

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

FOR JIM & KIDS

Melika Salihbeg Bosnawi, an author
to Jim, a visual artist

Dear Jim,

Salâm. For you, it was not enough to have a paper and colour; you were in need of a wall as well.

For your painting, there was not enough the soul of theirs, and your own soul, it was in need of my own soul, too.

For me, there was not enough to write about your "Hovering House"; it was essential to cry; first of all.

Since it was necessary for me to wash away with the water springing from my eyes that step, which you made from the broken world's picture, out to the whole wall. Since I was afraid, I was terrified, your pictures would have from now on be missing that part, predestined by your performance to remain behind, once your exhibition is closed down, and a rude one comes to wash it out, like a dirty spot on the wall, your yellow . . . I would never dare to name it . . . to come, didn't I say?

. . . and wipe out and erase it like a dirty stain, once you get closed down your exhibition, minding not for, being not any longer in any need of, me, and a new empty rude wall stands in front of my soul, hovering between that house in which it lived for a while with your souls: Jim's, and Mihana's, Emir's, Hairo's, Elvina's, Merisa's and Azemina's, and Aldina's soul, and Amra's . . . your souls, haven't I already said? and this washed out wall, because of whose cleaning performance my tears are already pouring out like rain as proving once more that in this world there is no a single house in which I am myself allowed by the rude, to dwell.