

REVIEW * CORRECTED

ABDULAH SIDRAN

On:

MELIKA SALIHBEGOVIĆ

WHEN YOU WAKE UP TO YOURSELF / KAD SE PROBUDIŠ SEBI

(a poetry collection)

Confirmed to me - already with the first reading of this deep-pensive, thoughtful book - my own, old, literary experience: every genuine poetic speech, no matter with which measure of the power and inspiration it might be, is actually an attempt of the conversation with the divine!

Poet, that is, such a being who most intensively, and without a bit of the rest or respite, feels how it is "hard the hem / on the robe of the world" (Objects d'art Primitive), and how it is, alike that same robe, "worn out the reality through which you are only a humble passer-by ("Still ask for you, the things"). In such a basic existential creative position is caught the poetic subject of this manuscript. And no matter how paradoxical it may sound - due to the drama of her position, Poetess' communication is without any bit of being pathetic, quite opposite, with the calm reciting, which as if it were happening in the rhythm of the human pace at a peripatetic walk. Asking for, and trying to reach, a measure of the divine in herself, and recognise a human measure in what seems to be the divine - Poetess writes a series of highly inspired soliloquies; "conversations" with soul mates from the ancient times; she writes an essay about language and translation; she addresses, even, a supposed future reader. Moreover, in no matter which of these forms she realised her effort - it is always linguistically powerful, aesthetically and morally relevant (why do we run away from that word?) - the binding. "In a silent humility / works your heart," there will say the poetess, and we, undoubtedly, believe her ("To the one borrowed to the reality").

It would be possible now - when it would not be a matter of a personal choice and taste - discuss about some simply professional aspects of the manuscript; punctuation innovations somewhere distracts a semantic precision; somewhere also, there "slips" in a complicated syntactic structure of a line - but we desist of such a discussion, not only because of "the individual choice and taste", but first of all because of far more essential thing: this manuscript will look forward to, a future reader! This "Black rose of Metaphysic" (Rose of darkness) will look for, and will find, a reader who will be simultaneously sensible and refined; patient, and hungry for an aesthetic enjoyment; curious, but a savant; with the equal measure of unhappiness and calm. Before him will happen a miracle of this poetry:

"only from larva a butterfly develops

and it is just of a colour
that a larva hides"

(Knowledge behind a dream)

In the name of this poetry - that "butterfly" which feels and thinks, and in the name of the future readership's joy and enjoyment - I do recommend this poetry collection of Melika Salihbegović for publishing.

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