

FERID MUHIĆ

RIJEČI BOŽJEG JEZIKA

Čitajući knjigu
Melike Salihbeg Bosnawi

PTICA O VRATU / BIRD ON NECK

Evo knjige pisane riječima Božjeg jezika! Svi ljudski jezici su samo prijevod sa Božjeg. A Božji jezik je onaj primordijalni, zajednički svim ljudima, onaj koji im je dao Bog: jezik uma, duhovnog vida, intelektualne evidencije. On je osnova i podloga u koju učitavamo riječi ljudskih govora i vraćamo ih u prvobitni izraz - u neposredno poimanje i intuitivno razumijevanje. Ova knjiga je zapis onoliko blizak tom izvornom jezičkom kodu, toj proto-lingvističkoj matrici, koliko je to moguće i koliko je to ljudima dato; nastala kao prosvjetljenje i neposredni blijesak evidencije u duhu pjesnikinje, ona je pretočena suptilnim prijevodom, tek ovlaš odjenuta u ruho riječi kroz koje prosijava sva ljepota tog prvog svjetla ljudske govorne artikulacije.

Knjigu otvaraju riječi koje svoju snagu dobijaju iz same Božje poruke, a ne iz gramatičkih osobenosti ili leksičkih specifičnosti i semantičkog obilja ovog ili onog ljudskog jezika - prijevoda.

*U ime Allâha, Svemilostivog, Milostivog
I svakom smo čovjeku okačili pticu o vrat, pa ćemo mu
na Dan uskrsnuća širom otvoriti njegovu knjigu. Čitaj
danas svoju knjigu . . . "*

Qur'ân Časni, 17:13 - 14

Na koji god jezik bile prevedene, ove riječi čuvaju neditnutom svu jasnost izraza i punu evidentnost, nedvosmislenost značenja. Pjesnikinja Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi nosi svoju pticu o vratu; ova knjiga je njena ptica, a stihovi su pjev te ptice. Tanka koprena riječi samo naglašava autentični zov kojim se ptica o vratu Melike Salihbeg Bosnawi oglašava iz htonskih bezdana svijesti u svom letu do modrih visina spoznaje, od slutnje do samosvijesti koja sebe reflektira kroz spoznaju sopstvenog identiteta. I tako, već od prvih riječi ove knjige, smjesta uranjamo u intenzivno svjetlo čistih značenja. Trepereći kroz to svjetlo, duhovna inspiracija i pjesnički izraz postepeno otkrivaju topografiju ovog spjeva. Na naše oči, njegova ekskluzivno filozofska intencija ocrta se kroz dvije fundamentalne teme svake filozofije: tema svijeta, kao ontologija; tema svijesti, dakle istine, kao gnoseologija!

Sa svoje strane, čitajući sa nama *danas svoju knjigu*, Melika još na samom početku i eksplicite najavljuje njen imanentno filozofski karakter, kroz posvetu koja glasi:

Mom ocu, Haki-begu Salihbegoviću
- *Istinoljubivom!*

Kažemo *spjeva*, a ne *zbirke pjesama* jer ovdje je uistinu riječ o filozofskom spjevu. Dugo vremena prije Sokrata sva je filozofija bila pisana kao spjev; ali i dugo vremena poslije Sokrata filozofija je bila često pisana kao integralno pjesničko djelo. O svijetu se malo šta može reći tako autentično kao kroz pjesmu ili kroz plač, kroz himnu ili kroz jadicovku, kroz ono što se opjeva ili što se oplače. Cjelovitost, integralnost ove pjesničke knjige toliko je snažno naglašena kroz unutarnju filozofsku konsistentnost ne samo pojedinih ciklusa, nego i svake pjesme i čak svakog stiha, da se knjiga ne može doživjeti drugačije nego kao tematsko, pojmovno i estetsko jedinstvo.

Jedinstvo, valja imati na umu, nije isto što i jednost! Jednost je ono što je monolitno, što je iz jednog bloka kamena ili mermera (*mono-lithos*). Jedinstvo je sljubljenost, s-jed(inje)-nost, dakle spoj, amalgam, oposi najmanje dvije ili više različitih stvari, pojavâ, idejâ. Filozofski spjev *Ptica o vratu*, pretstavlja jedinstvo u više svojih slojeva, kao što oličava jedinstvo u svim svojim slojevima. Najprije, ona je jedinstvo poetske proze (u dijelu naslovljenom KAZE, kao kazivanjâ, iskazi, propozicije), i poezije (sa lirski intoniranim naslovom-opomenom PROBUDI SE, SVIĆE). Jedinstvo je princip naglašen i hronološki, integriranjem poetske proze pisane kroz periode 1974-1975-2014, odnosno pozije koja je nastajala u periodu 1982-2014 godine. Efekat trans-temporalnosti ovakvog postupka usklađen je sa potrebom da se ispuni uslov perenijalnosti (vječnosti i izvanvremenosti), koji i one najstarije filozofske teme čini jednako aktualnim danas, kao što će ih činiti aktualnim do kraja svijeta i svijesti.

Tematsko jedinstvo afirmiše se u činjenici da ova knjiga, svakom rečenicom i kroz sve svoje stihove, jednakom snagom navlači zavjesu tame na sjaj ovoga svijeta i svojim svjetlom obasjava najmračnije skrivene kutove ljudske duše. Filozofska dijalektika, kao jedinstvo suprotnosti - koje je koliko konstanta, toliko i dominanta cijele ove poetsko-filozofske knjige - održavano u stalnoj tenziji (*concordia oppositorum*) snagom pojmovne konsistentnosti, potcrtano je binomskim pristupom. Tako se ovo djelo kristalizira i kao poetska zbirka i kao filozofska studija, autentično binomski strukturirana u obadvije žanrovske inkarnacije, dok se Melika Salihbeg legitimira i kao filozof i kao pjesnik prvog ranga! U prvom dijelu, koji čini poetska proza (KAZE, kao "kazivanja", "narativi"), ova ontološka i dinamička polarizacija opstoji kroz konkretno stanje sljubljenosti dvije suprotnosti sjedinjene u osobenoj naravi konkretne ljudske egzistencije. Tê toliko dramatične i kobne, koliko i spasonosne tenzičnosti, koja je uvedena u priču diskretno - ali s kakvom frapantnom snagom! - slijedećim stihovima, odnosno pasusom - filozofskim traktatom:

Idem. Ulicom. Asfaltom. Idem. Zaustavim se. Nacrtam, kredom, krug na cesti. Stanem na taj znak. Na čvrsto, označeno, svoje odredište. Stojim. I tek sad mogu: da uvlačim svijet u svoju mrežnjaču, mirišem ga, uvlačim u sluh, u dah, opipavam ga; kako se privlači i odbija od mene, kao i ove riječi, sa prizvukom. Sa prizvukom.

PostSkriptum: Ovo je bilo pred-kazivanje. Nešto kao zalog. Za pamćenje. Za događanje onostrag pamćenja.

Prva opozicija: kretanje vs. zaustavljenost. Druga opozicija: reagiranje, kao trpljenje djelovanja, kao pasivitet i inferiornost vs. agiranje, kao djelovanje kroz čin, aktivitet, integritet. Treća opozicija: objektivni duh vs. subjektivni duh; duh koji saznaje drugo od sebe vs. duh koji saznaje sebe. Četvrta opozicija: pred-kazivanje vs. kazivanja, kao primordijalno, ono prije svake povijesti, dato tek kao ovdje-nazočno vs. onoga koje sebe projektira u sopstvenu budućnost, ono koje postaje povijesno, rješenošću da sačuva sjećanje na *prvi akt*, kao početak sopstvenog identiteta, u kontekstu koji ovome potpuno slobodnom i neuslovljenom aktu daje J.G. Fichte!

Priča počinje Prologom naslovljenim GNJILIŠTE, ILI RAJ KOJI TRAJE. I opet, evo filozofske i (prividno) pojmovne protivriječnosti: gnjilište kao takvo, dakle kao nešto što je po definiciji izloženo raspadanju, truhljenju, najprije je, po svome značenju, potpuno suprotno pojmu raja; jer Raj, kao *bašće edenske*, evocira suštu suprotnost gnjilištu; u raj u ne vehne cvijeće i ne žuti lišće, u raj u djevojke ostaju vječno mlade i nikada ne postaju starice, i svo vrijeme vječnosti momke ne pretvara u oronule starce. Ali, u svijetu u kom mi nalazimo svoj jedini raj za koji pouzdano znamo, caruje neumitna istina prema kojoj sve što prestaje da raste postaje gnjilo, počinje da truhli. Tema je to koju je Cioran pretvorio u filozofski sistem, kada je svoju knjigu koju bi tradicionalno filozofija formulisala kao *Ogled o životu*, naslovio kao *Ogled o raspadanju*; dakle, kao *Ogled o gnjilosti*, *Ogled o truhljenju*! Jer živjeti znači, nedvosmisleno i neumitno – raspadati se, truhnuti!

Druga dijalektička suprotnost alarmantno uznemirujuće formulacije iz Prologa, otkriva se kroz kontradiktornost odrednice 'gnjilište' i svojstva da je to (raj) 'koji traje'. Ono što truhli, što gnji (ili gnjije), moralo bi, kada jednom izgijije, prestati da postoji kao gnjilište. Ali, gnjilište svijeta u kom jesmo, posjeduje snagu inferalne regeneracije (jer i muke u paklu nikada ne prestaju, niti se potroše drva kojima se potpiruje vatra pod kazanima kipućeg katrana!), moć da neprestano obnavlja sebe, iako uvijek samo kao gnjilište, dakle, kao permanentnu auto-dekadenciju koja nikada ne doseže dno niti zamire, kao propadanje bez kraja koje nikada ne završava, jer sve što se u ovom svijetu javi, što se rodi ili što nikne, smjesta počinje da truhli, jer mu je truhljenje usud, nije kadro sačekati čak ni onaj stadij u kom će prestati da raste!

I zatim, brilijantna, sigurna, suverena Melikina dijalektika sjaja i tmine, bitka i ne-bitka, istine i laži, koja produžava kroz lociranje Kaze o Vremenu i Kaze o Prostoru! Tako se hegelovski konotirani koncepti *Duh po sebi* i *Duh za sebe*, iz suhoparnih i apstraktnih odrednica njegove filozofije, kao pojmovi kojima Melika suvereno vlada, pretapaju u čaroliju povijesti individualne samosvijesti, kao univerzalna geneza personalnog identiteta svakog pojedinca. Filozofska rasprava o pojmovima postaje drama ljudske samospoznaje, univerzalni *mathezeis*, kao algoritam i formula samoosvješćivanja ljudskog bića zatečenog u sred bitka; i odvija se, svakom novom rečenicom, svakim stihom, sa neuporedivo većom snagom neposrednog doživljaja od onog koji nudi Heideggerova *Kaza o bačenosti u Bitak*, izložena teškim jezikom čije čitanje podsjeća na gutanje uzlova.

Oslušnimo, riječ po riječ, to što nam Melika Salihbeg Bosnewi priča o čudu samosvijesti, o otkrivanju sebe, svoje ruke, sopstvenog tijela i o užasu ambisa sumnje u realitet sopstvenog svjesnog bića:

Pitam, ruku, može li nešto ona, takva, cijelo sačiniti.

. . . Oćutim. Korak. U potiljku . . .

Bude. Kao da me nije . . .

. . . Sporim se, tako, tijesna, između sebe i tijela.

. . . Lupam, bez stanke, na moja, obnevidjela, vrata.

Pratim. Ulicom. Nećije tragove. Stopa u stopu.

Prozovem svoje ime. Ne odgovaram. Izvršim zamjenu.

Natjeram, tragove, da idu. Stopa u stopu. Po mojim

hodnjama. Zovnem se. I odazovem se.

. . . Gledam, odmiče, iz napuklog kruga, smjerno, prvo
moja tuga.

To je onaj istinski problem sa kojim se suočio Descartes! Ne ono što gotovo svi još uvijek - toliko pogrešno, i toliko uporno! - formulišu kao pitanje: "Postojim li?" Jer njegov odgovor jasno otkriva da Descartes ne zanima *fizičko postojanje*, nego *duhovni identitet*. U sopstveno fizičko postojanje Veliki filozof nije ni malo sumnjao, o čemu svjedoči upravo isti taj notorno poznati odgovor koji glasi: "Cogito - sum!". Jer za autora *Metafizičkih meditacija* (*Meditationes de prima philosophia*) nije bilo, nikakve sumnje da materijalni objekti postoje kao sadržaji na koje se odnosi *Res extensa*. Problem koji je njega fascinirao bio je daleko suptilniji i odnosio se na pitanje kako se dvije supstancije (*Res extensa* i *Res cogitans*), koje se uzajamno isključuju (predmetnost ne *misli*, misao se ne

opredmećuje) u ljudskom biću sjedinjuju, pa čovjek jeste i predmet koji misli i opredmećena misao!?

Da je htio reći 'postojim', Carthesius bi rekao 'existere' a ne 'sum', utoliko prije što je latinski govorio već od svoje devete godine. Ali on je rekao upravo 'sum', što znači 'jesam', dakle: 'ja jesam'. Sam taj iskaz nije ontološki intendiran kao iskaz o realitetu svijeta, nego je akt samospoznaje u kom 'ja' prepoznaje sebe kao 'ja'. Postojanje, kao ontološka dijagnoza, nije presudno za samosvijest, jer i sve ono što ne misli - postoji. Descartes se pita upravo o onome o čemu se pita i Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi: "Jesam li!?" I mrtvo tijelo čovjekovo - postoji. Ali tu čovjeka više - nema! Jesmo li, uopće, živi!? Sanjamo li da smo živi? Ako je ovaj život san, možda je smrt - buđenje!? Može li se znati?! Možda iza cijele ove priče o svijetu stoji *Zli Duh*, koji se igra s ljudima!?

Fascinira i upravo zadivljuje neposrednost uvida i direktnost književne transpozicije ovog ključnog upita ne samo kartezijanske, nego svake filozofije koja se pita o čovjeku, koje je Melika snagom svog talenta i nadahnutosti epitomizirala u svojim litotički moćnim Kazama. Posebno pak u svijetu u kom nas sve; naša čula, naš um, naša java i naši sni, pa i čak vrijeme, *vara mudrim darovima*:

Ugledam. Na trgovištu. Rasprodaja. Prvoga dana odnesem satilo. I dobijem, za uzvrat, puno darova. Drugoga dana, odnesem, jedan raspukao damar. I dobijem puno papira. Trećega dana odnesem: svoju misao. Pa ne dobijem ništa.

Danas, rasprodata, ulicama hodam. I uzalud se skupljam po staretinarnicama.

P.S. Prerušeno, vara nas vrijeme mudrim darovima.

Bilo bi netačno reći da intonacija, jezgrovitost kazivanja, i još više, dubina znanja koje se otkriva u svakoj sekvenci ovih *kaza-narativa*, podseća na Heraklitove "Fragmente": stepen srodnosti daleko je iznad praga *podljećanja*! Mnoge od blistavih formulacija ovog poetsko-filozofskog djela Melike Salihbeg Bosnawi, doimaju se kao autentični ulomci iz opusa ovog *Tamnog Efežanina*.

"Neizmjernom, samo je šutnja samjerljiva."

(Svaki govor je samo isječak iz bezmjernog beskrajna šurnje! Prim. F.M.)

"Sa gnjilištem, ni jedna se ustrajnost ne može natjecati."

"Od istoga, ni jednoj razlici ne možemo uteći."

"Pojedinačnu, ne tješi kozmička sudbina."

I zatim, antologijski stihovi, kojima je Melika ovjekovječila misao o jedinstvu (sljubljenosti!) života i smrti (o kojoj Sokrat, preko Platona kaže da "*smrt prelazi u život, a život da prelazi u smrt*"), kao da urezuje neizbrisivu sliku u vitraže na nebeskom prozoru hrama ovog svijeta:

Smrt, ispirać zlata

u situ Vremena

(Oda životu)

Ispirać zlata, u situ Vremena! Ne Smrt kao gola lobanja iskeženih zuba i hrpa kostiju prekrivenih crnom mantijom, sa kosom oštrog sječiva! Nego Smrt kao zdrav i snažan momak, rumenog lica, koji zahvata bodro u svoje sito pregrštima iz mutne vode života i nezajažljivom pohlepom bira ona najsjanija zrna zlata, pa ih nasmijan odvaja zauvijek od rijeke u kojoj su nastali i u koju se više neće vratiti! I odmah poslije toga, opet dijalektička opozicija, puna mudrosti i vjere, istine i nagađanja, uvida i slutnje:

. . . jer smrti zapravo i nema

(kakvom je čovjek mnije)

to se samo duša, oslobođena

vraća u svjetlosne nevidije

Nema ni života

(kakvim ga čovjek smatra)

to samo Tvoračka volja teče

kroz (moje) žile

Nema ni moći (moje)

to samo od ponoći

ptice snuju

kako lete

lete!

(2004) Ptica o vratu

(Pjesma izabrana za naslov knjige).

Po svom lirskom talentu, Melika vjerovatno može naći ravnopravnog konkurenta samo u sebi samoj kao pjesniku-filozofu. Neke njene pjesme iz dosadašnjeg opusa bez dvoumljenja smatram za sam vrh svjetske lirske poezije. U ovoj knjizi, taj lirski ton unosi napetost i neizrecivu melanholiju kakvu možemo prepoznati samo još u muzici - kod Vivaldija, ili kod Schopena, i dakako, kod Mozarta. U ovom kontekstu, ciklus ETIDE (Sarajevo, veljače 1982), iako po duhu sasvim heraklitovske, istkane su u svilenom predivu haiku poezije, ali su ornamenti jedinstveni: bez premca i paralele!

Etida XI:

Kušaj, okus vatre ima ovo Bíće
a Bíće Vječnosti
slatku studen voda

Etida XII:

Vječnost u prolaznom konaku
Usnula ptica
Tajanstva

Misaona dubina i ekspresivni virtuozičnost nadmeću se u svakom stihu i u svakoj rečenici ove knjige, pa je uistinu, meni neukom, teško odgovoriti:

Reci, neuki, ko je viši:
pjevač, ili opjevani?

(z a r r 2.)

Ostaje mi samo da se sjetim Sokratovog odgovora na pitanje šta misli o Heraklitovoj filozofiji, i da kažem: Pjevač je dubok, a i ono o čemu pjevač pjeva duboko jest. No i za jedno i za drugo mora čovjek biti ronilac iz Delosa, da bi se zaronilo do dna!

Dok curimo iz svog bića, kao voda iz posude, užasnuti a ipak smireni uviđamo da

Ko god kaže da smo ništa

ne zaniječe doli Tvorca!

Ciklus ORFEADE (Sarajevo - Sana, 2007-2014), varira temu Orfeja i Euridike, koja je nimalo slučajno izabrana: naime riječ je o jednoj od najkontroverznijih, sebi suprotstavljenih dramskih situacija u povijesti književnosti. I ovdje filozofska suptilnost Melike Salihbeg Bosnawi ide ruku pod ruku sa nepatvorenim lirskim talentom i književnom imaginacijom. Kroz to sudejstvo, posebnom snagom se glasi (poput Helderlinovog Orfeja koji se ". . . kroz Had glaso lirom") paradoks poricanja svega što je mit o Orfeju i Euridici tradicionalno afirmirao, i afirmacije onoga što je isti mit poricao!

ORFIČKI POUČAK 1.

Nije se pukom nestrpljenju zahvaljujuć
osvrnuo Orfej
na izlasku iz Hada

To je njegovo Nesvjesno učinilo
sasma hotimice
e da bi se začeo
Orfički
Kult
(2004)

ORFIČKI POUČAK 2.

Nije nipošto pukom slučaju zahvaljujuć
izgubio Orfej Euridiku
na njihovu povratku
u svijet živih

To je njegovo vlastito Nesvjesno
osvrnuvši se
radije no plitki gaz sreće
odabralo, duboku
tugu.

ORFIČKI POUČAK 6.

Nije Orfeju u odveć dugoj žalosti za Euridikom
postalo tako tijesno
u svijetu
živih

Već njegovoj liri
postade tjeskobno
u vremenu
gluhom

I jednaka artistska ekspresivnost kombinirana sa filozofskom konsekventnošću transponira ciklus EURIDIJADE u potpuno novu, originalnu pjesničku i misaonu cjelinu:

EURIDIČKI POUČAK 1.

Nije zbog nedostatka ljubavi za Orfeja
Euridika radije ostala u
podzemnom svijetu
mrtvih

Nego da bi, obuzeta bolom
njegova lira zasvirala
još mnogo
umilnije

ČUJ SE KAKO MISLIŠ glasi savjet i opomena jednog od ciklusa. Upućena očigledno koliko sebi toliko i svakom čovjeku, ova formulacija, prema kojoj se može oslušnuti i sama misao, ukazuje na svu dubinu pjesničke koncentracije kojom je ova knjiga pisana. Ova formulacija stoji u tako prisnoj vezi, gotovo srodstvu, sa jednom opaskom Friedricha Nietzsche-a, da se neminovno mora povjerovati u teoriju o kreativnom sinhronicitetu. Naime, prema sopstvenom priznanju, Nietzsche nije mogao pisati u sobi u kojoj je bilo knjiga. Smetao mu je *šum tuđih misli* od kojih nije mogao čuti svoje misli! Ova knjiga, od početka do kraja, potvrđuje da, srećom po književnost i na radost ljubitelja poezije, Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi uistinu čuje svoje misli!

Sačuvan je podatak da je Rabindranat Tagore na smrtnoj postelji plakao. Kada su ga prijatelji upitali za razlog suza, slavni pjesnik je objasnio:

- *Zato što nisam napisao pjesme koje sam oduvijek želio napisati!*
- *Ali Swami, napisali ste preko 60.000 stihova! Svakako su tu i one pjesme koje ste oduvijek želili napisati!?*
- *Upravo zato sam i napisao toliko stihova, što nikako nisam uspijevao napisati pjesme koje sam sanjao napisati! Ali, i poslije 60.000 stihova, osjećam da te pjesme još nisam napisao. Upravo zato i plačem!*

Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi vjerovatno nije napisala 60.000 stihova. Poslije ove knjiga nema potrebe ni da ih napiše. Jer knjiga *Ptica o vratu / Bird on Neck* jeste zbirka pjesama kakvu sanja napisati svaki pjesnik! Inspirisano istinom da svaka povijest počinje jasnim činom nepristajanja na zapovijest, koju je Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi promovisala u sopstveni kreativni i životni motto, ovo djelo je suvereno stupilo u anale svjetske književne povijesti.

Skoplje, 02. 01. 2015.

The book is open up with the words obtaining their strength from God's message and not from grammatical peculiarities or lexical specifics and semantic abundance of this or that human language - translation.

In the name of Alllâh, The All-Merciful, The Merciful

And we have fastened a bird arround every man's neck, and we will bring forth to him on the Ressurrection Day a book wide open. Read today your book . . ."

The Holy Qur'ân, 17:13 - 14

To whichever language be they translated, these words keep intact all the clarity of the expression, and full evidence and unambiguity of the meaning. Poetess Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi carries her bird on her neck; this book is her bird, and the verses are the singing of that bird. A thin veil of the words only emphasizes an authentic call with which that bird on the neck of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi voices itself from the chthonic abysses of the consciousness in its flight to the blue heights of cognition, from premonitions to self-awareness, which reflects itself through the realization of its own identity. And so, already from the first words of this book, we are immediately immersed into intense light of pure meaning. Flashing through that light, the spiritual inspiration and poetic expression gradually reveal the topography of this epic. Before our eyes, its exclusively philosophical intention is portrayed in two fundamental themes of every philosophy: the theme of the world, as ontology; the theme of the consciousness, therefore of the truth, as gnoseology!

For her part, reading with us *already today her book*, Melika at the very beginning and explicitly announces its inherent philosophical character, through the dedication which reads:

To my father, Haki-beg Salihbegovic

- The Truthful One!

We say epic, not a poetry collection because here is indeed a word on a philosophical epic. Long time before Socrates all philosophy was written as an epic; but also a long time after Socrates the philosophy was often written as an integral poetic work. About the world, little can be said so authentically as through the poem or crying, through a hymn or through a lament, through what is poetised or lamented for. The consistency, the integrity of this poetic book is so strongly emphasized through the inner philosophical consistence not only of the individual cycles, but also of each poem and even each verse, so that the book cannot be experienced differently than as a thematic, conceptual and aesthetic unity.

Unity, one should keep in mind, is not the same as the singleness! Singleness is what is monolithic, what is from a single block of stone or marble (*mono-lithos*). Unity is a marriage, un(ion), therefore a compound, amalgam, and an alloy of at

least two or more different things, phenomena, ideas. Philosophical epic "Bird on neck" represents unity in several of its layers, as it epitomizes the unity into all its layers as well. First, it is the unity of poetic prose (in the section entitled THE NARRATIVES, as sayings, statements, propositions), that is poetry (with lyric intoned title-warning WAKE UP, IT DAWNS). Unity is the principle emphasized even chronologically, by integrating of poetic prose written through periods 1974-1975-2014, that is poetry being created in the period 1982-2014. The effect of trans-temporality of this process is aligned with the need to meet the condition of the perennial/ity (eternity and atemporality), which even those oldest philosophical topics makes today equally actual, as it will make them actual till the end of the world and conscience.

Thematic unity is affirmed by the fact that this book, by each sentence and through all its verses, with equal power draws the curtain of darkness on the shine of this world and by its light illuminates the darkest and hidden corners of the human soul. Philosophical dialectics, as the unity of contradictions - which is as much constant, so much dominant feature of this entire poetic and philosophical book - maintained in constant tension (*Concordia oppositorum*) with the power of conceptual consistency, is underlined with the binomial approach. Thus, this work is crystallized as both, a poetic collection and a philosophical study, authentically binomially structured in both genre incarnations, while Melika Salihbeg legitimizes herself and as both a philosopher and a poet of the first rank! In the first part, which makes the poetic prose (KAZE, as "the sayings", "the narratives"), this ontological and dynamic polarisation exists through particular state of the marrying of two contradictions, united in a unique nature of a concrete human existence, that so much dramatic, and fatal as much beneficial tension, which is introduced in the story discreetly - but with what shocking power! - with the following verses, that is a passage - a philosophical tractate:

Walking. Down the street. Asphaltic. I walk. I stop. I draw, with a chaulk, a circle on the road. And stand on that mark. On the firm, determined, my destination. I stand. And only now I can: pull the world into my retina, smell it, pull it into my hearing, my breath, touch it; as it gets close to and bounces off me, like these words, with overtone. With overtone.

PostScript. This was a prenarrative. Something like a guarantee. For the memory. For the happening behind the memory.

First opposition: movement vs. halt. Another opposition: reacting as a suffering of activity, as the passivity and inferiority vs. agitation, as the action through an act, activity, and integrity. Third opposition: objective spirit vs. subjective spirit; spirit which realizes other than oneself vs. spirit which realizes oneself. Fourth opposition: pre-narration vs. narration as primordial, that one before every history, given only as the one herein-present vs. that one which project itself into its own future, the one which is becoming historical, by decision to preserve the memory of

the first act, as the beginning of its own identity, in the context which, to this completely free and unconditioned act gives J.G. Fichte!

The narration begins with the prologue entitled ROTTARY, OR PARADISE THAT LASTS. And again, here it is, a philosophical and (seemingly) conceptual contradiction: rottery as such, that is, as something which is by definition exposed to decay, rot affecting, is firstly, by its meaning, completely contrary to the concept of paradise; because Heaven, as the gardens of Eden, evokes a sharp antithesis to the rottery; in Heaven does not wither the flowers and does not yellow the leaves, in Paradise girls remain forever young and never become old women, and whole time of Eternity does not turn the boys into decrepit old men. But, in the world in which we find our only paradise for which we know for certain, there reigns an inevitable truth, according to which everything that stops to grow becomes rotten, starts to rot. This is a theme that Cioran turned into a philosophical system, when he, his book which would traditional philosophy formulate as an *Essay on life*, titled as *The essay on decay*; therefore, as the *Essay on putridity*, *Essay on the rot!* Because to live means undoubtedly and inevitably – to disintegrate, to rot!

The second dialectical opposition of an alarmingly disturbing formulation from the Prologue reveals through the contradiction the determinants "rottery" and the characteristic that it is (heaven) "that lasts". What rots, what decays (or putrefies), should, once rotten, cease to exist as a rottery. But the rottery of the world in which we are, has the power of an infernal regeneration (because neither torment in hell ever stop, or are spent the wood by which is being stoked the fire under the kettles of the boiling tar!), the power of constant regenerations of itself, although always only a rottery, therefore, as a permanent auto-decadence which never reaches the bottom neither dies, as the deterioration without end that never ends, because all what in this world occurs, which is born or which sprang up, immediately starts to rot, because the rot is its fate, is unable to wait neither the stage in which will cease to grow!

And then, a brilliant, positive, sovereign Melika's dialectic of the Light and Darkness, Existence and Non- Existence, Truth and Falsehood, extending through locating of the Narrative about Time and Narrative about Space! Thus the Hegelian connoted concepts of the Spirit by Itself and the Spirit for Itself, from the spiritless and abstract definitions of his philosophy, as terms, which Melika masterfully command, blend into the magic of the history of individual self-awareness, as an universal genesis of the personal identity of each individual. Philosophical discussion about concepts becomes a drama of the human self-awareness, universal *mathezis*, as algorithm and formula of self-awakening of a human being, found in the midst of The Being; and takes place, with each new sentence, every line, with incomparably greater power of direct experience than that offered by Heidegger's *Kaza* about being thrown in The Being, exposed in a heavy language whose reading is reminiscent of the swallowing of knots.

Let us listen, word by word, what Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi narrates to us about the miracle of self-consciousness, about discovering oneself, one's hand, one's own

body and about the horror of the abyss of doubt in the reality of one's own conscious being:

I ask, my hand, if it can, as such, something whole, complete.

... Feeling. A step. In my nape ...

Happens. As if I were not ...

... Disputing, so, strained, between myself and my body ...

... Striking, without pause, at my, blinded, door ...

Following. In a street. Someone's footprints. Step by step. I call out my name. And I do not answer. Then I perform an exchange. And compel, the tracks, to walk. Step by step. Along my strides. I call out myself. And I respond. . .

... Watching, moves away, from the cracked circle, humbly, first my sorrow.

It was that real problem faced by Descartes! Not what almost everyone still - so wrongly, and so persistently! - formulate as a question: "Do I exist?" Because his answer clearly reveals that Descartes is not interested in *physical* existence, but *spiritual identity*. His own physical existence the great philosopher did not in the least suspect, as evidenced by the very same notoriously famous response which reads: "Cogito - sum!". Because for the author of *Metaphysical Meditation (Meditationes de prima philosophia)* there was not any doubt that material objects exist as contents covered by the *Res Extensa*. The problem which fascinated him was by far more subtle and referred to the question of how two substances (*Res Extensa* and *Res cogitans*), which are mutually exclusive (objectivity does not reflect, the thought does not objectify itself), unite in a human being, thus a man is both the subject who thinks and the objectified thought!?

If he wanted to say 'I exist', Carthesius would say 'existere' and not 'sum', even more so because he spoke Latin ever since he was nine. But he said exactly 'sum', which means 'am', therefore: 'I am'. That very statement is not ontologically intended as a statement on the reality of this world, but the act of the Self-consciousness in which 'I' recognizes itself as 'I'. Existing, as an ontological diagnosis, is not crucial for the self-awareness, because even non-thinking things - do exist. Descartes wonders exactly about what Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi wonders about: "Am I?" The dead body of man also - exists. But the man - is no more there! Are we, at all, alive!? Do we only dream that we are alive? If this life is a dream, perhaps the death is - the awakening!? Is it possible to know?! Perhaps behind of this whole story about the world stands *Evil Spirit* playing with people!?

Fascinates and just amazes the immediacy of the of the insight and directness of the literary transposition of this key query of not only Cartesian, but every philosophy that asks about a man, which Melika by the power of her talent and inspiration epitomized in her litotically powerful *Kaze / The narratives*. And

particularly so in the world in which everything; our senses, our mind, our reality and our dreams, and even the time, *trick us with shrewd gifts*:

Noticing. In a bazaar. A sale. First day I carry there a timepiece. And get, in exchange, a lot of gifts. Another day, I take along, a broken throb. And obtain lots of paper. Third day, I bring with me: my thought. And obtain not a thing.

.....

Today, sold out, I walk the streets. And try in vain to collect myself through antiquity shops.

P.S. Disguised, tricks us the time with shrewd gifts.

It would be incorrect to say that intonation, concision of the narration, and even more, the deepness of knowledge which is revealed in each sequence of these kaza-narratives, recalls Heraclitus' "Fragments": the degree of similarity is far above the threshold of reminding! Many of the brilliant formulations of this poetic and philosophical work of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi, appear as authentic excerpts from the opus of this Dark *Ephesian*.

"To the immense, only silence is proportional."

(Every talk is just a snippet from the endless endlessness of silence! Note. F.M.)

" With the rottery, none of the persistence can compete."

" From the Same, to none of differences can we escape."

" Individual one, comforts not the cosmic kismet."

And then, the anthological verses with which Melika immortalises the idea of unity (marrying) of life and death (about what Socrates, through Plato, says that "*death passes into life, and life passes into death*"), the way of her carving an ineffaceable image into the stained-glasses in the celestial window of the temple of this world:

Death, a gold-washer

in the sieve of Time

(ode to life)

Goldwasher, in the sieve of Time! Not Death as a bare grinning skull and a pile of bones covered with a black mantle, with scythe of a sharp blade! But the Death instead as an healthy and strong chap, red-faced, who vigorously grasps into

his sieve the armfuls from the muddy water of life, and with insatiable greed chooses the most brilliant grains of gold, smilingly separating them then, for ever, from the river in which they were created, and into which will never be returned! Then right after that, again a dialectical opposition, full of wisdom and faith, truth and speculation, insight and premonition:

. . . because death is actually not there
(the kind a man assumes it)
it's only the soul, freed
returning to the Light's unseens

There is neither life
(the kind a man regards it)
it's only The Creative Will flowing
through the veins (of mine)

Nor there is any power (of me)
It only, from the midnight
birds dream
as they fly
fly!
(2004) BIRD ON NECK

(The poem chosen for the title of The Book).

As for her lyric talent, Melika probably can find an equal competitor only within herself as a poet-philosopher. Some of her poems from her earlier opus without any doubt, I consider the very summit of the World lyric poetry. In this book, that lyrical tone brings in a tension and an inexpressible melancholy of the kind which we can recognize only in music - with Vivaldi, or with Chopin, and of course, with Mozart. In this context, the cycle Etudes (Sarajevo, February 1982), although in spirit quite Heraclitan, are woven in a silk yarn of haiku poetry, but the ornaments are unique: unmatched and without parallel!

étude XI

Taste, the savour of fire this Being has
and the Being of Eternity
a sweet coldness of waters

étude XII

Eternity at the transient inn
A sleeping bird
of Secrecy

The depth of Her thought and expressive virtuosity compete in every verse and every sentence of this book, therefore it is, indeed, to me, the ignorant, difficult to answer:

Say, you ignorant, who's greater
a singer, or a sung about

(d h a r r 2.)

I can only remember Socrates' answer to the question what he thinks about Heraclitus' philosophy, and say: The Poet is deep, and what the Poet poetises about, deep it is. But for both of it, a man has to be a diver from Delos, in order to dive to the bottom!

While we leak from our being, *as water from the vessel*, horrified and yet calm, we recognise that

Whoever says we are naught
denies not but The Maker!

Cycle ORPHEADES (Sarajevo - Sana, 2007-2014), varies the theme of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is not at all randomly chosen: namely, a word is about one of the most controversial, to itself conflicting, dramatic situations in the history of literature. Here again a philosophical subtlety of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi goes hand in hand with the genuine lyrical talent and literary imagination. Through that correlation, with a special power, is voiced (like Hoelderlin's Orpheus who ". . . throughout Had voiced himself with the lyre") the paradox of denying all that the myth about Orpheus and Eurydice traditionally affirmed, and the affirmation of what the same myth denied!

orphic theorem 1.

It was not thanks to a mere impatience
that Orpheus looked back

at the exit from Hades

It was done by his Unconscious
wholly on purpose
in order to be conceived
the Orphic
Cult

orphic theorem 2.

It was not ever thanks to a mere accident
that Orpheus lost Eurydice
on their return to
the world of the living

It was his own Unconscious that
by looking back at her
rather than a shallow bed of happiness
chose, to run
deep
(2004)

orphic theorem 6.

He has not, Orpheus, in too long mourning after Eurydice
felt so tight
in the world
of the living

Rather, his lyre
felt so strained
in a deaf
time

And equal artistic expressiveness combined with philosophical consequence transposes a cycle EURYDIADES in a completely new, original poetic and reflective totality:

eurydic theorem 1.

Not because of lack of love for Orpheus
Eurydice preferred to stay in the
underworld abode
of the dead

But so as to, overcome with grief
his lyre starts playing
even much
sweeter

HEAR YOURSELF THINK reads the advice and warnings of one of the cycles. Addressed obviously as much to herself so much to every human being, this formulation, according to which one can listen to the thought itself, points to all the depth of poetic concentration by which this book was written. This formulation stands in such an intimate connection, almost kinship, with one remark of Friedrich Nietzsche that one has inevitably to believe in the theory of creative synchronicity. Namely, according to his own admission, Nietzsche could not write in the room in which there were books. It bothered him *the noise of others' thoughts* due to which he could not *hear his thoughts!* This book, from the start to the end, confirms that, fortunately for literature and the joy of poetry lovers, Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi truly hears her thoughts!

There is preserved information that Rabindranath Tagore, on his deathbed, wept. When his friends asked for the reason of tears, a famous poet explained:

- *Because I did not write poems which I always wanted to write!*
- *But Swami, you wrote more than 60,000 verses! Certainly there are among them the poems, which you've always wanted to write!?*
- *That's exactly why I wrote so many verses, because I have never managed to write poems that I dreamed to write! But, even after 60,000 lines, I feel that I have not yet written these poems . . . That is why I cry!*

Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi probably has not written 60,000 verses. After this book there is neither need to write them. Because the book *Ptica o vratu / Bird on Neck* is collection of poems the kind of every poet dreams to write! Inspired by the truth that every history begins with a clear act of disobedience to the commandment,

which Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi promoted in her own creative and life motto, this work sovereignly entered the annals of the World's literary history.

Skopje, 02. 01. 2015.