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POETIC MEMENTO

1.

What for the poets . . . , didn't even ask Itself that morn
on December third two thousand six, a Poetic soul
so again on September eighteen two thousand fourteen
including all time in-between
after, times ago,
into Its lyre, intervened
even Hölderlin
himself

But decided to in this, needy
and confined
and raving, time
in Its own, poem
It Itself, to Itself
play
- a memento

2.

They did not, either Orpheus or Eurydice, try the least
to charm Time, so as to
together, for a little longer
return into
Transiency

New it, these children of Sophia Perrenis
that on the tree of Constancy
their love, fertilised by
poetic, melancholy
will leaf once, with eternal
spring
- in bloom

3.

So Orpheus & Eurydice and the Poet/ess along
understood, together in a fertile suffering
that what people call tragedy
is not but the false
charms, of the falsely crowned
Fate

And that Kismet is not a tzar who weighs
rather It is only a plate of the Mizân¹
into which The Owner of The Scale
He, The One & Unique
places the unit of, their
- measurement

t h u s :

Put your trust in my words, Hölderlin
It was not by a mere chance
that a Poetic spirit, erstwhile
felt so tight, in an early
morning, December
Sarajevan, brume
and then, a decade later
in September's
when It started with Orpheus after Eurydice
along the river basins of Bosnia
up to the mist
settled over
Sana²
in which It Itself performed
a ritual bath

Because the streams of the trials that flood
are giving It a ghusl for the holy journey
freeing It from the pointless
question:
"What for the poets in . . . ?"

¹ Arabic: a scale.

² Old and still popular name of today's Bosnian City of Sanski Most.

No, it's not needy, the Time
Needy is the hearing of the people
deafened by the crescendo
of their, own
hullabaloo

No, it's not guilty, the Time
guilty are the poets
whose, own, unthinkable, squeal
dissolves words into, isolated, letters
and as if they were, fragile, crowns
strip them of their, diacritical, marks
in whose sounds
and, hidden, values
announces itself a very
- future!

Put your trust in my word, my Poet
right in these ostensibly dead symbols (of the Spirit)
in which is also rested your Hades
(or Barzâkh, to say differently)
a bridge towards Eternity

And as such
the most fertile, ground
for arts
- ever

. . . how would otherwise even your poetry survive till nowadays?!

therefore:

It's not Time the guilty party
The guilty party are the poets

Oh how pathetically would sound today
Friedrich's "Ideals of Humanity"
when Post-Moderna
*(isn't time always modern
since the clocks continually update it?!)*
permits even this kind (of my)
poetic, heresy

Namely a doubt (quite reasonable)
that Orpheus willfully, and not out of impatience
looked back, while coming out of Hades
with Eurydice
following in his step

And that, besides
Ovid, and Stravinsky, and their alike
were less moved by, her lot
but more with the need to by writing
or composing . . .
they themselves
savour
- death

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