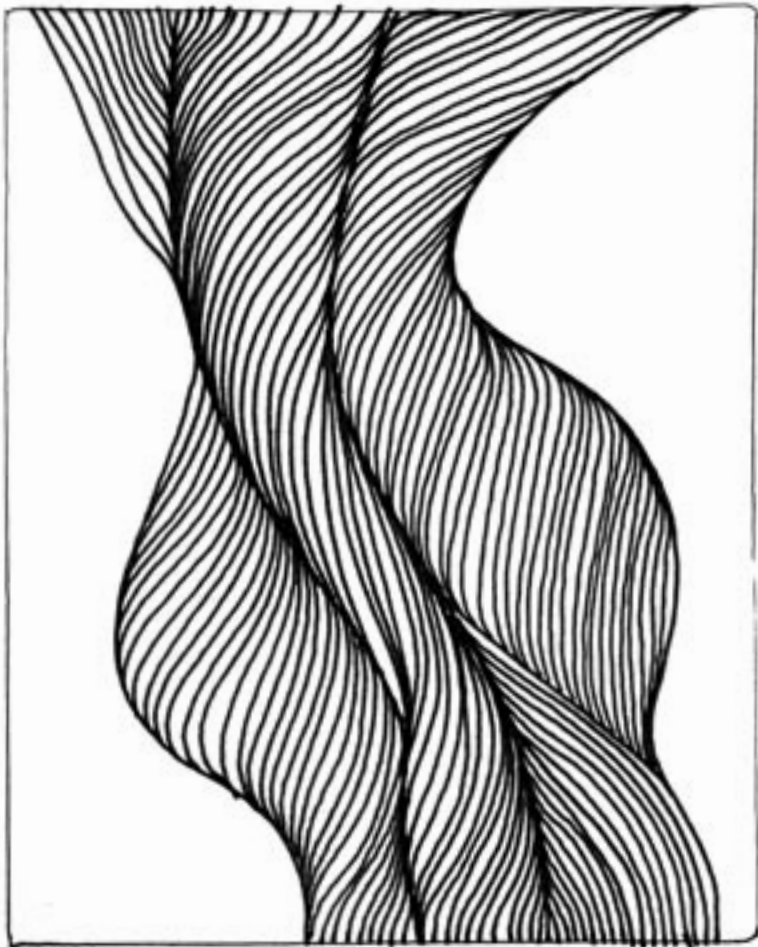
A onda dvaest godin pošlje našeg prvog zaje-
dničkog listopada gledasmo dugu i vidjesmo
da je vidimo različito i poželjesmo različite želje.

I zatčudismo se da nas zajednički život utčini
mnogo različitim nego što ranije bjesmo.

A voljeh ga više od svega i kad Krkša zmre
za njim isti dan zmre moje srdce i zmroh i ja.

Ne preturi nam ovi kami, jer nam se i sad na
mjesetčini kostji razgovaraju ko je i kolko
u pravu, a ko ne, pa i u smerti svojoj postajemo
još i vetći stranci no što u življenju bjesmo.
Al ako nam kosti razdvojiš jedno brez drugog
bi zmreli ponovo i konatčno i u našoj
drugoj smerti.

1447. kad kraljem Bosne bješe Stjepan Toma Ostojić.



[četrdeset]

A se leži Toloje.

Ne prevrni mi ovi kam, ne prekidaj mi ovi
dulgi san. Moržda mi se baš sad v smerti zdesi
ono što željeh da mi se zdesi v življenju mom.

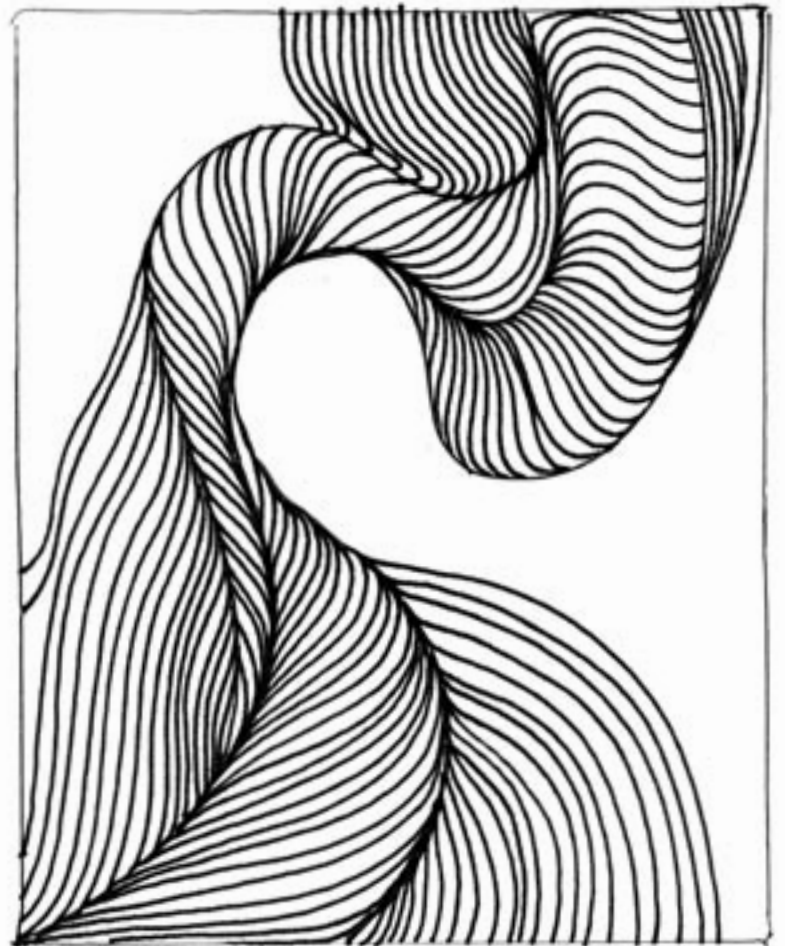
1066. kad vepr bješe gospodar v šumi, a ja ...

[fourty]

Here lies Toloje.

Do not overturn this stone, do not disturb my
dreams. May in death happen what I wished for
in life.

In 1066 when the boar was king of the woods, and I ...



[fourty-one]

Here lies Asta, Bogčín Zloušíc's daughter,
against her will.

Gladly now would I walk in the evening through
the fields about our village and give you the kiss
you begged for but never got.

Even if the heavens were to crack open.
And burst upon us.

I would feel no regret, no shame.

Chance traveller, do not touch my stone,
may those who do not, do what I did not, for
only now do I know how the soul aches for
what it did not give.

*In 1422 when happy people rejoiced at summer and Asta
died in vain, as she had lived. Borić, who loved her, writ and
Stjepan Komuz, husband of Hodidjed, carved.*

[četrdesetjedan]

A se leži Asta, Bogčina Zloušića kšći,
a ne leži mi se.

Kako bih rado sad pred večē s tobom kroz
livade oko sela našega prošetala i onaj poljubac
što si ga isko, a nikad ga ne dobio, ti dala.

Pa da i nebo pukne. I sruči se na nas.

Ne bi mi bilo žal, ni stid.

Namjerniče, ne tiči mi kam, nek oni koji
netčine utčine tšto ja ne utčinih, jer ja tek sad
znam kako dušu perže neispunjena davanja.

*1422. ljeta kad se življenju radovaše sretni, a dobra Asta
zalud, ko što i živoje, zmre. Pisa Borić, koji je volje, a usječe
kam Stjepan Komuz muž od Hodidjeda.*

[fourty-two]

Here lies the elder Radin, who was a true son of Bosnia and now forever lies in his noble land in Vrhbosna.

In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, you searched deeper within yourself than your depths held and wider than your breadth. You explored the shell of your soul, touched everything, gazed on everything but never found Him or yourself.

You are unnecessary now as you lie motionless in the spring rain for you will learn that above and beneath the soil time means different things and flows in different ways.

And it is He who commanded thus.
He. And you stayed faithful to Him.

You held on to the plough, because you were told to. And you advised others to hold on. And I know that you regret it now for you wish you had held on to the mast, sails and wind and touched some faraway untouched coast.

...

[četrdesetdva]

A se leži starac Radin, koji na zemlji Bosni bješe pravi sin, a sada i zauvijek na svojini plemenitoj u Vrhbosni.

V ime i otca i sina i svetoga Duha tražio si u sebi dublje no što tvoja dubina bješe i šire no što tvoja širina bi. U sve si u školjci duše svoje dirnuo, sve osmotrio, al ni Njega ni sebe nikada nisi dotaknuo.

Kako si sada, dok ležiš nepomičan, suvišan u proljetnoj kiši, jer tčeš spoznati da iznad i ispod zemlje vrijeme drugatčiji smisao ima i druge puteve kojima teče.

A On ti to odredio je.
On. I ti mu vjeran bi i osta.

I držao si se rala, jer ti to tako rečeno bješe. I druge si savjetovao da ga se čvrsto drže. A znam sad ti je toga žal, jer voljeo bi da si se držao jarbola, jedra i vjetra i dotakao neki daleki nedotaknuti žal.

...

...

Father, elder Radin, may the eternal darkness
under your stone be gentle to you. Your dream is
deep, too deep, but my reality is deeper still.

Writ by Prehten, Radin's son, the only one of his
sons who went to sea.

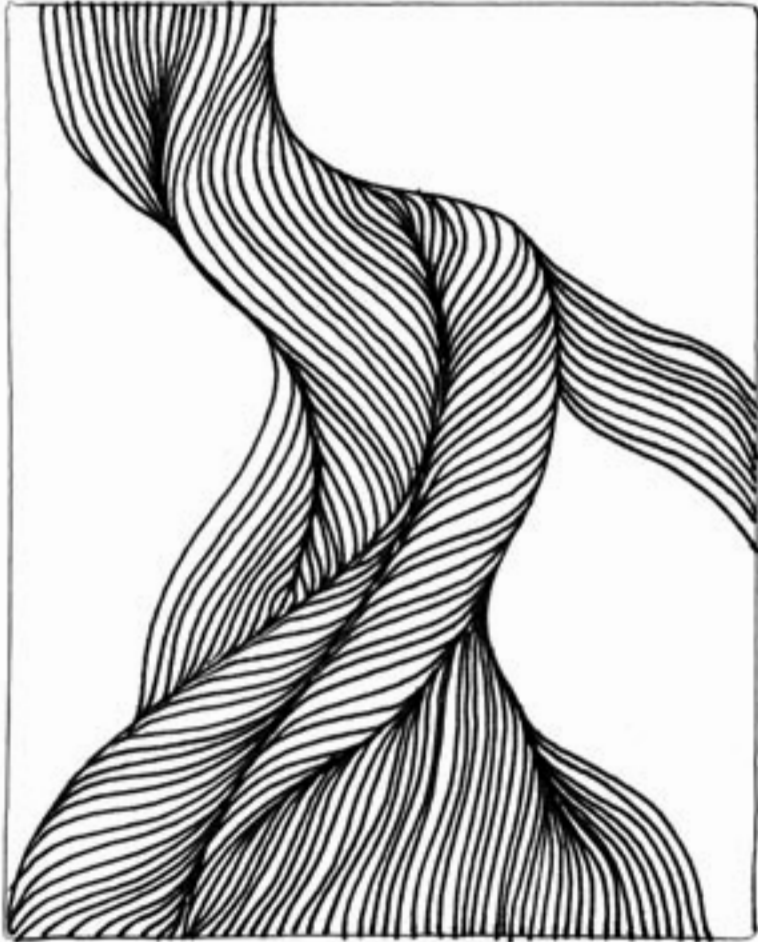
In 1317 waiting in vain for the Lord to call upon my father.

...

Otče, starče Radine, blaga ti bila ispod
tvog kama vječna tama. Dubok je predubok
tvoj san, al još dublja je moja java.

Slova usječe Prehten, sin Radinov, jedini od
sinova njegovih što jedriti ode.

1317. ljeta uzalud tčekajučći da se Gospod mom otcu javi.



[fourty-three]

Lord, great are your sins. How will you look me in the eye come Judgement Day? You took Vitrija, our one and only daughter, before you took me, Hlapac, her father and Šora, her mother. How could you err like a lowly human in counting out our years. A lowly human makes amends but you do not. What kind of heart do you have? Have you a heart at all?

When we come face to face, as soon we must, I will not avert my eyes. You have bitten my heart and though you may spend eternity searching in vain for it, no excuse could erase Your sin.

...

[četrdesettri]

Bože, grdno si zgriješio. Kako ćeš me samo na sudnjem danu u otči motči pogledati? Uzo si sebi Vitriju, kšćer našu jednu jedinu prije no si uzo mene Hlapca, otca njezinog i Šoru mati njezinu. Kako si mogo ko priprost človek zgriješit v brojenju naših dana. Al prost človek se ispravi, a ti ne. Kakvo ti to srce imaš? I imaš li ga uopšte?

A kad se budemo vidjeli, a kad tad vidjetćemo se, ja svoje otči u stranu odvrnuti netću. Za srce si me ujo i nema Ti tog izgovora koji bi vječnost da misliš zmisliti mogo da Ti grijeh Tvoj u srcu mom ikada budne oprošten.

...

...

I lived in the world You created in Your image and saw injustice all around but still believed and hoped that there was justice at least in the heavens and in Your heart. I am still breathing but how can I live a life without Vitrija? How can I wake in the morning knowing that my daughter waits not for me and at the end of my path there is neither justice, nor forgiveness, nor salvation. Only I know how. But I chose to live thus and fear nothing.

I erect this stone in memory of Vitrija.
It is of no help to her but for You to pause and contemplate.

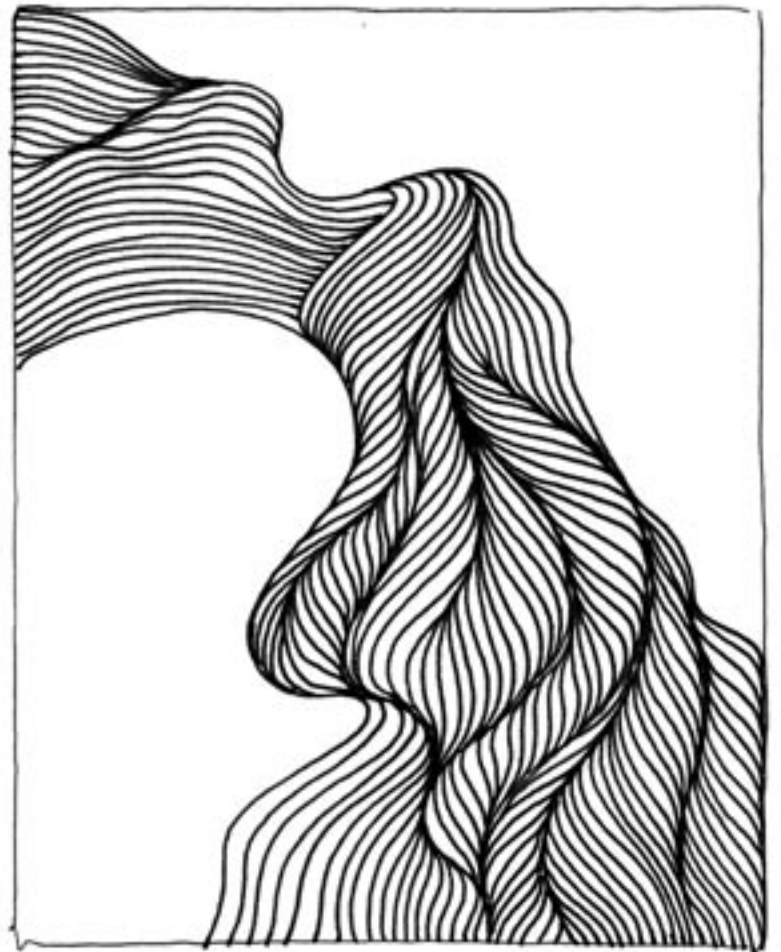
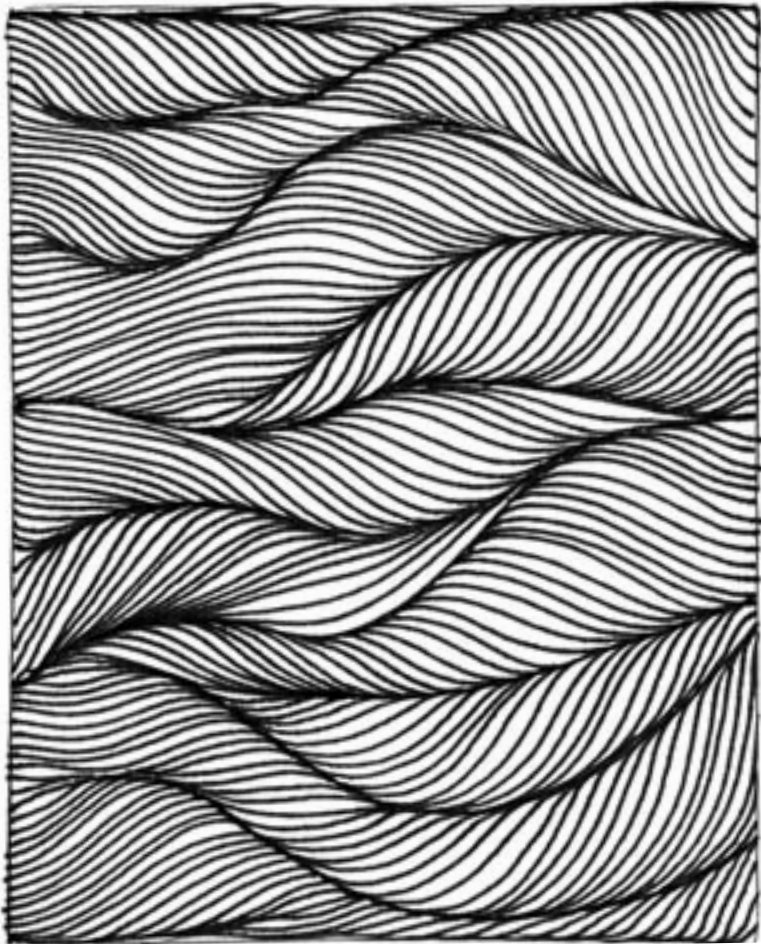
In 1232 when king Ugar proclaimed our noble Bosnia a land of heretics and was ready to kill all who thought differently. A king but a foolish man. As if he did not know those who think the same do not think at all.

...

Živjeh u svijetu, koji ti po liku svom stvorio si, i vidjeh koliko je nepravde svud uokolo, al vjerovah i nadah se da pravde bar na nebu i u tvom srcu ima. Ja još dišem, al kako brez Vitrije živim to ti Bože dobro znaš. A kako mi je kad se zjutrom zbudim, a znam da me ne tčeka kšćer moja i da me na kraju moga puta ne tčeka ni pravda, ni oprost, ni spas. E to, to kako mi je, samo ja znam. Al ja to izbrah za se i ni me nitčeg strah.

Ovi kam u spomen Vitriji dižem.
Njoj on pomoć ne mre, al Tebi i tebi prolazniče, ako se nad njim zmisliš, more.

1232. ljeta kad Bosnu, našu i plemenitu, kralj Ugara zemjom heretika zvaše i bje speman da te ubje tšto ne misliš isto kako misli on. Kralj, a nerazuman človek. Ko da ne zna da oni koji isto misle ne misle uopšte.



[fourty-four]

Lord, why?

I spent a lifetime with her while she grew foreign, stranger, more distant. Your path of reason and goodness I followed ever like a blind man. This, not my nature, made me stray from you.

Lord, can you hear me?

I speak to You of her, of my soul, of the damaged gift, the only one that You gave to me. It is the 1085th year of Your Son and the evil pours forth from the heavens and the earth. And I no longer know what to do with myself or with her. So I return her to You. Maybe you can make something of her. I cannot.

And lest I forget. The next time You create, choose for me a better soul than the one You have chosen. Mine would be fit for a wolf.

In 1085 our good brother Tkač Kovin was laid to rest. Long did he wage war against himself. Time ate up his days, he ate up himself. At least let his bones rest and find relief from his soul in the peace of Bosnian soil.

[četrdesetčetiri]

Bože, kako to?

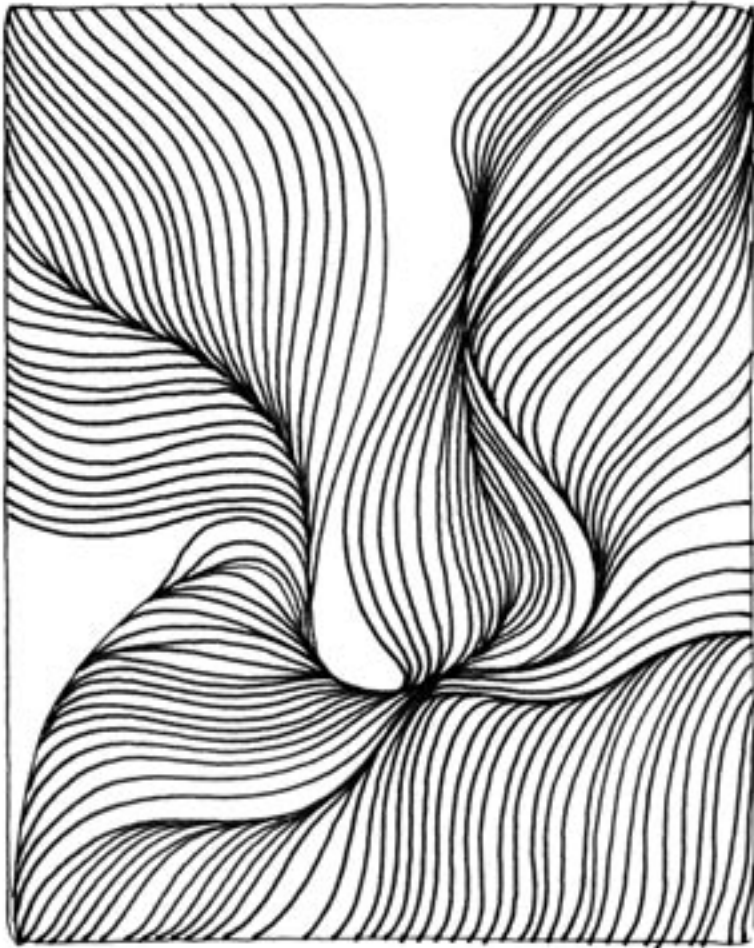
Cijel život provedoh š njom, a ona mi sve stranija, sve tuđija i sve od mene daljša je. A poput slijepca Tvoj put razuma i dobrog srдца vazda slijedih i zbog tog, a ne moje naravi, sa sobom stalno u zavadi bjeh.

Bože, čuješ li Ti mene?

O njojzi Ti ja zborim, o duši mojoj, o kvarnome daru jedinom koji od Tebe dobih. Ljeto je 1085. po sinu Tvojemu, a zlo pritislo i iz neba i iz zemlje. I ja ne znamem višlje kako tću ni sa sehom ni š njom. Zato je ja vratjam Tebi. Morda Ti š njom nešto utčiniti mogadneš. Ja ne mogoh.

I da ne zboravim. Drugi put Bože, kada me budneš pravijo, boljšu mi dušu izberi od onije duša koje imaš. Ova koju imadoh bi bila za vlka potaman.

1085. ljeta smiri se dobri brat naš Tkač Kovin. Dulgo je vojevo s sehom boreć se stalno. Vrijeme mu je pojelo dane, on sebe. Nek mu se bar kostji malo odmora i u miru zemje Bosanske od duše njegove svoj spas nadju.



[četrdesetpet]

Voljom Zdroba, sina njihvog, ase leže skupa knez
Nesto i njegova kućnica Bakara.

Cijeli život on voljaše samo nju, al ona ne voljaše
njega. A bjehu muž i žena.

Neka im Dobri Bog oboma oprosti tako različite,
a istovjetne grijehе njihove, a meni koji im biljeg ovaj
diže, neka budu oproštene moje misli dobre o
roditeljima, o slobodi, o pravdi, o pravoj ljubavi,
o dobru, o duši, o životu, ...

I neka se Dobri Bog dobro zmisli zašto sve ovo stvori.

*Kam usjetče Hamt, a pisa Zdrob, v jesen ljeta 1206.,
kad v Bosni Kulina bana i gospodara višlje ne bje.*

[fourty-five]

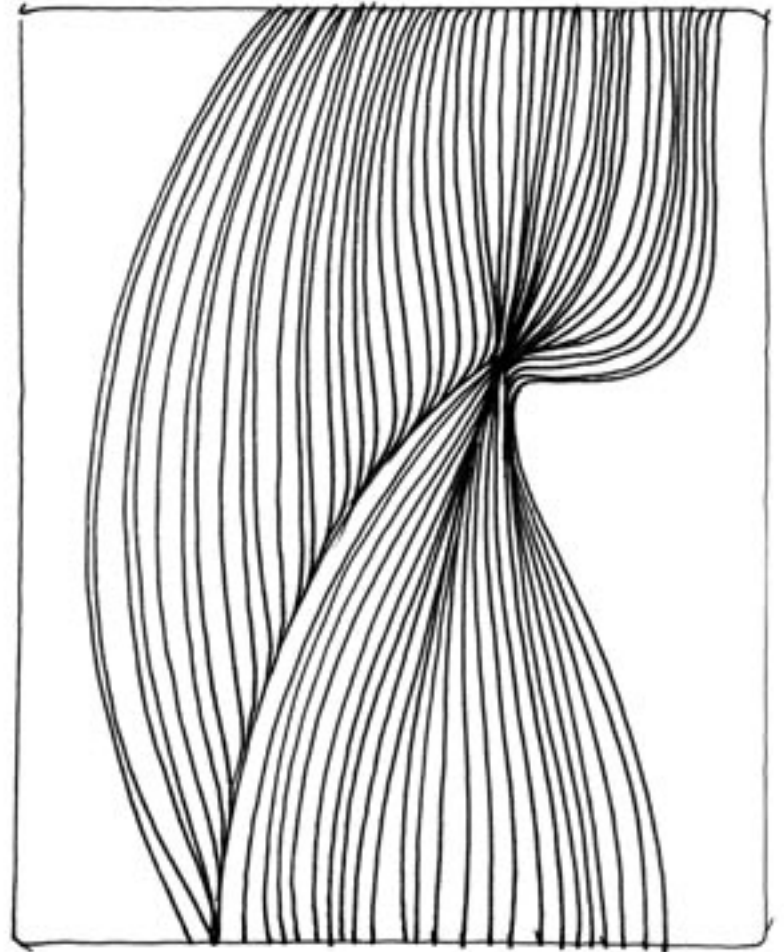
Here lie together Duke Nesto and his wife
Bakara, by the will of their son Zdroba.

His entire life he loved only her while she loved
him not. But they were man and wife.

May the Good Lord forgive them both their
sins, so different and so similar. As for me who
erects this tombstone, may he forgive my
good thoughts on parents, freedom, justice,
true love, goodness, the soul, life...

And may the Good Lord think good and hard
why he created all that he did.

*This stone was carved by Hamt and writ by Zdrob in the
autumn of 1206 when Ban Kulin no longer ruled over Bosnia.*



[fourty-six]

Sky.
Seduce me not with cloud.
Allure me not with height.
Ensnare me not with illusion.
Fool the birds and stars.

Leave me to myself.

Earth.
Court me not with spring.
Bewitch me not with a lover's call.
Do not come near.
I will bite.

I do not only want what I can.

I want more
I want further.
I want deeper, better...somewhere else.
Even if I never move from where I am
and am not.

It is the 1325th Year of our Lord. I, scribe Krat, writ into the stone as my master the poet Blag Ondat commanded not once mentioning his name. Sinful and bitter are his thoughts but I inscribe only the letters.

The Good Lord knows this to be true but I inscribe it so that men may also know. I fear the judgement of men. I will deal easily with the Lord and the dead Blag.

[četrdesetšest]

Nebo.
Ne zavodi me oblakom.
Ne opijaj visinom.
Ne osvajaj iluzijom.
Varaj tice i zvijede.

Ostavi mene meni.

Zemjo.
Ne udvaraj mi se proljetjem.
Ne očaravaj zovom ljubavnim.
Ne primiči mi se.
Ugrišću te.

Ja netću samo ono što mogu.

Hotću višlje.
Hotću dalje.
Hotću dubje, bolje, ... drugdje.
Pa makar se nikdar ne mako odavlen gdje jesam,
a nisam

Ljeto je 1325. po Gospodu našem. Ja dijak Krat usjekoh u tverdi kam ono tšto moj gospodar Blag Ondat, pjesnik, htje da usjetčeno mu budne, a da mu se ime nigdje ne pomene. Misli grešne i grke su njegov, a samo slova srezah ja.

Dobri Bog tu istinu zna, al ovo dopisah da znaju i ljudi. Suda ljudi se ja bojim, a sa Bogom i mertvoim Blagom tću i ja sam lahko na kraj da izajdem.

[fourty-seven]

Upon the hour of my death

Someone is burning down the house of someone else
Someone is stealing a treasure from someone else
Someone is gouging out the eyes of someone else
Someone is slitting the throat of someone else
Someone is killing the children of someone else
Someone is drinking the blood of someone else
Someone is coveting the wife of someone else
Someone is setting fire to the house of someone else
Someone is hanging someone else
Someone is leaving someone else
Someone is quartering someone else
Someone is raping someone else
Someone is setting a trap for someone else
Someone is enslaving someone else
Standing in their way
Extinguishing their hopes
Obliterating their dreams.

...

It seems that upon the hour of my death
My death is the only happiness in this world.
My death, my only salvation.

In 1451 when Stjepan Kotromanić was king of Bosnia.

[četrdesetsedam]

U trenu moje smrti

Neko nekome hižu pali
Neko nekome blago krade
Neko nekome oči kope
Neko nekome vrat reže
Neko nekome djecu ubija
Neko nekome krv pije
Neko nekome ženu zavodi
Neko nekome požar podmeće
Neko nekoga vješa
Neko nekoga ostavlja
Neko nekoga čereći
Neko nekoga siluje
Neko nekome stupicu postavlja
Neko nekome slobodu uzima
Put prekida
Nadu potire
Snove briše

...

Izgleda da je u trenu moje smrti
Moja smrt jedina sreća na ovome svijetu.
Mora smrt moje jedino spasenje.

1451. ljeta kad Stjepan Kotromanić bje nad Bosnom kralj.

[fourty-eight]

Lord, here in death, as in life, we are cast off.

Even here, Good Lord, among the dust mixed from all sides and all sorts, the bones of those who in life had faith only in themselves laugh at us who had faith in You alone.

As eternity stays still, we have discovered the bitter truth that our fates end where eternity begins.

Good Lord, must we face Judgement Day only to discover that once again we have been fooled, this time by You?

In 1413, in Kraljeva Sutjeska, in Bosnia.

[četrdesetosam]

Bože, i ovdje u smrti, kao i tamo u životu, mi smo odbačene.

I ovdje Dobri Bože, zmiješane sa svih strana i od svakakvih ljudi, kosti onih koji su za života vjerovali samo sebi smiju se i dalje nama koje smo vjerovali samo Tebi.

Kako se vječnost ne pomiče, otkrile smo gorku istinu da se naša sudbina završava tamo gdje počinje vječnost.

Dobri Bože, zar i strašni sud treba da dočekamo samo da bi shvatile da smo još jednom, i to od Tebe, prevarene.

1413. u Kraljevoj Sutjesci u Bosni.

*fragments of
inscriptions from
stećci of
unknown origin*

[herbarium of lost souls]

You will die convinced that in this world there
are more goat droppings than stars.

... the many mistakes I made
I now call my life.

Those who have nothing to say –
speak generously.
Those who know the truth – are silent.
And I would just like to know what truth is like.

Lord, I cannot crawl out of my skin or my soul,
but neither can you crawl into me. Not if I will
not let you. And even if I do, what will you do
within me? It is a prison.

Even here in this fathomless darkness I am
not bored, for I am never alone. I collect echoes
of unspoken thoughts ... and assemble my
worlds as if awake.

*dijelovi zapisa
sa stećaka za koje se ne zna
ni ko ih pisa
ni kome ni kada*

[herbarijum zaboravljenih duša]

Umrijećeš uvjeren da na ovom svijetu ima više
kozjih brabonjaka nego zvijezda.

... greške koje dulgo tčinih
sad životom svojim zovem.

Oni koji nemaju šta da kažu –
obično mnogo govore.
Oni koji znaju pravu istinu – šute.
A ja, ja bih volio samo znati istina kakva je.

Bože, ja ni iz svoje kože ni iz svoje duše ne mogu
izići, al ni Ti ne mreš v mene uć. Ne mreš, ak Te
ja ne upušćam. A i ak te upušćam, ne znadem tša
tćeš Ti vnutra? Tamnica je to.

Nije mi ni ovdje u ovoj neizmjernejoj tami
dosadno, jer nikad nisam sam. Skupljam odjeke
tuđih neizgovorenih misli ... i sklapam,
kao na javi, svoje svjetove.

... in this endless silence I sense the presence and foreshadowing of yours, not God's footsteps. If this is another of His punishments, I embrace it with all the foolishness of my heart.

... because the Sky exists so you will think you leap into eternity when you leap into oblivion with ease.

... you believed your words and not your eyes and now you are sorry. And I wished I were you.

... even here all is vanity ... your soul will wash up on your bones.

... the sky was within me. But I did not know till I fell among the stars.

Unfulfilled dreams smart like wounds from an axe.

You ask why I am bitter.
Because the soul the Lord hath given me,
the Lord hath taken away.
Again was I tricked, more was taken
than was given.
That is why I am bitter.

The depth of your soul was not as deep as your faith. And when you spoke of it your words scattered in the wind.

... u ovoj beskrajnoj šutnji ja slutim prisustvo i nagovještaje tvojih ne Božijih koraka. Ako je to još i Božija kazna, ja se toj kazni cijelim svojim ludim srcem radujem.

... jer Nebo postoji da bi ti, misleći da ćeš skotčiti u vjetčnost lakše skotčio u ništa.

... vjerovao si svojim rijetčima ne otčima i sad ti je žal. A ja bih tako volio da sam bio ti.

... i ovdje sve taština je ... nasukaćeš svoju dušu na svoje kosti.

... nebo je bilo u meni. Ne spoznah to dok ne padoh među zvijezde.

Neispunjeni sni peku ko prave rane od sjekre.

Pitaš se što jesam grk?
Zato jerbo dušu svoju, koju od Boga dobih,
Bogu vrath.
Čak i tu prevaren bih, jerbo višlje vratih
no tšto dobih.
Eto zato sam grk.

Dubina duše ti bješe plica nego tvoje vjerovanje. A i te tvoje riječi o njoj odoše u vjetr.

Death is a common swindle. Up here among
the angles you are given everything, everything
but memories.

... and you can never know
how much you have gained by losing.

Strange that even here one day of vice is worth
a hundred years of virtue.

Do not wish for death. The road does not end,
only the journey.

Lord, why do you ask the same questions
I ask of You?

Perhaps the answers are unknown even to You.

... eternal peace is a slight reward for the
injustices we suffered in life, for the twists of
fate we endured.

Lord, droplets of light are all that remains
of Your love.

In the heavens, as on earth, will I still find
only solitude?

... and our time shall come again.

Ovo sa smerti je ipak najobičnija prevara.
Ovdje gore među anđelima svega ima, svega
osim sjećanja.

... i nikada ne znaš
koliko si nešto izgubivši dobio.

Čudno je da i ovdje jedan dan poroka vrijedi
kao sto godina vrline.

Ne zanosite se smrću živi. Ne postoji kraj puta
već samo kraj putovanja.

Bože, zašto mi postavljaš ista pitanja koja
ja postavih Tebi.

Možda ni Ti odgovore ne znaš.

... vječni mir je slaba i nedovoljna nagrada
za nepravde života koji živjesmo, za hirove
sudbe koju trpismo.

Kapi svjetlosti su sve Bože štiti iza tvoje
ljubavi ostade

Hoću li, kao i na zemlji, i na nebu naći
samo samoću?

... a naše vrijeme će opet doći.

[on stećci]

The modern-day Horsemen of the Apocalypse – death, destruction, ethnic cleansing and lies – ride over Bosnia today. Everything that the human spirit and labour of our great-grandfathers created over thousands of years is being destroyed. Day after day, month after month, year after year, they leave behind devastated towns, torched villages and dead bodies, fated only to become statistics. Every new figure in those indecent worldwide statistics of infamy, proclaimed shamelessly over the radio and television, becomes a permanent monument to the inhumanity of those who wanted to be known as a righteous people, a nation built on death and force.

And the truth is: Here, in Bosnia, within a truly small geographical area, where over the centuries the egoistical intentions of different cultures and civilisations, the Greek-Hellenic and Roman-

[o stećcima]

Danas Bosnom jašu savremeni jahači Apokalipse: smrt, razaranje, etničko čišćenje i laž. Razara se sve što su hiljadama godina ljudski duh i mišići naših pradjedova stvarali i stvorili. Dan za danom, mjesec za mjesecom, godinu za godinom iza njih ostaju razoreni gradovi, spaljena sela, mrtvi koji se pretvaraju u statističke izvještaje. Sa svakim novim brojem te besramne svjetske statistike beščašća, svakodnevno bestidno publikovane preko radija i televizije, gradi se trajni spomenik neljudskosti onih koji su se ljudima, pravovjernim i nacijom izgrađenom na smrti i sili htjeli zvati.

A istina je: Tu na tom uistinu geografski malom prostoru Bosne, gdje su se vijekovima sudarale egoistične namjere različitih kultura i civilizacija, grčko-helenističke i rimsko-etruske, gdje je bila granica Istočnog i Zapadnog rimskog carstva, gdje su u zagrljaju zauvijek ostali izmiješani

Etruscan, have collided, where the boundary between the Eastern and Western Roman Empire was drawn, where Islam and Christianity have always remained in an entangled embrace, here, tens of thousands stećci lie scattered. These are the tombstones of those who lived between the 11th and 15th centuries and refused to swear allegiance to any kingdom or to be swayed by any influence. Instead they stayed true to themselves and to what they could find only within themselves and in Bosnia. At this geographical watershed of civilisations, cultures, cults and religions, they found their own way of reconciling the irreconcilable, of intertwining and permeating and thus halting all that would abolish their differences. Time has shown that, in this land, human thought has always been weaker, but wiser, than the sword. One died by the sword and lived by thought, for the sword could not resolve opposites. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, where every form of existence was preconditioned by coexistence it was the human spirit and not the sword that inscribed a permanent understanding and philosophy of life. History, it is true, records those who destroyed but remembers and values only those who rebuilt.

Today, I am 46 years old; I was born less than three years after the end of the Second World War, the same year the transistor radio was

islam i hrišćanstvo, tu je ostalo rasuto na desetine hiljada stećaka. To su nadgrobni spomenici onih koji se između jedanaestog i petnaestog vijeka nijednom carstvu ni uticaju nisu priklonili, već su ostali vjerni sebi i onome što su samo u sebi i u Bosni mogli naći. Na toj prostornoj vododjelnici civilizacija, kultova i religija oni su našli svoj put u mirenju nepomirljivog, u preplitanju i prožimanju onoga što je težilo potiranju svega što nije istovjetno. Vrijeme je pokazalo da je na ovim prostorima ljudska misao uvijek bila slabija, ali pametnija od mača. Od mača se ginulo, ali se od misli i sa misli živjelo, jer mač nije mogao da razriješi suprotnosti. Tu na tim prostorima Bosne i Hercegovine, gdje je svaki vid egzistencije bio uslovljen koegzistencijom, ljudski duh, a ne mač, je ostavio trajne vizije i filozofiju života. Historija, istina, bilježi one koji su razarali, ali pamti i vrednuje samo one koji su gradili.

Danas imam 46 godina, jer sam rođen nepune tri godine nakon što je završen Drugi svjetski rat, iste godine kada je objavljeno da je pronađen tranzistor i ponovo nakon dvije hiljade godina stvorena država Izrael, a svega trinaest godina prije nego je prvi čovjek otišao u svemir. Bio sam savremenik onih koji su prije dvadesetpet godina zakoračili na Mjesec i čije sam prve korake po njemu pomno pratio na televizijskom ekranu. Mnogo sam učio i mnogo

invented and the state of Israel was created anew after 2000 years. This was only 13 years before man first went into space. I was a contemporary of those who, 25 years ago, first walked on the moon and whose first steps I followed closely on my TV screen. I studied a lot and learned much. I have worked in the same laboratories around the world where it was proven that antimatter exists and that what seems indivisible, such as the proton and neutron, can be divided in infinitely complex ways. I touched a rock from the Moon, from some other world which seemed to me so foreign and far removed. I saw the October Revolution, a great source of hope at the beginning of the century, become its greatest delusion.

But privately, I never ceased believing that the real truth about life was contained in the inscriptions from the stećci and in what they inspired in me. The equations I learned and which ruled over the world of electrons and microchips enchanted me, computers delighted me greatly, but I knew that the technological truth of today would become only a museum artefact tomorrow. But reading the inscription on a stećak, written with no capital letters, no division of words into sentences, no punctuation, an honest human cry, both tragic and touching, would reach me through the centuries. Those few lines contained the entire

naučio. Radio sam u laboratorijama po svijetu u kojima se pokazalo i dokazalo da postoji antimaterija i da ono što je izgledalo nedjeljivo kao što su proton i neutron postaje djeljivo i to na beskrajno složen i komplikovan način. Dotakao sam kamen donešen sa Mjeseca, neki drugi svijet koji mi se činio tako stran i dalek. Vidio sam kako se Oktobarska revolucija koja je na početku vijeka bila velika nada pokazala krajem tog istog vijeka kao najveća zabluda.

Ali inimitno, nikada nisam prestao da vjerujem, da su natpisi koje sam pročitao sa stećaka i ono što su pokrenuli u meni, prava istina o životu. Jednačine koje sam naučio, i kojima se svijet elektrona i mikročipova pokoravao, su me oduševljavale, računari beskrajno radovali, ali sam znao da ono što je danas tehnička i tehnološka istina sutra će biti samo muzejski eksponat. A kada bih pročitao natpis sa stećka, koji je bez velikih i malih slova, bez podjele riječi u rečenice i bez rečeničnih znakova, tada bi do mene, u trenu kroz vijekove prenesen, dopro istinski ljudski krik, istovremeno i potresan i dirljiv, jer se tu u nekoliko redaka stisla cijela životna staza pokojnika, njegove sklonosti i njegova povijest i rodovsko stablo i gruntovnica i ljubav prema ženi i baštini i čuđenje pred smrću. I ljudski strah pred zaboravom i prkos malobrojnih, ali

life of the deceased, complete with his devotions, history, family tree, land registry, love of wife or country and awe at death. And the fear of humans faced with oblivion and the defiance before God of the few truly brave ones. The flawlessness of the pronouncements, the precise formulations, the lack of ornaments and redundancy, the concentration of meaning made up a language of images set in stone meant to last for all eternity and to be impressed upon the souls of generations to come. Before my eyes, I see knights in armour, hunters hunting, farmers in the fields, warriors competing in tournaments, rearing horses, dancers, ladies in dresses, flowers, wolves, bears, wild boars and dogs. Among favoured ornaments were the cross, crescent moon, stars and the swastika. The images celebrate life, joy, physical strength and merriment. Questioning of death and oblivion appears in some of the inscriptions but is absent in the carved images.

These stone slabs are sometimes as heavy as 30 000 kilograms and vary in shape. Sometimes they take the shape of a roofed sarcophagus, sometimes of a high pillar, or an ordinary flat slab, or a chest in the shape of a elongated cube with flat surfaces, or simply an irregular roughly hewn monolith. On average they are two meters long and one meter wide. The slates are between 30 and 50 centimetres high

uistinu hrabrih pred Bogom. Ta nepogrešivost u izricanju, ta tačnost u formulaciji, to odsustvo ukrasa i suvišnosti, ta zgusnutost su bili govor slika u kamenu namijenjen vječnosti, ali i pečat na duši za pokoljenja koja su dolazila. Pred očima mi promiču vitezi u oklopima, lovci u lovu, ratari u polju, borci na viteškim turnirima, propeti konji, igrači u kolu, dame u haljinama, cvijeće, vukovi, medvjedi, veprovi i psi. Među omiljenim ukrasima su križ, polumjesec, zvijezde i svastika. Prizori slave život, radost, fizičku snagu i veselje. Upitanost nad smrću i nestankom se sluti iz pojedinih zapisa, a ne izvire iz uklesanih slika.

Te kamene gromade su ponekad teške i po 30 000kg i nemaju isti oblik. Nekad je to sarkofag s krovom na dvije vode, nekad visoki stubac ili obična ravna ploča, ili tumba, (sanduk u formi duguljaste kocke sa ravnim površinama), ili jednostavan nepravilan grubo isklesan monolit. Prosječna dužina im je oko 2 m, širina oko 1 m. Ploče su visoke od 30 do 50 cm, a sarkofazi i tombe oko 1,5 m. Visina stubaca je preko dva, ali ne i preko tri metra. Danas u Bosni i Hercegovini postoji 1.300 grobalja sa stećcima (od toga u Hercegovini ih je oko 400), dok ih je još oko 150 u Dalmaciji.

Ukupan broj sačuvanih stećaka je oko 40.000. Gotovo sva groblja su na uzvisinama odakle

and the sarcophagi and tombs are approximately 1.5 meters in height. The height of the pillars ranges from two to three meters. Today in Bosnia and Herzegovina there are 1 300 graveyards with stećci (of which about 400 are located in Herzegovina), with a further 150 in Dalmatia.

The total number of preserved stećci is about 40 000. Almost all of the graveyards are located on hills overlooking the surrounding country-side where those who truly loved this country with their hearts and souls trace their roots.

Even now, after Bosnia's bloody experience of war, I believe more strongly and more honestly than ever before that those who had such faith, who carved, loved, wrote and died as they did, need not tremble before an uncertain future; neither they, nor the generations who have inherited them.

1994

P.S. Twelve years later, Ismet Berbić gave his drawings for these inscriptions on the shapes of Bosnian souls. For this I am very grateful. I believe that together we have shown that the "faces" of the inscriptions are various and have multiple meanings, that our imaginations have not seduced us and that only those who do not sleep can wake others up.

se pruža divan pogled na okolinu, kraj iz kojeg su potekli oni koji su tu zemlju i srcem i dušom voljeli.

I sada, nakon ovog krvavog ratnog iskustva Bosne, više i iskrenije nego ikada prije, vjerujem da oni koji su znali tako vjerovati, klesati, voljeti, pisati i umirati ne treba da se plaše nijedne budućnosti, ni oni ni one generacije koje su ih naslijedile.

1994.

P.S. Dvanaest godina poslije Ismet Berbić pokloni svoje crteže za ove zapise o oblicima bosanskih duša na čemu mu veliko hvala. Vjerujem da smo zajedno pokazali da su "lica" zapisa mnogostruka i višeznačna, da nas mašta nije zavela i da samo oni koji ne spavaju mogu druge probuditi.

Oblici bosanskih duša | The Shapes of Bosnian Souls

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