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## Story from the East Side

Milorad Pejić

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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