

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Framed Memories

Mario Suško

there came a day when everyone  
was dodging sniper fire

a. a woman looking for godot and a tree,  
wearing a helmet and a flak jacket

b. a man conducting a crippled orchestra  
in the skeleton hall of muffled history

c. a woman getting short-stemmed flowers  
picked at impromptu cemeteries

d. a girl who sneaked out to find  
a market and a book of matches

e. a boy who ran among garbage mounds,  
trying to catch his strayed dog

f. an old blind woman who couldn't explain  
why she suddenly decided to leave the cellar

d. e. and f. died that day  
– how do I know that?  
that day I died with them.

yet,

d. keeps going out,  
although I got matches for her

e. keeps searching, although I saw  
his dog float down the river

f. keeps standing in the open, although I  
flail my invisible arms to make her go in

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I watch them on my screen,  
then turn off the colors  
and gaze at the framed memories,  
waiting to see myself break out  
to give the girl her matches,  
find another dog for the lost boy,  
take the old blind woman by the hand  
and lead her down the street:

the two of us smiling and feeling our way  
under a bright sun that casts no shadows

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