

HILIĆ AZRA
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While hardly noticeable white mist was lazily withdrawing between trees of the park in Kladuša, colors were mixing on the blueness of the clear sky. Red, yellow and orange and somewhere was sticking out a clear piece of the sky or a white cloud, which resembled me on white smoke of our chimney. Gradually all colors merged in one, long Krajina's night. A mystical, dark night went down and scary darkness covered the sky which was so cheerful until then, and heaviness of the night fell on my terrace and covered everything around me. And my shoulders felt the fatigue under the chilly wind incursion.

And, while those beautiful, tanned girls hurried in wild life of this town, and while the guys filled with scents the whole street, and while almost on every window in our neighborhood we could see a young face which faithfully stayed for hours in front of a mirror while the local mosque thundered from azan, I stayed longer to watch, to charge my eyes with beauty of the town which stood dignifiedly and proudly looked at the distance.

Today I felt like I'm special, as if something was really upset my, usually happy soul, and punished it so on this beautiful day it feels that it is trapped. Sounds of the television that was still on came through the huge glass of the terrace.... "When a man lives alone in a flat, somehow he has to make a fun" – it was my excuse when my neighbors complained because of noise.

The voice of the evening news speaker came to my ears: "Today is July 11th, anniversary of the genocide in Srebrenica". It was a sentence which made me fully awake. In front of my eyes pictures of columns of women and children, shooting, calling of victims started to reel off in front of my eyes. Questions come out without answers. I wonder if anyone still feels like me. I wonder this every July 11th.

It looks like everything is the same to all of us. Did we, really, forget Srebrenica? Did we, really, forgive Srebrenica? Did we forget what they did to my people, and to this ground on which I seat right now, on this tearful ground where I come on the crossroad of the life and again for the umpteenth time I don't know where to go?

Worry and grief eats away my soul, eats my heart, tears off my throat with bitterness. Another tear burnt my white face.

Why the town is so cheerful? Did it really forget or it only tries to forget? Am I the only one who feels like this? How to order to my people not to forget, how to order that something similar never happens?

Thousand questions and my young soul has no answers! Even today, there are ringing of questions in my head and in this sad heart and all are merged in one: O where do you go my people???

And again everything what I wrote, and everything what I didn't write, eats out my soul, eats out my heart, tears off my throat with bitterness, force another tears what burned this white face of a pure Bosniak girl.