

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

s p e a k t h e e l e m e n t s

You make note and your hand just softly
touches the paper
To the Celestial Record a rival humble
Slowly, of your own you write out note:
on the borders of the shadows a blooming wind
like a cobweb
parts anxiety

Tremolo. Final tones

Only now in the silence of the dome
music you listen for eternal
Speak the elements

Tumbled the pictures around the galleries
from the golden frames
Melts the illusion. And the soul
like a shirt tight puts aside this matter
in which you
of anxiety like a pollen full
just evoked the true reality

But one should, before you touch it
record a wind
one should write out anxiety
A tremulous composition of music one should,
one should also an element feel universal
so that you would your
before the Celestial Face
Recognise shadow, illuminated

(speak the elements)

keep silence the elements

At times stops the picture
on the edge of your glance
It stops, like a once and for all
ended motion. Happens
nothing, just:
keep silence the elements

Certain, you feel, happened metamorphosis in the world
You stand aside and unravel the meaning
of something that is also your deed

It struck you, miraculously:
a moment ago, with your hand you waved amid the air
and here is it already lowered earthward
But that motion remained eternal
and only by it you know
you are in an
infinite settled space
and only your thought
possession-wishful
sets its dimension

(keep silence the elements)

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