

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

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... I be in the midst of the sober reality, but
as if I walk through
forgotten, corners of
me
through the rooms of my
oneself

and in each, there is some
left over, pain

As if they gather, sometimes
in the choir
choirly, to start sing/ing
my, blossomed
loneliness

But allow them not The Sadness

She is the Queen
She rules over all
She is the guardian of my pride
My honour
and my nobility

She is my key to, the very
me
By no means a cell!

She is an obelisk, of my
freedom!
The guard of my, purifying
happiness!

My Organon!

P.S.

She is an organ, for telling
the truth, of my being!

(Sarajevo, 04/02/2015 4:39 pm)