

MELIKA SALIHBEGOVIC

TO ONE LENT TO REALITY

Suffice it not a bit (oh, our noble
deficiency) that the mirror
reflecting your certainty
be the same as you

Suffice it not just a bit

In a silent humbleness
acts your heart. Treasury full of wonders
of which they have found only love
Around it reason, master of the senses
summons always a chase

Do you still hear those voices?

You defend yourself from their call by transparency
in which, drawn before you
even entered that body to
lend yourself to reality
patiently awaits for you your face

Fluid veil of Unity

And when you clean the mirror
so that no trace
of your breath makes it hazy, the mirror and
the looking at it will again
be one body of Essentiality

You will have no more need of words
They are here only a slender arc of the bridge
a path between perfection
and our noble insufficiency

And how would you know you yourself are the mirror
if you had not looked therein at yourself
And if you, sinful, had not sometimes
so passionately
desired to smash it

(Sarajevo, January, 1982)

* The poem was written, included into poetry collection and arrested along with
the Author in March 1983, under family name Salihbegovic.