

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

## RAHMAH – DIVINE WOMB OF THE WORLD

### **w o m b**

It won't and won't, any sleep;  
on my eyes

In vain is for me a herbal tea  
a wild thyme  
"the mammy soul"  
(Bot.) *Thymus vulgaris*

(A thousand and a flower / Tisuću i jedan cvet, Droga Kolinska  
20 tea bags per 1 gr.)

In vain I let my midnight drink  
stay for a minute more  
than a proposed eight

sleep wouldn't on my eyes

And so be it, because only  
about beginning of everything  
about progenesis  
about the merciful

### **rahīm**

about the womb (of the World)

### **riḥm**

about (God's) All/Mercy

### **rahmah**

about The All-Merciful

### **Ar-Rahmān**

I said nothing as yet in, this  
concise, Dictionary of Creation

(what happened to me?)

although two out of three radicals, of the womb  
**rā`-ḥā`**

have constantly been somewhere, around me

I've already poetised about freedom, **ḥurr**

letting to envelope me its sfumato

I've already been charmed

by the soul, **rūḥ**

without which everything in the world is dead

but I forgot these

con/sonants of all con/sonants

**rā`-ḥā`**

entwined with the, creative

**mīm**

in maternal, hunk

in progenetic, set

**rā`-ḥā`-mīm**

How did I let slip from my mind

(God's) grace

**raḥmah**

How did I miss to mention

(Metaphysical) womb

**raḥim**

(of The Whole) Universe

How so that I remembered not

mother womb

**riḥm**

Why just this night that

I feel pains in my womb

**raḥmā`u**

as if I was a new, woman in labour

as if my, bloody

placenta, was still in me

as if I was...

... and I am

and of course, that it hurts

still vulnerable

my uterus

of course that my

womb

**raḥim**

is still pregnant

of course that I was too hurried

to drop this book out, from my hands

as a new mother her issue from her insides

and send him, still bathed not

to the world;

before the sight, and court

of everyone

Did not take me long to search through D. of the C.

in order to found out that about

pains of the woman in labour

speak two

(and it seems, even more)

verbs

**raḥuma u (raḥāmah)**

**raḥima a (raḥam, raḥm)**

In vain, I say

wild, thyme

in vain I let ...

... sleep's still not on my eyes

And so be it because, how

as digging the Dictionary, of Creation

not to choose a form, the name

**raḥim**

not to poetise, God's

Mercy

**raḥmah**

The very same, which

like a wind, **rīḥ**

like (the Holy) Fertiliser

belongs too

to The womb (of the Universe)

**raḥim**

For which

**Ar-Raḥim**

The Merciful (God)  
holds;  
(a very special)  
compassion  
**taḥrīm**

For our weak body  
a delicate shell of the cosmic egg  
from which like from a fertilised  
maternal  
cell  
is being born  
Uni/verse

(How did I oversee it all, so carelessly?)

But here I am awake, at midnight  
as correcting a severe, error  
here I am singing, with The Dictionary  
of Creation  
about mercy compassion grace empathy  
**raḥmah**  
that God  
(and mother)  
laid in us  
by the Creation  
(and giving us birth)

(Oh how only is fertile, this insomnia!)

That from the same breast  
**raḥīm / riḥm**  
are also, by birth  
the family relations  
**raḥāmah**  
due to which we are  
(ones towards other) full of  
compassion  
sympathy  
**marḥamah**

(at least in war times, if never)

we learn soon as we get out of  
uteruses

**arḥām**

Here I am therefore, promising  
myself, and others  
while staring through a deep, dark into the Womb, of beings  
that this poem about, gentle  
procreation, of everything  
that this anthem, to Divine  
All/Mercy  
that this poetry about  
merciful  
Womb  
of the Universe  
be the most fertile of all

Therefore I call (urgently) into my sleep  
who else but (not this time  
Universal, mother  
out of Which is being born all, the Universe  
as well as we, but instead)  
my (own) mom  
and (her) womb

To ask her, for help  
to prepare this, midnight  
this, sleepless  
this, last  
poetic  
feast

And here she is (dead, my mother  
**Raḥima'illāh** upon her!)

to remind me of, how  
creative, roots

**rā`-ḥā`-mīm**

of (God's) All/Mercy

**raḥmah**

and (His) special, Mercy  
and (tender) mother womb  
and (her) grace  
the place of birth  
and also a place of gathering

of the dead  
**marḥūm**

For which  
one by one  
decedent  
**murraḥam**

(all until we too become the same)

we ask forgiveness  
**raḥḥama ´alā**  
we ask compassion from  
The Most Merciful of the merciful  
**Arḥamu`r-rāḥimīn**

**(w o m b)**

From the poetic collection inspired by the miracle of the Arabic  
language:

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