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The Wall of Horror

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Goran Simic

THE WALL OF HORROR

I have heard the March leaf of a calendar belonging to a girl from the neighborhood fall. For hours she looked at her big stomach as at a wall behind which moved a being nailed to her womb by drunk soldiers in a camp. On the other side of the river. She looked at the wall of horror behind which a disease began, a terrible disease which lived on in images and silence. Perhaps she saw her maiden dress fluttering on the mast like a flag. Perhaps she felt the steps of the murderer in the sound of the leaf. The one she will recognize when the child starts resembling something she will try to forget all her life. I do not know.

I do not know. I only heard the leaf from the calendar fall.

Translated from the Bosnian
by **Amela Simic** and **Christopher Merrill**