

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

## W H I T E D O G

### STORY first

During her stay in her third, Foca, prison, after Sarajevo's and Slavenska Pozega's, she will be for the first and last time allowed to take part in recreation with other convicts, i.e. to watch a movie in a big prison's hall.

And she did re/create herself in the film: WHITE DOG.

While watching it, the Poetess, fulfilling that way the task given to the prison authorities, intensely feels to be a "black woman" among "the white".

Shaken by the film story and her personal perception, then by the music evoking the fascists in all world regimes, she ceases not until today to recognize "white dogs" in the human shapes from all over the world. Who, through the monocle of their own faith and culture, look at the other and different in the way in which the movie's white dog did at his black trainer. At that one who tried to de/train him from an already encoded hatred and bloodlust towards the contrary colour.

But alas, every white dog with a human facet seems to be imagining that God, while creating the world, had to be just of his complexion. It could not ever be differently, because He created him precisely to His own image and guise.

### STORY second

A reprise of the above film and its perception by The above Photographed will happen live on a return charter flight from Geneva to London: in the post-prison and post-war period. In that story, more notorious than anywhere, apart from a black hijab (The Authoress's in person), a whole row on the plane remains empty. In both directions.

Treatment of the "white dogs" in people chest, once coded to hate, not only whole the palette of colours, but to hate at all, seems to, throughout the history of the human race, remained the most inoperable job. Because The White woman in a black Muslim habit, up in the prison, and today in the MacBook, in which she types her poem, and the character from the story **about Geneva airline flight** on which the "Empty line" was for the first time epitomized, are of the same genus.

"White Dog" of Communism was only the first to bloodthirstily attack her own, and the colour of her small child. But the inspiration to silence flows in from one story more:

### STORY 3-rd

Berlinian! The post-prison, and post-war. And it also emerges from the suppressed memories, and resurrected by this poem of an empty row.

Alone in her walk on the leaving the forest amid a European city that knows how to preserve the environment. The same black Muslim civilian habit will fall into the eyes of a few walkers on its opposite end; on the entrance to it. And then a shrill whistle on which even a quite distanced white visitor from Bosnia twitches, then looked back, then got frozen at the spot.

Towards her, in the scary big jumps, a whistle hate encoded, races a huge dog. And just before her, the second whistle stops the raging beast from the last jump. The whistle from the opposite end of the grove: emitted from the same white mouth.

It is likely that even the lips of the Poetess turned further white out of fear and horror. She doesn't know that either today, but she knows that she has never got a wish to go again to that historic city. The symbol of which is a huge mammal, as is the man. And which eagerly and often, especially in anger, climbs on it's own two feet, and so it even more resembles him. Many things are similar to each other. As, for example, people from this story: on the one and on the other side of the same forest, full of werewolves.

In a country of her faith, Iran / Persia, this same believer in The One has heard not once similar sharp sounds of whistles from someone's mouth. Of enormous range; from one to the other end of the planet Earth. In her native Bosnia, however, and ever since she woke to herself in 1979, she does not listen to nothing else for decades. Only the whistleblowers take turns.

In Bosnia.  
And everywhere.  
From time to time.

Consequently:  
One should get a silence within oneself.  
Let only keyboard be heard!

R E M A I N E D A N E M P T Y R O W

Sarajevo, my home, 09/02/2015 4:08 p.a.

I cannot weigh every word  
I live in the world – the factory of Idols  
I cannot weigh what I will say:  
Slips the truth out of me  
and damn the consequences

Snaps!  
Amidst my heart!  
Smashes my life!  
(an additional verse)

As soon as I think I have got  
a new, friend  
Boom!

I said something mistakenly  
I defamed someone with what he/she truly is  
I did not honour someone for what he/she is not  
I pronounced one's name without standing up  
I deprived someone of du'a by his/her green tabut  
and someone of a flower; on the black bier

Do I live your life?  
Of course not!

But I increasingly heavily breathe in your world of idols  
and start breathing only in the world of silence

I ever more feel that it . . .  
(and this only when I do not think on it at all)  
. . . signs for me  
and instead of my hand, it strikes  
on my keyboard

There will remain an empty row

There remains an empty row

an empty row

row

Totally empty!

No verse!

**P.S.** How more bulimic words in Urban Glossary wait for me  
to use them, in order to I become:  
contemporary  
modern  
cool  
trendy  
in . . .

Hell, I will not!  
I will not!  
Because the world suffers from the warmth anorexia

I will not for the life!  
I am only 70  
and you are 700 thousands years  
Glaciers are older than warm seas  
Here I am, sinking willingly  
to the bottom, of one  
of them