

Poems for the Little
Town on Top of the
Hill

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On Christmas morning 1979.

Vineyards on the site of Cer forest

zealously destroyed in peace.

That part of the world about ten
kilometers away from the center of
Belgrade.

Wonderful Cerak!

The first modern residential complex;
Collectors installed to heat the water
on the roof.

Hot in summer,
cold in winter.
Leakage.

The vineyards on the site of entire
forest replaced by a complex of 67
buildings;

Good news.

Over nine and a half years,
from a suburban area into a small hill
town of its own;

He watched as three-story and six-story
buildings lined up.

You hear your neighbors coughing;
They'll know what I'm talking
about.

In it we celebrated New Years,
birthdays;
worked on weekends.

Restore and create new memories.

I'm looking to get out of here

The first inhabitants of the *new town*
on the hill
arrived in 1981;

From children to the elderly.

Top floor, sloping roof.

October Architecture Award 1981

preserved under glass bells;
Asphalt is a completely different
topic.

cultural landmark.

Paths around the building cracked,

slabs broken,

shifted,

protruded.

included in the permanent
collection of the famous MOMA;

windows falling apart.

functionalism.

Cracked facade brick;
You have to be careful where you
walk.

The basis for its preservation;

But there is still no answer...

I guess he's ashamed as well;
Construction of wild parking lots,
sidewalks are dangerous.

But there is still no answer...

Valuable works violently destroyed;
buildings full of upgrades;
sidewalks are dangerous.

You have to be careful where you
walk.

Cracked facade brick;

Leakage.

Remember how this little town on
top of the hill sprouted.

Why the visual reminder?

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