

***Sleeper***  
**By Nevena Kovacevic**

On the brink of imagination, he's walking

fugitive ink that marks the beaten roads

The diameter of the bomb was thirty centimeters

Regret probably begins in the middle of fire

to the sound of applause and wars

A man doesn't have time

to forgive in the name of those betrayed at dawn

covered up to their eyes with shadow

He journeys without a path

The bomb, it explodes