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FATIMA OF MOSTAR

All on that Fall day had a colour of
the grey, noble, metal
By the late October sun
- An Alchemist of artistry
a silvered sky
and a rough rockery of the hills round the town

Silver sfumato of Neretva waters
and brooks, flowing into it - in disarray
but with the same longing for the whole
with which I too, that morning, around the stations
as waiting for the trains, was lining up, by hearth
verse by verse, of a just completed poem for You

Argentum, creativity, beauty, culture, dreams
fantasy, fairy tales and myths ...

Wonder!

Silvery barren-hill above The Old Bridge
seen by few, but wherefrom all is seen
and sparkly grey colour of the stony abutment
of Nezir-aga's mosque
in whose shade, that day
fourth October of two thousand twelve
I was taking accounts of my (metaphysical)
solitude

... ah Fall!
Fall is, indeed, a season of blooming!

And then all of a sudden appeared she
with all her eighty-two years
Fatima of Mostar
Princess, bright faced
soft voiced
smile a September-red apple alike

She popped up, to solve at once my enigma
- by whose diligent hands were whitened
stony portico tiles of the post-war resurrected house of God?
from whose depths I was feeling, in all its
Inexpressible, fullness

the existence of a long past quarry
out of which original ones were hewed

It didn't cross my mind, that day, as sunk into doze
into reverie of waters, into fantasies of quarries
that I too, in a little while, will start
by fatigue laid flat on that bare floorings
and with the help of my autumnal melancholy
hew verses and line them up
in this unexpected poem
about Her

Short chat between God house's Maid
and a Poetess, in a hot day of an early Fall
(and in a hot pain)

Brought as a bride somewhere from juicy Bosnia
to, from a harsh husband - Herzegovina karst
by her now-olden hands
before she herself forever whiter-up
grab (as once her own daughters and sons)
fertile flowerbeds of the colourful mosque's garden
which she cultivated amid Haram
She herself a Flower among flowers!

But there she is, already gone after her work
leaving me behind, perplexed
leaned against a cold, whitewashed wall
behind of which, I know it, upon every call
from minaret
- the place of light
dead ones stand up for prayer
wouldn't they wake up to them themselves

If not right now and here, then
at least in their own quite certain death
When they arrive at the Beyond
In the Transcendental
in the Light of lights, That none
grave, darkness could ever extinguish
when they arrive, in the end
into Life (in truth)

But, who is it that I hear laughing
- almost loud laughter
although from nowhere either sound or voice?
Who is it smiling at me as I am watching, Fatima's

back - in departure?
Who is it still around, while she is deserting me
bending earthward, like run-down Bosnian houses
with bay windows; just about to flat the ground?
Whom they are talking to...

These are her palms addressing me, ritually
purified with the earthly dust
resembling tayammum
It is granny-Fatima, Queen of Mostar
khidmat-woman of Nezir-agma's mosque
with her hands facing past
just like Najaf's sages
leaving me her will:

(when God has already brought on her way
the Poetess, whose is not but recording)

that happens not, God forbid! nobody, once she has
already moved to the World-on-Another-side of
Qâf – a cosmic mountain
cares not for her gulistan!

And plus, here they are, ordering, by earth (and work
and years, and destiny above all)
tattooed palms of the Queen of Mostar
turned to the opposite direction from a fully certain
future, of the twisted rod of her
by transiency, ruined body
that she intends not to die before she weeds her garden
once more, and once again
and certainly not before she digs it
and then water it, in this dry year
and certainly not before God send to her
as He did to Suleiman, His wise Prophet
peace be upon him!
either jinns, or humans

(and He can, send, if He wants it, The Omnipotent
some lonely poetesses
alike the one whom She has just met)

to, her flower garden, for their own
and not for Her salvation
as long as the world and time last
maintain

I was sitting on, Fatima's hands polished
soffas, homed in a melancholic existence
of a long forgotten stone-pit
Back against a white cold wall
Face towards the city, to which
as to none
I belong not

Window with the iron bars
separating me, like the prison's
from the congregation inside
who will pray in a little while
all dead next to dead
before it, by prayer, wakes up
before it, in truth revives

But Fatima of Mostar, destructed not by anything
still rules her empire
She's touring it with a spatula and brush in hands
nowhere a sign of the uncleanness, in negligence
to stay, behind her
Unheard of!
And far of!

My Fatima, Sultana of Mostar
woke me up before my autumnal death
And, here I am, writing
not a poem about her
but very Her

For about Her one needs not write poetry
Granny-Fatima is herself a poem
She's a Poem of Poems
She is a true versifying

PostScript:

I couldn't tell her that this autumn
for me, the leaves, because of her
will be differently falling
That this year my October sadness
is silvered by the colour of the sky, rock and city
that she sovereignly rules

And that, here I am,
putting in a gold memory frame
her floral portrait
and hanging the picture on the wall

in my, inner, museum
as adding the title

"Mòna-Fâtima", with a smile of a peony"

Paeonia officinalis: abchasica, bakeri, broteri, Paeonia californica, caucasica, emodi, intermedia, japonica, Keserwan peony, Lactiflora, Peregrina, Rhodia, Paeonia wittmanniana, ostii, rockii

Description:

Beauty-women in a cotton skirt of the thrifty folds
And fine cotton blouse, two withered figs
jigging under it
Under the heart into which is fitted whole
God-given, gentleness of the World
And this Fall, after summer droughts
for the first time, all my
silver metal icy-like
- Metaphysics

My autumnal sadness, argentea

(Mostar, October 4 - Sarajevo, October 2012)