Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

But the Truth

Mario Suško

Everyone says that I'm
a valuable witness.
To what? Truth, you say?

Truth is no longer naked.
It wears designer clothes
created on some Sunrise Avenue
and stitched together in some
Jamarta, San Singo, Getucipalga.

Truth is no longer plain.
It's like sophisticated fake jewelry
on a fabulously rich woman.
You either know it's fake but say
nothing aware that she can afford
the real thing, or don't want
to know because no matter what you say
she makes others believe it's real.

Truth is no longer justice
for the latter does not imply
an apt symmetry of fortune.
Truth is reality on the ground.

And there on the ground a gander
refuses to fly off south because of
two magnificent plastic geese
they planted in to make the pond pretty.

Do you detect some bitterness
in all this? You do? You are right.
Do you feel there may be poetic justice
in what I say? Not really? Right again.

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