

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

FROM THE SWEEP-OUT TIME

. . . .

You say nothing
You justify yourself with powerlessness
you raise up
you drink up cornelian-cherry juice
you open and close the door
(violating the emptiness of time)
you keep saying nothing
you excuse yourself with impotence
you take a handkerchief
you do not see it but you feel your breath
you sit down again at the table
you move your fingers over your machine
the machine ticks in your ear
and in your brain
you cast a look at clock
but you're out of time
you speak nothing
but that speechlessness is being printed under
your fingers
you blame for it your machine
you're still alive
by what you justify it
but with the unnecessariness of dying

(1975)

D e a d c i t y

It is noon
Bouquets* of the church bells on the lifeless sky
Down the street move the bodies
touching each other
as you continue to live your
introverted adventure

You will cross again the street on the corner
T-s and KT-s
A Cadre from the big city
You will take then that on the left
in the direction of an (alleged) chance
From three to five
(with another twenty introverted faces)
you will watch Buñuel
After the movie you will shake in passing

some frostbitten hand
Minus five below zero
On the hills the white accents, in Hong Kong
Li Cao mourns her husband

À ce soir, you confide in an acquaintance
from a friendship club, even though you know
that it will not be so, because
this is a dead city

In their soul they all wear black
because this is a dead city
One of threehundredandsixtyfive
of its holidays

(HundredtwentythousandGreeksfigureisnotproved-
writesinnewspaperscametohearoneolympic-
Mister-
A poet-
Yiannis Ritsos)

This night
if you take the same way back
in the direction of routine
you will encounter again your death
because this dead city will kill
(à ce soir, you confide in your acquaintance
from the friendship club)
one of its one hundred and twenty thousand poets

(1975)

P o e m o f t h e l o s t b e g i n n i n g

You follow then its steps in the asphalt
they are tiny and deaf lost
you recognize only some finger
stamped into the heat of the aroused memory
You gather them and compare with yours
You putt them where till a moment ago
moaned the emptiness

You step again down the street
back
it ceased to rain
You gather yourself and graffiti from the wall
in the ball of paper innocently unneeded
on the beauty of the lawn
some zealous citizen throws you in a basket

Behind the slender bars
you anticipate someone else's sin
forever impeccable
blank ivory of paper

(1975 or 1976)

Published for the first time on this site, November 24, 2014