Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne
An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal
Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

Rest

Almedina Alićušić-Merzihić

She sheds a tear when no one is watching
She feels the pain bottled in her chest
She hopes the end is near
She sheds a tear when no one is watching
Her father, uncle, and cousins have not yet been found.

Under her breath she speaks to a father she does not remember,
To an uncle who would have spoiled her had he lived,
To a cousin who would have shielded her

She speaks:

> It is no clearer to me than it may be to you
> Why on the 11th of July of ’95
> 8,372 of you had to die.
>
> For years your names were spoken,
> For years we wondered where you were.
> Whenever the word came out,
> Another mass grave was found
> I saw a glimmer of hope,
> A chance to put your bodies to rest.
>
> Many have had a chance to put their loved ones to rest
> You were in the group of the unidentified men
> Today I stand, I will shed tears and not hide
> My father, uncles, and cousins have been identified
> many of them will receive burial,
>
> One day we will see them at ahiret.
>
> Rest my fathers, uncles, cousins.
> Rest in your home, the small town of Srebrenica.

Almedina Alićušić-Merzihić

Previously published: Volume 11 No. 1 (2016): January

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.