

**coffee in the old city – by lydia pejovic**

‘the tourists always crowd  
the old city. but you are  
here at a good time of year.  
the cruise ships don’t come  
for another month. you would  
not believe the crowds—’

school is still in session. maybe  
a few more weeks. it is seven  
a.m. and the town is  
barely breathing.

we see the young children,  
maybe six or eight.  
they walk unaware of  
the history that bleeds  
on every stone. they are  
too innocent to notice.  
they do not have to be  
concerned with the past  
yet—

the city walls  
have seen battles and  
affairs and bombings and  
illness and american  
vacationers and game of  
thrones film crews and little  
children going to school—

children laugh and skip through  
the cobblestone. they run over the  
sturdy walls with their already-sticky  
fingers.

i watch. the man at the corner  
store watches. our waiter at the café  
watches. the old city walls watch.  
obliviousness seems like beauty.  
we sun ourselves and drink coffee  
in the old city.