

**Bojan Radašinović**

**Those Were The Days**

2.

after Sandra has gone  
in casual conversations  
even with strangers  
I was forced to answer questions like  
what are you going to do up there  
why did your girlfriend leave  
why couldn't she find a job here  
would she be able to use her diploma  
is life good up there  
regardless of who I spoke to  
I always repeated the same answers  
when they told me  
that they would go too  
if only there was an opportunity  
that the situation here is awful  
that in a year or two it would be like in Chile here  
I lifted up my glass or my cup  
and started to roll it slowly on the table  
then we went quiet for a while  
waiting for something to happen  
upon meeting them later in the town  
they would pat me on my shoulder commenting  
you're still here  
when are you leaving  
how's your girlfriend

6.

I remember  
how it was nice in Pula  
in Valsaline Bay  
in our room with six beds  
an extraordinary summer  
our first spent together  
we absorbed everything around us  
playing chess  
making friends with the staff  
and one little girl  
the daughter of a waiter and waitress  
she described to us  
what we have seen  
that is Jackson  
even during summer he is wearing a coat  
there are some strange people in Villa Idola  
in our white tee shirts  
we were sitting on the terrace  
watching the baptism  
the girl said  
that she had never seen  
a bicycle at a baptism  
we were visiting monuments habitually  
taking pictures by their side

7.

our journey was stopped  
after thirty minutes  
Slovenian border  
our policemen were on strike  
well, they're working around the clock  
asking stupid questions  
we'll stop again in three hours  
darkness coldness road toilet  
cough cigarettes wind  
on the Italian border  
our driver gave the customs officer  
two Coca-Cola cans  
the next six hours  
we were driving on the highway  
only one short stop at around  
three in the morning Switzerland  
everybody out of the bus  
turistiko  
si turistiko  
customs officers were young and beefy  
soon after Lucerne  
comes Zurich  
said a passenger

9.

you are so soft  
your arms are stretched  
because of the plastic bags  
from the shopping at Migros  
certain things are always  
and everywhere the same  
we were not running from that  
I'll take those bags  
I said to her  
on our way home  
we have serious conversations  
we can spot strangers very easily  
colorful children pass us by  
on metallic scooters  
in this building apartment rents were low  
and there was nobody from our country  
the telephone seldom rings  
you answer  
using your Slavic family name  
with all those č and ć

12.

we will always be strangers here  
they hate them  
look at them  
crowding the streets  
Swiss people do not know  
how to pronounce our names  
they are cold and do not  
care for anybody  
they have those eye-shields  
like horses to look straight ahead  
man, it won't be easy for us here  
then we started dancing  
and singing Sinatra in translation  
*Ausländer in der nacht*  
the room it was dark  
I was kissing her hair  
thinking  
in our case  
it will be different

Translated by Miloš Đurđević