

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## Tuzla

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I can hardly keep in mind anything from yesterday's day, but the past I remember clearly. The early years are the first to sink into the dregs of a lifespan, just as the grime of the sun and red soil settles in olive oil. The rest has no taste.

In October we were regularly late returning from school, stealing on our way the forgotten grapes of the already gnawed-out summer. A sudden gust of wind enraged the hornets... I left long ago and long have I wandered the world, but Tuzla still turns the scale, sinking to the bottom like mercury. In it I have spent eight out of my nine cat lives.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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