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A Male Child

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They had a happy life
and a daughter with his eyes and nose.
They loved the scent of earth after the rain,
the sound of the woods,
in the autumn, when the wind
takes the leaves on a deadly swirl,
leaving blood-red traces on the ground
so that the pain renders
a new flower in the spring.

They had an estate,
large enough for a hundred boys and girls,
with no home,
along with their toys,
who hug as mothers should be hugged
and still with room for twice as many dreams.

They had a wish,
a male child, their own blood.
And another girl was born with his eyes
and nose,
and the third,
and the fourth.

“Ladybugs are nice” – said his folk
“but they ain’t kids, go on till you get a son” – they ended.

And they got him,
he did not have his eyes,
or his nose,
and he did not like the rain,
or the autumn,
or the spring.

He loved art
and nothing else.

And he had but one wish
to leave everything
and go there
where the sound of guitars
builds estates.

Translated by Amira Sadiković

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