

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

BIRD ON NECK

. . . because death in fact is not there
(kind of, a man assumes it)
It only soul, freed
returns to the light unseens

There is neither life
(kind of, a man considers it)
It only Creative Will flows
through the vessels of my blood

Neither is there any power of mine
It only from the midnight
birds dream as they fly
fly!

(2004)