

Slavic Fields

Zivojin and his work friend, Dusan,
were turning over glutinous, dough
filled vats
and feeding the mouth of a fiery kiln
when they heard the first shots.

With sticky hands they ran,
and powdered aprons still tied
they scaled fence lines
scuffed across laneways
with impetus fear pushing pulse.

The distant shots rang out
as they scurried through fields
of hemp, tobacco
of towering corn
towards the village of Jakovlje.

An army was coming
and life would never be the same
in this quaint, modest country town
my grandfather called home.

Tanya Petrovic, 2003

My grandfather's moment in time at the beginning of World War II.

