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r o s e o f d a r k n e s s

In dark are there no shadows  
In it, pure, repose essences  
and from it emerges  
the Light  
the brilliant gurgle of becoming

Ready, you major compose key  
feeling: smells sweet the dawn  
and every sound with some form joins  
Symphony just germinated from dark  
destroys the pathlessness of loneliness (Where are  
the roses of darkness?)

You prepare yourself then slowly  
after sunset's intrigue when are  
the Winter's-longest shadows  
for recalling the night  
and frightens you not its opacity

(May insomnia be the only fire of the Hell  
to burn you  
and the dark of night  
the only screen of Being)

For only in pitch-dark are there no shadows  
pure, in it, repose essences  
and Light  
a brilliant gurgle of becoming  
you feel, smells sweet in darkness  
the black rose of metaphysics

( r o s e o f d a r k n e s s )

t h e r e i s n o t h i n g t o b e s a i d t h a t  
a d r e a m h a s n o t a l r e a d y d r e a m t

And Night?  
Is not questionable the colour. It has  
a whole flock  
coronas of motley entities

oneness of its variety

Far reaches the memory. Faithful  
to the Light of Pre-Beginning. Given promise  
And lo! how from the black hole  
is put aside the shirt of Being. Starts the charm

Being, inquisitive, is not afraid of night  
And its colour  
the sum of all colours of the day-time  
to a savant's to tranquillity similar  
by no means to an end

There is nothing to be said  
that a dream has not already dreamt  
Only in suffering does true  
happen destiny. Suffering happens

Gloomy house of Being  
is built every day  
and every day's demolished by abundance  
of motley illusions  
scattered flock of Sameness

( t . i . n . t . b . s . t . a d . h . n . a . d . )

p u r i f i c a t i o n

As if you are not alive any more  
Instead of ear-drum  
in that hollow that was once  
infamously inhabited by the words  
swarms of bees now build their comb

You taste their honey (o, perfection of silence  
on your lips)  
slowly, healing yourself

Sinful your eyes remained on the cover  
with which the things hid before you  
their innocence  
Only now you possess them in whole purity  
tasting in honey metamorphosed  
their pollen malt

On your temple is there stopped your finger  
of an ancient contemplation  
You keep it as a memento-figure  
and for me a clear sign  
what's like the face of intrigue

Harsh runs dialogue between Me and me  
some words are too many for the justice of knowledge  
I, is a putrid core of a reed  
and how to pass the Light  
through that orifice of Me  
if files it the reality?

( p u r i f i c a t i o n )