

## MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

### I. They

It simply happened. In the variance of consciousness, and desire, and even earlier deviation of the presentiment. Any. It happens so, quite simply. He kept walking an end of the city, She the other of it's ends. And these ends, of the city, have never met before, nor they will, nor they can. Quite simply; they were walking. He, in his hand - the beauty, She, in hers - the thought. Both short of what is in the other's hand, and therefore weak. And armed, they believed, while walking. In the absence of intention, and desire, and presentiment. Any.

This is fog, said She.

I'm scared.

Fog is like anxiety .

Tight.

In itself.

The more.

As absurd.

No edge.

Round anxiety. Round absurd. Around itself, around you, around everything.

While you're in it.

Impenetrable.

And she kept going on. Without intention, without desire, and without presentiment.

Just like that, to go on.

This is fog, said He.

I'm scared.

I do not see me myself.

They don't see me.

Fog is like a beauty.

Staring.

Inside.

In itself.

In it's own. And whatever goes into it, is its. While inside. In the fog. In the beauty.

I am not scared anymore.

Fog is like a beauty.

Fog is like me.

And he kept going. Indifferently. Without intention, as with it, without desire and without presentiment, as with them. He his own.

*(This is an unpublished fragment from my novel BLACK SILK BLUES, that I myself destroyed in the autumn, 1977).*