

## **MELIKA SALIHBEĞ BOSNAWI**

### **SKETCH FOR MY DEATH**

#### **. . . and death will come**

As if itself, by icicles inter-wined  
into iron bars, in the place of window  
was caught, as looking from the overground top  
of my underground solitary confinement  
how, instead of the last breaths  
all the night, was dropping from above the icy rust  
on the bed, empty of mattress and sheets  
and my, human  
shell

Or it just pretended, up there on the ceiling  
to see not how my body  
curled down there on the cell threshold  
grabs by the last twitches  
the remnants of an ancient summer heat  
creaped once, by the stony stairs  
into underground of the old building  
of order  
and system

. . . or it was commanded, at the last minute  
to postpone  
or. . .

Certainly, it descended not!

I remember, as if it was yesterday  
that from above  
through the icy emptiness of the bars  
whiled, the Abyss

But that in them, while therefrom dropped the soot  
was not entwined, It's face  
only, gentle, shadow of Death instead

Only a mute imprint of life in the cell  
in which, for me, has died a man  
in which a friend remained laying down  
as if on the ice, until Judgment Day  
in which History was announced by Barabbas  
in which he was again chosen by mob  
to be her savior

You stayed sitting on two halves  
both of which are burning - with blaze

Hence, even today, I am among you, cold  
All quondam heats are spent

Please, shut the window  
I do shiver, in your world

PostScript:

#### GUIDE HOW TO SEE THE JAIL FROM INSIDE

To the left of the entrance, in solitary confinement, in the icy, meters high basement, with the gridded window by its very top so as a bit of air enter the old musty Austrian building, with a huge iron bed without mattress and bed-sheets, and with a huge container for my night toilet that I will, at dawn, as accompanied by the prison guard, personally carry to empty into a pit from which has first to be removed a heavy stone lid, I spent a winter night (of Sarajevo Olympics) from which I have never come out among the humans.

In it there was freezing my blood and my belief in man. It will be put to an end by Focha "release" on the death-bed, and then the war, and in it...

Waiting for the confiscations, listening to the techno-mind blowing up noise from the café ground-floors of my Muvekita street, learning from IVZ. how is being tempered the madness of history, the floods comfort me. . . because as long as there is a warning, there is hope for man to wake up. . . but 'abdu/llah, Allah's/slave, allows not, he would rather to remove even God from His throne, or at least to sit a little bit on it, on one out of the "two chairs, which both", he rhymed once in a poem secretly dedicated to me, "blaze in the fire."

What else to add? I am among you, already dead for long, there is only waiting for me the confiscation of my terrestrial property by the criminal usurpers of Sarajevo-housings, and even more criminal courts and authorities, and confiscation of my body, for which lurk the graves. Because, they too, receive the recompense for their service.

And what goes to God, His rûh/spirit, which He breathed into me already in my mother's womb, that is something what none human creature could seize.

Praise and thanks to Him for this day on of the birthday of Imam Husain, peace be upon him! one of the most chosen "losers" of the battle with people ever.

Neither All-Merciful God  
has consented to be a Friend of both  
a victim and a villain  
Who has ever been on a Karbalâ'  
knows that it is either to a Man – impossible

(Prison/Jail, Sarajevo, Muvekita Cell, 01. June 2014.)