

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## A Tale

Mario Suško

Thousand and one nights away  
In a city where all windows had glaucoma  
And hunger was a cannibal dancing in the brain,  
I stole voraciously candles and matches  
To copy the death-bed edition  
Of "Leaves of Grass" in minuscule letters  
Of another language and make it lighter  
In a battered vinyl case when lugged  
Across the powder bleached field.

My Barthelmes and Malamuds left behind,  
And my Styrons, Bellows, Doctorows, now  
Next to someone's tomatoes and kidney beans.

Bits and pieces of my life are  
Being sold on the side of a muddy road.

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