

ALEKSA SANTIC

WHY YOU'RE NOT THERE

When on the fresh wild flowers
The pearls are being strung, by the silent night
Through my bosom, a wish flies:
"Why you're not there? Why you're not there?"

When a sleep, to me, gives a calm
And my soul prepares for peace
Through my heart, a voice creeps:
"Why you're not there? Why you're not there?"

A clear East when goes red
In the glint of a diamond
Then the soul a song, wakes:
"Why you're not there? Why you're not there?"

And at the mo of the ample happiness
And when sorrow prepares a sigh
My love a song, starts:
"Why you're not there? Why you're not there?"

(Translation: M.S. Bosnawi)