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# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## Tuzla

Milorad Pejić

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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