

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

t o i b n S î n â - m i l l e n a r y

Smell sweet the grasses and the linden flower
Flight of the bee from Mozart's *Divertissement*
(One has to trust a dream)
Here certainly falls not
the cosmic dust
And the dreams are still
entirely pristine

Careful, a test you are now performing a thousand years old

Bukhâra asleep worships only one Creator
A young bee announced with a noiseless
move of its wings
a future lover of God

Dreams still Persia in cheerful pre-irony
while the dawn calls to prostration
before Creator

And water has looked into itself

Ibn-Sînâ, you know for sure, remaining faithful
to Mashriq did not intend his participation
in that western atrocity
Bees mistakenly spread the pollen
which his thought
from the anthers of oblivion sucked up
to human test memory

And bitter, with the ignorant, settled honey

I am, they sound out
and again: *I want*
And so, proud, stops
a human knowledge
halfway like chamber
(having lost the favour of infinity)
music of divertimento
nor the suite any more that one love joins
nor the ardour-full
on a musical instrument
played out sonata

(t o i b n - S î n â - m i l l e n a r y)