

Donji Žabar

Back when everyone was still alive,
we'd gather in the village, sit under
the vinograd, and drink my aunt's
homemade rose juice until the jugs
were completely empty, our tongues
so thorny. All my cousins would
rush to play with the sun as long
as they could, but on those rosy days,
I couldn't move. I'd lie there, head
in the shade, and listen to my uncle's
raspy voice tell the same war stories
he'd been telling even before the war.
I listened less to hear and more to
remember Ujak Milje's smoky laugh,
Baka Zorka's shaky voice, the dog's
bark. I'd listen and daydream
about roses blooming in my stomach.
Now, just when I think I can't hear them,
I cough up handfuls of red petals.



Milica Mijatović is a Serbian poet and translator. Her poetry appears or is forthcoming in *Rattle*, *The Louisville Review*, *Poet Lore*, and elsewhere. She is Assistant Poetry Editor for *Consequence Forum*. Artist Lisa Sette is a biologist who uses photography for research and expression. She lives on Cape Cod.