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

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## Girl's Blouse

Marko Vešović

It's getting dark, and in the west someone's foot Has knocked over a jug of wine, pouring it all over the horizon. The new moon looks like horns on a helmet in which, in films, Moses is shown. Pines smell of a mixture of lemons and incense

A soldier, long and brittle like a rye stalk, is doing sentry duty.

He's brittle with youth and love. Carefully he pulls out of his breast pocket a girl's white blouse. And he plunges his face in it.

He drinks its scent for a long time. Those five or six grams of fabric he could pull through a wedding ring

A sight divinely unutterable. Saying it in words would be like measuring the Weight of a sun's ray on a scale. Suddenly, from all this—from the wine-colored west from the new moon with horns, from the girl's blouse, whose scent can, like a thread, lead you out of hell—suddenly, from all this, I feel relieved in my soul.

And in the world

You know that war still exists on earth like a black ball of yarn. But the soul could play with it like a kitten. Death still shows through everything. Yet not like a skull showing through the skin of the face But like a seed through a grape: making it more magical

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