WORDS WORD US

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Words, my friends, are alive. They do things to us, we must not forget it. They sentence us to lifetimes of stories: names: sorries

Words lie with us in bed tell / touch \ tremble like a lover’s hand

Words leave traces of heat afternoon brilliance after contact after- taste of “I love you”

Words hunger make love longer twenty-six candles lit, burning the persistent, painful chronology of time

Words, my friends, are violent. They break us apart

Words war kidnap | kill drop bombs | build walls exile | exclude | execute | bodies |

bodies of bodies, beaten: bloody bodies: bone buttes, gun-blazed:

When the laser beam of the sniper settled on my grandmother’s sunflower hijab, red the words “Muslim” and “Bosanka” shot her dead.

rahetli nena: late grandma

Words come too late tardive stories: names: sorries
Her name was Šuhra Fejzić
before the words “I do,” changed her life “gave her in”
her maiden name was Šuhra Husović, my nena

Words, my friends, are bridges—on my nena’s grave, curved symbols: waves, branches, suns—Arabic, a language not my language—a language not my language, living on my tongue, taste of pita krompiruša

Words (repair), relieve, re-live us
“to give up desire or power to punish,” etymology of Forgive
to “give in” to words, foreign yet familiar

أسرة
حب
سلام