

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

An International, Interdisciplinary, Bilingual, Online Journal  
Me?unarodni, interdisciplinarni, dvojezi?ni, online ?asopis

## Kolo

Joseph Brodsky

In march the soldiers  
with rifles on their shoulders.  
out run through brambles  
the locals with their bundles.

Off fly the envoys  
contemplating new ways  
of creating symmetry  
in a future cemetery.

Up go the pundits  
explicating bandits.  
Clearly outworded,  
down go the murdered.

The expensive warriors,  
sailing by on carriers  
flying Old Glory,  
signal hunky-dory.

Far is the neighbor,  
loveless or unable,  
neutral or bullied.  
Near is a bullet.

Deep dig new hermits  
sporting blue helmets.  
Reasonable offers  
manufacture orphans.

Blood as a liquid  
shows no spilling limit;  
one might build finally  
here a refinery.

Home stay the virtuous

with their right to watch this  
live, while they are dining:  
it's a mealtime dying.

Soiled turns the fabric  
of the great republic.  
Ethics by a ballot  
is what it's all about.

Mourn the slaughtered.  
Pray for those squatted  
In some concrete lair  
facing betrayal.

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*Poem was originally published in the New York Review of Books, July 13, 1995.*

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