

PEDJA KOJOVIC

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I would like to know  
while I'm still here  
if I decided to come back home because  
nothing keeps me here  
or  
because Sarajevo calls to me  
I don't remember making any decisions  
I don't remember that such a possibility  
at all  
I remember the silence  
during winter, when fog would cover Sarajevo  
and it seemed  
that for the gunmen in the hills, the invisible city  
ceased to exist.

The calls for destiny come only then  
when things aren't happening according to plan  
when all our plans are nothing but scribbles in sand.

The most beautiful part of life, the one you don't even  
remember  
when you didn't know where the world stops and you begin

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From NEUTRINOS