

MELIKA SALIHBEG BOSNAWI

S Û F Î

When everything already falls asleep
you come out of the darks, humbly
leaning Lightward
submissively tasting solitude with The One
Who is closer to you than
your jugular vein

When everything falls silent
then the Book
having died down on the lips of those
who only remember it by their tongues
slowly starts to take off
before the sight of your heart
one by one of its
seven veils

When everything falls dead
without hand to possess
you, rich, lay aside your woollen cloak
intending a prayer mat
large as upon which can fit
the larva of a butterfly

(s Û f Î)

Sarajevo, January 1982.