Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal Međunarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezični, online časopis

A Refugee Concept

Mario Suško

1.0

I have always thought that rivers are cursed for they have no place to go but into the sea

No home once you start to run and Stumble blindly over the stones Wind around things you cannot go through

The swelling force is not life giving but Your desperate desire that speeding up the way down will make you empty yourself out

1.1

Whether they are re-routed or Dammed Made to burst their banks their fate is in someone else's hands

When completely dried out They still harbor that unreal hope their beds are proof enough they existed

They are the measure of suffering that cannot be measured They are eternal rejects of God's mercifulness

1.2

I am one of them, Whose past running behind me, and with me, and ahead of me, is the only present, Whose words are drops that drown in themselves, Whose viscous silence at the estuary is the abandoned presence.

From Closing Time, Brownsville, VT: Harbor Mountain Press, 2008 – © 2008 Mario Susko

The preceding text is copyright of the author and/or translator and is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.