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NEW LANDSCAPE

First landscape - A sacred room

To be let in, might be both:  
curse or blessing, alike  
depends on the point of  
one's own choice

A swirl of an atom  
in love with its own circles

A turn left and its right turn  
in less than a single wink

An ascend  
and a descend  
- turns to all four sides  
and always one - invisible

Both  
From above, curse or blessing  
I meant  
two  
since two's still not a multiplicity

For, Creator and Creation are still  
One and The One of His

One is to add to these two, a third  
and here we are, many a one  
in ranks

A sacred room  
if one ponders fair enough  
is but a life itself  
in its holly turn right and down  
up and left

an atom's swirl-alike  
like a mawlavi celestial dance  
in love for Unity  
denying separation

While space gives everything a chance at least  
Time eats all away  
in a single gist of living  
like a mother-bee's of a swarm  
from where, here it is  
develops a holly butterfly  
already knowing its lifespan  
making no more than a day

One and a single day  
never longer  
but what's a Creator's day?

Why to guess if He Himself has offered us  
- a count

"Our day makes fifty thousand years of your counting"  
Do not proud then!

Who to keep on with reckoning, about his life  
Who to sum up every single wink  
Who to ponder

Grey, the colour of the season  
say the fashioners  
in combination with the cardinal red  
and all enveloped in a grass-green  
pelerine

Repose, my soul, take a rest  
for a run is still on

To be let in the sacred life  
is not always a mere blessing  
either curse, if one suspects so

**in opposition**

**To be let in. . .  
is not more than leaving behind  
all colours, especially those with which  
one is coloured as blessed and another one  
as cursed**

**To be let in. . .  
is to get empty-handed  
once the room's door got  
wide open**

**(Sarajevo, 2.27.2009 5:0 13:23)**