

Sarajevo

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Written Aug. 6, Hiroshima Day, at Holden Village, Sarajevo

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It was only for bread that I died
Not as a soldier defending our land
Not as a doctor with blood on my hands
But just as a woman whose children were hungry at home
It was only for bread that I died

It was only for god that I died
Not for the god of the Croats or Serbs
Not Christian - not Moslem - not Life's sacred word
But the god of destruction and chaos and vengeance and greed
It was only for god that I died

It was only for love that I died
Love for my children whose eyes are too old
Love for my husband whose supper grows cold
Whose rough hands must now tend these children and soon
hold a gun
It was only for love that I died

It is only through music I live
A gentle adagio floats in the wind
The cellists hands tremble as mortars begin
And the music holds memories of lovers and friends I have known
oh, my home!
It is only through music I live
It was only for bread that I died

Excerpt from a sermon given by Scott Haasarud at Holden Village:
This last year I read the story of Vedran Smailovic who is a cellist in the Sarajevo Symphony. One day a year ago last May at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, 22 people were killed by Serbian mortar fire while standing in line outside a bakery. For the next 22 days Smailovic brought his chair and cello to that deserted street at 4PM and with Serbian shells crashing around him, played Albinoni's "Adagio" to honor each person who had died.