

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

for\*You

I knew I was wrong  
- undeniably  
that to me is not the place under your (yours') sun  
that to me solo, dawns not before dusk  
and that mornings belong more to others' plural

But, still, it also is called fate, because  
there had not been your reading of my poems  
as a print of (my) finger  
and that one - as if I bathed myself (with it)  
had not been both, them and you  
neither I would be  
a silence in the noise  
a light in the darkness  
nor would this poem  
be composing itself  
from your absence

From the abyss!

in which I sink soon as a fullness betrays me  
soon as gets in the way before me  
a point in space

You did not stand on it, not in words  
so that I, by myself, transform it into a line  
in the meta-sonic link in a syntagm  
out of which start the underground streams  
whose is to combine the incompatible

Neither I myself paused on that invisible circle, since  
whenever you sounded not yourself  
I felt that silence as a huge chasm  
awfully roaring

Vibrate even when you are not about  
your vocal cords in my ear  
music without tone or instrument  
between us spreads the emptiness  
at which bed  
in waterfalls  
is falling  
a hot carmine of my caresses

my loneliness - in full bloom

Mature its pains in all fullness

Never happened to you a slightest wink  
without all being completely turned about in my belly  
you can go now back to the desert of me  
may happy to you be your feast!  
I am gonna back, you already know it, to  
- The Blackness\*

In it, all colours are united!

***Sibgata'illâh, wa man ahsanu min'allâhi sibgah***

**PostScript:**

Not your fault that I was back to Earth  
while already gone to Heaven  
Because if God wanted you and I to be not though short in the  
syntagm neither of us would have trained  
as a pair of an old tango  
this Happiness and Naught  
to dance, at least for a moment  
- together

(Sarajevo, 2. October 2012)

\* ***Şibgata'illâh, wa man ahsanu mina'llâhi şibgah***

Coloured Allâh (with the black colour of The Unity of His Existence), then who is  
as perfect as Allâh in his colouring?!