

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## 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.

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Almedina Alićušić-Merzihić

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