

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

A WONDROUS PAIR

. . . s i l e n c e

***It breathes through my mouth
Fills up my chest
Spreads over my womb***

***In a little while, I no longer know
up to where it does reach
and wherefrom I start***

h u s h

***A lock - an interlude
A guarantee of a near death***

s o u n d . . .

***An assassin, till I begin speaking
A return to life, when, from myself
I liberate a, pregnant, word***

***When I announce it with a syllable
resembling chirping
or musical notes***

(Sarajevo, 3/3/16 4:24:34 PM)