

1976

In a Village in Bosnia...

Erik Beckman

Elliott Anderson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Beckman, Erik and Elliott Anderson. "In a Village in Bosnia...." *The Iowa Review* 7.2 (1976): 57-60. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2046>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

In a village in Bosnia . . .

In a village in Bosnia,
smallest village with a village council,
and telegraph office. A quiet couple
by Asovina Dam, third flood-gate,
he with his hand quiescent
on her belly, she
with her hand on his knee.
Workshop sirens. Old coach
with Bergedorf curtains, team of two,
road red. Factory whistles.
Feeble cannon-mouths, water-cooled.
Pack-horse-transported mountain artillery.
Leather sleighs. Light cartloads.
Turkish sabre smithy, snails,
two violins, ordinary
handicraft from Thurn & Taxis.
Bootheelmaker from Drinska.
Village street paved with stone or red.
Blackening palace. Kärnten cabbage,
and Transylvanian pacholj made from carp
and salamander. Apricots
from Keoskemet grouped
round four urns, all
with marine motif (three love-couples
in half shells floating on the water,
background: landscape, temples, bridges,
blue mountains) on Spanish majolica.
She with her hand on his knee,
factory whistles, he with his hand
quiescent on her belly, fox
running zigzag through the Jura wheat field.
Animated distant discussion.
Stone Palaestra: Sarajevo's tvrtkoits
around a butchered boar, Jean Jaurès
agitating. Bloeder Kláhan, 'Kláhan
Ban Tsarevitch,' new in hand.

Ant-bear, marten, lynx, three shots.
Larch and casuarina woods dark.
Rapid twilight, white signal
from the steam whistle. Radeóns Meeting:
mallet, horse blanket on a table,
on the wall pictures of the Albanian king,
Georges Sorel, Pasteur and Rosa
Luxemburg. At the center of the circle
Bertolt Brecht, quite young,
with poems of forest, of childhood,
and of a horse. Bulgarian salad (cut),
banteng ground beef. She
with her hand on his knee,
rain of sparks when a wheel-hub cracks
and the cart jerks the horse backwards
mrinka dialect, fuss, and two or three
low lanterns. He with his hand
quiescent on her belly, reading
Stanley's Works. Flint-glass windows,
low lamps. Scant 3.50 Dinars per day,
silver loads. Soil improvement propaganda,
recruiting for the Pontine Marshes, penal
servitude, or necessity, or illiterate's contract.
Round about, in darkness, lies Asovina.
Torn clouds, lantern light. Old man with urine bucket
by saltpeter compost. The Duke, Aosta,
negotiating with Krupp for Taffel Mountains,
especially the rich strata of trap.
Letter-weight: Lord & Lowell, London, GB.
Jagner's nickel iron accumulator recently
erected by 14 men from Karstadt AG.
Brass-angles, limed twigs, wobbly soldier.
Dregs of wine in the glass: 'Accepté'
and the parties come to details.
Established phthisis is objection, but
otherwise every grown-up man is employed
in abrasion, chalk or limestone pits.
Squirrels, burunducs, 'Hindenburg'
in overflight to measure load capacity
and gas displacement in mountain air.
Night. Hideaway bed, he with his hand
quiescent on her belly. She
with her hand on his knee. Round about,

in darkness, lie dampness indicators,
 wind relays, acoustic morphemographs,
 movement oscillographs, suspiciousness
 and scrap iron from Europe, eavesdropping,
 spying upon, behind scanty margins, tolerances,
 contracts, promises, threats. Starving dog
 from Baskerville. Far out, black Atlantic,
 cluster of new continents,
 dawn-green oceans, date borderlines.
 Morning. The same hideaway bed, he with his hand
 quiescent on her belly, she, in Bosnia,
 with her hand on his knee. Round about,
 in morning light, lies Yenan. Breakfast,
 Northatlantic herring, Bulgarian yoghurt,
 Canadian chive, fish pie Mariana Trench,
 vanilla Brazil and grape fruit S Rhod Frae,
 'Hindenburg' flying backwards north.
 Choir of factory whistles conducted
 by Cherokee in red Uzbek boots
 waving flags of warning from a roof.
 Railroad blasted and telegraph closed.
 Giant panda false behind paper mulberry tree.
 Fiji carpets, cardboard-packed silk (28 x 4 yards)
 and Gobelin tapestry for unloading: harbor strike.
 Eritrea's Mountain Squad, listed missing,
 marching down from plateau to towns in Kars.
 Saltpeter from Norway runs off the track,
 Chilean saltpeter is thrown overboard.
 South Mega Pass—plaited mountain,
 lava ground—strengthened by simple
 corduroy. Mass-landing of Marienwerder Jugend
 at Nouvelle Kouang Tchéou. Grimsby Rangers
 abandon shoe wax, soap and razors. Joseph Arch
 and Sun Yat-sen against Immelmann's Squadron.
 Central-American super quick, Arabs slow
 northwards, inwards, westwards. And Madame von **Chotsk**
 murdered. Roughs, Transvaal Defenders: R. F. **Montreal**,
 Cirenaica Fasces, Liberta del MTQ and Bathurst
 up for airspace, out for seaways and trans-
 continental ex——plooooooodeing.

On an islet in Pacific Ocean,
 smallest island with vegetation:

a juniper bush and a mallow.
A few thin voles. Australian
ostrich, one. One Vertol helicopter
and a river-boat, punted,
from former French Dahomey.
He with his hand still quiescent
on her belly, she all the while
with her hand on his knee.
Corned Beef from Argentina,
Vodka-Wyborowa. Attaché,
pride of peasants from rice village,
spectacular supernumeraries,
soaked in oil, from a Persian
film. Some mothers. One Bolivian.
Cannabis and lingonberry, rape, ricin.
Round about, in darkness,
Aland's Baltic cliffs.

Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson

SUTARDJI CALZOOM BACHRI / INDONESIA

A Package of Love to an Indonesian Lady in Jakarta from an Indonesian Gentleman in Iowa City USA

some people send a package of flowers for love
some people send a package of blood for love
some people send a package of tears for love
and I send my penis to my love

so let my penis grow longer and longer
so it can reach thirteen thousands miles
between you and me without any help from the postal system
since the United States Mail doesn't carry any packages more than three and
half feet in length