

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

it is not on me...

It is not on me to explore the symbolism of moon
About it, the history (or the critique of the spirit)
would anyway say all wrong

Nor is it wise a revelation, to transform into poem
(had not they, just because of it crucified al-Hallâj
and those similar to him?)
much less to interpret it by it

On me is just to say how it was. So

In the early morning, after Fajr prayer
I took out a man
- Khâled
the one, it means, who will eternally be
who will endlessly age
who will immortally dwell. . .
I took him out to show him how goes down
(beware!) the moon (not the sun!)

No words to describe that meadow
with dew like pearls spilt from the shell of night
there is no equal to that Jannah
I only had to stretch my hand
(not as a beggar but a possessor may pardon me, God!)
and the moon has sat in it

Ah! (It's not a shout! It's a sigh!) What has happened?
It broke into fragments, in an instant; split
and each piece of it released some tear

Ah! (By my God, I do not cheer)
who's not heard that voice knows not truly what a voice is
It is so voice/d
and so from everywhere
and so everywhere
and there is not a source for it from any direction
and space arrests it not, but (by my Absolute!)
it denies space its measures

it de/spaces it
who knows not, let. . .

Moon, as I said, the crumbled, wept in my palm
Humbly, as if I was its lord
and it only my possession

Beware! I heard, a voice
(the one from everywhere, the one everywhere)
"Beware of your entity to endanger not someone else's entity!"

What a relief!
What a thrill!
How it is, o man, who will forever age
how it is, o Khâled, nicer to have not
rather than to have
how it is loftier to rule not rather than to rule!
how it is . . .

That's why happy! I cast it down the meadow
like with the pearls from the shell of a night dewed
(What Jannah!) towards a brook
running at its bottom

As the very joy, as the essence of happiness
it completed itself, the moon, united again
and while hopping down the meadow
in a heavenly dew bathed
it sank into the water, a clear, a brilliant
of the rivulet running
with Eternity
at its foot

It is not wise out of a revelation make a poem
(Am I not myself since long
on al-Hallâj's cross?)
only to relate all as it happened
and the history of (spirit or lie, the same)
will anyway mingle all the symbols
claiming that moon is a celestial body
and me only human

(In my native Sarajevo, war-made homeless,
at Hotel "Bosnia", 6.10.1997)