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w a t e r i n g p l a c e

**Perhaps there is no better poem than the one
written by the (Arabic)
radicals of (The Creation)**

‘ ayn-râ` - shîn

**constantly intertwining with one another,
differently**

**and so, consequently
changing their, sense**

**From the above set of atoms / letters / elements
(of the World) here it is shining (with the black
gloss;**

a blinding one)

God's, Throne

‘ arsh

**About which books of gnosis
(sweetly-smelling)**

tell that it is

The Throne

of The One (Ahad / Wâhid)

**to which heights only, a pure
thought, can climb**

**although itself, by a throne
verb**

‘ arasha / ‘ urisha

being stunned

remaining in amazement

**And indeed a bird flies in the same direction
(towards the Throne, Divine)**

but when it cannot, higher

**then by these same radicals, of The Creation
hovers for some more time in, the air
as maintaining its, height**

and with its wings making, a shadow

*to those, below;
who never, fly*

*This beautiful picture
of an (avian) eaves
(kind of which even a wrong, thought
alas! can make)
draws the verbal form
´arrasha
with which (imitating perhaps those, same
birds, in flight)
even tender stems of the vine climb, a tree*

*Such is, thereupon
a vine lattice
ta ´rîshah
a longed for shade*

*(and of the hot Mostar, courtyards
ah! if only, my God, I had my childhood
and my aunt, Rukhia
and her, vine lattice
´arîshah
wherfrom hang, the bunches of grape
´urushât
and with them the gourds, I would say wholly
Aunty's
kind, which along with grapes
crawl
by the verbal form
mu ´arrish
along (the metal)
struts / columns
a ´râsh
to grow and feed and make the shade
to those who live in the yard
or which as calling
Salâm!
enter it*

In that cobblestoned, Paradise

*from our collective, memory
through which, long before grenades
knowing not for the, greeting
Peace be upon you!
swept away all our, aunts
and their, vine lattice
was burbling the Cernica, stream
of the blue, Neretva
all until the monster, of hatred
already then, announcing itself
had not, with the hot, asphalt
suffocated, a sweet smell of
the Islamic, Persia
around Mostar alleys, and courtyards
Oh how hurt, the memories!)*

.....

*The same noun is
a road lane path
shârî`
but also a window (into world)
sharra´ah
and a sail (for sailing away)
and tendons (of the arch)
and a tent
and canopy
shirâ´
and a roof and the eaves (for sheltering oneself)
and a deck and a ship
shara´ah
and a belt (for sandals)
and the law (for everything existing)*

*Shir´ah
is a wire
a trap (for birds)
and also a chord (of a lute
being about to announce itself, from the hands of
a poet
but it is still a long way to*

the poetry)

.....

*A poet
shâ´ir
is a being who, by his
sin/full, feeling
perceives and feels and senses
and figures out and intuitis*

*istash´ara (bâ)
only signs
only hints
(of Truth)
and hence he himself, through his
poetry
shi´r (only) hints*

*There are indeed those
possessing, a pure
intuition
shu´ûr and hence their
intuitive cognition
to which, it seems so
a barley
(bot.) Hordeum vulgare
sha´îr (since it sprouts from the same radicals)
does good*

*But many one from among them is
(ah, too many!)
only verse monger
mutashâ´ir
a would-be poet
shuway´ir
lost in the
coppice thicket
cluster and clump
sha´ar / sha´râ
of (his) fancy*

**And conceit
that, his
verses
ash ´âr
are the most important, thing
under the cap, of the heaven**

**But there is not just
split
mash ´ûr
vessel
but exists as well
a split mind
mash ´ûru `l- ´aql
and the inner fissure (in the spirit)
tash ´îr
and a furrow (in the soul)
that only a true, poet
gifted, with a believing
intuition
shâ ´îr
can, duly
sing about**

.....

**For, a poet
shâ ´îr
though fully acquainted with metathesis
(just like a chemist)
is a being, ruled by (his personal) sense
emotion imagination**

**The one (as well) that he, by
(his) poetry
shi ´r
ascends the (very)
Throne (of the World)
(Divine) Throne
´arsh**

***and hence he himself owns
something of a deity***

(Far from!)

***Perhaps just because of that, warns
God - the faithful
in His Revelation - Of The True Path
Sharî´ah
that they, no way, follow - poets
shu´arâ`***

***Who do not gather (at least on holidays)
at the ritual sites
sha´îrah
where is celebrated (not but)
One (God)***

***Who do not (when thirsty) search for
a drink (of a true) knowledge
at the clear (Divine) watering places
but drink instead from those which they reach
somehow;
randomly***

(w a t e r i n g p l a c e)

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