

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

From the book: SKY CAMEL  
Sarajevo, 1982/1986.

s k y c a m e l

Patient! Let winter still slowly  
replace the autumn: everything, by name  
takes place  
under permanent law

Tread in silence  
as if you have nothing to say  
In your hump  
ridden by the star-gazers  
fancying that there, by them  
passing the worlds  
(guardian of their dreams)  
is stored the pain of those  
who go afoot. An envious look  
lifts skyward  
while the hand hastens to the earth  
Snake homeland where darts the Lie  
and the curse is imputed to  
the Eternally Alive

You will stop when every question  
reaches the One Having the answer  
And then, in a common cradle  
(as the public which once  
used to get drunk with ignorance)  
will wake up those who  
imagined this world as a frolic  
amusement, or a dream

You will not find among them the learned. They  
traversed on foot the path  
which ones will remember but  
as a nightmare

Endure for the last time their torture  
when they, thirsty, get wish to  
from your hump, drink sweet juices  
knowing not that they arrogantly sat  
on them, and that therefore  
they will never, as you will  
at the Face, The Most Beautiful  
smile  
smile

(sky camel)

t o i b n S î n â - m i l l e n a r y

Smell sweet the grasses and the linden flower  
Flight of the bee from Mozart's Divertissement  
(One has to trust a dream)  
Here certainly the cosmic dust  
falls not.  
And the dreams are still  
entirely pristine

Careful, a test you are now performing old a  
thousand years

Bukhâra asleep worships  
only one Creator  
A young bee announced with a noiseless  
move of its wings  
a future lover of God

Dreams still Persia in cheerful pre-irony  
while the dawn calls to prostration  
before Creator

And water has looked into itself

Ibn-Sînâ, you know for sure, remaining faithful  
to Mashriq did not intend his participation  
in that western atrocity

Bees by mistake spread the pollen  
which his thought  
from the anthers of oblivion sucked up  
to human test memory

And bitter, with the ignorant, honey settled

I am, they sound out  
and again: I want  
And so, proud, there stops

(to ibn Sînâ - millenary)

k n o w l e d g e b e h i n d a d r e a m

When everything has already been  
and Eternal Mercy (towards whose nearness you steal  
as once towards warm mother lap  
and you were ready to start crying)  
transforms the wince on your face  
into, oh how gentle! smile (exactly as deserved  
spread like a shade over the heat of your life  
which you should once more after a long  
dream, remember) you see:

precisely sized, you wore the robe  
tailored for you  
unjustly lamenting that embroidery at its hem  
shortens your step  
of which you were even incapable

Too instructively sound these words  
and their dictate cut once like a diamond  
a vitreous nature of your self-love  
But the word is about what cannot be said  
Only from a larva a butterfly develops  
and it has just the colour  
that the larva hides

(knowledge behind a dream)