

SARAJEVO CAFE

Would sir like coffee, a menu?/absurd words in rubble
hole in the wall all other walls missing/but still
three tables five chairs yellow Formica/powdered milk sweet new
shoots ballet up from drying tank tracks/smiling we rewind
How god is his apron so white?

His coffee: brown chalk, musty/good like clear sky
I once killed a man near here/blood leaked like birth
perhaps where the grass grows now/but no no war
has symmetry no not this one past/I try though
but the bread has no taste.

I sip hot soup, nod its goodness/he is relieved
a grey boy picks through the chess pieces of buildings/hunting
Good bricks there/a home to put things others won
yet won't remember/noise a shot snaps air
but distant now and alone, absurd.

I have finished and will pay/but sit smoking
Disappearing a while/the boy now gone too
Back home with bricks for the holes
And missing walls.

Duncan Ley