

# 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

*Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović – ©2006 Omer Hadžiselimović*

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