

ABDULAH SIDRAN

REVIEW

MELIKA SALIHBEGOVIĆ: WHEN YOU WAKE UP TO YOURSELF / KAD SE PROBUDIŠ SEBI (poetry collection)

Confirmed to me - already with the first reading of this throughout-thought throughout- book - my own, old, literary experience: each i real poetic speech, no matter with which measure the strength and inspiration, is actually an attempt of a conversation with the divine!

Poet, that is such a being who most intensively, and without a bit of rest or respite, feels how it is "hard the hem / on the robe of the world" (Objets d'art Primitive), and how it is, alike that same robe, "worn out the reality through which you are only a humble passer-bay "(Still ask for you, the things).

In such a basic existential creative position is caught the poetic subject of this manuscript. And no matter how paradoxical it may sound - the drama of her position, the poetess communicat without a bit of pathetic, with the calm reciting which as if was happening in the rhythm of the human pace at a peripatetic walk. Asking for, and trying to reach, a measure of the divine in herself, and recognise a human measure in what seems to be the divine - poetess writes a series of the inspired soliloquies; "conversations" with soulmates from ancient times past; writes essay about language and translation; addresses, even, a supposed future reader. And in no matter which of these forms realisedd her effort - it is always linguistically powerful, aesthetically and morally relevant (why do we run away from that word?) - the binding. "In a silent humility / works your heart," there will say poetess, and we , without rest, believe her ("To the one borrowed to the reality").

It would be possible now - when it would not be a matter of a personal choose and taste - discuss about some clearly professional aspects of the manuscript;

punctuational innovations somewhere distracts a semantic precision; somewhere also, there "slips" a more complicated syntactic structure of a line - but we desist of such a discussion, not only because of "the individual choice and taste", but first of all because of far more essential thing: this manuscript will look forward to, a future reader! This "Black rose of Metaphysic" (Rose of darkness) will look for, and will find, a reader who will be simultaneously sensible and refined; patient, and hungry for an aesthetic enjoyment; curious, but a savant; with the equal measure of unhappiness and calm. Before him will happen a miracle of this poetry:

"only from larva a butterfly develops
and it is just of a colour
that a larva hides"

(Knowledge behind a dream)

In the name of this poetry - that "butterfly" which feels and thinks,
and in the name of a future readership's joy and enjoyment - I do
recommend this poetry collection of Melika Salihbegović for
publishing.

Sarajevo, 21.2.1983. (signature) Abdulah Sidran