

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

SNOW HAS FALLEN ON BLOSSOM, ON FRUITS

A sevdalinka

Snow has fallen on blossom, on fruits
Grant, O Lord, what one wants
so to me what my heart is wishing

Were you fortunate, as you're unfortunate
so to come to the chambers of mine
To be sitting for me amidst the cushions
just like Pasha amidst the bimbashis

SARAJEVO, SNOW, NIGHTS, LIFE. . .

Classical Gymnasium Tito's street,
Corso, The Big Park, Exhibition Pavilion, snow,
Corso, lanterns, a fresh hairdo,
sinusitis, "Sloga / Concordance",
"Indexi". . . , departure, Zagreb, faculty. . .
an own Faculty index. . .
remoteness,
silence.....,
returns, departures, returns,
leavings,
war, never returns. . .
deaths
A HUSH

This is my homage to all people from video & corso, be they dead or still live! Homage to our youth! To our hometown Sarajevo from those ancient times when snow used to be alabaster-like, in which I used to enjoy on my own, as remaining all alone after Corso was over, and city sunk in a deep, eternal-like, impeccable & awesome, silence.

* Here are the lyrics of a Bosnian sevdalinka that I tried to translate for you. But how to translate untranslatable?! So, forgive me!

** Sloga, "Concordance", once a famous dancing place for Sarajevo youth.