

MELIKA SALIHBEĞ BOSNAWI

THE NARRATIVES

NARRATIVE the first

Reposes. In a split. My hand. Something thwarts its . . . Move. Some are crossing
swards in it . . . The fears.

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

P.S. Anxious, stay, always, apart, my fingers.

NARRATIVE the second

Feeling. A step. In my nape. Then it starts circling. Slowly. Around my head. Its sound.
Goes in and out. Circling. It pauses, for an instant. In my nape. That step. And all over
again.

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Is it strong? No, it's not! Quite, quite a normal day.

P.S. Tireless, stalks me, the day.

NARRATIVE the third

Happens. As if I were not. I scream. I touch myself; through my own sound. In my own
eardrum.

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

P.S. Aversive, I pull behind me the deaf doublings.

NARRATIVE the fifth

Choosing. The form of a saw. For a walk. Mine. Rise and fall. Then rise . . . I want to step out. Wherever to.

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Started to like the sound of a saw. And compose, in it, my stride.

P.S. Am high up, only when I descend low.

NARRATIVE the seventh

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 do not respond.

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Decided to look for a new name at some, incidental, abodes.

P.S. Sticky, lures me my name to the habitual steps.