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## REALITY OF MY DEATH

About whatever or with whatever  
To whoever or with whoever  
to say anything or to do  
it itself by itself crashes down

as a sleep on the eyelids  
of an infinite fatigue's load  
And the step like the cloud  
full of rain

Here's how even it, the word  
with a pen  
drags itself over paper  
tusta and tma

And darkness and silence

As when the sleep descends into abysses  
And the soul takes The One  
To Whom it had always belonged  
Then at dawn  
Either returns it  
Or not return

*(Sarajevo, the end of 2016 or beginning of 2017.)*