

My suffering in a port of waiting
Ena Šapčanin
Student of the third grad of the High school in Goražde
Third prize in contest of "Bošnjaci" Fund Sarajevo.

There was and there is a river in my homeland - powerful and weak, wide and narrow, shallow and deep. I returned on its banks wandering what is it now? What is now when I am strongly tightened on its breasts – mother or river - does it forget my departure? I set on wings of many distant and unknown but I didn't feel such power anywhere, love and endless faith as on this the favored one to me.

You challenge time and those of us who left you. I know that. I recognize you by challenge and defiance. I returned to live and dream in your warm lap.
I suffered so far from you, spilled sadness and homesickness on distant roads and swore to each step, every street and clear foreign sky that I'll return. And I did it to watch you sleepy and quiet. Do you remember how I cried once looking at your wounds and knowing that they hurt while you are bleeding?

I was emerged from your womb and spilled childhood on banks, rocks and willows. I interfered my first clumsy steps in your waves and happy smile in your depths. You carried away my growing up and returned again with a new day and endless hope.

I lived happily, but it was shut down in a moment when from your banks vanished forever a boy whom I loved immensely. Do you remember how bitterly I cried in your embrace? You were rippling and with your strength returned my faith in life. That wasn't enough to me and I came following trace of others, better I thought. But, all these years were only search and deep pain which I didn't have anyone to share with. The splendor and luminosity of distant cities were translated into grief and I understood that soul didn't find peace in the foreign Sun without shine, flowers without smell, song without passion.

Dear river, dear Bosnia, you'll never find out how I suffered in the port of waiting. And I'm crying today because of memories on your bank and I wonder am I dreaming or you are talking to me by your strength?

Once it was and it is one river – sleepy and awoke which in its womb carry names, past and future ones. River which with own stream carried so many hope, sighs and tears so with a new stream it can interweave faith in smile and hope.

There were love and those waiting on your banks – mother sons, women husbands, children fathers. Some returned, and some forever interweaved themselves in your veins to testify and talk.

Flow river for those distant who launched themselves from your coasts and suffer on wings of some unknown coast. Flow and believe that you will return one day and recognize you by eternity and everlasting. They will return to talk about a heart which bleeds in a distant area and interweaves its threads in hope and waiting.

I grew up on the skirt of foreign country belted by faith in a final return. Now I'm here and I'm spilling collected pain on your banks. Forgive me if I sometimes interweave grief in your depth. Carry my tears and taught us how to forgive and love, so it hurt less and how to wait on your bank clear mornings which never downed there.

Now I'm here inspired by the beauty of this country and easiness of steps from known fields. Now I know that it is worthy to stay in the cradle swung by Bosnia and mother while they are returning us faith in a better day by their known and sad song. We have strength to spread wings over the country arose from ash and spill smile and faith in coming time. We owe to those who gave their lives – not by leaving, but with the fellowship in order to build and protect what they left.

I know that only here I can find myself, only this country can return my dignity that was taken from me, and it is the biggest value and necessity. There is only an attempt, feeling of a moment, discomposure, and it is no continuation. A promised land is a trick. Who are you there where nothing yours is, where views disappear in unknown faces, streets, squares? You are only a shadow. If you stay, you'll float forever.

This country needs our steps and existence. We are those who will make it nicer and safer and give it as legacy the coming generations. Songs of fellowship, tolerance and mutual love will be warrant of staying in our forever beautiful Bosnia..