

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

NOLI TURBARE CIRCULOS MEOS

My Syracuse is an unconquerable city

It is two hundred and twelfth year
prior to any era
I see you not, but the shadow, of yours, the soldier
holds a spear that vacillates between the prey
of my earthly finitude
and the eternity of the dust in which I drew
my circles

Noli turbare circulos meos

Winner is but a prisoner in Time
Put down your spear on my vertex
In it is the center of all circles
for which you'd need myriads of lives
to reach it

Do not touch my circles
With a tremble-like move of the spear
you will turn your own eternity into ruins

But you arrogant, a greed's slave
knew not for the irony of fate
cynicism of victory
So now, victorious, the whirls of the earthly
finitude drag you to the bottom
and then in circles, even larger ones
throw you out to the surface

My Syracuse is, well as my body
buried in Time

Only dust, the earthly, seemingly
disrupted the drawing of my hand
And to you, the legion of ignorance, sufficient was
but to the one Truth, a loyal life
to with the same spears, reach essences

Winner is but the Time's prisoner

Again is the year two hundred and twelfth
and same drawing in the dust and a savant above it
leaning, and the same spear turns towns
into ruins, people into graves, essences into illusions

But as long as there is a last man on the earth
and all until he's being ruled by a craving for the victory
I will, with the same humble plea
be offering the bully to destroy my body
but to touch not, ne'er to touch
my circles

(Foca prison, May 15, 1985)