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MARGITA

Adin Ljuca

She'd pull a blanket over her head. She'd say:
Although I see buds on branches, spring will not
come again. Sometimes she didn't have enough strength
even to answer the phone. I'd wait outside the door, she
wouldn't open. We'd sit in silence – she on one side, I on
the other – waiting for something to happen. And it did
happen: spring, in spite of everything, was coming again.
She gathered the remaining strength, slowly picked up
the paintbrush, and began looking for me on the canvas.

Translated by Omer Hadžiselimović

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