

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

WHEN YOU WAKE UP TO YOURSELF

*Freedom, like a blueness announcing
dawn and all living
prostrate, you seek too early
Nocturnal, still thickens gloom
and a fragile streak of your mind
being let pass through by the Time
cautions you by the way:
slowly, one has to get used to The Light*

*Blind, your soul still rests in the darkness
of your body
waiting for the cure
(and word, disputable, ruins into itself)
There is burning, burning, the Cosmos
There is blazing, the chasm of your ignorance*

*A step if you make too many
against cell's wall, you will smash
hope, that alone feeds you
Warmth, nightly, still keep in your nape
and with your hand, of the prison window
fondle bar*

There will come the time of Marvel

*Of the Light will come the time
and then the Time of times
when you will through the gate* of 'Alî enter
Muhammad's city, blessings and peace upon him
and his offspring
city of Mustafâ
city of Abu'l-Qâssim*

*Awaken to yourself you will then after a long dream
regain your sight
To the Lord, perfectly, slave loyal
And thereafter you will of the freedom which you once
Madly sought
become the very essence*

(when you wake up to yourself)

Sarajevo, 1982

***hadîth**

Tradition of Prophet Muhammad (Mustafâ, Abu'l-Qâsim), Allâh's blessings and peace be upon him and his offspring, represents, as Henry Corbin says, "the charter of all esoterists". And just over the question of the tradition, are divided Muslim spiritualist and literalists, the latter proclaiming apocryphal every hadîth, which suggests an inner, profound meaning of the qur'anic testimonies. The poem "When You Wake Up to Yourself" evoking "the unravelling the ciphered script of Transcendence", as K. Jaspers would put it, refers to such a tradition that reads: "I am the city of knowledge and 'Alî is the gate of it". Discovering Transcendency as a feeling of unity with It, which Husayn ibn-Mansûr al-Hallâj dared to witness, and paid for it with his life, is a moment of that self-awakening.

This discursive exposition of my poem is far from the personal, ontic singularity of the experience of the absolute slavery as an absolute freedom, whose inner announcing from the depths of Time has actually initiated its writing. Mysticism helps us to free ourselves from "the sin of existence", but a poet, that cynic of Licentia, keeps warning.