

Revelations to my Unborn Children

In this time of trials and pain
When a heavy loads sits on my chest
When neither love nor sympathy I gain
And bitter acid burns within my breast
I feel as though the last train has gone
And I stand here, in the storm, alone

I've stood alone many times before
Felt like there was no way out
Survivor of shipwrecks, swimming for the shore
Harpooned the sharks as they tossed me about
In the dark waters, where the light never shone
Where many a times, from pain, escaped my moan

And somehow I stood unwavering tall
With a bitter smile, and sadness in my chest
Too proud to bow, too honest to cheat
I fought against monsters, and bested the best
I battled so hard and for so long
Instead of crying, on my lips sevdah song

I was seven when my hell began
War tearing apart the homeland where I was born
I saw bloodshed, burning mosques, weeping women
At a young age, felt so much fear, and so much scorn
The sound of gunfire was my lullaby
I wished then I was an eagle, that could far away fly

I was born in this beautifully tragic land, far away
Bosnia, my mother, forever in my heart
Bloodshed and war forced me to go far and stray
With my family looking for a peaceful new start
I found it in Mill Woods, on its green fields
Trees of Michael's Park, from loneliness my only shields

I grew up on these fields, among these trees
North Millbourne was my home, my education
Oh the idealism with which the world a young man sees!
Leads to much pain, but also great knowledge and revelation
The world is brutal, however also bountiful
Life is painful, but its essence is beautiful

Prejudices I faced, my broken English was to blame
A young immigrant boy, with many dreams and full of hope
Unfazed by discrimination, for they could not pronounce my name
I missed Bosnia, but in time I learned to cope

Do what you can, with what you have, where you are
Live in the present and here, not in the past, not somewhere far

I am thirty years old now and this is the lesson I've learned
Time waits for no man, second chances seldom come
Slowly I am beginning to feel the heavy grind
On my embattled nerves, which would break some
I should have never betrayed my dreams and my heart
I would not be standing now, back at the start

I remember my youth, and my idealistic days
Growing up in North Millbourne, in my teenage years
The dream of professional soccer was in my gaze
In Michael's Park I perfected my craft, to much praise
Scouted to play in Italy, a blessing of Providence
A chance not taken, for I lacked the confidence

I think often what would have been
Had I lived life according to my own fashion
I would have gone back to Europe at age seventeen
Pursued my dream, lived out my passion
I regret it no longer, for I have seen
On the other side of the hill, the grass will always be green

I pursued education, took two degrees
Struggled financially, worked full-time
Felt the hunger, extreme stress, pain of poverty
But I kept my faith in God, was protected by the Divine
Great lessons I learned, but the greatest among them one
A lesson I will pass on someday, to my daughter and my son

Regrets serve no purpose, insecurity holds you back
Life is too short to be bitter, angry, sad
Listen to your soul, work hard, don't rely on luck
If you do your best, you will have no reason to be mad
Pay no attention to those who discourage you
This above all, to thine own self be true

Anger is a poison within, residing in the hollow chalice of fear
Learn to forgive others and yourself the most
Express love to those who hold you dear
Be generous, to those in need be a gracious host
What you do when no one watches defines who you are
Let not ambition stray you from humanity too far

Live life on your own terms, never lose touch with your inner voice
Let go of past failures, stand behind your decisions
For boys become men when they stand behind their choice

Dwell not on past trials and tribulations
Never give up, surrender, nor your soul betray
Live life fully, for it will pass by anyway

Dear God, to you I humbly pray
Please let me find stability and peace
Let me never again my soul betray
And may my family always be at ease
Let me win, let me climb out of this hole
To be peaceful and free, is my only goal

This letter I enclose to my unborn children
Do not fear life, grab it firmly with both hands
Be brave in face of tragedy, steadfast in times of plight
I will be here, to guide you towards that which is right
Keep your faith in God, to yourselves remain true
These lessons of a child of war, I entrust to you

May 2015, Vedran Eminovic