

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

ONLY THE RUDE LAST

- TO AL-HALLAJ

*... whenever an unjust judge holds the pen
a Mansûr dies on the cross.*

Rûmî

A certain spring, there was collecting, redness
with April still dormant in its lap
Centipedes fell asleep in the corners of mosques
and the adhans were calling the dead
when they came to fetch you

On the pillar of shame
in a yellow robe clad, your innocence
bled two days on the left
and two days on the right bank of the Tigris

Watched you, the people as passing by

Only a bee recognized
on your forehead a mark of perfection
She was kissing you with its sting, and honey
as a balm, was pouring on your wounds
but you, as invoking a horror, with the power of love
decided not to endure

Only the rude last. Only their cloak's
fabric glistens with satisfaction and sandals
hide a creeping softness of their zeal

They let you free for another seven years
They themselves for themselves yet another seven shameful
made, pillars for the palace of hatred
over whose tops fly your poems

And here, through them, I hurry up to your death
crying out till the midnight (as you once)
Illusion!
and from its another half
Truth! Truth!

(t o a l - H a l l â j)

Sarajevo, January 1982.