Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

The Balkans

Milorad Pejić

I've never anywhere seen a quince, but lindens bloom in Scandinavia also. Rinsed by the tea of rains, though, their scent is faint. Like a strong perfume, the scent of the Balkan linden tree in summer gets into both blankets and sweaters. Quinces rust on the wardrobes in cold bedrooms in the fall.

In the Balkans both good and evil are enlarged and so they are never boring. In their trap I fell a long time ago when as a child I was loved and transferred by all, smokers and alcoholics, from arms to arms, from lap to lap. I would scream and I would struggle, just for show, never with all my strength lest they drop me accidentally, lest I accidentally break free of them.

Milorad Pejić

The poem was first published in the Spring 2015 issue of *Modern Poetry in Translation* (Oxford).

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

The preceding text is copyright of the author and/or translator and is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.