

MELIKA SALIHBEGOVIC*

CANTATA, PATHETIC

Sabíle, like water you are virtuous, clean
from the memory, here you are, annihilating forgetfulness
Did you, to hurt my solitude, came
or despair with a gush of your well to refresh

On whose lips will, Sal-Sabíle, at which moment
and on which occasion's fault
wither your purity
O, coldness of water, o chaste passion of the end that I already
in sensuality of your source feel
Freshness of wudu you are
and the cry with which the horse raises
out of the joy of partying
and a rider, as a faerie's groom

(Then comes the night, and night, and nothing can shatter that
purity of sign)

Sabíle, from which new well will drink my despair
Be the last impeccable
spring water
Because, you know as I do
the consistency of that first origin falls on our senses
drop, by drop
and it is then fate, that death like a handful of
dust? Sabíle, sensual
innocent!

(Sarajevo, 1981)

*Now SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

Note: The poem was written in December 1982, in an atmosphere of unbearable and ever growing fitnah around me suffocating even my teenage son, and was led by bula-Leto (bula=a female teacher of the Islamic basis), apparently inspired from the communist police sources, as well as the chasm of her own, unheard evilness. Lines "Then comes the night, and night, and nothing can / shatter that purity of sign" will become an independent poem, entitled "a mysterious. . .", in a poetry collection of the revelations, completed in February 1982, with which manuscript I will be arrested on 23. of March, 1983.