

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## Sonnet

Mile Stoji?

In the *Liberation* obituaries  
I find that F. has died.

She was the prettiest girl at the Sarajevo  
Philosophy Faculty, Class of 1974.  
My roommate in the student dorm  
Drank day and night because of her,  
but she once told me  
“I like you better.”

There was no love between us.  
I caressed her once  
on a shaded bench on Wilson Promenade  
She asked me: “Will you dedicate a poem to me?”  
“If I were talented,” I replied,  
“I’d gladly dedicate a sonnet to your legs  
Because superior proportions require  
perfect form.”

She giggled, delighted.  
I hadn’t seen her for more than thirty years  
I heard that she’ d had several  
Failed marriages. Poor child  
Sprouted up and gone in times of pain and suffering.

Last night I reflected on the rhymed form  
But all I was able to scribble  
were these incoherent sentences  
That rhyme with earth  
That rhyme with grass.

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