

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## A Refugee Concept

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### 1.0

I have always thought  
that rivers are cursed  
for they have no place  
to go but into the sea

No home once you start  
to run and Stumble blindly  
over the stones Wind around  
things you cannot go through

The swelling force is not life  
giving but Your desperate desire  
that speeding up the way down  
will make you empty yourself out

### 1.1

Whether they are re-routed or Dammed  
Made to burst their banks  
their fate is in someone else's hands

When completely dried out  
They still harbor that unreal hope  
their beds are proof enough they existed

They are the measure of suffering  
that cannot be measured They are  
eternal rejects of God's mercifulness

### 1.2

I am one of them, Whose past  
running behind me, and with me,  
and ahead of me, is the only present,

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Whose words are drops that drown  
in themselves, Whose viscous silence  
at the estuary is the abandoned presence.

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