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## No More Sunlight, No More Moonlight: *Small Crimes*

Andrea Jurjević. *Small Crimes*. Tallahassee, Florida: Anhinga Press, 2017. \$20, paper.

Andrea Jurjević's collection, *Small Crimes*, follows a young Croatian woman from a homeland entrenched in war to a safer America. Flash forward from the Balkans of the 1990s to present day Aleppo and we find our fellow humans once again in peril. When I read Jurjević's collection, I wonder about the future prize winning collections that we may see from the survivors of the current day's genocides. Jurjević's collection won the 2015 Philip Levine Prize and will be available from Anhinga Press in February 2017. *Small Crimes* has every element of the beautiful duende that Federico García Lorca first described nearly a century ago. In Jurjević's poem, "Cinéma Vérité: A Love Story" the drama appears to include an antagonist Jurjević refers to as the "rogue," who pawns her mother's gold for joints. The poem could be self-reflective. Meanwhile the repeating appearance of black and blue clothing seems to connect the images of the war in the Balkans at that time with black and blue being two of the primary colors of the war.

I think I'll eventually forget you, cross your number, throw keys  
in the meadow by the roads you walked, dressed in black  
and blue. I'll not think of two bumpkins who hitched to the  
cities, left their coastline to erode. I'm sure I'll forget you, all  
about you—

every drunken detail, like when you blew up, sold my records to  
scrape by. Also, the roads you walked off, dressed in black  
and blue.

Like immigrant scum stood in welfare queues, pawned my  
mom's gold for daily joints. You rogue, I'm sure I'll forget

you, all about you— [“Cinéma Vérité: A Love Story” first four stanzas]

“Cinéma Vérité: A Love Story.” opens the section titled WHILE THE BACKWOODS BURNED and comes prior to her section with an American setting. “Cinéma Vérité” [truthful cinema] is a media form that entered the mainstream via France, so perhaps the poem takes place in transit from the Balkans to America during some limbo in France. This collection is very serious, and the word choice is accessible even though *Small Crimes* includes a Croatian-English glossary near the back. The metaphors are advanced, and are full of hard shell vehicles on the outside with extensive and layered tenors within the surface of each poem. The collection has some light and a lot of dark. At the same time, in Jurjević’s prose poem, “When At Moonlight You Knock On My Door,” we are met with a man holding a Kalashnikov who says in Serbo-Croat-Bosnian there is no more sunlight, no more moonlight as he takes the speaker deeper into a cave on the night bombs lit up the sky like massive white chrysanthemums:

“... Nema više sunca, there is no more sunlight, nema više meseca, no more moonlight.” The phrase “no more sunlight, no more moonlight” is a lyric from the Goran Bregović song “Mesečina” which translates as “Moonlight.” Even at this tense and violent time of war, empathy shines through as this lyric finds a new path in Andrea Jurjević’s poem, “When At Moonlight You Knock On My Door.” *Small Crimes* is a wonderfully rich collection, and I can certainly understand why the Philip Levine Prize committee and the 2015 judge C.G. Hanzlicek selected it. The collection is beautifully dark a lot of the time though it is fresh, complex, intellectually stimulating, accessible, intelligent, features real, historical subjects. Just as I trust Philip Levine’s poetry completely, I trust Andrea Jurjević without question. She lacks pretense, and I so admire her voice, her image making ability, her precision, her grit, and her strength within these poems. There are no filler attempts here, all works in this collection are indeed global poems of genuine humanness full of desire, destruction, resilience, loyalty, betrayal, loss, vitality, and maturity. Andrea Jurjević’s collection, *Small Crimes*, is full of honest poems of experience.