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THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SAID THAT
A DREAM HAS NOT ALREADY DREAMT

And Night?

It's not questionable the colour. It has
a whole flock
coronas of motley entities
oneness of its variety

Far reaches the memory. Faithful
to the Light of Pre-Beginning. Given promise
And lo! how from the black hole
is put aside the shirt of Being. Starts the charm

Being, inquisitive, is not afraid of night
And its colour
the sum of all colours of the daylight
to a savant is to tranquillity similar
by no means to an end

There is nothing to be said
that a dream has not already dreamt
Only in suffering true
happens destiny. Suffering happens

Gloomy house of Being
is built every day
and every day is demolished by an abundance
of motley illusions
a scattered flock of Sameness

(Sarajevo, November 1985.)

P.S.: This poem was the first flame of full consciousness during post-prison recovery after 73-day hunger strike ended on September 27, 1985, on release from political imprisonment in the penitentiary of Foca.

A revelation!