

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## In the Classroom

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the night slowly chokes the light  
around us and she closes the book  
her hand hovering above the cover  
History Primer: A Short Guide

we look at each other  
as if trying to remember  
each other's face before it becomes  
its own shadow

the building's roof's a charred skeleton  
the classroom floor littered with textbooks  
notebooks the village half burned  
deserted except for one donkey

braying in the field as the two of us  
came down the road two animals approaching  
warily from the opposite direction  
trying to sniff each other out

she placed two hand-grenades  
on the desk that now look to me  
like overgrown exotic pears  
we are going to feast on

History is supposed to teach us  
something but it never does she  
almost yells I look at the blackboard  
and make out its message

WE WILL BE BACK

a nauseous thought swells suddenly  
in my stomach I was here  
before she was here

before closed the same book  
when I said It does not  
because we never learn anything  
from it or did I utter that

before or after  
she reached into her coat pocket  
and I shot her blindly  
to blot out all memory

You fainted she explains  
propping my head up her face coming  
and going together with a wavering candle

that makes the walls ebb away  
and school desks flung in the corner  
advance like ghosts toward us  
It's from hunger I whisper

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