

Publicerad 2008-03-25 11:58 av Xjy

*[Kula is a village in rural Vojvodina, north of Novi Sad, on the road to Hungary]*

### **Dance in Kula**

We spent that wintry day at Marko\'s yard.  
I chopped some wood, the cauldron on the fire  
was full of beans and meat. It wasn\'t hard  
to feel anticipation in the air  
as others came and, lowering their guard,  
cheered up the run-down office. Rakija  
and beer began to warm us and we sang  
old songs. Laughed. Wept for Jugoslavija . .

The food was good - how not! To end the day  
we found ourselves in Kula, just our gang.  
The barmaid plied us well, the music played  
and Lil and me, not touching, did a dance  
that made the film guy shiver just to gaze -  
~~rapt, shaken, shocked by our ecstatic trance.~~

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Xjy med Poeter.se id #17567 innehar upphovsrätten