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Girl's Blouse

Marko Vešovi?

It's getting dark, and in the west someone's foot
 Has knocked over a jug of wine, pouring it all over the horizon.
 The new moon looks like horns on a helmet in which,
 in films, Moses is shown. Pines smell
 of a mixture of lemons and incense

A soldier, long and brittle like a rye stalk, is doing sentry duty.
 He's brittle with youth and love. Carefully he pulls out of his breast pocket
 a girl's white blouse. And he plunges his face in it.
 He drinks its scent for a long time. Those five or six grams of fabric
 he could pull through a wedding ring

A sight divinely unutterable. Saying it in words
 would be like measuring the **Weight**
 of a sun's ray on a scale.
 Suddenly, from all this—from the wine-colored west
 from the new moon with horns, from the girl's blouse,
 whose scent can, like a thread, lead you out of hell—
 suddenly, from all this, I feel relieved in my soul.

And in the world

You know that war still exists on earth
 like a black ball of yarn. But the soul could
 play with it like a kitten. Death still shows through everything.
 Yet not like a skull showing through the skin of the face
 But like a seed through a grape:
 making it more magical

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