

ANITA SOLAK

Baba Biljana –Sharp Mind

Post's arrived. Poštar is by the gate,
up front, hand out waiting.
Here everyone's expecting
something.

Pension comes in the post.
I used to get benefits, couple extra marke, cash in an envelope.
Poštar is supposed to deliver it to me.
Not at my door though, just the letterbox.

Bojana says he's sly.
All the komšije know,
he's a thief and a liar and no one's trusting him with their pare.
She'll say mine's not here yet
then yank kosa from my scalp with a četka.
She's lying too and I want what's mine.

Sometimes I'm sitting all fine,
counting lines
on the walls and the ceiling and threads
crawling out of tepih beneath my feet.
Move back onto the krevet, tuck my jorgan
around me, real tight so they don't get any ideas.

Someone's boy is always hanging around,
lanky, kosa cut near, his scalp visible,

except for the top, all combed and styled,
must be a jar full of gel up there.

He knocks at the vrata, interrupts peace.
Not sure what he wants. Says, *ja sam*.
Asks to come in,
asks if I've eaten,
if I'm cold or hot or if I want the TV on now.

Says I should've opened the blinds,
its light out and he didn't know if I'd woken up.
But he's not knowing what's going on,
coming in here telling me things.

Walks into the room next to mine,
it's got a krevet too, not sure who sleeps there, never seen no one.
This is my kuća and I've already got a krevet,
don't know what that one's doing there.

Boy grabs something from a real high shelf, plastic.
Watch him from the doorway
he doesn't pay me no mind,
rifling through my kuća, my things.
Tells me to sit down.

Gives me voda in a glass, it's heavy.
Puts two tablete, large blue and white ones
and says open wide,
says gutaj,
says down down down.

About the Author

Anita Solak is a multidisciplinary writer. She completed a Bachelor of Arts (Creative Writing) and is currently studying for a Master of Writing and Publishing at RMIT. Her poetry was published in *Marrickville Pause* and *Cordite* and is forthcoming in *Voiceworks*. She is fascinated by prosody, languages, community and place