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Picture Postcard

Saša Skenderija

A nighttime panorama of Sarajevo caught
by the light of shellfire, gunpowder flashbulbs,
by the dance of silhouettes in which only the persistence of vision
can make out the former shapes (calling up flickering
skyline lights, orange neon canyons,
evening crescendos of headlights
tracing their fluorescent snakes on a time exposure).

But only this possible postcard
can literally catch the passing of time, so the city seems to float
in an intermezzo of decay,
in the irreversible approach of things
to their dark antitheses,
my building seems to float,
the City seems to float,
we all seem to float,
I seem, too

Translated by Wayles Browne – © 2008 Wayles Browne

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