

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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

## Grandfather to Grandson

Mario Suško

you will not remember much  
about me  
a thought here and there  
struggling to become  
an image  
occasional snapshots will make  
even more confusing

whenever you set your electric train  
in motion, it was  
the train of my exile  
I had to forget all over again  
my numb fingers  
holding onto the air

you threw your stuffed sad-eyed dog  
off the bed and shot it with your water gun,  
and when I feigned tears  
you said, Don't worry, it's not real.  
Here, you can have it back.

I let you win all the wars,  
your toy soldiers advance  
to my side of the carpet  
with tanks and trucks,  
knocking down my block houses,  
trees and signposts, leaving me homeless  
with a big unbeatable smile on my lips

every day after five you went home  
to carry on your conquests:  
was I even there a worthy adversary,  
though the following morning you ran  
toward me, your arms open, yelling,  
Grandpa, I want to play with you,

---

your little hand clutching a shiny fighter jet

on weekends, sitting in the safest corner  
of the room, I have often stolen  
your imagination to test my resolve to live,  
the playful dying was a way out,  
a merciful moment of relief, though I  
won't be around for you to realize  
you fought all along a dead man.

*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.