
Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

NO NEED

Adin Ljuca

to balance one's accounts, friend, for every grain in the hourglass falls in its place anyhow. What used to hurt is now foreign: it had gone by like a movie on the screen while we, munching on pumpkin seeds, sat comfortably reclined in our dreams. But when the lights came back on after the show, a heavy feeling would remain: days empty like hulls, and jumbled together. We never needed anything beyond what we'd frittered away while holding on to our higher principles. Today there exists only what we've rejected; everything else we don't have.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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