

From *A heart-shaped land*

Tessa Lunney

High Noon in Sarajevo

Little beggar boys weave  
amongst the tables of the big central café  
Little boys whose faces  
look like all those shots from the war, pale  
and broken like the side of a building.  
Fashionable Bosnians drink coke and smoke,  
smoke white-tipped cigarettes  
in their fur-lined parkas outside Club Bill Gates.  
High noon in Sarajevo – but it's Wednesday,  
and people are walking and working and don't care  
about the past, that's for tourists. Everyone my age  
or older lived through the siege, which is almost everyone I see –  
except for the little beggar boys,  
handing out cards bigger than their dirty hands,  
under the blare of Balkan pop, under  
the watch of the Cathedral, the Mosque, the hills.