

MELIKA SALIHBEĞ BOSNAWI

SARAJEVO
KIDS WAR - CHORUS
part 1.
or
ABRACADABRA

A loving doctor,
uncle-Trol,
replied in disgust:
you can knock me off whole but I won't be working for those,
who are collecting chirpy notes
for their monstrous musical compositions
from the babies throats.

Indeed,
some delicate dying sounds coming from the Pioneer Valley next-door,
the Mom clinic,
did not reach the ear drums of any Sarajevo corridor czar,
let alone of those ruling in the outside world.
But they touched the War Rhymes tympanums,
which vibrated,
at once,
with pain.

That is how the opening tones of Sarajevo kids war-chorus were
recorded.

That's why The War Rhymes urged me
to put them in a literary form.

The narrative begins:

When the metal, lethal notes started showering down from the hills
wreaths-like circling the city of Sarajevo,
in the Mom Clinic,
the Pioneer Valley first neighbourhood,
six incubators were busy with keeping alive

six
premature born
babies;
the future men.

Able not,
or not wishing,
to breathe,
or live,

in what's called ordinary world.

But the death-concertmasters from the hills had already decided for
them.

To play, namely, whenever they go on the razzle,
(meaning, day and night),
on the keyboards of their war-synthesisers.

In order to produce
Sarajevo
kids
war-chorus.

First cords of which musical composition are to be stroked at the
Clinic,

in order to make everybody know
that,

from that historical point of time on,
the Bosnian babies are no longer allowed to come forth to this world.
As for those already born,

Sarajevo kids war-chorus tones are to be obtained within their homes:
on their families sofas,
in the bed-rooms,
kitchens,
baths...

The best of them should be produced in their own baby-beds.
In which they were advised to sleep in peace,
during the happy time when the same
People Army,
firing now at them from the sky,
was guarding their
socialistic
dreams.

After that, the chorus sounds are to be gathered at the schools,
where the same children have no more right to study a stupid science.
According to which, the whole humanity,
what makes for about five milliard and some more human beings at
present,
live on one and the same rotating globe.

The ball, to say, ever rolling over the yard named Cosmos,
after being kicked by a Divine Player,
or something labelled Natural Law.

The science which the hill composers and directors have never
mastered yet,
or,
actually,

the need of whose learning they have never understood quite well.
Listen! the best part of the notes are to be created with the help of
certain things called grenades.

At the very moments when they downpour
the city of Sarajevo streets,
schools and play yards,
private gardens,
hospitals,
and parks.

This has to be done in every single case in which Sarajevo youngsters
show the boldness,
or angelic madness,
and come out,
under the sun/moon-light,
to walk,
or promenade,
God forbid!
or even play.

As if this war had not been invented to send them all
down,
below the streets level,
to be suffocated,
in the dump,
and cold,
and dirty,
and smelly,
mice-full,
blind, i.e., void of the windows
bomb-proof shelters,
basements,
cellars,
vaults,
fabric-halls,
bank-treasures...

That is how the opening notes of Sarajevo kids war-chorus started to
be
recorded,
collected,
composed.

After first grenade was launched at the Mom Clinic, the electricity was
gone.

After second, all Sarajevo citizens were weeping;
still working Sarajevo TV gave the news
that six
premature born
babies have died,
being left without source of life
by Sarajevo forests' anthropoids.

After third,
grenade again,
all Clinic's staff and patients were evacuated.
That was a signal for certain Sarajevo's rabbles
(lying in wait for their chance, although being not professional thieves
whatsoever)

to come and part away,
with all theft pedantry,
once well equipped Mammy Hospital.
Through whose windows,
from that instance and on
no one new-born Bosnian will be seeing
for the first time in his/her life
the sun shining.

At least not till the end of this warfare.
 In that way,
 rather a good part of Sarajevo war-populace (otherwise not of the
 robbing distinction)
 was keenly giving a hand to the hill men
 to demolish the city which they were building up together
 for almost fifty years,
 after an another,
 devastating,
 war.

How one of the six blood-stained incubators
 (although without its last inmates)
 found the place of refuge in so-called Kids' Embassy,
 one has to pose the question to uncle-Dou.
 But before I ask him to take me around his future
 Park of humanity,
 I have to build,
 on my own,
 a memorial.
 To a doctor.

(The War Rhymes empowered me to do so since long.)
 A monument, then, to a physician,
 did I say?
 one of my oldest friends, without whose
 silent cries,
 blood throbs,
 beats of heart,
 refrain-like,
 Sarajevo kids war-chorus would have never been full-fledged.
 The story goes once again.

The fact that he was born and grew up in the Bosnian capital,
 Sarajevo,
 that he was my eldest brother Classical gymnasium class-mate,
 that he was my vagabond-chum during our different but simultaneous
 post-graduated studying in Paris,
 that...

 all these may not be of any significance for the mankind.
 But that he was only one who was giving me medical help during my
 communist ordeal,
 that he was first and only who informed me, with the utmost
 compassion,
 that my dearest younger brother had definitely lost his ability to stand
 on his own legs,
 that he was one whom I always found,

at his clinic,
as keeping,
during the first war year hunger,
a tin of food for me, newly arrived from England, having empty-hands
and, in addition, bombarded home,
that he always managed a medicine or protein-rich canned-food for
my dear war-invalid so necessary for keeping him alive,
that he always slipped,
into my empty pockets,
some baby-food for his little ones,
who were,
at that starving time and their dad's dead or live-struggle with the
injuries,
left on Marhamat's
always absent
mercy,
all these things render him deserving a monument of humanity.

Since,
if you save,
says the Qur'ân,
one single life,
it is as if you had saved all humans.
But it wouldn't be still enough to make him a member,
the only one from Sarajevo grown,
of the war-choir,
in which only baby-goats
and juvenile
chant.

Nevertheless, all these things made the ground for the War Rhymes
decision:
to identify me as the only truthful scribe on the Doctor's secret.
Not because he had never done any generosity to anybody else except
me and my family
(quite opposite),
but because people forget one's goodness
swifter than a bird flaps its wing.

I recall,
with grief,
how many war-wounded guys,
Sarajevo defenders,
operated and looked after by him,
promised to erect him an obelisk, once when the warring finishes.
The yarn has to start for the third time:
The Doctor,

uncle-Trol,
has actually never been helping mothers to give birth to their babies.
But, he used to heal them, once born,
in case of any inborn orthopaedic defect,
or other failure occurring during the growth.
Some kids needed to have their extremities developed with the help of
certain,
painful,
exercises,
or similar, less serious intervention.
But many of them,
especially those coming from the country's south where the illness is
rather endemic,
needed to have corrected,
more exactly, extended,
one of their limbs; inherently short.
And the Doctor
(a student of Sarajevo, Paris, and Belgrade Universities)
was doing it before the war at his Sarajevo Orthopaedic clinic with the
highest professional skill.
But he's got, in addition, what most of other physicians don't.
He owns the most calming smile,
most epidemic laugh,
funniest way to chat with those who have not acquired as yet the
adults' eloquence.
Especially in the moments when the pains increase their inner pitch,
articulated not in their outcries.
He's also been an expert at spurring them to a cheerful run,
before their amazed parents eyes,
after his treatment's been completed.
Or at making their cured arms clasp around their delighted mummies'
and daddies' necks.
What a twitter!
What a blissful chirp!
What a happiness on their surgeon's face!
What...
Not once I've been a witness of these moving scenes,
while calling him at his sick bay.
There was a charm,
a spell,
in his manners with which he was receiving,
or sending away,
his patients.

Not one time I have found him chattering with the babies while doing
some,
as we would say,
abracadabra.

So as to his smallest patients forget their troubles that he's been
struggling to remove
for good.

I hope,
I tried my best,
he was given to understand how perfect is the God's Creation and
worthy of our constant praise,
and how oblivious are the human before ill-fortune gives them blow.

I also hope he has realised that the gifts,
as the one given to him: to correct the incorrect,
are the best lessons and ways to repent.

For all the reasons mentioned above,
he,
Doctor-Trol,
was,
although far from the knowledge
and acknowledgement
of ever mendacious Bosnian media,
the most popular youngsters' physician throughout the state.

A charmer, who sets legs and arms right,
if they happened to fall off
in the mummies' stomachs.

Due to some,
to men unknown,
reasons.

So, human reasons.

But

Oh.....

.....

.....

.....

...

how to start?
What sort of doctor has he turned to,
during this war,
and what kind of inhuman reasons caused him to change?

What's the matter?
a questioner may arise.
The story's starting to be unbearably said,
and goes as follow:

The one who used to treat children limbs;
adjust them to be symmetrical if inborn impair,
help them to grow normal,
healthy,
uncatchable in the run,
the same one
now
cuts them off.
Oh....., The All-Powerful!
Who wouldn't cry?
But here I am, testifying now for him:
It's not that he had no chance to flee from that butchery-like medical
war-practice,
as many of his professional colleagues did at the very start of the
onslaught.
It's not that he could not make a great career for himself somewhere
abroad,
using the war pretext and world-wide sympathy for his besieged city-
fellows.
It's not that he could not make a lot of money elsewhere,
aside from any part of the split-up Bosnian state.
He could do all these above listed tricks, and even much more,
but he didn't.
He was a real physician,
a real specialist,
a real professional,
responsibly biding by his oath stated at the ceremony of receiving
Sarajevo Medical Faculty degree.
He's been one of the rare who recognised,
once when he chose his profession,
that people would not need him in the time of peace and comfort,
but in the time of their affliction.
He's been all what's said above,
but also something more.
He's been a real human.
Today there has been killed a man in Sarajevo,
remember I a radio news which moved in me a lot of philosophical,
a lot of more profound thoughts.
But I new,
a Man hasn't been exterminated yet in my town,
and my homeland,
since my dear student-Paris-wandering-companion,
working at his Orthopaedic clinic,
round the clock,

was still alive.
I understood it from the news.
One by one air-caravan with the bodies; disfigured,
blinded,
burnt...
on board,
was leaving Sarajevo carnage-field,
to save what's remained of the injured youth,
thanks to a single doctor's effort.
I knew, it was him.
Dear man, he couldn't abandon Sarajevo's children who failed
congenitally
to have
the parties' important fathers,
or smart mothers,
or tricky uncles, who would get in touch with uncle-Dou...
(He himself pacing,
every a while,
thither-whither,
his prison cell,
and wondering:
has he been doing right when evacuating Sarajevo's innocent
offspring,
or hasn't he been just helping the monstrous from the surrounding
hills
in turning that city into ghostly
children-cleared
zone?).
Doctor-Trol could not forsake his patients who didn't have either a dog
guarding...,
or any other hereditary favour of the kind,
to be shifted abroad
before baby-sized grenades parcel them out,
or slay.
Shifted! Where to?
Wherever!
Just far!
Farther!
To stay there till the end of the adults quarrel,
or to be reborn as new...,
on some distant continents.
I swear,
it's not and could never be true
that he ever betrayed any of his small friends,

any Bosnian child,
no matter had he himself once enabled him,
or her,
to run; fast.

Thanks God, the most loyal kids' doctor did not leave the war-field into
what actually been turned the whole country.

He's just changed the place,
actually been compelled to do so,
in hope that new,
equally unreliable,
political masters would disturb him less
in doing his
sacred
job.

And if he's at all been rumoured about,
it comes not but from those who have corrupted,
probably originally also holly,
sacrifices of their own.

But the fable's not so simple.

The raid commenced.

The Doctor living on Sarajevo outskirts
(since the communist masters – the ex-villagers have adored the city-
centre where he was born)
was immediately captured.

By the onslaughts' policemen,
who took him straightaway to their mountain headquarters,
where he was demanded
by his yesterday's class or student or clinic-fellows,
to work for them;

"if he only wants no a hair of his to be missing".

A loving doctor,
uncle-Trol,

replied in disgust:

you can knock me off whole but I won't be working for those,
who are collecting chirpy notes
for their monstrous musical compositions
from the babies throats.

My ailing children,
many in number,
are waiting now for me,
down in the City-hospital,

so better for you not to make me late for our appointments.

Dear man! He didn't realise that the assailants had already planed to
compose for

and arrange out of his patients
and other City's young
the biggest
crippled
chorus
ever seen,
or heard,
in the life of the human.
God, The Almighty, might have appreciated his brevity and
righteousness, and rescued him from the war-masters hands.
A colleague,
conscience awaken,
showed him a secret path leading to the city.
The Doctor,
shocked at the first scene of the grenades' severed human bodies
brought without a single pose to the hospitals
by the passer-byes,
put immediately his sleeves up.
And started cutting off what used to be formerly children and the
adults' limbs.
In some cases, both legs needed to be hewed,
in another, both arms,
but
oh God!
in how many a one just a torso remained.
A tiny trunk,
(still a chirp audible from it).
Oh my decent War Rhymes, only you may know which of these
chopped wings were healed by him
at some other times?
Only you,
the most trusty witness of this war,
could hear uncle-Trol's heart's rush towards his throat while operating
them.
A butcher-like, God forbid!
The same Doctor who used to set legs or arms right if fallen...
During the day, I am cutting them off
in the operation room,
but during the night,
as jammed on my doctor's chamber's couch,
I am crying out,
said he to me once when I called on him
at his
frightful

children surgical ward.
But with the help of the War Rhymes sensors,
I could also hear his tacit confession:
 During the day,
 in order to save their lives,
I'm doing amputations of their bodies members,
 but during my night-mares,
 I'm stitching them back.
 And encouraging them,
 aren't you?
added I to our mute conversation,
 for one more run,
 speedier than ever.
 Run away!
don't you keep saying to them?
 Far!
 Farther!
 Where to?
 Wherever!

Just far from the eyes of Lady Hate whose heavy metallic skirt
crinoline-like's right now falling once again with the heavy deadly
sound followed by the crack of the broken things and dying screams of
humans.
 Out of which hue and cry,
the most discernible sounds are children-screams-like hymns;
 to the humanity.
 My dear friend,
 here I am,
a computer keyboard-handed only,
 building up for you
 a monument of humanity.
 I know,
being exiled now from your city and clinic,
 you mind not for any kudos.
 But the justice does.
All praises are but for You, O God, The Most Right!
 I ask You by You,
forgive this man and guide him to Your straight path!
He's been preparing himself for Your grace with his deeds.
And You know best how to give a proper requital to those, who
 estranged him from his Sarajevo,
 and Sarajevo war-history.
Only because he refused to play with them
 a renewed (political) game

with the (national) keys.
He chose to be exiled to the city near his endemic affected patients,
but aware not,
at the time,
that its masters too had conducted one another
kids
war
choir.
The Mostar's.
With the overtones of a dazzling river - Neretva,
recorded not once in the civilisation chronicle
to be flowing with blood.
But before I go there,
to verify,
in person,
whose hand's more handy to build,
whose to knock down,
I odd to relate one more thing about this living
martyr,
a Sarajevo & Bosnian dearest kids-wings' surgeon.
In our city of Sarajevo there has been living a Doctor of medicine,
a professional no doubt,
but fond of,
as many of his comrades been,
the art of the (political) mimicry.
Although seeing him always next to the ruler,
in the ruler's tickets shadow,
nobody has ever dared to accuse him of harassing any human being,
let alone one's offspring.
But his former and present masters have caused,
or done,
a great deal of such
unspeakable
deeds.
Then how does he manage to keep his hands clean? many people
wonder.
Easy, if one only knows the art of hypocrisy!
What is nothing else but
the art of mimicry
in the world of human beings.
Therefore, he's been always wearing clothes coloured according to the
tones of the ruling party leaders' dress.
And the parties heads are those who invent all affairs, including a
warfare.

He learnt this art of a larva-like living
(being multicoloured in his inside)
during the time when the communists were uprooting whatever had a
smell of
the belief in God.

But when they started smashing God's believers,
and sparing not their progeny,
his guilty conscious brought,
right to his bed,
a huge gun.

And hid it under his pillow,
in case that chiefs had exceeded all bounds,
and it, i.e., his guilty conscious,
be no longer able to bear
having carved on itself
the Doctor's sovereigns' crimes.

Thanks God, the old rulers are gone,
and he's been serving now the new ones.

Does he still sleep with the gun, I failed to ask him while listening to
his conscience-cleaning song.

Yodelled for me,
his former chiefs' victim,
at the very beginning of the war
when he'd believed me,
wrongly,
to be no longer
politically
pestilent.

He,
a doctor-Caterpillar,
a gun-armed-conscience,
and his right hand man,
have driven from his Sarajevo Orthopaedic Clinic,
from his city,
and from his home,
the kindest kids-surgeon in the world.

(And around it.)

Uncle-Trol.

May God save his good deeds with His guidance!

Hush!

Listen for!

Lo!

there whisper at my ears The War Rhymes,
The Real,

lo!
he's been still mourning after Sarajevo's children,
wherever they are,
while working at his new clinic.
In the city, where the most beautiful bridge in the world used to bridge
human beings,
epochs,
cultures...
and where you'll be going
(that means, me)
soon
to close this book
with finding about
whose hand's more handy to built, whose to...
I got it!
There have been still continuously registered,
although from afar,
Doctor-Trol's
(for those deaf and dumb around him, soundless)
cries.
Ever adding new tones to Sarajevo kids war-choir.
Of which he's remained as the only
grown-up member.
And along with which he's been singing,
to the humanity:
Son, beware, a mine!

Note: This poetical story is about, and is devoted to almost life-long friend of mine, dr. Zdravko Trolic.

A chapter from:

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI, SARAJEVO ROSE / WAR RHYMES
