

POEM
by
Mirsad Serdarevic

WHY I DO NOT WANT TO FEEL

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Because I already do
As I did all these years
Feel and feel and feel
And
Peal, and peal and peal

Because I will feel anyway
Feelings are given
Why invite them?

Because when I do I will remember him
My Father, I feel
And no feeling will make him physically touchable
No feeling will bring him back
Feelings will make me want him to be here
So that I can hear his voice
I do not want to want
I do not want him disturbed because of my wants

No

I would rather let memories of him simmer quietly in my consciousness
and
in my dreams

I do not want to feel
And peal
Away, my soul

Odometer of my feelings has many zeros on it
They are no more virgin feelings
No freshness that once was
At the site of a girl, for instance

Projecting onto her all the best
 All that she is not, some things she might become

No, there is no more spark
 Odometers do not lie
 Vehicle that is my soul is a diesel engine now
 No more fast starts, just a subtle vessel to take you from a point

A

to

Point

B

Nothing fancy
 I'd like to tell them that they are
 getting secondhand stuff
 Not my best... far from it... comfort is that it has a record, sort of a history of
 Reliability

So I do not want to feel
 Because I do not want to be disappointed
 Because I do not want to disappoint
 The dead, the living, casual ones or
 The serious ones

I do not want to disappoint myself
 Only I already did

So?

Then, I may as well feel
 Bruised?
 So what?
 Scared?
 Who isn't?!
 Tired?
 Get over it!

Now

I do not want to not want to feel
 For what else would be the bridge between me and others?
 Between me and you
 Between me and the world

I am not alone in my unfortunate experiences
 We might all be mingling around
 Scrap metal yards

But
Even old metal may become something
New

So I continue feeling
Because that is what we humans do