

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

FAMINE IS THE FEMININE

MELIKA SALIHBEGOVIC

For March 8th, 1985.

Celebrates the Planet
Unbuttoned mothers their breasts,
swollen with the wine and malt
in order to, out from them, croaks a song.
Sing the mothers and, under tables, nudge
with someone's fathers.
Matters not today who is whose begetter,
today feasts the Planet.

And when is the feast, then are put aside the masks
of usually serious faces,
silenced are allegedly big words, and empathy is locked,
for today
in the drawer of the desk.

Today is a holiday.
Spills over; a cup of wine, and a cup of joy.
On tables, will remain the chewed legs of thousands of
chickens, slaughtered especially for this day.
The torn up cellophanes
(but the conscience is complete),
the flowers in vases,
some,
flower of course,
put on the bosom
to measure heartbeats.
Joys are sometimes dangerous.

Because my son,
staggering the wastelands of Ethiopia,

Somalia, Chad. . .
prepares revenge.
Soon as the Planet falls asleep,
he will embrace her
with his arms
similar to two, crumpled rags,
and, in her dream,
he will unroll again the film, which was shown,
amid her feast,
on the screen of horror,
on this very day.

For, today,
as yesterday,
and as it will do tomorrow,
feasts the Famine.

Marches my son in front of the millions
already strangled by this Feast-girl,
with her last hug,
or will be strangled during some,
following,
holiday.

Here is, marching, my son, at the head of column
of the olden boys,
wrinkled girls, who will never become women
celebrating on
Coco Chanel or Mirjana Maric shows
a long ago won right to vote, a right to beauty,
who will not, in the military bombers, do practice,
equal with ones' fathers,
dropping bombs over some new
Hiroshimas

All celebrate today,
so does Africa's famine.
Africa of mine, with her naked, dry, cracked chest.

A cut breast of the cancer, removed by the Planet,
because today is a holiday
of the, satiated, women.

Matters not who is whose wife,
but it does matter whose are these kids!
You I ask, oh a horde of the sated part of Humanity!
at which has sinisterly smiled, the polar winter
whose will be your children, if Africa dies,
and if dies, with her, Sun:
out of shame?!

But you, rowdy, know not yet for fear,
oh a woman, sate, drunk, and equal!
You know not that my son arrived with the last hopes
at the camp of death.

Because today, you, yours,
on the eighth of March (and year is
one thousand nine hundred eighty fifth)
unbuttoned breasts, swollen with the wine and malt,
not to feed our children, but to croak,
instead, out of them,
a sate, rascally,
song!

(Foca prison, March 11, 1985.)