## **Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne**

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

## Far, Far in the North

Adin Ljuca

To Milorad Pejić

You who are said to have tracked the reindeer's scent, I couldn't follow you. Not because, where you live, images are sharp as razors, nor because entering a warm place would dim my sight through fogged up glasses.

Not for lack of strength: no one knows where it comes from nor what it is that makes him move. Vain is the strongest wing beat without the lightness of bird's bones and air pockets in the skull.

There was no other path for me but this.

I was rising hesitatingly, seemingly lazy and billowed – a cobra woken by the snake charmer's flute.

But, you must admit, even this is a miracle: when a mere reptile is lifted from the earth by music. Even for these few moments I am grateful. Now enough about me. And about music.

Let's come back to you: if you have no twin, why then the double shadow upon all you describe? I'd like the answer before the white avalanche of insanity engulfs us, lurking in ambush where even silence cracks from the freeze. Over there, where the face and its mirror reflection meet like a wound and a cold compress.

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