

The Sorrow of Sarajevo

The Sarajevo wind
leafs through the newspapers
that are glued by blood to the street
I pass with a loaf of bread under my arm.

The river carries the corpse of a woman.
as I run across the bridge
with my canisters of water,
I notice her wristwatch, still in place.

Someone lobs a child's shoe
into the furnace. Family photographs spill
from the back of a garbage truck;
they carry inscriptions:
Love from ...love from...love ...

There's no way of describing these things,
not really. Each night I wake
and stand by the window to watch my neighbour
who stands by the window to watch the dark.

Goran Simic