

# MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

## w o r d

Word is not the same as a step  
not a borrowed space  
Nor is it to the family of the cymbal alike  
whose sound always melts away

And when multiplied into a thousand of itself  
word only for an instant reminds of a zither  
if you touch its string, it vibrates long after

Word is from endless Sleeplessness  
sprinkles Nothing with genesis  
adds the entities

Word is a rapid of Being, eddy in which  
Nothing drowns  
a gush of Mercy, bringing back from deadness

Word is of the same origin as all it touches  
and with it returns to the same confluence

Word is speech and silence all at once  
and if a word is about it  
silence is identical with speech

Word gives form to everything  
itself coming from formlessness  
A guarantee for Yes

and guarantee for No  
Its Lord is the First Who is without a before  
and the Last Who is without a later  
Once revealed by Him, word becomes  
hermeneutics of all existent

( w o r d )