

I talk to myself

Erna Mujkić, Lukavac, B&H

Second prize in contest of "Bošnjaci" Fund Sarajevo.

... In the heart of the town, on the pavement of the street Jang, an old man is dying – a Russian emigrant. He dies in Russian way: with a sacrifice in his mind, on feet, with drink and chess.

I can't, under the canopy, enter in his soul.

I want to go home. I want to go home.

Abdulah Sidran

I stared for a long time, very long to my misty reflection in a paddle close to town's mosque. And people, who fluttered and slender, coming back from praying, pityingly looked at me – I believe they would gladly say a few words to me if my eyes begged them. But no, good people, you who bent your backs, I watch in the paddle a world which was my cradle for many years of childhood. Everything was innocent like God's clear rain water, and smile torn sky as it only above Bosnia doesn't exist.

How can I, my people, look at the face to anyone, after my own ripplingly ashamed reflection in the paddle disappeared in shallows of unknown micro space... and I had space, world, deep, own? If I start moaning, water will not receive even one my tear: how I can go among sincere ones when I left my own honesty... my Country, Bosnia, in which first time I accepted the clean religion ...

They say that language is our being, but I sometimes do not believe in that, why should people hurry to leave own being? Look, I'm on the other part of the world now and I would believe to you even that the whole World is flat and white, because to me the whole space is compressed in one point which I watch on a hidden map, and my time is in my scarf of some pre-war tarawih and in a pattern whose shape makes some nice person waving to me from a hairy Bosnian hill...

That is why I talk to myself. To watch myself as the whole, flat and white, as that imaginary impossible earth projection... I'm saying that in unimaginably sweet tooth way and enjoy in its softness, without nostalgia, without nostalgia, almost with enthusiasm of an artist. What does enthusiasm of the artist look like? For me it is ecstasy of something which is amorously coming back after long time from somewhere. And I say "d" with thoughts about my Đulsa who amazingly well played death before suffering skeptical Sarajevo's Robinsons...

But that is not so important. It is known only a moment when Đulsa looked at me as a prompter behind scene... and when I, too superficially, looked back... and a clock replied (always that product of for torturing!) with a sick tone, as it was written that in particular we must start and stop, save ourselves from destruction... as it is not the worst what ticking and burrows inside, alone. Then she said why not to stay in Bosnia, and it was after the war. I translated it to myself – in a language which, me alienated, already occupied as a devil – why to stay in Bosnia. And I was in doubt; my heart is shrunk with dark spots.

How can I, my dears, look at those good whirlpools? You are as well as I am, new coming here. On the second part of the world. But your road is not mine. Perhaps, your choices are right ones and necessary, but who will console me that my, kept quiet by sin, had justification?

Bosnia my dear, when I think on, one Ban whose sharp pen wrote on you centuries ago, on the fortresses and at the end of the world, gloriously spreading your borders and passionately compressed

you in a heart... O, I'd like to shake his hand and I would have sprinkled the ground on myself and moistened with tears Turkish fur leader on which, about three hundred years ago, lowered a head of his distant successor...

There is nothing yours in inscriptions and "stecak" which was directed toward me: I see everything like I was standing beside a diligent scrivener and watched his move almost prayerfully. As it is talking to me those deeply sensitive words about death and life, bitterness, as it wants to draw out groan of my soul... Pains, pains, pains of leaving – doesn't get over.

Yet, that small country in the corner, has own story. Moreover it has a bunch of stories. Some of them are about kings, some about sultans, about people on the frontier, about peasants, about dead people and about live ones. Stolac, Mostar, vizier's Travnik, Gradačac, the proud of Gradašćevici. Bosnia is bans, bogumils, beys, Basheskia. Bosnia is beits, landmarks, heritage... Bosnia is defiance of dream.

And, that small country in the corner has own language. Good hearted, inspired, a lot of centuries old. When I say name, it sonorously groans, as it wants to embrace water and smell the stars. So it wraps itself around body and don't let go, don't let...

Only God's words are endless, and this language is small and of small people: it is, well, not to mention own faith and being and share discovered joy with the other.

And, that small country in the corner, has own tragedy. That blood which you perhaps don't feel in yours, but it boils wherever you go. That blood is death of killed good slaves, peace and salvation upon them. They are praying now for country Bosnia. If the wheel gets back on the alien's bloodthirsty lance, they shout that good country Bosnia should be saved.

And, that small country in the corner has own youth. There it looks like opposite. From ancientness and tree rings of experience years of the country overpassed to the young ones forsworn to the same died centuries. Let crawls white wrinkled babies over centuries old roots: the future of country Bosnia. Oh, how I, like a bee, would knock on a door of every single bud which, ashamed, lowers from the sky. It is one, one is homeland, country. The Earth is not round if I'm there where I'm not.

How I can go back? Shall I leave bones of my grandmother on the wrong place? And my name, which wasn't red and called, left in a wrong name. I see myself in surrealism, how I die as a poor old Russian: in desperation I cry. O mother, save! Bosnia, welcome me clear and gentle, like Mrs. Đulsa. Like all mothers of the world when welcome own descendants.

Hurts, hurts, hurts this question mark. Erase all question marks with why to stay. How, my God, calm down myself with consolation that someone will read once Bosnia, old prophet pergamena?