

Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

Dead End

Mario Suško

you should have known all along
things are not as they appear,
though once they do they are what they are -

sheer luck got you across the open space,
creating the illusion the mind's eye
was to be parallel to the line of sight:

but a straight path, whether there or not,
is just a manifestation, to be negotiated
when one has negotiated with its circumference:

you do not see that far, and no compass
could help you circumscribe four cardinal points
of forgiveness from the forgotten intersection -

besides there's one thing always remains
unanswered, how much one is willing
to remember to survive what one has lost -

you'll move on: that's what those gone
leave you with, yet you have to perceive
memory's nothing but an endless dead end road:

From Closing Time, Brownsville, VT: Harbor Mountain Press, 2008 - © 2008 Mario Suško

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