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## Second refugee song

Jozefina Dautbegović

They were young lads, they waited for me  
more than an hour in the other people's apartment  
in order to check if my face  
really resembled an angel's  
on paintings by old masters  
as I had written back in the days  
when angels were legally outlawed  
This was a completely new police  
in the spirit of the new times  
From my expired documents they discovered  
that I was the same generation as their mothers-in-law  
and that I didn't know my age  
They were real gentlemen, they didn't have time  
They said there are taxis, ma'am  
I know, I said, grasping a package of humanitarian aid  
and the blue stars making a circle  
on the package rotate around my head  
approaching outer space

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Surely they see the halo too, I thought

This is some mistake, gentlemen

I haven't been born yet

The three wise men still have to come and announce it

would you like to wait for them with me

Caspar, Melchior and that third one

what was his name again

Zagreb, 1993.

tr. W. Browne

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