Dedicated to Dr. Radovan Karadzic, the butcher of Bosnia, sentenced by the Hague War Crimes Tribunal for 40 years in prison for crimes of genocide, war crimes, and crimes against humanity during the Bosnian War of 1992 – 1995

## I SAW YOU

I saw you Standing on the balcony high above Krajina Square Holding an ode to fascism, to a hundred thousand gathered there And still I can't explain Why...

Why would a psychiatrist engage in sociopathic endeavours? Of creating empires and mountains of human bones soaked in blood Of exterminating entire nations and religious groups, for the sake of ethnic purity And you cloaked it all in a mantle of national righteousness

But I remember...

I remember those eyes, those steely cold eyes, which could not even betray a hint of empathy How strange for a psychiatrist?

You were supposed to cure others of mental disease, yet you yourself were most afflicted Psychopathic fascist, without remorse, and without a righteous course Only death and creating a Greater irredentist something, which amounted to nothing...

And now you sit on the Hague chair, in Western Europe, over there Playing an innocent man for the western *ubermench*, who see us as Balkan savages thanks to you Oh, this much is true, that I reject you, and all your fascist ideas, as I did when I was seven And if there is a Heaven, I won't see you there For I would barricade heaven's door and offend St. Peter, just to keep you out For you belong in hell

You don't care...

About a half a million dead, five million refugees, hundred thousand women raped Your supporters try to silence me, so I may not share But I too do not care, and I will speak out against you if it costs me my life Only a Balkan person understands Balkan strife You weren't even there...

> No you were not there when they took their turns Gang raping her as she cried and screamed Her arms tied to the steel bars of the police station bed Their pants around their ankles, jumping on her like animals Tearing her soul and body apart like cannibals Until they extinguished her last dying breath

No you were not there And you don't care She was just another Muslim whore Only 19 years old She took care of me Taught me to swim in the Adriatic And I still see her brown hair and hazel eyes In cold winter nights across the Atlantic

Swimming in her crimson bathing suit, holding me up so I may not sink And I did not sink... But I drowned when your vampires raped her to death And for her soul I pray to God with a clenched, shaky breath

And as for me? Well you see, you failed You sit in that Hague chair, in front of the judges And know that every moment you spend jailed Children are now adults, children you failed to impale With your poisonous hatred The propaganda they forced us to read in school, written by you

Oh, this much is true, I ridicule your ideas, and your passions Your psychopathic dogma, and failed empire building I am now a man, and a man committed to destroying fascists like you Destroying Balkan nationalisms, founded in ethnic cleansing and killing Destroying religious and racial hate, gender inequalities, and economic disparities

Know this much: one day, Balkans will be free Free of vampires like you, who mobilize millions into a blood orgy frenzy I don't forgive you for the nine thousand Bosniak men and boys Broken and murdered like toys, in the span of several days

## And I don't forgive you

The young Serbian men, your supposed brethren, whom you sent to their unwilling death Did you not say "we have designated 150,000 Serbs to die for our historical project…and lie"? You never represented the Serbian people Despite your education, your ideology was stupid and simple Serbs are my friends, for your sins they should not atone The guilt lays with your personal band of fascists, and yours alone

The butcher of all, Serbs, Croats, and Bosnians Divided brothers, engaged in an illogical sibling rivalry Which fills me with rage, for they are in a cage and they don't realize it so That fascist demagogues are only good for the firing squad, or at best to be tried by a tribunal For it is a lie that Balkans are poisoned with "ancient, tribal hatreds" Balkans are only poisoned by you and the likes of you False heroes, scurrying from under the rock like cockroaches in the sun And I will fight you, but without violence, for education is my massive gun Bigger than any AK pointed at my forehead outside my school by a drunken soldier In a way most cruel for a child to experience at such an early age...

Regardless of the decision of the tribunal at the Hague You are a child of Satan, and to him you shall return on Judgement Day And I will continue to trample on fascism long after your demonic presence vanishes from this earth Because from my birth, I have been raised, to see people as only two kinds: the good and the evil

> You are the latter, and for that, no matter, your poison will soon die Like a dragonfly, whose 24 hours in the sun are brief, before its wings burn out Like Icarus flying high, drunk on your hubris Your wings of wax will soon melt And no longer will be felt Upon my soul The hateful gaze of your steely eyes

For this, to the Lord, I pray, Islamic-Christian prayer, united in brotherhood and defiance of Satan: AI - Fatihah:

> Bismillaah ar-Rahman ar-Raheem Al hamdu lillaahi rabbil 'alameen Ar-Rahman ar-Raheem Maaliki yaumid Deen Iyyaaka na'abudu wa iyyaaka nasta'een Ihdinas siraatal mustaqeem Siraatal ladheena an 'amta' alaihim Ghairil maghduubi' alaihim waladaaleen

Christian **Our Father** in Old Church Slavonic (7<sup>th</sup> century A.D.)

Отче на́шъ иже еси на небесехъ, да святи́тся и́мя Твое́, да прїидетъ царствїе Твое́, да будетъ воля Твоя́, яко на небеси и на земли́. Хлебъ на́шъ насущныи да́ждъ на́мъ дне́сь, и оста́ви на́мъ долъгы на́ша, Яко и мы оставля́емъ долъжникомъ на́шимъ. и не въведи на́съ в напа́сть но изба́ви насъ от лука́ваго: Яко твое есть царствїе и сила и слава во веки. Амин

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