

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## Sunday morning in Ithaca

Adin Ljuca

The city opens up in the morning, when, giddy from sleep,  
it throws off the covers of night. It greets passers-by  
with a gap-toothed asphalt smile full of holes and fillings  
and hugs them with its enchanting tree-lined streets which  
aren't so easy to categorize in English. But  
I adore sidewalks, even when they are humpbacked.  
They are the blood vessels of the city. I penetrate them  
not knowing if I am a virus or an antibody.  
Step after step. Street by street. Gardens in bloom  
veil the run-down houses, power cables  
hang like quipus....sending hidden messages  
in a forgotten tongue or betraying bungled installation?  
Slipshodness as a fashion, like new blue jeans with rips.  
Stagnant air, a whiff of a joint, a dazzling percentage  
of humidity in the air. A city as sad as my old aunt,  
once an enchanting beauty, who can't renounce  
her girlish gestures and seductive manners...  
A summer rain washes the dirt from the wrinkled streets,

youth dries up and decays in the herbarium of memory.  
I admire the number of churches, but it's too early for services...  
Nothing is happening. Just a person or two  
carrying their coffee in throwaway plastic cups.  
One house has a sign *Resistance*, but it turns out  
to be the name of a hairdresser's shop. No other signs  
of disagreement, just strings of banners.  
All of a sudden, here's a man! With a signboard:  
*Seeking human kindness*. Finally someone has a message  
to convey and the courage to bring it out  
before the eyes of the nameless crowd. But no one turns to watch....  
people walk dogs, passers-by pass by....  
The proper place for me: a city that lives by inertia  
the same way I do.  
I stroll along.  
Birds on branches tweet, I no longer keep track of what.  
I look for a way past the feeling of impasse.  
I love poems like this one, that come with pain,  
start with the stomach and can't be held back...  
Downtown next to the sidewalk a beet grows like a flower.  
A momentary smell of linden, though linden season was back in June.

Translated by Wayles Browne

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