

**Words can have sharp edges.  
Prickly, fiery, waspish words can lacerate, pierce and sting.**

This week's poem, exploring the aftermath of a breakup, pokes the eye of the unsuspecting reader, as poet Vasko Popa reminds us of the altogether *ouch-i-ness* of language.

## **Give Me Back My Rags**

*Translated from Serbian*

Just come to my mind  
My thoughts will scratch out your face

Just come into my sight  
My eyes will start snarling at you

Just open your mouth  
My silence will smash your jaws

Just remind me of you  
My remembering will paw up the ground under your feet

That's what it's come to between us.

**Vasko Popa**