

Vladislav Petković – Dis

## **She Sleeps perhaps**

This morning I have forgotten a song,  
The song I kept listening through my dream all night,  
To hear it again - I tried today in vain,  
As if the song was my whole happiness,  
This morning I have forgotten a song.

In my dream I didn't know for the waking might.  
And that earth needs of sun, morning and dawn,  
That in daylight stars lose their brightness,  
That the pale moon moves into the dying night,  
In my dream I didn't know for the waking might.

I can hardly know I have ever had a dream!  
And in it - some eyes, someone's sky,  
Some face, don't know whose, perhaps of a child?  
The old song, old stars, an old day,  
I can hardly know I have ever had a dream.

I can't recall anything, not even those eyes!  
As if my whole dream was of foam,  
Or those eyes were my soul out of myself,  
Neither the tune nor all the rest I dreamt,  
I can't recall anything, not even those eyes.

But I bode, and to bode I solely know!  
I bode now for those eyes to be the ones,  
That strangely lead and pursue me through the life,  
They come to my dream to see me alone;  
But I bode, and to bode I solely know.

To see me, the eyes come, and I clearly see:  
Those eyes, and that love and that way of happiness,  
Her eyes, her face, her spring;  
I see in the dream, but why don't I see it now?  
To see me, the eyes come, and I clearly see:

The head of hers with a crown of hair and a flower,  
And her look staring at me like from flowers,  
Looking at me and saying it feels me,  
Anxiously offering me repose and the world of tenderness,  
The head of hers with a crown of hair and a flower.

She sleeps perhaps, with the eyes away from any evil,  
Away from things, illusions, away from life,  
And her unseen beauty sleeps with her;  
She lives perhaps and will come after this dream;  
She sleeps perhaps, with the eyes away from any evil.

translated by Rajko Maksimović