

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## A Face From Widely Circulated American Magazines

Faruk Šehić

as we walk through a forest tunnel  
above us hangs the unmoving December sky  
the stars squint through the braided treetops  
at seven o'clock in the evening  
cold needles on the ends of a hornbeam's branches  
they fall off and break on the aqueous foliage  
the southern wind blows  
I remember The Damned Yard  
the dementia of ghosts in the air  
branches rub on each other  
they creak like the jaws of skeletons in a house of terror  
under greasy uniforms  
my body is a sweaty bedspring pressed down by gravity  
and fear  
we go on a patrol of a fire-swept zone  
the swamp grass is moist and its long blades  
lick our fists which squeeze dark metal guns  
a burst of glimmering bullets goes behind a hill in a large arc  
like a necklace of serially connected falling stars  
I do not think they will make my wishes come true  
in a dull body that thinks of the heat of a fire, cigarettes and food  
of Azra's face that I cannot put together in my thoughts  
of 89 Marshall Tito Street from which I was driven  
of a half-liter bottle of beer that I often dream of  
like a metaphor for freedom  
we have come to the embankment of the railway  
the stones are coated with a soft frost  
my watch post is right there  
anonymous and meaningless by the wooden tie  
I watch the surface of the Una rippled by tiny waves  
thick darkness of water  
it is war, they say, revolution in the purest form  
my grandpa Bećo Šehić founded a chapter of the Communist Party in Bosanska Krupa  
together with his brother Ismet he spent two years at Jasenovac  
they were both partisans

my other grandpa, Almas Sedić, fought with the Red Army on the Srijem front  
I am in a bad war  
a hundred of my fellow soldiers, whose faces I still remember, were killed  
the dead are a pile of unknown names and surnames on wooden grave markers  
in an exceedingly bad war  
none of them will remain eternally young  
like Che Guevara  
a face from widely circulated American magazines.

*Translated by Sara Elaquad - © 2007 Sara Elaquad*

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.