

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Kolo

In march the soldiers  
with rifles on their shoulders.  
out run through brambles  
the locals with their bundles.

Off fly the envoys  
contemplating new ways  
of creating symmetry  
in a future cemetery.

Up go the pundits  
explicating bandits.  
Clearly outworded,  
down go the murdered.

The expensive warriors,  
sailing by on carriers  
flying Old Glory,  
signal hunky-dory.

Far is the neighbor,  
loveless or unable,  
neutral or bullied.  
Near is a bullet.

Deep dig new hermits  
sporting blue helmets.  
Reasonable offers  
manufacture orphans.

Blood as a liquid  
shows no spilling limit;  
one might build finally  
here a refinery.

Home stay the virtuous  
with their right to watch this

live, while they are dining:  
it's a mealtime dying.

Soiled turns the fabric  
of the great republic.  
Ethics by a ballot  
is what it's all about.

Mourn the slaughtered.  
Pray for those squatted  
In some concrete lair  
facing betrayal.

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