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The Sky is Dark

Adin Ljuca

and the wind is driving a flock of tiny clouds, like sheep.
Still, I'm not sure it will rain. You can't rely on the sky, so
I'm watering the tomatoes with extreme effort. They are
starting to ripen, and I know I won't be here to see them. I'm
leaving, but I can almost feel the sweetness in the mouth that
will be eating them. No envy, and that fills me with satisfaction.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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