

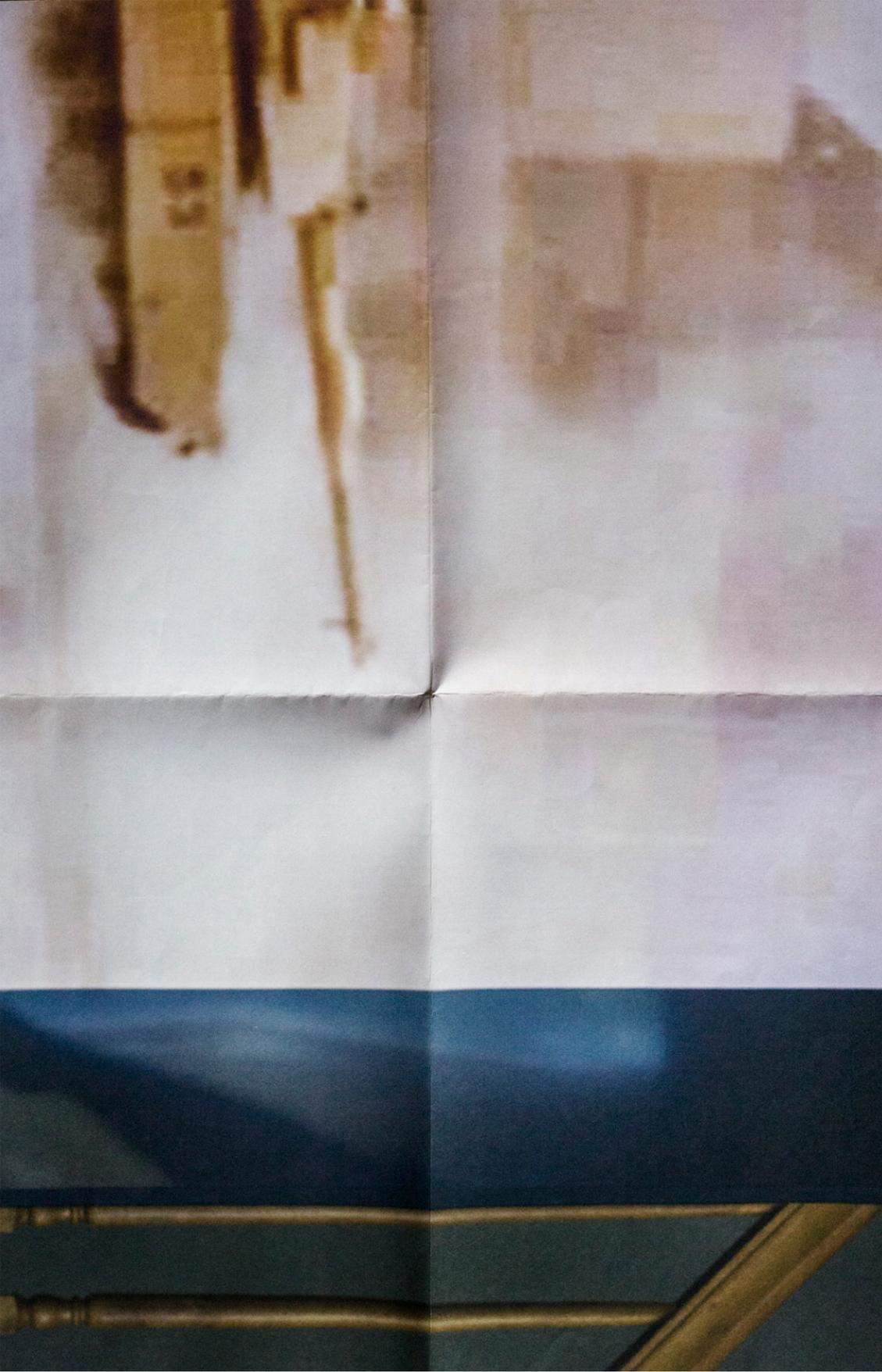
Unfolding

Elsewheres

gone another truck
 I couldn't tell they left
 I can't explain I didn't go
 I remember
 knocking
 freezing touches
 potatoes cabbage
 and again I have
 done it again
 (refrain!)
 composed a chorus
 and all that standing in a circle recalling
 a persistent image:
 the rounding up of a
 (stop) the sentences
 stirring from within the
 between word and word
 as if proximate
 or mine

Abdi
 Amila
 Emir
 Aida
 Abi
 Zlatko

no time past manifest strange ways nightmares bad dreams not talk
 about nobody thrown crazy world figure it out no time think past
 except father
 Senada
 an obsolete meaning in use
 a few centuries ago
 refers to the document as warning
 looking backwards
 contained in the facts
 is an imperative to imagine
 the future in trouble
 moving back and forth



his way here
 a fundamental problem
 the iron to the surface
 has its own function
 when we speak and are
 we are smoothed and
 despite the creases the
 the limits of language
 these are constitutive
 of chaos and blur gain
 gravity and settling into
 I won't take it away won't
 (expect refrain)
 this encounter with
 undo you?

onto "the bleached bond
 Sarajevo fall
 ran patrol camera next day
 lay down crawl home
 I don't remember
 starting life before life after
 three suitcases full
 without these leaps and
 there would never be a
 we would never be able
 (enough!)
 to speak convincingly
 of them and their their
 all omissions are kin of
 they do things invisibly
 listen closely: they are
 it is not only about those
 those bodies lost
 but also how every
 all stories a part of
 between speaker and
 continuous labour

here labour differently
 swallow spectacle
 and keep asking why
 who what when
 and the people come closer as much
 as they slip away
 we all share the building
 blocks of a story that blocks
 devouring at a distance
 come closer and stand still
 each word is a mirror
 in which your own story appears
 so does the stranger
 you will never entirely know

and the world with it
 or the moment of trapping
 a fish back turned away
 arms up all dissolving
 reined in and coming together
 as an everhome
 it is in the folds we must look
 the space created out of nowhere
 on the edge
 between here and there

MURIEL RUKESER

Toronto Sarajevo Toronto
 Chicago Pristina Tuzla
 Istanbul Montreal
 Pula Jozsa City Szeged
 Makarska Atlanta Boston
 Dubrovnik Lincoln
 Viganj Trois-Rivières
 Paris Gorazde Sarajevo
 Banjaluka Belgrade
 Tironik Munich St. Louis

here?

from

ÉDOUARD GLISSANT

Azra
 Milomir
 Emir

sufficient for
 FRANZ KAFKA

ZEENAT NAGREE
 BOMBAY, AUGUST 2021

This poem is Zeenat Nagree's curatorial response to Velibor Božović's project *Unfolding Elsewheres/How did you get here?* (2016-PRESENT) based on interviews with individuals displaced by war in Bosnia and Herzegovina in the 1990s.

Unfolding

Elsewheres

gone another truck
 I couldn't tell they left
 I can't explain I didn't go
 I remember
 knocking
 freezing touches
 potatoes cabbage

Adi
 Amila
 Emir
 Aida
 Adi
 Zlatko

no time past manifest strange ways nightmares bad dreams not talk
 about nobody thrown crazy world figure it out no time think past
 except father Senada

and again I have
 done it again
 (refrain!)
 composed a chorus
 and all that standing in a circle recalling
 a persistent image:
 the rounding up of a
 (stop!) the sentences
 stirring from within the
 between word and word
 as if proximate
 or mine

people

void

an obsolete meaning in use
 a few centuries ago
 refers to the document as warning
 looking backwards
 contained in the facts
 is an imperative to imagine
 the future in trouble
 moving back and forth

between evidence and speculation
 the origin of meaning is unstable
 as all origins are from this threshold
 towards doubt where
 "poetry can extend the document"
 expand its time and space

MURIEL RUKEYSER

this way here
 a fundamental problem
 the iron to the surface
 has its own function
 when we speak and are
 we are smoothed and
 despite the creases the
 the limits of language
 these are constructive
 of chaos and blur gaining
 gravity and settling into
 I won't take it away won't
 (expect refrain)
 this encounter with
 undo you?

emerges—pressing

spoken to
make sense
holes

processes

coherence

another

incongruous trails forming
 a map of elsewheres

Mostar Sarajevo Mostar Zagreb
 St. Louis Sarajevo Zagreb St. Louis
 St. Louis Sarajevo Montreal Jakarta
 Haverford Toronto Sarajevo Orebić
 Tuzla St. Louis Sarajevo Zaoztrog
 Chicago Ulm Gacko Nova Gorica
 Fort Stewart Des Moines Sarajevo
 Québec Montreal Čajniče Sarajevo
 Lamoní New York Miami Beach
 St. Louis Prijedor Sarajevo Kozarac
 Dubrovnik Hildesheim St. Louis

Toronto Sarajevo Toronto
 Chicago Priština Tuzla
 Istanbul Montreal
 Pula Iowa City Srebrenica
 Makarska Atlanta Boston
 Dubrovnik Lincolnnton
 Viganj Trois-Rivières
 Paris Goražde Sarajevo
 Banjaluka Belgrade
 Travnik Munich St. Louis

onto "the bleached bones of a story":

ARUNDHATI ROY

Sarajevo fall
 ran patrol camera next day
 lay down crawl home
 I don't remember
 starting life before life after
 three suitcases full

moment left

Eva
 Džemal
 Amir
 Dženana
 Eva
 Adi

of places to return to
 when asked
 where are you from? how did you get here?
 the answer lies
 in other arrivals
 from elsewheres
 veiled from view
 like the settling settler
 already settled in place

without these leaps and
 there would never be a
 we would never be able
 (enough!)
 to speak convincingly
 of them and theirs there
 all omissions are kin of
 they do things invisibly
 listen closely: they are
 it is not only about those
 those bodies lost
 but also how every
 all stories a pact of
 between speaker and
 continuous labour

losses
story
to gather

ghosts

everywhere
twenty-nine years

memory is a resurrection
construction
listener involving

I know
 where the growing exhaustion comes from
 around questions and their intention
 and the answers not offered
 there should be in this charter
 "a right to opacity"
 but also a commitment to attending
 to warnings
 and extended documents

ÉDOUARD GLISSANT

I remember phone call
 I didn't sleep
 I remember grandma crying

Azra
Milomir
Emir

here labour differently
 swallow spectacle
 and keep asking why
 who what when
 and the people come closer as much
 as they slip away
 we all share the building
 blocks of a story that blocks
 devouring at a distance
 come closer and stand still
 each word is a mirror
 in which your own story appears
 so does the stranger
 you will never entirely know

what if
 "the understanding of any detail was
 the understanding of all things"?
 that it might be just the pearls
 of a necklace long lost
 and the world with it
 or the moment of trapping
 a fish back turned away
 arms up all dissolving
 reined in and coming together
 as an everyhome
 it is in the folds we must look
 the space created out of nowhere
 on the edge
 between here and there

sufficient for
FRANZ KAFKA

ZEENAT NAGREE
BOMBAY, AUGUST 2021

VELIBOR BOŽOVIĆ

Unfolding Elsewheres

How did you get here? (2016–PRESENT)

The central inquiry of Velibor Božović's exhibition starts with a straightforward question addressed to individuals displaced by war in Bosnia and Herzegovina in the 1990s: *How did you get here?*

The 'here' is everywhere, scattered in different cities far from the homeland, fragments of which Božović presents through layered testimonies and photographs.

Božović's project resists voyeurism, using opacity as a shield against a consumerist gaze. Introducing omissions in text and fragmentation in image, the artist polishes each story to the bone. Eliminating certain syntactic elements from every sentence, Božović causes a breakdown of language such that the stories are never fully given away, allowing the viewer to move in and out of points of familiarity and strangeness.

In its entirety, Božović's project asks urgent and necessary questions for our present: How do we listen? How do we look without looking away?

ZEENAT NAGREE
Curator

11 September — 17 October 2021
Galerie d'art Desjardins, Drummondville, QC