

SECRET



Ommy Bože
Pomozte!
Křesťane!
Pomozte!
Křesťane!
Pomozte!

In Sarajevo there's a mountain of meat,
made of dead people unfit to eat.

And with each hour this mountain
grows higher,
as it towers towards the sun,
where its shadow falls on everyone,
not just those whose lives are done.

Handwritten text in a stylized, cursive script, possibly representing a name or a phrase. The text is written in black ink on a light-colored background. The characters are highly stylized and interconnected, with some resembling the word "Boze" in the upper right corner. The overall appearance is that of a signature or a decorative calligraphic element.

For all who cower in this grim shade,
dread descends as daylight fades,
Where children once played their games,
only their sad shadows remain.
Innocence soon learns there is
no defense against its foes,
and our faux concerns.

Sarajevo

hand drawn map





50 100

Scale je

Scale in meters

When prayers fail, there is no heaven
only hell.

Where the savage self prevails,
hope rots in the carcass of the city.

Why should we care with our
polite pity,

when we are here and they are there.

D U 2 11 2 M i e h 2 15

1/22/94

