

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Wintertime Scene

Saša Skenderija

It rained all night and the first snow  
showed up in the morning. But the café  
is cozy. You can sip hot coffee and  
look out the window at the street. The whiteness  
emphasizes shapes, movements, the day's subtle  
mechanics. Here on the terrace, last summer  
there was a huge video screen. Now it's just  
an empty steel square. Quite by chance  
it frames the winter: a cloud of steam  
from the hotel kitchen, a VW backs up  
its tailpipe scattering a flock of pigeons,  
an old woman with a red market bag  
slides along the sidewalk, streetcars cross  
paths before the army barracks, and over there  
in the corner, a lonely child.

The movie of the day winds on, all by itself,  
without apparent effort, affording you a chance  
to forget for a moment that your own eye's gravity  
and the empty steel frame  
are all that keeps your country in one piece.

*Translated by Wayles Browne - © 2008 Wayles Browne*

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