

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

## A WATCH FROM CHENGELKÔY

God Who are hidden in the  
- phenomenon of mine  
tear up this veil of me

I would not to be a hijaab  
but to disappear instead, in That  
What is covered by it

God, without You all is empty  
as a grazing land  
when the gazelles are gone  
and gather the shadows  
of night

Where am I it now going back?

To the city caught in a spider  
net, wherein the sniper bullets speak the time  
between breaths  
and exhalations

With whom to share the bad-timing  
- that speechlessness of the Time  
With whom to exchange the word  
- that resonant vessel of the All-Time

In what darkness yet to sink  
to disappear so in Thy light

In what solitude to isolate  
And then to know:  
- ah, at last!  
Back!  
Home!

\*\*\*Wristwatch, bought in a shop on the awesome - Chengelkôy - Istanbul's Riva, along which, once, "centuries" before the war for the death of Yugoslavia and Bosnia, I used to walk my post-prison loneliness. A watch, big like universe on my wrist. It - the spider web, at which, Time, as in a tale, tells... "Aunt Melika!", cried out Luckman (whom I found in Qom), "a bug entered your watch!".

I've lost (both, the watch and an essay on the Time outlined in my heart) in the haram of Imaam Rida a.s., in Mashad. In Bosnia roars the war. I rush back with medication; to Sarajevo, warriors..., brother.

