

## SREBRENICA – 8372...

Srebrenica - My incomprehensible grief...

Eight thousand three hundred and seventy-two  
Violently extinguished human lives  
horrible genocide  
executing civilians  
executing kids and old men  
executing men and women  
executing innocent people  
because of their faith  
because of their names  
because of their surnames  
because of something which is not their own choice,  
but which destiny determined for them.

Eight thousand three hundred and seventy-two  
- lapidary inscripts in Potočari  
where white gravestones are standing  
side by side  
mute witnesses of crime  
a reminder to the people  
to the Balkans, to Europe and to the World  
about our civilisation and of mankind.  
Eight thousand three hundred and seventy-two sad stories  
of which we know only some  
and because of which our blood freezes in our veins.  
Sad tear of Srebrenica,  
you have dropped on the soul of the World  
and touched many human hearts.  
After twenty years  
the search is still remains  
for perished innocent victims  
of monstrous genocide  
and for the butchers of my people  
there is no refuge, either in a dream or in reality,  
because there is no oblivion:  
Man, do not forget Srebrenica,  
so evil will never repeat itself  
Not ever and to nobody.  
Man, don't forget Ramo  
who was forced by the villains  
to call his son Nermin to death!  
Ramo and also Nermin were cruelly killed.

But why?  
What did they do wrong?  
Echos of the eery voices resonate through  
Srebrenica

through the Balkans, through Europe and  
through the World  
and they will resonate until  
the Day of Judgment  
as a reminder to all people.

Oh, my World  
where is your conscience and where is your soul?  
Don't you remember  
that justice is implacable.

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**Mirsad Solaković (Author of The Boy Who Said Nothing)**