

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## I Am Not a Person From Sarajevo

Faruk Šehić

in Sarajevo

April is truly the cruelest month  
where fantasy and horror mix in the test tubes of the bodies  
ghosts hang in the air, ghosts of literary schizophrenia  
you only have to pick them, those sad bunches of universes  
for which you will pay with your own blood  
at Bistrik and Kovači the houses are fenced by high walls  
but human souls are open like the cupolas of Ottoman mosques  
the air is sharp like a month of the dead  
in coffeeshop stories the war never ends  
squadrons are arranged between bottles of beer  
discussions are of Serbs, Muslims, and Croats  
of villains and victims  
a hundred times the established "truth" is measured on a nanogram scale  
because epic narration is the fruit of red blood cells  
if Brazil is the country with the highest number of national football coaches in the  
world  
here live the highest number of wooden philosophers and misanthropes  
in spite of everything that ravages and distorts me  
I still participate in your paradoxical mythmaking  
Sarajevo, you haven't given me anything  
except your poetry.

*Translated by Sara Elaquad - © 2007 Sara Elaquad*

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