

FERID MUHIC  
WORDS OF GOD'S LANGUAGE

Reading the book by  
Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi

PTICA O VRATU / BIRD ON NECK

Here it is, a book, written in the words of God's language! All human languages are but mere translations from God's. And God's language is the primordial one, common to all people, given to them by God: the language of mind, of spiritual vision, of intellectual evidence. It is the basis and foundation into which we load the words of the human speeches and return them to their original expression - into the direct conception and intuitive understanding. This book is a record as close to that original language code, that proto-linguistic matrix, as far as it is possible, and as much as it is given to people; created as an illumination and a direct flash of evidence in the spirit of the Poetess, it is transformed by subtle translation, only lightly clothed in the attire of the words through which shines all the beauty of the first light of human verbal articulation.

The book is opened by the words which obtain their strength from God's message and not from grammatical peculiarities or lexical specifics and semantic abundance of this or that human language - translation.

*In the name of Allâh, The All-Merciful, The Merciful*

*And we have fastened a bird arround every man's neck, and we will bring forth to him on the Ressurrection Day a book wide open. Read today your book . . ."*

The Holy Qur'ân, 17:13 - 14

To whichever language they be translated, these words keep intact all the clarity of the expression, and full evidence and unambiguity of the meaning. The poetess, Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi, carries her bird on neck; this book is her bird, and the verses are the singing of that bird. A thin veil of the words only emphasizes an authentic call with which that bird on the neck of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi voices itself from the chthonic abysses of the consciousness in its flight to the blue heights of cognition, from premonitions to self-awareness, which reflects itself through the realization of its own identity. And so, already from the first words of this book, we are immediately immersed into intense light of pure meaning. Flashing through that light, the spiritual inspiration and poetic expression gradually reveal the topography of this epic. Before our eyes, its exclusively philosophical intention is

portrayed in two fundamental themes of every philosophy: the theme of the world, as ontology; the theme of the consciousness, therefore of the truth, as gnoseology!

For her part, reading *today her book*, Melika at the very beginning and explicitly announces its immanent philosophical character, through the dedication which reads:

*To my father, Haki-beg Salihbegovic*  
*- The Truthful One!*

We say epic, not a poetry collection because, indeed, here is a word on a philosophical epic. Long time before Socrates the whole philosophy was written as an epic; but also a long time after Socrates the philosophy was often written as an integral poetic work. About the world, little can be said so authentically as through the poem or crying, through a hymn or through a lament, through what is poetised or lamented for. The consistency, the integrity of this poetic book is so strongly emphasized through the inner philosophical consistence, not only of the individual cycles, but also of each poem and even each verse, so that the book cannot be experienced differently than as a thematic, conceptual and aesthetic unity.

Unity, one should keep in mind, is not the same as the singleness! Singleness is what is monolithic, what is from a single block of stone or marble (*mono-lithos*). Unity is a marriage, union, therefore a compound, amalgam, and an alloy of at least two or more different things, phenomena, ideas. Philosophical epic "Bird on neck" represents unity in several of its layers, as it epitomizes the unity in all of its layers as well. First, it is a unity of poetic prose (in the section entitled THE NARRATIVES, as sayings, statements, propositions), and poetry (with lyrically intoned title-warning WAKE UP, IT DAWNS). Unity is the principle emphasized even chronologically, by integrating of poetic prose written through 1974-1975-2014, and poetry, created between 1982-2014. The effect of trans-temporality of this process is aligned with the need to meet the condition of the perennial/lity (eternity and atemporality), which makes, even the oldest philosophical topics, equally actual today as it will make them actual till the end of the world and consciousness.

Thematic unity is affirmed by the fact that this book, by each sentence and through all of its verses, with equal power draws the curtain of darkness on the radiance of this world and by its light illuminates the darkest and hidden corners of the human soul. Philosophical dialectics, as the unity of contradictions - which is as much constant, so much dominant feature of this entire poetic and philosophical book - maintained in a constant tension (*Concordia oppositorum*) with the power of conceptual consistency, is underlined with the binomial approach. Thus, this work is crystallized as a poetic collection and philosophical study, authentically binomially structured in both genre incarnations, while Melika Salihbeg legitimizes herself as a philosopher and a poet of the top rank! In the first part that consists of the poetic prose (KAZE, as "the sayings", "the narratives"), this ontological and dynamic

polarisation exists through a particular state of marrying two contradictions, united in a unique nature of the concrete human existence. Of dramatic, fatal, and beneficial tension, which is introduced in the story discreetly - but with such shocking power! - with the following verses, that is to say a passage - a philosophical tractate:

Walking. Down the street. Asphaltic. I walk. I stop. I draw, with a chalk, a circle on the road. And stand on that mark. On the firm, determined, my destination. I stand. And only now I can: pull the world into my retina, smell it, pull it into my hearing, my breath, touch it; as it gets close to and bounces off me, like these words, with overtone. With overtone.

*PostScript.* This was a prenarrative. Something like a guarantee. For the memory. For the happening behind the memory.

First opposition: movement vs. halt. Another opposition: reacting as a suffering of activity, as the passivity and inferiority vs. agitation, as the action through the act, activity, and integrity. Third opposition: objective spirit vs. subjective spirit; spirit which realizes other than oneself vs. spirit which realizes oneself. Fourth opposition: pre-narration vs. narration as primordial, that one before every history, given only as the one herein-present vs. that one which projects itself into its own future, the one which becomes historical, by decision to preserve the memory of *the first act*, as the beginning of its own identity, in the context which, to this completely free and unconditioned act gives J.G. Fichte!

The narration begins with the prologue entitled ROTTERY, OR PARADISE THAT LASTS. And again, here it is, a philosophical and (seemingly) conceptual contradiction: rottery as such, that is something which is by definition exposed to decay, rot affecting, is firstly, by its very meaning, completely contrary to the concept of paradise; because Heaven, as *the gardens of Eden*, evokes a sharp antithesis to the rottery; in Heaven do not wither the flowers and do not yellow the leaves, in Paradise girls remain forever young and never become old women, and the whole time of Eternity boys turn boy into decrepit old men. But, in the world in which we find our only paradise we are certain of, reigns the inevitable truth, according to which everything that stops to grow becomes rotten, starts to rot. This is the theme that Cioran turned into a philosophical system, when he, his book which would traditional philosophy formulate as an *Essay on life*, titled as *The essay on decay*; therefore, as the *Essay on putridity*, *Essay on the rot!* Because to live means undoubtedly and inevitably - to disintegrate, to rot!

The second dialectical opposition of an alarmingly disturbing formulation from the Prologue reveals through the contradiction the determinants "rottery" and the characteristic that it is (heaven) "that lasts". What rots, what decays (or putrefies), should, once rotten, cease to exist as a rottery. But the rottery of the world in which we are, has the power of the infernal regeneration (because neither torment

in hell ever stops, or is spent the wood by which is stoked the fire under the kettles of the boiling tar!), the power of constant regenerations of itself, although always only a rottery, therefore, as a permanent auto-decadence which never reaches the bottom or dies, as the deterioration without end that never ends, because all what occurs in this world, which is born or springs up, immediately starts to rot, because the rot is its fate, is unable to wait, not even the stage in which it will cease to grow!

And then, a brilliant, positive, sovereign Melika's dialectic of the Light and Darkness, Existence and Non- Existence, Truth and Falsehood, extending through locating of the Narrative about Time and Narrative about Space! Thus the Hegelian connoted concepts of the Spirit by Itself and the Spirit for Itself, from the spiritless and abstract definitions of his philosophy, as terms, which Melika masterfully command, blend into the magic of the history of individual self-awareness, as an universal genesis of the personal identity of each individual. Philosophical discussion about concepts becomes a drama of the human self-awareness, universal *mathezis*, as algorithm and formula of self-awakening of a human being, found in the midst of The Being; and takes place, with each new sentence, every line, with incomparably greater power of direct experience than that offered by Heidegger's Kaza about being thrown in The Being, exposed in a heavy language whose reading is reminiscent of the swallowing of knots.

Let us listen, word by word, what Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi narrates to us about the miracle of self-consciousness, about discovering oneself, one's hand, one's own body and about the horror of the abyss of doubt in the reality of one's own conscious being:

I ask, my hand, if it can, as such, something whole, complete.

... Feeling. A step. In my nape . . .

Happens. As if I were not . . .

... Disputing, so, strained, between myself and my body . . .

... Striking, without pause, at my, blinded, door . . .

Following. In a street. Someone's footprints. Step by step. I call out my name. And I do not answer. Then I perform an exchange. And compel, the tracks, to walk. Step by step. Along my strides. I call out myself. And I respond. . .

... Watching, moves away, from the cracked circle, humbly, first my sorrow.

It was that real problem faced by Descartes! Not what almost everyone still - so wrongly, and so persistently! - formulates as a question: "Do I exist?" Because his answer clearly reveals that Descartes is not interested in *physical* existence, but *spiritual identity*. His own physical existence the great philosopher did not in the least suspect, as evidenced by the very same notoriously famous response which reads: "Cogito - sum!". Because for the author of *Metaphysical Meditation*

(*Meditationes de prima philosophia*) there was not any doubt that material objects exist as contents covered by the *Res Extensa*. The problem which fascinated him was by far more subtle and referred to the question of how two substances (*Res Extensa* and *Res cogitans*), which are mutually exclusive (objectivity does not reflect, the thought does not objectify itself), unite in a human being, thus a man is both the subject who thinks and the objectified thought!?

If he wanted to say 'I exist', Carthesius would say 'existere' and not 'sum', even more so because he spoke Latin ever since he was nine. But he said exactly 'sum', which means 'am', therefore: 'I am'. That very statement is not ontologically intended as a statement on the reality of this world, but the act of the Self-consciousness in which 'I' recognizes itself as 'I'. Existing, as an ontological diagnosis, is not crucial for the self-awareness, because even non-thinking things - do exist. Descartes wonders exactly about what Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi wonders about: "Am I?" The dead body of man also - exists. But the man - is no more there! Are we, at all, alive!? Do we only dream that we are alive? If this life is a dream, perhaps the death is - the awakening!? Is it possible to know?! Perhaps behind this whole story about the world stands *Evil Spirit* playing with people!?

Fascinates and just amazes the immediacy of the insight and directness of the literary transposition of this key query of not only Cartesian, but every philosophy asking about Man, which Melika by the power of her talent and inspiration epitomized in her litotically powerful *Kaze / The narratives*. And particularly so in the world in which everything; our senses, our mind, our reality and our dreams, and even the time, *trick us with shrewd gifts*:

Noticing. In a bazaar. A sale. First day I carry there a timepiece. And get, in exchange, a lot of gifts. Another day, I take along, a broken throb. And obtain lots of paper. Third day, I bring with me: my thought. And obtain not a thing.

.....

Today, sold out, I walk the streets. And try in vain to collect myself through antiquity shops.

P.S. Disguised, tricks us the time with shrewd gifts.

It would be incorrect to say that intonation, concision of the narration, and even more, the deepness of knowledge which is revealed in each sequence of these kaza-narratives, recalls Heraclitus' "Fragments": the degree of similarity is far above the threshold of reminding! Many of the brilliant formulations of this poetic and philosophical work of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi, appear as authentic excerpts from the opus of this *Dark Ephesian*.

"To the immense, only silence is proportional."

(Every talk is just a snippet from the endless endlessness of silence! Note. F.M.)

" With the rottery, none of the persistence can compete."

" From the Same, to none of differences can we escape."

" Individual one, comforts not the cosmic kismet."

And then, the anthological verses in which Melika immortalises the idea of unity (marrying) of life and death (about what Socrates, through Plato, says that "*death passes into life, and life passes into death*"), as if she carves the ineffaceable image into the stained-glasses in the celestial window of this World's temple:

Death, a gold-washer

in the sieve of Time

(ode to life)

*Goldwasher, in the sieve of Time!* Not Death as a bare grinning skull and a pile of bones covered with a black mantle, with scythe of a sharp blade! But the Death instead as a healthy and strong chap, red-faced, who vigorously grasps into his sieve the armfuls from the muddy water of life, and with insatiable greed chooses the most brilliant grains of gold, smilingly separating them then, forever, from the river in which they were created, and into which will never be returned! Then right after that, again a dialectical opposition, full of wisdom and faith, truth and speculation, insight and premonition:

... because death is actually not there

(the kind a man assumes it)

it's only the soul, freed

returning to the Light's unseens

There is neither life

(the kind a man regards it)

it's only The Creative Will flowing

through the veins (of mine)

Nor there is any power (of me)

It only, from the midnight

birds dream

as they fly

fly!

(2004) BIRD ON NECK

(The poem chosen for the title of The Book).

As for her lyric talent, Melika can probably find an equal competitor only within herself as a poet-philosopher. Some of the poems from her earlier opus having doubt, I consider the very peak of the World lyric poetry. In this book, that lyrical tone brings in a tension and inexpressible melancholy that we could recognize only in music - of Vivaldi, or Schopen, and of course Mozart. In this context, the cycle Etudes (Sarajevo, February 1982), although in spirit quite Heraclitan, are woven in a silk yarn of haiku poetry, but the ornaments are unique: unmatched and without parallel!

*étude XI*

Taste, the savour of fire this Being has  
and the Being of Eternity  
a sweet coldness of waters

*étude XII*

Eternity at the transient inn  
A sleeping bird  
of Secrecy

The depth of Her thought and expressive virtuosity compete in every verse and every sentence of this book, therefore it is, indeed, to me, the ignorant, difficult to answer:

Say, you ignorant, who's greater  
a singer, or a sung about

(d h a r r 2.)

I can only remember Socrates' answer to the question what he thinks about Heraclitus' philosophy, and say: The Poet is deep, and what the Poet poetises about, deep it is. But for both of it, a man has to be a diver from Delos, in order to dive to the bottom!

While we leak out of our being, *as water from the vessel*, horrified and yet calm,  
we recognise that

Whoever says we are naught  
denies not but The Maker!

Cycle ORPHEADES (Sarajevo - Sana, 2007-2014), varies the theme of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is not randomly chosen at all: namely, a word is about one of the most controversial, to itself conflicting, dramatic situations in the history of literature. Here again a philosophical subtlety of Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi goes hand in hand with her genuine lyrical talent and literary imagination. Through that correlation, with a special power, is voiced (like Hoelderlin's Orpheus who " . . . throughout Had voiced himself with the lyre") the paradox of denying all that the myth about Orpheus and Eurydice traditionally affirmed, and the affirmation of what the same myth denied!

*orphic theorem 1.*

It was not thanks to a mere impatience  
that Orpheus looked back  
at the exit from Hades

It was done by his Unconscious  
wholly on purpose  
in order to be conceived  
the Orphic  
Cult

*orphic theorem 2.*

It was not ever thanks to a mere accident  
that Orpheus lost Eurydice  
on their return to  
the world of the living

It was his own Unconscious that  
by looking back at her  
rather than a shallow bed of happiness

chose, to run  
deep  
(2004)

*orphic theorem 6.*

He has not, Orpheus, in too long mourning after Eurydice  
felt so tight  
in the world  
of the living

Rather, his lyre  
felt so strained  
in a deaf  
time

And equal artistic expressiveness combined with philosophical consequence transposes a cycle EURYDIADES in a completely new, original poetic and reflective totality:

*eurydic theorem 1.*

Not because of lack of love for Orpheus  
Eurydice preferred to stay in the  
underworld abode  
of the dead

But so as to, overcome with grief  
his lyre starts playing  
even much  
sweeter

HEAR YOURSELF THINK reads the advice and warnings of one of the cycles. Addressed obviously to both, herself and every human being, this formulation, according to which one can listen to the thought itself, points to all the depth of the poetic concentration by which this book was written. This formulation stands in such

an intimate connection, almost kinship, with one remark of Friedrich Nietzsche that one has inevitably to believe in the theory of creative synchronicity. Namely, according to his own admission, Nietzsche could not write in the room with books. It bothered him *the noise of others' thoughts* due to which he could not *hear his thoughts!* This book, from the start to the end, confirms that, fortunately for literature and to the joy of poetry lovers, Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi truly hears her thoughts!

There is a record about Rabindranath Tagore weeping on his deathbed. When asked by his friends for the reason of his tears, a famous poet is quoted as saying:

- *Because I did not write poems which I always wanted to!*

- *But Swami, you wrote more than 60,000 verses! Certainly among them are the poems, which you always wanted to write!?*

- *That's exactly why I wrote so many verses, for I've never managed to write poems that I dreamed of writing! But, even after 60,000 lines, I feel I haven't done it . . . That's why I weep!*

Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi probably has not written 60,000 verses. After this book there is no need to write them either. Because the book "Ptica o vratu / Bird on Neck" is the collection of poems, the kind of every poet dreams to write! Inspired by the truth that every history begins with a clear act of disobedience to the commandment, which Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi promoted in her own creative and life motto, this work sovereignly entered the annals of the World's literary history.

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