

## **I WISH YOU NOT TO BE COMFORT BY THIS POEM**

**by**

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In July 1998 I wrote – better to say I coughed it out as suffocating, with real physical symptoms - the poem

### **SREBRENICA**

**1995**

**1996**

**1997**

**1998**

**1999**

**2000**

**2001**

**2002**

**2003**

**2004**

**2005**

**2006**

**2007 . . .**

**If I only/** Da mi je

**Finally /** Već jednom

**Lay down in that grave /** Leć u oni grob

**Which is not there /** Kojeg nema

**Next to child of mine /** Kraj dijeta moga

**Who's not there /** Kojeg nema

**To worm up his small hands /** Da mu rukice zgrijem

Poem has gone by Internet to my closer literary and not literary friends (and to some of my literary and nonliterary enemies as well), on its own journey, which did not depend longer on me as its authoress. In B&H this poem did not start living before 2005, when I read it in my English and German language to the foreign ambassadors, while saying: "I wish you not to be comfort by this poem". It seemed to me important to convey it to the others. Who knows, it perhaps is indeed important. If my poem prevents a gram of some possible future hate, or helps a gram to anybody in one's personal grief - here it is for me a reason to keep on writing! Here it is for me a reason to keep on breathing!

. . . For, too little is empathy in the world. Too little need to understand the Other. Too little is everything that is not profitable.

"Great World" lies that it will be saved by globalization: the Soul of the World will be saved by those who seek to learn it, bit by bit, and preserve, through the accidents that we are abundantly offered to, and not through its mercantile value in barrels of oil. Naively? Why not - it is good to be naive when even small children refuse to be, with po-ethical aim to, by the simplest words, transfer into consciousness of the Other, the experience of terrible trauma caused by the war and genocide. I'm going out of my skin, by my naked poetry nerves touching the world around me, and I see: crime, crime, crime. But, still, I augur too, because "to augur is only what I know", goodness, goodness, goodness. . .

<http://www.bosnawi.ba/en/guest-choice/454-i-wish-you-to-be-not-comfort-by-this-poem>