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R E M A I N E D A N E M P T Y R O W

Sarajevo, my home, 09/02/2015 4:08 p.a.

I cannot weigh every word
I live in the world – the factory of Idols
I cannot weigh what I will say:
Slips the truth out of me
and damn the consequences

Snaps!
Amidst my heart!
Smashes my life!
(an additional verse)

As soon as I think I have got
a new, friend
Boom!

I said something mistakenly
I defamed someone with what he/she truly is
I did not honour someone for what he/she is not
I pronounced one's name without standing up
I deprived someone of du'a by his/her green tabut
and someone of a flower; on the black bier

Do I live your life?
Of course not!

But I increasingly heavily breathe in your world of idols
and start breathing only in the world of silence

I ever more feel that it . . .
(and this only when I do not think on it at all)
. . . signs for me
and instead of my hand, it strikes
on my keyboard

There will remain an empty row

There remains an empty row

an empty row

row

Totally empty!

No verse!

P.S. How many more bulimic words in Urban glossary wait for me
to use them, in order to I become:
contemporary
modern
cool
trendy
in . . .

Hell, I will not!

I will not!
Because the world suffers from
the warmth
anorexia

I will not for the life!
I am only 70
and you are 700 thousands years

Glaciers are older than warm seas

Here I am, sinking willingly
to the bottom, of one
of them