

AMIR KNEŽEVIĆ

A BULLET FOR A POET

A neglected jagged Sarajevo Czech tram
on it is written that God is with us
beneath the holes from the bullets

On my shelf, a book, on its cover, a photo
gazes from it Charles Baudelaire*
he sees Vraca and Dedinje
but who cares, he knows it as well
why it is not in the least fair

Casts his look, Charles, over Skenderia
behind it, grown the flowers of evil
roots in the hearts are deep
knows it Charles, and I know too

In the book, on each lithography
a hole at the forefront of the Poet
and within the text, and calligraphy
a hole through the verses, down to the very end

Charles pondered before concluded
a finger on his forehead, rested
and now a hole from the small-caliber bullet
the hole at the forehead of the Poet

Flowers of evil flourish, humans gaily pick them up
the spring, they no longer inhale
but only devour, and rarely wash themselves
Asks me Charles, what hell is that
that they my verses with the bullets cut

**During the aggression against B&H 1992-1995, in wartime home of my mother a sniper's bullet hit Baudelaire's book on the shelf - "The flowers of Evil". On its cover, likewise on the illustrations within the book, that is various portraits of Baudelaire, on every single one the bullet "hit" Poet's forehead, remaining throughout fixed within.*