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Morning Glory Sarajevo

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For M.H.

This town, catching up to us,
clasping us to its arms
and around our necks –
we watch it from above.
We are Caesars of the moment,
breathing in Sarajevo's breath: human
bodies, divine blossoms,
murmuring stations…
the calm of the Japanese cherry
in the State Museum Garden, and those
who were dear to us
and nested in our bosoms like vipers…

One of us waves his hand toward
the ruined tower high above in the air
as if giving the permission
for it to be built anew, and says:

Still, this is an incredible town.

Let us go, then, you and me…

Downwards. The face of History
ought to be perceived
with more modesty. Only thus
shall we be reflected
in ourselves: How big were we
amidst poverty and splendor?
Neither poor nor splendid, but… so-so
that – God forbid – neither befalls us…

Each of us tore off for himself
what the haughtier
and greater

had conquered, with a simple
and sublime account: addition,
multiplication, division, subtraction…

Let us go, then… – we, the masters
of the air-made tower, let us go
down to the town, quiet
And hurt by everything.

Let us glide down the street's palm
like raindrops, so our dreams do not come true —
they are all the same: addition,
multiplication, division, subtraction…

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