

Lejla Homarac,
A third-grade student of the Fifth high school in Sarajevo
The third prize on the competition of the Fund "Bošnjaci" Sarajevo

Its weft is weaved by the Sun and rains
It's a carpet that talks and breathes
Prone on the ground for thousand years
smells, talks and flourish
In the heart of the World
Tangled in his patterns
unhappy, happy and lost and
Especially those dreamy, in love
Dream about Bosnia is bigger than reality
Because dream about it is a dream about happiness
The most important and biggest when disaster lurks
When Bosnia groans
When they want to step over the Carpet
Those who do not pay attention to the written pathways
From ancient days, from Kulin viceroy
from stećaks, good Bosniaks and wounds
from ghazahs and Husein-captain
Bosnia is completely weaved
by the yarn which seems lightweight, but is a solid,
believe me
because for a safety rope is tighten
Do not worry!
It is stronger than the pure gold.
On its carpet will never fall
No one with muddled feet
Fragrant flowers are woven into a carpet
Weaved by red color
That last and do not allow that a dirty leg steps on it
From above guards watch on patterns of defiance and pride that someone does not spoil
A carpet from memories cannot drink into itself
Threads of forgiveness.
Over Drina talks, roars anyone who tries to enter
He should wash his legs
That sin is not lurking at him
When steps on the ground that has eyes
Green from water, shiny from freedom
That recognized enemies, sensed spies.
It's a living being that carpet over Bosnia
That'll feel everyone who steps on it
It'll lead him during a day whenever he wants to
Share wideness
By a dream about Bosnia it'll cheer up those who stay over night
When goes back, the steps in carpet will stay tangled, barefoot, clean
Because all good people, that the carpet knows well,
In the World are the same as we are.