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The National Anthem

Milorad Pejić

We moved a lot. In the waters of countries
and cities, our fingerprints have washed away;
in alcohol, our blood group has evaporated.

We no longer belong to anyone. Any national
anthem I hear, I stand stiff like at a closed
railroad–crossing gate, till the train passes.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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