

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

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## HOLY DEDICATION

*Bismi'ullâh*

To make understandable that and why even a website can be devoted to someone, it may first be necessary to entrust – to that electronic universe – one's most intimate memories. From which will then each visitor of it's heaven, and of this website in the midst of it, be able to understand how what is most intimate and personal is being objectivized into the nature, intellect, personality, fate, style...of a Writer; how it is being inscribed into the one as if on the white surface (of the paper, screen, fabric, plate...); how, on that weft, one's soul, by divine grace, transforms then all this into literature, or philosophy, or art-installation, or word, "speaking and not showing"; in short, how it happens that the silkworm of one's being weaves out of itself, while dying, invisibly, in the midst of it's weaving.

It suffices perhaps, even without any articulated dedication, the purpose still be fulfilled - to share with the visitors of this web only a pure, philosophic-literary-visual outcome. One may just need to wait for the visit of those willing to share! And yet:

My little brother, late Jakub Salihbegovic, engraved into me, as if into printing plate, the purest, most innocent, holiest and most painful feelings, from which (plate of Me), for decades now, are being printed out thoughts, words and images, becoming my philosophical, literary, visual-art... image. Left here, by this web site, to a good or bad will of its visitors. Does my deepest and most painful memory request a caution because of these last?

...No! Upon their own soul their evil thought! So: my little brother, two years younger than me, was as a child, the most angelic person I have ever seen. I used to lull him with caressing the soft lobe of his ear, while contemplating over the rosy complexion of his moon-like face and big blond locks circulating around that globe of tenderness ... Or I would have enjoyed watching, when the sleep would have caught him amidst his play on the floor, how our beautiful mom Nadia finally get a chance to shorten the golden curls of her favourite... All this before he would emerge from the sleep, with a smile with which he even later, as a grown man, used to disarm all around himself...

All until one moment... But before that, I must say. Unarmed there would feel in front of the kindness of Mr. Jakub Salihbegovic anyone who would have a chance to meet, or cooperate, or befriend with that manly, dark-haired, elegant man, by some miracle, God's hand directed metamorphosis, grown out of once blond angel.

Everyone would be, as I said, disarmed before the angelic goodness of my younger brother Jakub, except those – from the hills, in 1992's. Fellow fighters, while risking their own lives and driving headlong under the rain of bullets, will return him from Otes to Koshevo hospital where he was born in 1946. In November! (How to not chill?!). And in which hospital he would spend most of his alive-martyr's life, crucified between horrific pains, disintegration of his once most attractive body, emergency

surgeries, sometime later regular dialyses... and his noble goodness (nobler than his aristocratic family name), still parted by him all around. Sowing, in the midst of the war devastations, which devastated him and our wider family, only grace, and compassion.

During the poses, from the family Chobania home, there will be watching my brother, the '92 fighter, same those generators and geneticists intoxicated by the theories of ethnicity and race, who mowed down from Trebevic his own legs, mow down young Sarajevo pan-Bosnian wheat. By the jaws of hate cutting golden silks from just grown up stalks, from which (honourable, brave, and sad Dr. Zdravko Trolic knows it best!) will never raise up (by a strange metamorphosis of the divine creation of the entire human race from a pair, coupled with love) blond / brown / black well-built BHS Bosnian guys ...

Only thus, the generators/geneticists of hatred and war, missed a chance to disarm them a famous Kube's goodness, whose always gentle and wise word used to heal even those brought up to his doorstep by their war obligations to be his social and psychological support.

Only nothing could keep erect his slender legs. His Kenan and Emir, born shortly before and on the very beginning of the war, will never again see their father erect, except for on the photo showing him as carry his firstborn, about what dreams every Bosnian child whose fathers have also been swept away by the storm of the war. Younger one has never, even for a moment, experienced the fortune of his older brother to be carried, in such a ceremonial and patronizing way, through life ...

that my brother will abandon (confessing me sometimes, just to me, his innermost pleas to God to hasten the end) after eleven years of dying in portion. And here it is, an incurable pain in the heart and memory of his sister, who he had never betrayed. Neither when she and her little Amir had already been ostracised from what is called by the common names: society, state, ... child's joy, colleagues, friends and even families, ever since the mid of 1979's, thanks to the ravages of the war harbingers (and human weaknesses), which the Bosnian history that has yet to speak about. If it ever decides ..., no, take a courage! to speak up with the truth. From 1992, their exclusion and treason by everyone will become the all-Bosnian code of destiny, according to the will of the impersonal, but all-powerful International community..., but here it is, for the readers of this web, the poem about Srebrenica.

I dedicate because of it, this essence of my life and work brought home in this beautiful site, to my brother, beloved Jakub, whose martyr's grave on Kovachi I visit with the tears of non-remediable loss, but with the prayers of un-extinguishable hope in his Other-side's, and This-side's happiness of his children.

I also dedicate this website to those of his fellow-fighters who risked their own lives while hoping to save his.

I dedicate it also to all other martyrs of the war in Bosnia 1992-1996: to those still not found, not collected in "their own" one, not laid in their personal graves; to those "happily" buried throughout many Bosnian graveyards; to those from the bottom of the Drina-river transformed and renamed into Peruchac lake; to those from Serene

Kraina and fragrant Herzegovina ... but to those too who still fight their PTS battles ... regarding to all of who, including himself, my little brother, at those times already, out of his wheelchair, so prophetically used to say: that there will come the time "when we will be forced to ask apologize for that we fought"; when the victim will be forced to seek forgiveness for being made a victim. But, alas! Even to those, and of those, for whose freedom and happiness it had so selflessly sacrificed itself.

I know that these deaf and dumb never visit my site, as they not read my book either, on whose existence, moreover, they have no idea. But I do hope that the children of my brother Jakub fellow fighters, that the Bosnian orphans, that the youth of Bosnia will all occasionally bump into it. And that they will be happy that all mentioned in the Dedication have got this electronic monument of today's freedom - in praise of them, and in their glory!

### APPRECIATION

This place looks to me as the most proper to express my gratitude to the friend who helped me summarise on this website my decades lasting literary-philosophical-visual work. And enter through that The Worldwide Humanity Library growing - to all arsonists despite! - out of the ashes of ever new Palestine, Bosnia, Iraq... whose flames dye – with blood – the cheeks of this gorgeous Planet, but the cheeks of all arsonists too!

My appreciation goes to the address of Mr Dino Djipa, my brother-shaheed co-fighter for Bosnia, a true intellectual, who, after participating the reading of my "Sweet Smell Of Gnosis", encouraged me to fill up this web site with my works, making it possible as its sponsor. I have no words of gratitude for this act, so rare in Bosnia and possibly in the rest of the World, where goodness, unfortunately, is becoming ever more expensive, and those who need it ever more deprived.

In this way, my logo, which I dragged through almost all of my published books, and borrowed from variety of the fascinating forms of the Arabic script, is crowned with this website as with latest diadem. Which, again, in the graphic form of the Arabic script, celebrates the mystery of the Divine He-ness, in its infinite outpouring. My greatest Life-love, and inspiration of my whole creative beings, therefore:

*All thanks and glory goes to Alllâh before and above all!*

In Sarajevo, 21 May, 2012.