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Story from the East Side

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Truths are untenable! We cheered, like at the dog
races, for the lies that barked the fiercest. My brother
denounced the neighbor's fat cow for ruminating
marijuana. For the sake of future betrayal,
we all, like little Jesuses, dragged the cross of
hammer and sickle on our backs. And, truly, when
the iron curtain, like a shower curtain, came unhooked,
and fell apart into the soap suds, naked, in seven-league
boots, we leapt to the other side to be born again.
Mown grass, as it did before, smells of its own blood,
just as it is, and the moon's red face gazes through
cypresses, lined up like spindles, as if through the iron bars
of a prison window. Only words are free! But they serve
no purpose, for truths are unwelcome. In the night sky,
open to all, stones bloom, and the hand of darkness
harnesses the constellation of the *Little Bear* to the
constellation of the *Great Chariot*. I don't understand
how we manage to know nothing about it at all?

Translated by Esma Hadžiselimović

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