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Tuzla

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I can hardly keep in mind anything from
yesterday's day, but the past I remember
clearly. The early years are the first to sink
into the dregs of a lifespan, just as the grime
of the sun and red soil settles in olive oil.
The rest has no taste.

In October we were regularly late returning
from school, stealing on our way the forgotten
grapes of the already gnawed-out summer.
A sudden gust of wind enraged the hornets…
I left long ago and long have I wandered
the world, but Tuzla still turns the scale,
sinking to the bottom like mercury. In it
I have spent eight out of my nine cat lives.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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