

# MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

## G H U S L

Water, a material principle of my being  
as supplication, I pour all over my body

(Knows about my measures Heaven  
and determines it the right amount)

then I kneel (first helplessly cursing)  
while asking in hope from God  
all dirt - may slip  
from me - please  
and, here it is, gone  
amidst  
the shrill

Passed the storm  
and I am again like, a clean  
crystal, of the original me  
a diamond from, Azal's  
bowl, of Creation

Here I am again as a new beginning  
And again are lurking, from all sides  
the sins, like the wolves  
from, the underground  
forests  
(who knows what not  
in us  
hides)

But comforts me the faith: ghusl is given  
as a grace, all until the mortal moment  
and even for one later  
when in the, ritual  
we arrive, to give us ghusl  
someone else's, hands

and then . . .

My hope as a flood, comes up:  
In Barzakh, they say, run the courses of two seas  
May I sink to the bottom of the both!  
only to, on That day  
be standing, pure  
face, to  
Face

(Sarajevo, All Saints Day, November 1, 2014)