

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## I Am Not a Person From Sarajevo

Faruk Šehić

in Sarajevo

April is truly the cruelest month

where fantasy and horror mix in the test tubes of the bodies

ghosts hang in the air, ghosts of literary schizophrenia

you only have to pick them, those sad bunches of universes

for which you will pay with your own blood

at Bistrik and Kovači the houses are fenced by high walls

but human souls are open like the cupolas of Ottoman mosques

the air is sharp like a month of the dead

in coffeeshop stories the war never ends

squadrons are arranged between bottles of beer

discussions are of Serbs, Muslims, and Croats

of villains and victims

a hundred times the established “truth” is measured on a nanogram scale

because epic narration is the fruit of red blood cells

if Brazil is the country with the highest number of national football coaches in the world

here live the highest number of wooden philosophers and misanthropes

in spite of everything that ravages and distorts me

I still participate in your paradoxical mythmaking

Sarajevo, you haven't given me anything

except your poetry.

*Translated by Sara Elaquad – © 2007 Sara Elaquad*

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