

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

Only yesterday

III.

.....

And he ? What do with him ? How to banish him from the story, and bring back to life ? How to sent him back to the beginning of His waiting, under the crown of a tree. Two hours, and two days, and the entire life to wait, if necessary. How do delete this story from His mind, banish from His thoughts that letter on which she has reminded him, how to cool that fever from His cheekbones, to stop that yearning movement of His body, and appease that shiver, loyal to the love, as much as to the fears ?

Simply.

Simply say - no memories, and if no memories, there is neither past.

Simply say - there is no hope, and if there is no hope, there is neither future.

Simply say - no more stories, and if there is no story, there is neither present. There are neither us in it. Repeat it once to Him, and once more to oneself, for the last time close, with a hot fingertip, close his eyes. It was nice, be silent on it. And disappear. Silently, immerse into softness of one's bed, from which it will be someone else tomorrow to wake up. And that another one will never know for sure where it was begining, and where the end of the story .

A part and the whole. And a dream. And it was not a dream. It happened in a sweaty summer, in insomnia... Close your eyes, forget , believe, again.

And again.

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