

MUANIS SINANOVIĆ

Coffee

ZEITGEIST

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Translated from Slovene by Lukas Debeljak.

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the sky was uniformly grey all day
long. as before a storm. but there was no storm.
merely a very sparse, stubborn dripping, as if
a wet rag had been hung up there. we woke in cycles,
each time there was a blue screen in the living room
with the writing on it: no signal. we were waiting for something
that comes in decades, something terrifying,
that will completely change our lives.
we knew some will have died by then.
we heard the individual shrieks, commands and actions.
this was a war the sky waged against us.
it was slowly sieging us and preparing its ring.
the wind slammed windows and doors.

in the evening the storm finally came down and we had
breakfast. we told each other goodnight
and headed to our beds, as we had to go to our
jobs early the next morning.

we realised the following day; we had all
dreamed rushing rivers of strong coffee, spreading its aroma
all across the valley.