SAFE CITY

"No satisfaction can compare to the feeling of knowing the truth" (Francis Bacon)

Stolac is a safe city. Protected from all sides, because Mustafa said: "Stolac is surrounded by martyrs on all sides and the city is safe as long as the people remember it".

Once upon a time in Gorica (one of the entrances to the city) there were martyr's marks from which the children later made goal posts, and instead of a symbol that should remain in silence, there was commotion, a football game was going on. However, not everyone has forgotten. Protection comes from the direction of Njivica, several missionaries of Islam rest there. They came before the Turkish conquests and a lot of people died over there, so the local population buried them. They are still there. They work, because it has been transmitted that good deeds are written to those who died on God's path even after death.

On the way to the Berkovići there were also martyr's niches. They were broken and overgrown with grass and it would be hard for anyone to find them. Still, it's remembered. In Bitunja there is the Šarac, or wedding harem. It is said that the wedding party from Stolac went somewhere to pick up a girl and died on the hilly road. How and in conflict with whom, is not remembered. They are buried there because the martyr is often buried at the place of death. It doesn't have to, but it often does. Stolac is not the only safe city. Holy men and saints take care of many by warding off evil and darkness. Protection also exists for "inner cities", buildings within ourselves, fortifications in our souls and hearts.

Prophet a.s. said: "I am the city of knowledge and Ali is the gate of that city".

It is clear that one enters the city through its gate and there is no other way. Only the ill-intentioned cross the wall, only thieves and the dishonest bypass the entrance. That is why the one who seeks knowledge must knock on the door of Imam Ali a.s.

Let's see what the Qur'an says about the subject of "the city" and the aforementioned search for knowledge.

In surah "City", (surah "90", verse 20) the first three verses read:

1. I swear by this city

2. And you will be allowed everything in this city

3. Both the parent and the one he gave birth to

How did Muhammed a.s. The "city of knowledge" oath in the first verse is an oath to his person in the sense of complete knowledge that is true and complete. The second verse ("And you will be allowed sev in this city") interpreted externally indicates the Prophet's conquest of Mecca without blood, and we will not comment on that analysis here. The historicity of the literal text was turned into a mere transmission of external events. The permissibility of everything within the "city of knowledge" means consideration of the unlimited possibilities of human knowledge and not the ultimate reach of an undefined free will that "does whatever it wants" in the external course of historical events.

If "everything is allowed" to the Holy Prophet within the "city of knowledge", it means that it is no longer allowed to anyone and that others are not allowed (to interpret anything in the original sense), no one else (from the point of view of knowledge, i.e. its completeness and completeness ) does not have access to the "space" of the city, no one else can act arbitrarily in it without being allowed to do so. We have seen how the city itself is a "city of knowledge", so knowledge cannot be acquired outside of that city. Regarding the Qur'an itself, one verse says that "only those who are pure" are allowed to touch (interpret) it. This is the position of fourteen of the "sins of the Pure". (Muhammad, Fatima and the Twelve Holy Imams). In the sense of the "city of knowledge", it means that access for other people is not allowed, the gate is locked for them. As Imam Ali is the gate of the city of knowledge, only those whom he "lets in" enter that city, i.e. the city can only be reached through its gate. Only 14 of The Immaculate Ones possesses the keys to the city (of knowledge).

Verse 3 goes on to say: "both by the parent and by the one he gave birth to". As the gate of Imam Ali was opened with the permission of the Prophet Muhammad, this verse observes the dimension of the Muhammadan light now on the earthly plane, that light is now "incarnated". The word "child" (or "son", "daughter") is not used against "parent", but "the one" he gave birth to.

The word "him" (man) clearly indicates a personality, and a person (in the sense of personality) can only be an adult man. It is necessary to go back a little to historical events. After the birth of Imam Mehdi a.s. a few days after that, his aunt Hakima saw him as a child already walking and moving. Imams are born differently and grow up differently ("faster", which belongs to the topic of subtle physiology and light body). Thus, in verse three of Surah "The City" the "rapid growth" of Imam Mehdi (a.s.) is indicated, the omission of the word "child" clearly indicates the speed of transformation that escapes the senses and understanding of time in the material world. The mentioned "parent" is the Prophet Muhammad who once said that he was "sent as a herald of his son, Imam al-Mahdi". Both "parent" and "child" should therefore be understood in the sense of spiritual genealogy. All members of the "Pure House" are (also) physical relatives, but that is secondary here.

Now let's look at the first three verses from Surah "The Fig Tree" (Surah 95, verse 8).

1. I like figs and olives

2. And the Sinai Mountains

3. and this safe city.

The difference between the two surahs in which there is an "oath by the city" is the number 5 (95 "figs" - 90 "city" = 5). That's the number of people "under the cloak" (Muhammad, Fatima, Ali, Hasan and Hussein), which we have already seen. Surah "Repentance" is a surah that talks about "priests" and monks who "eat other people's properties" and thus turn them away from God's path. The verse is ordinal number 34 and if we subtract it from the total number of verses of Surah "Repentance" (129), we will get the number 95 (129-34=95), which is precisely the ordinal number of Surah "Fig". Thus, repentance is a prerequisite for following one of the 4 great deputies. The "fig tree" symbolizes Buddha, the "olive tree" of Jesus, the "Mount Sinai" of Moses and the "safe city" of Muhammad. The original following of one of the mentioned Messengers of God resolves the relationship between man and God without external mediation in the form of the priesthood and hence the mentioned numerical difference. Repentance and external mediation between man and God are mutually exclusive (because the priest absolves from sin).

Nonviolence is emphasized in the first verse of Surah "Fig". Buddha and Jesus are the "incarnations" of nonviolence and compassion. The surah begins with these attributes because according to the Inspired Tradition, "God's Mercy precedes God's Wrath", i.e. overpowers her. In addition, the Qur'anic verse says that God's Mercy "encompasses everything". Compassion, on the other hand, applies only to believers. Then it is mentioned by Moses, that is, "Mount Sinai", which is an allusion to the Law, the law for the physical which logically follows compassion (here understood as the moral action of man). At the end, we see the oath of "safe city", which is the personality of Muhammad, peace be upon him. The security of every city is its gate. Since Muhammad is the city of knowledge and Ali is the gate of that city, his personality represents the aforementioned security. The "lockedness" of the door is the fullness of received knowledge (Aliyah from Muhammad) which is analogous to that fullness of Muhammad to whom "everything is permitted" (verse 2, sura "The City"). To whom Imam Ali does not unlock the gate, he cannot reach true knowledge.

Tradition tells us that "security is complete belief", and there is no security without knowledge, and there is no knowledge without Imam Ali. That is why the Prophet said that Jews and Christians were divided into seventy-one and seventy-two groups, respectively, while his ummah would be divided into seventy-three.

"All will go into the fire except for one," added the Prophet, because there is only one gate, one key, one personality just as knowledge is one and indivisible. "You and your followers are saved on the Day of Judgment" - said the Prophet to Imam Ali on another occasion. Therefore, Ali's followers are a "saved group".

The triple oath (in sura "The Fig") can also be observed through the triple testimony of faith:

1. Like figs and olives (faith in God Almighty) (Buddha and Jesus are witnesses)

2. And the hills of Sinai (faith in the Messengership) (Moses is a witness)

3. and the city of this safe (faith in the Imamate) (Muhammad is a witness)

All three testimonies are different aspects of the "Muhammadic character", that is, the manifestation of the Messenger's light on both the historical and metaphysical levels. Buddha and Jesus testify to faith in God. As they are the "embodies" of compassion and non-violence, this testimony corresponds to the "Mecca period" of Muhammad's mission. Afterwards the first Revelation is received, as Muhammad worked in Mecca for 13 years and was then ordered to forgive and be patient and not to resist opponents. Fighting was not allowed, and that period expresses the Isaian and Buddhist consideration of not resisting evil. We have seen the second testimony of faith, faith in the Apostleship, is the testimony of Moses in the manner of the revelation of the Law. This corresponds to the "Medina period" of Muhammad's mission. Then the Prophet was prescribed a struggle and a community was formed in Medina in all its social and social aspects. The law for physical education is implemented in its full dimension.

The last, (third) is the testimony of Muhammad, faith in the Imamate. It is a testimony in the way of revealing the inner depths of the Revelation (batin) to which (in terms of history) the time until the Day of Judgment corresponds. As the Prophet died and Paul should be a living man on this earth, it is (now, and before him there were 11 honorable predecessors) in this time of Imam al-Mahdi. The "Batin of Revelation" is now in his hands. He himself said: "I am protection for people on earth". He did not say that protection is for "believers" or "Muslims" but precisely for (all) people because he is the Pole of the earth, its maintainer. Divine love enters into existence through him and the esoteric spiritual hierarchies (with him at the head) are "the eyes with which God still looks upon the earth". Without them, the world would lose its support and collapse into non-existence. These are persons of the invisible world, knights in the service of the Imam.

The sum of the verses of the two surahs ("The City" and "The Fig Tree") is the number 28 (20+8=28), which is the number of years of life of the eleventh Imam Askeri, a.s. and as the day of his death is the beginning of his son's concealment, this number indicates the "small" and "great" concealment of Imam al-Mahdi a.s. With this sum (20+8), the "city where everything is permitted" is combined with the "safe city" in the manner of the two periods of the Imam's occultation. Smaller concealment (which lasted a little more than 70 years and during which the Imam had 4 representatives who were his bond with the people) corresponds to "the city where Muhammad will be allowed everything" and the big secret (which started with the death of the fourth representative and continues today) corresponds to a "safe city".

As the Qur'an can only be touched (interpreted) by the Pure (and which is in accordance with Muhammad's sovereignty within the city of knowledge), the Imam's "small concealment" hides this "untouchability" from the eyes of the people, because they themselves have become unable to see him ( Imams). The "Great Concealment" combines the Seal of the Absolute Vilayet (Imam Ali) with the seal of the Muhammadan Vilayet (Imam el-Mehdi personally). With this, the "key to the gate" (of the city of knowledge) is taken over by the Lord of Time and allowed to be carried through the course of history, directing the course of humanity. The Imam himself saw him and said for himself that he is "safety (security) for the people of the earth". There are a total of five oaths in both surahs ("The City" and "The Fig Tree"), as follows:

1. I swear by this city

3. both the parent and the one who gave birth SURA ''THE CITY

1. I like figs and olives

2. and hills of Sinai SURA "FIG"

3. and this safe city

These 5 oaths are in accordance with 5 Holy Persons, namely: Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein. Each of the oaths "envelopes" one holy person with a light cloak of complete purity.

"This city" = Muhammed a.s.

"The parent and the one he gives birth to" = Ali a.s.

"Fig and Olive" = Fatima a.s.

"Mount Sinai" = Hasan a.s.

"safe city" = Husejn a.s.

"This city" is "the city of knowledge", the person of the Prophet Muhammad. Just as the Prophet covered the Holy Family (Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein) with the Yemeni cloak, so here (in the manner of an oath) the city of knowledge includes 4 more holy persons within the walls of that city. Certainly, Imam Ali is his gate. The second oath, (verse 3 of Surah "The City"), we saw, was coined to Imam Ali. The verse itself, as already mentioned, refers to Muhammad (the "parent") and Imam - al-Mahdi a.s. (''the one who was born''). However, as the Seal of the Absolute Vilayet is, the oath here "encircles" him.

The Prophet said: "God placed the children of all the Prophets in their spines while He placed my children in the spine of Ali." That is why in this verse the "parent" is Muhammad and the "son" is Hussein a.s. On one occasion, the Prophet put his hand on Hussein (who was still a child at the time) and said: "There will be nine Imams after him, the last of whom is the Kaim" (Support). Here "the one who is born" is identical to Support. This is how the seal of the absolute and the Muhammadan vilayet are combined.

The third oath (verse 1 of surah "The Fig") is in accordance with Fatimah a.s. As the "fig and olive" are the Apostles, Buddha and Jesus who are the "embodies" of non-violence and compassion, this fits perfectly into the passive, receptive and non-violent consideration of the feminine, which in full measure came to the fore after the Prophet's death and related to the injustices inflicted on Fatima by the caliphs (seizing a fertile area - Fedek, which was her property, isolation and even an attack on her house during which her rib was broken).

The fourth oath (verse 2, surah "The Fig") is according to Imam Hasan a.s. The Prophet said about Hassan and Hussein: "These two sons of mine are Imams, whether they are standing or sitting." So, whether they were in office or not, whether they were recognized by people or not, whether they were active or dormant. This is because the exalted position of the Imamate is assigned by the Divine Will, and in that disputing (or recognition) by people plays no role.

Regarding Imam Hasan himself, the Prophet said that perhaps through his mediation God will "reconcile the two large groups of Muslims". Hassan renounced the caliphate in favor of Muawiyah and thus prevented further warfare and bloodshed (thus "reconciling the two groups"). Hasan means "good" and is the fourth oath in order, and "Mount Sinai" is a clear association with the Prophet Moses (Musa - a). Moses is also the fourth in a line of great Prophets, "men of decision", who announced the divine law. Those messengers are: "Adam, Nuh, Ibrahim, Musa, Isa, Muhammed".

The fifth oath follows (verse 3 of Surah "The Fig Tree") and it corresponds to Imam Hussein. The "safe city" here (by way of oath) is Mecca, the holy city where the Imam had taken refuge, after refusing to swear the oath to Yazid. It is known that the shedding of blood is forbidden in Mecca. After some time (historical event) spent in Mecca, Husayn headed for Karbala. Since Imam Hussein (in the external sense) was not safe anywhere, the "safe city" also includes the "family of Muhammadan knowledge", the family that followed him until his death at Karbala, where 17 of his relatives died.

Through the course of history, we encounter safe cities. Stolac was mentioned and Konja in Turkey is also a protected city. The city where are the graves of Jelaluddin Rumi, his father and his descendants and friends. When several centuries ago the Mongolian army advanced and stopped in front of

On horseback, the people panicked and rushed to Dzelaludin. People were looking for the clothes of the dead, sure of the imminent and imminent end. Seeing what was happening, Rumi performed ablution and after early dawn headed to the hill above the city walls. He was dressed in blue and had a gray turban on his head. There he performed the morning prayer. The Mongolian army watched the strange occasion as it bent over and prostrated, Islam was still unknown to them at that time. After that, the Mongols decided to attack and firstly tried to shoot arrows. Not a single soldier could draw a bow, and not a single horse would move when they were driven towards the fort.

The army commander mounted the horse three times, but the horse did not move. It looked like the legs of the animals were chained with iron chains, the Divine Night did not allow the Horse to fall into the hands of the enemy. The Mongol army was stunned by the event. They spent some time under the cisterns and then returned. It was narrated that the Horse will be protected from all calamities until the Judgment Day. Safe cities. These external as well as those within us, girded with the knowledge of the Pure House. And it is best when both cities are safe, the one in the colorfulness of colors and smells and the one in the light of spiritual senses. Whether we knock on the gate of Imam Ali or remain forever separated by thick walls, the decision is ours and the answer is different for everyone. All the same, the gate is within us and we should try because Jesus said: "He who knocks, it will be opened to him". And when the door opens, nothing is the same.

THE HAND OF FATIMA

"The secret of love is greater than the secret of death" (Oscar Wilde)

I watched the accumulated clouds for a long time while waiting for the bus in Tekija. In the parting of the clouds, there is always something miraculous and recognizable only then, unrepeatable. An old, rickety bus was approaching. It is dusty and almost always full, it stops at every intersection and so often that passengers joke that it stops wherever it "sees a cow". An ugly comparison and usually caused general laughter. I went in, thinking nothing of it. There were a lot of free seats, which is strange for this time of day when students are returning home. Suddenly, I saw Fatima and decided to sit next to her. She is not completely unknown to me and not well known even though I remember the character well and often remembered her. And there are always faces that are engraved in the memory, devastatingly difficult or charming carelessly, fatefully or with a touch of mischief that conquers.

We were silent. Her eyes were beautiful. Brilliant, full of warm reflections and greenish light poured over - sparking, losing strength or intensifying. Long, velvety eyelashes would quiver when the sun's glare stopped on them, breaking through the bare trees in the distance. The lips, harmonious, lovely open in some curious playfulness, flickered as she spoke. The forehead is high and a little sore, as smart and penetrating people and people who know how to reach their goal regularly have. The face was only slightly red, a slight blush also on the bends of the supple neck, as often happens in young girls with strong feelings and big gestures. Her hair was braided and fell casually over her left shoulder gently resting on her prominent neck. Like a sleeping child in a mother's arms, a freshly picked flower from an ancient meadow where we meet our dreams and unfulfilled hopes.

A shuddering fawn in the snow embraced by white mists, a breath of hushed desire on the window pane as the stars swarm. It was a face of extraordinary beauty and harmony. She kept her hands resting on a small bag. The right hand rested on the left in a careless absence full of unspoken harmony, three rings gracefully encircling the fingers. It seemed to me that she loved silver and gave it special importance, I didn't ask and the thought slipped away in an instant. Then I remembered another Fatima, from back in the day of my childhood when curiosity is innate and full of exhilaration to conquer. She would sit in Uzinovićka Mahala on a small mat, right next to the road, her hands crossed over her knees as if she was defending herself or separating herself from the world she didn't belong to. A black blindfold over one eye, lips aggressively made up and a face always bright and smiling. Although already in advanced age, she still radiated traces of her former beauty. Both cheeks covered with bright red, demeanor elegant, in all respects lordly. She seemed a little embarrassed to be so exposed on the street, almost timidly avoiding people's gaze and defying them at the same time.

Because it happens that people of noble origin and elegant demeanor fall into the disfavor of fate and find themselves at the bottom without knowing how and even less why. Then shame in front of everything makes up for the depth of the fall, and pride becomes vanity and a shield in separation that hurts. Fatima's hand was not extended. She never begged or asked people, although she received small gifts and Ramadan "glasses" that were usually brought by children. She was neither happy nor sad, finally accepting everything as part of her inexorable destiny, as her lot in this world. Cob, and she is close to everyone because no one in this world is safe.

And by what cause will come what is destined is not even important if we have a great robe of reconciliation. I remember the warmth of Fatima's gaze, the expressiveness of her face and the behavior of a woman who did not belong to the street and that's why she persistently showed that the street was a part of her. The black bandage over the eye seemed like an everyday thing because we, the younger ones, didn't even remember it being different. It even seemed natural and original, like something that "fits" her and has nothing scary about it.

Bright lipstick on her lips, and it was as if a thick, red layer made up for all that she was "thin". Because she was followed by family defeats and tragedies, and then everyone wants to let others know that they "stick to themselves", both by gesture and by their outward appearance. In this proof, the pride of the poor is always unusually refined and meaningful and easily finds a reason to equalize or even rise above the others. Whenever I passed by the street as a child, Fatima would smile and caress my head. I never saw her sad or overly happy. It looked as if she made peace with herself and the whole world and nothing disturbs her because she has not hoped for anything for a long time. The Pašalićs are a well-known Stolac family and their ancestors were rich and respectable people. Over time, the tribe died out, disappeared like numerous other city families. I heard that Fatima got married somewhere far away as a young girl and experienced disappointment and marital shipwreck. I didn't ask because it would be offensive and redundant, she hasn't even asked herself for a long time and is weaned from any answer. It happened and you have to endure the rest of your life.

Their heads are always covered, small strands of pitch-black hair just visible under the bandaged jennia. The yellow dimias were worn and the old nanulas were carelessly turned over next to her. Fatima was a symbol of an era, a time. So different from the beauty sitting next to me, but I still remembered her, who knows why?!

Fatima was the name of the Prophet's daughter and the mother of the Holy Imams, and letting the thought flow, it was as if that name completely took over me and began to occupy me. That's how I remembered the third one. Fatima. The pictures began to change and I sank into a distant memory, and then all things seem beautiful and unfathomable. She loved wine. They say that she used to be a good registrar and a hard-working municipal official. In her time, she had beautiful handwriting and was a dedicated, hard worker. But fate knocks down and elevates, lowers or enthrones without ever asking. The cause is ours and part of our "everything" and that right there is the end of human thought, the rest resides in the unfathomable. I remembered Fatima from Hotel "Radimlja". A smoky, third-rate tavern that looked more like a hotel than a hotel and where bad singers were welcomed like queens. As a grown-up young man, I myself was often one of the guests. When the construction of the new hotel began, this only one until then was called "old" and only a few loyal visitors remained in it.

Alcoholics would warm themselves by the gas stove, running away from the world and themselves, disillusioned sociopaths and some taxi drivers from the nearby street, a couple of idle smugglers. Halil the waiter was lost and giving up, unshaven and with a cloudy, angry look, with a cigarette in his mouth that was constantly hanging, knocked down. Only three or four tables in a small, provincial den, and even they were superfluous. Most of the guests went directly to the bar, where they would "take out a double", quickly and secretly, and then retreat, wrapped in long raincoats. Many wouldn't even pay, and glasses would often fly in all directions, but Halil never got excited. Someone will already pay, things will settle down and the guilty party will come to his senses when he sobers up. And if he doesn't come up with it, it doesn't matter. It was the correct and perhaps the only possible approach. Because the old hotel was known for "losing one's temper" and many waiters stayed there before their time, suffering from colic pain and who knows what else. The tavern had a "bad reputation" and that reputation seemed to be getting worse over time.

The legendary "jukebox" was widely known, a joke and a sign of the tavern itself, and the heartbreaking melodies comforted many drunkards. I loved the song called 'Vranjanka'' and the drawn-out, melodramatic chorus (''my everything is empty'') seemed to hit something inexplicable in me. It doesn't even matter what, because youth is a kind of madness that is constantly looking for an excuse to waste. All of it. Fatima would often come to the old hotel, and her nickname "wounded bird" seemed to faithfully reflect both the hurt and bitterness of being rejected. Her face was serious and in a way of painful immobility and contempt for everything external, even seemed intelligent and spiritual.

Her gait was light and focused, she looked carefully and her gaze was short and penetrating. Reclining in a dirty and rickety chair, he would often observe her, trying to find the causes of loneliness and despair, which is never easy. Because a desperate man is all in a fog and unclear even to himself and rarely opens up to others. He craves attention just as much as he fears it. Fatima's hand held the glass. The glass, the fate of the cursed and unfortunate and the unfinished dream of all the dissatisfied. A drunkard's glass is always empty and the emptiness that kills is the basis and the meaning at the same time, fulfillment is only an illusion. Emptiness is the secret of every alcoholic. Because the one who doesn't have the strength to face himself never knows what guides and controls him and then emptiness is the safest refuge.

Meaninglessness, the greatest sadness of all truth in which vagueness is laid bare but never meaningful. An intoxicating haze that makes even the biggest doubter believe in an earthly paradise and great pleasure in the glassy reflection of a full glass.

The Prophet of God said: "Alcohol is the mother of all evil". He did not say that it was the cause, but precisely "the mother". Just as a mother loves her child completely and takes care of him, so does alcohol as a whole and with stunning gentleness "takes under its own" the one who drinks it. And just as a mother hugs a child to her breast, feeding it, so intoxicating self-forgetfulness feeds the illusion on the breast of transience. The gracious tenderness of the drunken man is so strongly reminiscent of a mother's expression of love, and the unrestrainedness of the drunkard in his willingness to sacrifice so faithfully associates parental care.

Other vices also lead to evil, but alcohol is their mother because a drunk person will agree to any other evil. And as any mother is partial to his child, so alcohol jealously takes a man whole and completely for himself. Fatima's nickname "wounded bird" was later abbreviated so it was usually called "wounded" because pain is what is seen and what makes us stand out, even though they don't remember us for it. People are ashamed of great pain, even though they don't want to admit it to themselves, and they fear it as much as they are ready to despise it, often envying it as something precious. I didn't want the memory to be there but it happened. I looked out the window of the bus, a few birds in the distance looked like small black dots lost in space. Perhaps the beauty of the young girl encouraged me and awakened memories of the most beautiful things in others. Because there is something beautiful in everyone and every person is unique, original even when they think they are not. Immersed in existence in its own unique way.

I turned to Fata. The greenish light in her eyes overflowed in warm reflections, full of wandering shadows and sparkling rapture, I remembered the river of my childhood. Rivers and the sun's reflection on the green immensity in the view and breadth stopped in the eye when all things seemed possible. Because there is nothing impossible in childhood and that is why it outgrows maturity and old age, defying everything. Often in vain, but never without hope that conquers and disarms. The fish swam in shoals and the fish on the bottom trembled as if dancing. Big trees are silent, everything exudes beauty that hurts. It was a long time ago. But it is no accident that I remember now because beauty connects all things and is the rain cloud of the past. I watched the children on the bus. Bright landings, laughter and some bowed heads falling asleep from fatigue or driving, the light of the sun breaks through and disappears again behind the clouds. Unrealization in the deserted fields around, mine, I didn't think of another. The road was unsightly and muddy, and travelers came out in droves, jostling and eager for fresh air after the sultry stuffiness. I didn't mind the slowness of the ride, I even wished it lasted as long as possible.

Fatima is a student. You could tell by the books in her arms and the clean notebook next to her, and by the purity of her facial expression, which shone with anticipation. Waiting for joy, a better and happier future, who knows what. Because youth is all about soaring and the rapture of soaring and nothing can shake it. Youth turns defeats into victories and clings to the ropes of invincibility in everything. I was shaken by the peace of her clasped hands and their longing, timid touch. It spread the breath of innocence, the charm of an absence that is always new and unsoured. They rested on top of each other like two secrets doomed to be unraveled by each other, two signs of beauty, signs of sadness in the veil that was devastating. Only occasionally would the right hand wander casually, when she wanted to underline or clarify something, casually returning to the left. It was as if everything fell silent as she spoke, a fellow passenger on a dilapidated bus, I knew I would remember her. And I remembered her for her beauty.

It looked like she was reading my books. She loved reading and immersed herself in easy readings, not even shying away from the more difficult ones. Novels, short stories, she read everything she could get her hands on.

She said that my works were good and that she considered me "almost a genius". I was flattered, especially the "almost" part because the proximity to the greatest is often the most flattering, just as a long-distance runner feels the greatest happiness near the finish line. Much bigger when someone goes through the goal itself. Fatima used to come to "Locco Bar". Every pub is a large auditorium, especially in ours and especially on Saturday evenings. A theater that is ready regardless of the actors and their talent because the scene has to be played. A bad role is not an excuse, everyone has to participate. The one who won't be the main extra whether he likes it or not. The pieces were desperate, especially when the pretense seemed to go unnoticed. Koštana, the landlady's daughter, was particularly interested in my (again) evening outings, it happened after a very long time. She knows I'm not coming for her, so the curiosity is understandable. The tobacco smoke really bothered me and the stuffiness in the cafe was terrifying. Incomprehensibly loud noise, aggressive make-up on the faces of young girls. Conceited dreamers stare into space waiting for someone to latch on to their originality, older girls size up visitors without any hesitation, like goods in a store. The only important thing is waiting, but what is waiting, no one knows.

Courteous smiles, followed by poisonous gossip, the ships of failed narcotics sink in a flood of general joy. Obtrusiveness, the bar of mediocrity and the welcome of distorted mouths. Tongues out. The smell of drunkenness and bad vodka is poured carefully because every drop is important, spilled and lost can be needed. Status, age and outlook on the world, especially wealth or even worse, poverty. It is what is silent and lurks from the edge, what is collected and taken away because it does not have a personality nor should it have one. If there is, then even worse, no one sees it.

My obsession is to pay back the landlady's daughter with a red-bull (because it is the most expensive drink) so that the bar can earn as much as possible, but she regularly refuses. Too bad. Koštana wore cute little hats and at least they maintained the existing one, but it was innocent. A doe with large, clear eyes. The guys who wished for a relationship with her thought that it had a "depressing" effect on people due to the destructive tactics she used. Maybe it wasn't even a conscious intention but a necessity. Only, Koštana would take one step forward and two steps back, which drove the fans crazy and put them in a difficult position of constant longing and waiting in vain. In the end, they would regularly give up, wondering with no small amount of bitterness in their souls, what were they looking for there in the first place and how did they get "stuck"? It seems that Koštana "got under the skin" extremely imperceptibly. Thrown hook or ignorance, it doesn't matter, the important thing is that no one reaches out and does not endanger. She was was considered a person who is there "to be more human". Gentle and subtle, she captivated with her effortless charm.

Still, I've known some angry guys, defeated by her overwhelming rejection. In the cafe, one looks and remembers, burdens, curious or dismayed. There are also those who are convinced that they are not looking for anyone and do not expect anything, they only come "for themselves". But then you shouldn't even come because it's nicer to be alone with yourself, maybe even the only thing possible. The hand of Fatima. It is sold as a protective talisman in various sizes and signifies Ehli - Beit, the family of the Pure House. Many people wear it as a pendant, especially if it is blue, believing that it drives away the evil spirits and people, and it is known throughout the Islamic world. But "Fatima's hand" can be viewed in a different way. What is the number of fingers on the hand (5), equal to the number of holy persons for whom everything was created (Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein), each of the fingers symbolically corresponds to one member of the Holy Family. The thumb as a "knuckle finger" corresponds to the Prophet Muhammad. The thumb regulates the mobility of the wrist and it is the "pivot" finger, just as the Prophet is the pivot of the Holy Family.

The index finger (Jupiter's finger) corresponds to Imam Ali. It is the finger of ambition, persistence, command and command. It is known that Ali was called "Commander of the Faithful".

The middle finger (Saturn's) corresponds to Imam Hussein. Saturn symbolizes sowing, harvesting, but also slowness, immobility. Just as the middle finger is the largest on the hand, so is Hussein the greatest martyr, he is the "prince of martyrs".

The Prophet said: "This world is the field of the next world". He who has firm conviction here sows, works and strives fully aware of the harvest that will take place in the world beyond. And the most God-conscious were the Holy Imams. Hussein was also "unmoved" in the sense of consistency because he did not want to swear an oath to an oppressive (formally "Islamic") government. His martyrdom is the pinnacle of consistency and steadfastness.

Then comes Apollo's finger (ring) and corresponds to Imam Hasan. It is a finger of aesthetic symbolism, a sense of the sublime and beautiful. It is known that Hasan was poisoned by his wife, and the ring is a symbol of a relationship with a woman, and hence that finger corresponds to the mentioned Imam.

The little (Mercury) finger corresponds to Fatima. Work, fertilization, collection, communication. It is known that she and her husband Ali fought for their right, proving it to the people. There is a regulation in the Qur'an about cutting off the hand of someone who steals something (thief and female thief). The verse first mentions the thief and only then the thief because a man is more inclined to steal and will do it sooner than a woman. No harp is random and there is wisdom in every order. However, when the punishment is to be carried out and especially which part of the hand is cut off, we encounter divided opinions among various Islamic schools. Some are of the opinion that the entire hand is cut off up to the knuckle, while the Ehli-Beita school claims otherwise. Namely, in the presence of one of the caliphs, there was a dispute about cutting off the hand of a thief, and the occasion was a specific case of theft. What to cut and how?

Imam Djevad a.s. (the ninth Imam) who was present said that the thief's four fingers (except the thumb) should be cut off because the thumb is mentioned as a part of the body that participates in sajdah (prostration in prayer) and besides, the mobility of the wrist after cutting off the fingers must remain preserved so that man (at least to a limited extent) could work and do business.

We have seen that the four mentioned fingers correspond to the members of the Holy Family (Ali, Fatima, Hassan and Hussein). As those fingers are cut off during the theft, it is clear that those mentioned were "cut off" from their right and inheritance. Ali was stripped of his right to the caliphate (although the Prophet publicly announced him as his successor) and so were two of his sons. Addressing them through tears on one occasion during their lifetime, the Prophet said: "I looked at you and I saw that you were happy and joyful like never before. Then Jibril (the angel of Revelation) came down to me and informed me that you will all be killed and that your graves will be far from each other''.

There are more traditions on this topic, and in one of them the Prophet says that Hussein will be killed by "oppression and cruelty" and Hassan by "tyranny and cruelty". When Husayn asked who would kill them, the Prophet answered: "The worst among people." Speaking about theft, Muhammad once said that the biggest thief is the one who "steals from his prayer". The external interpretation of this tradition refers to the incompleteness of the correct execution of certain parts of namaz and the haste when performing it. But the inner dimension reveals something else. There are a total of five prescribed prayers, so how many of Holy Persons, i.e. the fingers of the hand. The identity of the number means that the greatest thief is the one who steals from the Holy Family, the one who denies them their right. Also, the Prophet said that the prayer is "a miraj (heavenly success) of the mumin". This prayer, as the believer's heavenly success, stands in contrast to the prayer from which one steals. "Mirage" is famous as the heavenly success of the Prophet during which he was brought into the Divine presence.

First it was transferred from Mecca to Jerusalem and from there to heaven. In addition to other things, five daily prayers were prescribed at that time. Therefore, for the believer, prayer is the archetype of that spiritual success, his "mirage". The hadith mentions a "believer" (not a Muslim), which clearly indicates that this is a person who has already realized (within himself) something of the secret of the Vilayet of the Holy Imams. In contrast to "theft in prayer" (and what we have seen is the theft of the "true House") this second prayer (which is the mirage of the mumin) is the return of the True House through the realization of spiritual success, return as an esoteric path in the sense of following the five Holy Persons.

Prophet a.s. went on a spiritual journey first "horizontally" (from Mecca to Jerusalem) and then "vertically" (from Jerusalem, more precisely from the rock of Suleiman's temple) to "heaven", that is, the spiritual expanse of the Transcendent. Analogously, from the earthly centering (Mecca) the spiritual traveler who feels closeness to the Holy Imams ("temple near") through the horizontal path of physical law (Sharia) reaches the place of his spiritual centering (tariqat) in the "temple far".

Since Suleiman (Solomon) was both an (earthly) king and also a Messenger of God and closely related to the occult powers of the soul, this double dimension (spiritual and material) is united by focusing on the spiritual path (tarikat). From there, the pilgrim is directed vertically, into the divine presence, that is, reveals the "True House" which is covered in reality of spiritual truths (hakikat). The archetype of Vjerovjesnik's success is open to every spiritual traveler according to his capabilities. I looked out the window, the Stolac harem was already visible in Podgrad. Blue mists surrounded the city warmly. Fatima got up and was getting ready to go out, I waved her hand in farewell.

GLOSSARY OF THE FULL MOON

"Truth is like sugar cane: despite how long you chew it, it is still sweet" (Malagasy proverb)

The word "pen" is mentioned five times in the Qur'an in 4 paragraphs (verses) which are also in 4 sections (surahs). Those "five feathers" in the Holy Book correspond to the five people under the cloak (Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein) that the Prophet covered with the Yemenite cloak and on which occasion the angel Jibril brought the Prophet God's congratulations on such a family he has. They are "cleansed of sin" and as such are mirrors of the heavenly pen of the Preserved Book.

The "pen" is therefore related to the cognition and knowledge of the 14 Sinless Ones (Muhammad, Fatima and the 12 Holy Imams) and consequently to the cognitive path and possibilities of the followers themselves.

Each of the five pens writes countless pages in the hearts of the faithful. Consequently, every mention of this word carries within it esoteric depths that are hidden behind the literal text of the Holy Book, and the "pen" as a technical aid when writing is only exoteric and external consideration of the 4 verses in which the word is mentioned 5 times. The limitations of external meaning are all too clear.

In the order of the Qur'anic suras, the first mention of the word "feather" is found in the surah "The Cow" (Al-Bekare, sura 2, verse 286), where the word is mentioned twice in verse 282. Those two mentions agree with Imams Hasan and Husayn because they were (i) physical brothers, that is, blood relatives from the same father and they lived in the same time and are therefore placed as "feathers" in the same verse. The very sum of the numbers of verse 282 points to Imamology as the inner dimension of all writing and the archetype of every pen (knowledge). Namely, the sum of the numbers of the mentioned verse (282) gives the number 12 (2+8+2=12), which is the number of the Holy Imams, a.s. The geometric expression of the number 2 divides but also unites, which is perfectly observed in the number 282.

The fundamental "polarity" of the two sons while in the middle is the father number 8). So, Ali, Hassan and Hussein. There are eight gates of Paradise and the Imam is everyone's heaven or hell. Verse 282: "O you who believe, write down when you borrow from one another for a certain period. And let a scribe among you write it faithfully and let the scribe not refrain from writing, for Allah has taught him; let him write, and let the debtor speak to him with his pen, and let him fear Allah, his Lord, and let him not diminish anything from it. And if the debtor is spendthrift or weak, or if he is not able to speak with a pen, then let his guardian speak faithfully.

And name two witnesses, two men of yours, and if there are not two men, then one man and two women, whom you accept as witnesses: if one of them forgets, let the other remind her. Witnesses should respond to each call. And don't hate him in writing, whether small or large, with an indication of the deadline for return. That is more correct for you in the sight of Allah, and when testifying is stronger, and that you do not doubt better; but if it is a matter of goods that you pass from hand to hand, then you will not sin if you do not write it down. Mention the witnesses when concluding sales contracts and let neither the scribe nor the witness be harmed. And if you don't then you have sinned. And fear Allah, Allah teaches you, and Allah knows everything''.

The difference between the total number of verses in Surah "The Cow" (286) and the verse quoted above (282) is the number 4 (286 – 284=4), which again indicates love and the 4 people we are obliged to love. Regarding the verse about caring for relatives (''Say this, I do not ask you for any reward except love for relatives'' - Qur'an) a man asked the Holy Prophet who is the relative we are obliged to love? He answered: But, Fatima, Hassan and Hussein. Verse 282 of Surah "The Cow" in an external sense, problematizes the borrowing of people from one another and gives indications for dealing with those situations. We will not comment on that consideration. The esoteric dimension of the verse indicates the "inheritance of the House", that is, the question of the succession of the Prophet Muhammad. At the beginning of the verse, it addresses "believers" in the plural. So not Muslims, which points to esoteric depths that go beyond mere testimony of faith ("Muslim"), and it does not even address people, which would contribute to the "general" that is common to the entire human species.

The number 4 itself (difference of 2 verses) which is the "love of the House" is the number of the sides of the world, it is the number 4 of the elements. After defining the believers as those to whom the verse refers, the text goes on to state "recording" as a duty when borrowing by a certain deadline.

This "writing down" is the investiture of each Imam by his predecessor whose complete knowledge he takes over ("borrows") it. The "certain period" is the duration of the Imamate which was of different time of the framework for individual Imams and that is why it is a "fixed term" duration. The "scribe" is Imam Ali, the father of Imams, Hasan and Hussein and the first Imam. And in an external sense, Ali was the scribe of the Revelation that came to Muhammad and he was the only one who copied the angels' interpretations from a scroll of skin, where it is stated in general and specifically and individually, the reasons for the Revelation and the place of descent. It is an integral text with the original arrangement of the verses, and it is the only original copy of the Qur'an that was transmitted from Imam to another Imam and so on until the Twelfth, with whom it is (now). By transmission, the "determined term" of each of the Holy Imams was realized.

The scribe, Imam Ali is "between" his sons Hasan and Huseyn ("one scribe among you" – says the verse) and what can be seen numerically in the very order of the verse, because the eight is between two twos. We have already seen that verse 282 in the sum of numbers gives the number of Holy Imams (2+8+2=12), while in the manner of Ali's centralization between the sons, the number 282 gives an eight (Ali) in the middle while on both sides there are twos (Hasan and Hussein). As there were two of them, the number 2 on either side of the number 8 makes it clear. The number 8 is the number of the geometric body. That is why Ali a.s. as a scribe centered here in the Light Temple of Unity, the prototype of the heavenly Ka'ba (a cube is a cube, the Ka'ba is cube-shaped). Eight angels carry God's Throne, which Imam Ali defines as the "heavenly Anthropos".

The "faithful recording" mentioned in the verse is the secret of the Vilayet of the Holy Imams, that is, fidelity to them. This consideration, which is the "secret of the secret", is not disclosed. The secret itself is disclosed (to a certain degree) ("let the scribe not refrain from writing" - says the verse) regardless of the circumstances that accompany it. The Imam is obliged (and he always does) to publicly announce his Imamate, but the essence and essence of his mission do not depend at all on recognition or denial by people. This exalted position was granted by the Divine Will and human non-recognition of the Imamate or even human opposition cannot change anything. Both considerations ("secret" and "secret of secrets") refer to Imam Ali, where "secret" is Ali's Vilayet as the First Imam and "secret of secrets" is the seal of the Absolute Vilayet that defines Imam Ali as a public announcement that until then was kept secret with every Prophet .

This is clearly seen in the continuation of the verse (''that Allah taught him'') which speaks of direct teaching from God, from which the attribute of infallibility derives. Teaching that is exclusively from God applies only on Ehla – Bayt (14 Pure Ones) and no one else. "Let him write, and let the debtor speak to him with his pen," the verse continues. This is the first mention of the word "pen" and refers to Imam Hasan a.s. He is a "debtor", i.e. a member of the House of Law who speaks with a pen to the scribe, his father Imam Ali. We have seen that Ali is centered in the Light Temple of Unity (eight between the two couplets in verse 282 of Surah "Cow") and that is why Imam Hasan does not say anything he is already saying "to the pen". With this saying "inside the pen", Imam Hasan enters under the dome of the temple of light, into its interior. This makes known the words of the Prophet that the first thing that God created was a pen, this is how the knowledge of the tablet is written, descending into the earthly world from the state of "pure words". Behind it is mentioned the fear of Allah, the Lord of his own. Lordship over all as a Divine attribute clearly indicates the Pole of the World, (Lord of Time - now) the perfect man who exists in every time. Nothing should be taken away from the secret of the vilayet, as it says further on in the verse, in order to say - "and if the debtor is spendthrift or weak, or if he is not able to tell with a pen, then let his guardian tell and that faithfully". This second mention of the word "pen" corresponds to Imam Hussain a.s.

His Imamate follows. In the esoteric sense, "extravagance" is not any moral transgression (as it is in the outer exoteric sense of the verse) but "wasting" the rights of the House in the manner of the availability of such demands to the general consciousness, since Imam Hussein a.s. (externally) asked for help from people (who mostly did not respond and he remained in Karbala with a handful of faithful followers). This is followed by "weakness", which logically comes from the lack of support, which is followed by the impossibility of speaking to the pen. Shahadet sums up "extravagance, weakness and impotence". "Prodigality" as asking for help, "weakness" as the absence of the same and "weakness" (telling with a pen) as a passive form of the passing of the Imamate to 9 of his successors. Nine Imams were laid in the "cross" of Imam Hussein. Since he is the greatest martyr and the bearer of the "descending" line of Imamate (father-son), he is not in the "state" of narrating to the pen and transmits that narrating (within the light temple of unity) to the Prophet Muhammad who is his "guardian" '' mentioned in the verse. This guardianship is multidimensional and contains earthly and heavenly considerations. In the earthly sense, the Prophet was giving gifts, special attention and repeatedly announced his martyrdom to Hussein. The spiritual consideration of care can be seen through the famous Prophetic tradition in which he says that God placed the children of all the Prophets in their spines and placed his children in Ali's spine. Hence the fidelity of Muhammad's telling of Husayn's heavenly feather. It is a pleromatic, spiritual kinship in which betrayal is impossible.

"And name two witnesses, two men of yours, and if there are not two men, then one man and two women, whom you accept as witnesses: if one of them forgets, let the other remind her," the verse continues.

Two witnesses The right of the house is given through two vilayet considerations, the Absolute (Imam Ali) and the Muhammadan vilayet (Imam el-Mehdi). The words that speak of the lack of two men clearly indicate Imam Mahdi a.s. who is alive and hidden and as such a witness of the "True House" while Imam Ali died, so he is not present (in the worldly sense) as a witness. "Two women" can also be viewed through earthly and spiritual considerations. In the earthly sense, Aisha and Ummi - Selma are witnesses of the Law of Muhammad's family. The Prophet even gave Selma the land from Karbala (instead of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain), warning her that one day that land would turn into blood, which would happen when Hussain was killed. She kept earth in a vessel and on the day of martyrdom of the Prophet's grandson, it turned into blood. Aisha, who waged war against Imam Ali, was warned by the Prophet not to do so while he was still alive, telling her that dogs would bark at her when she passed by a riverbed. As it came true when leaving for Sifin (in the battle against Imam Ali), she was very afraid and even asked to be taken back.

But then the enemies of Imam Ali dissuaded her and she continued her journey. She forgot her husband's (Prophet) warning, which Selma, the Prophet's second wife, reminded her of, and she is the woman who "reminds" from the aforementioned verse 282, Surah "The Cow".

The spiritual account of the testimony of two women is presented by Hon. Fatima, who is the bearer of two lights (Mission and Vilayet) and Mehdi as the "second man" of testimony (True House) is from her offspring. When the consideration of the Embassy is "forgotten", the consideration of the Vilayet is there to "remind" it. This interpenetration has many dimensions. So "two women" represent the double dimension of the Fatimid conviction.

"Witnesses should respond to every call. And don't be afraid to specify it in writing, be it small or large, with an indication of the return deadline. That is more right for you in the sight of Allah, and when testifying, it is stronger, and that you do not doubt better'' - continues the verse.

In different ways, both witnesses (Ali and Mehdi) are present in this world through inner dimensions (batin) and respond to "every call". The faithful know that they can invoke the help of the Holy Imams, especially the Twelfth (who lives in hiding) in cases of need, unrest or trouble. The transfer of Imamate from Imam to (next) Imam continues, as the text "literally elaborates" because the light of the temple of Unity, as the essence of the pleroma of the 14 pure ones, embraces all creation. As nothing escapes her, that light exposes every nature of the created world to her (down to the smallest details) and these are the "subtleties" of the contract that result from the fact that the Imams are the managers and authority over the entire creation. The "small or big" debt represents the duration of the Imamate, which has a "return period" to its own to the successor (the Imam who comes after in the order of the twelve).

"Indication of the deadline of return" is the dimension of knowledge about the own end of each of the Imams individually (it is known that they all knew the time of their death in advance, and this kind of knowledge is often given to "ordinary" mortals as well).

Awareness of this inner dimension is what is "righter" with God and stronger and "better" when testifying (the triple testimony of faith) in order to avoid the fatal doubts that inevitably arise without esoteric dimensions. The threefold testimony of faith is first manifested externally (with the language) and then internally (with the heart, which has its own degrees). Thus, correctness, strength (strength) and the absence of doubt appear as a consequence of the esoteric knowledge of Imamology. On the esoteric level, correctness corresponds to faith in God, strength to faith in prophethood, and absence of doubt (which results in good) to faith in the Imamate.

"But if it's about goods that you pass from hand to hand, then you won't sin if you don't write it down." Mention the witnesses when concluding sales contracts and let neither the scribe nor the witness be harmed. And if you do, then you have sinned. And fear Allah, - Allah teaches you, and Allah knows everything", - at the end of verse 282, Surah "The Cow".

"Goods" is an exoteric form of knowledge about the "True House", that form which is the only one available to the greatest number of people, which is their ultimate reach. "Conversion" is simply the transmission of sacred traditions that always return "the same" (because there is no strength to reach into the "new" that is ready to wait in every time and flows from the uninterrupted renewal of the Divine words). The value of the goods themselves is unattainable for many despite the hand extended. It is done and shown with the hand, it is accepted. "Turning from hand to hand" suggests the uniformity and "closed circle" of the literal meaning of the text if one does not have the strength and knowledge to reach beyond the exoteric form of meaning.

Witnesses (Ali and Mehdi) are also mentioned when concluding sales contracts.

Contracts related to buying and selling mean the exchange of knowledge of the successors of Muhammad from Ali to Mehdi. Everyone who adopts that knowledge has a contract with them, a contract that reaches into the depths of preexistence. Because when the Lord of the Worlds asked the unborn seed of the human race - "Am I not your Lord?" - they answered - "I am, and we testify''.

Each soul answered this "you are" in its own way. Those who were created from the rays of the Imam's light even then had a contract with them and hastened to confirm the Divine Unity. Others hesitated while still others carried revulsion in their hearts. In the end, the entire (yet unborn) human race confirmed God's Existence, but for some it was only through language ("tongue" and "heart" are here of course primordial categories and not physical organs of the body). Neither the scribe nor the witness must be harmed, he says further in the verse. We saw "Pisar" Ali a.s. and the "witness" Mehdi a.s., so in that range the entirety of the Imamate (all 12 Holy Imams) is given. Their "damage" can again be viewed from two sides. External aspect of the damage to the entire Imamate lies in the fact that Islamic sects have been formed that do not recognize all but only some of the Imams (Zaydis, Ismailis, etc.). Internal "damage" is neglecting the fact that the Imams are present in this world through the batin (inner dimension) and that they actively act and watch over the believers and the world in general.

Regarding hard work, Quran adds that "the Prophet will see your hard work and so will the believers..." "Believers" are the Holy Imams. As the verse speaks in the future tense ("try hard"), their presence in this world is clear. Neglecting these aspects is a sin, as he says further in the verse. Then the fear of God is mentioned, and since God is feared by the learned (and the learned according to tradition are the Holy Imams), this part of the verse directs us to obey them because "God teaches them" as it says below. It is sinlessness (masum) or Divine teaching that is reserved (only) for 14 Pure Ones. At the end of verse 282 of Surah "The Cow", God's omniscience is mentioned ('and Allah knows everything') which as such is without deficiency or lack, just like the knowledge of the Imam in relation to us, ordinary people. This is followed by the third mention of the word "pen" in the Qur'an, sura "Imran's Family" (sura 3, 200 verses) in verse 44, and it refers to Fatimah.

Verse 44: "These are unknown news that we announce to you. You were not among them when they dropped their reed feathers to see which of them would fight over Mary, and you were not among them when they argued.''

The word "pen" is mentioned in the plural ("pera"). The sum of the numbers of the verse gives the number 8 (4+4=8) which is the Fatimid number of the 8 gates of Paradise, and Hassan (4) and Hussein (4) are the "Young Men of Paradise". We saw that Imam Ali is the "eight" in verse 282 of Surah "Cow", while the two on the right and left are his sons Hasan and Hussein. Now the sons are presented as quadruplets because it is Fatima as the bearer of two lights and the eight (which is identical to Ali) is a necessary identity because Fatima and Ali were spouses. Surah "Imran's family" is number 3 which also indicates the community of Fatima and her 2 sons (1+2=3). Each of the two fours (in verse 44) represents Hasan and Huseyn, as the "keys of paradise" (of which there are 8 doors).

Imam Ali said: "No one will enter Paradise except those who know us and whom we know, and no one will enter Hell except those who do not know us and whom we do not know."

If, on the other hand, the number of "Fatima's pen" (verse 44) is subtracted from the total number of verses of surah "Imran's family" (200), the number will be 156, (200-44=56), which is the number of years of Imam Bakir a.s. at the time of his death plus a hundred Names of God (100+56=156) (he was the fifth Imam and the grandson of Fatima's son Hussein). His name was Muhammad and his nickname Bakir means "severer" or separating truth from falsehood. As he is the Fifth Imam, there were four before him (Ali, Hasan, Hussein and Sejad) and we saw that the verse "Fatima's pen" in sura 3 is a "double four" (44) and that is why the difference in Bakir's life (56 ) and "Fatima's Pen" (44) gives the number 12, i.e. The whole of the Imamate (56-44=12). If the number of verses of "Hasan's and Hussein's pen" (verse 282, "Cow") is subtracted from the number of verses of "Fatima's pen" (44, "Imran's family"), the number will be 238 (282- 44=238) which in the sum of numbers gives the Prophet Muhammad and 12 Holy Imams (2+3+8=13). Two thirds of the Qur'an or a little less talk about the Holy Imams, looking at it on an esoteric level.

Let's go back to verse 44, surah 3 ("Imran's Family"), i.e. "Fatima's feather". The number of the verse (44) is the age of her son Hasan at the time of his death. The verse begins with unknown news that has been announced. As these news were just announced (and not "said" or presented in the form of narration), the answer should be sought in the Qur'an itself. Before that, let's mention some more important details. Merjem mentioned in the verse is female as well as Fatima, and the two of them are closest to each other. The exemplary Prophet said: "Many men can reach the completeness of virtues, but among women only Asiya, Miriam, Khadija and Fatima." In addition, Merjem was taken care of by Zekkerija a.s. whose son is Jahja a.s. also died as a martyr just like Fatimah's son Hussein. Both (Yahja and Hussein) were killed by their mothers, pregnant for 6 months (and not 9, as is usual during pregnancy). "Unknown news" should therefore be sought in surah "News" (surah 78, verse 40). Let's look at the first 14 verses of the mentioned surah.

1. What they ask each other about

2. About the great news

3. About which they have different opinions

4. That is not good, they will find out for sure!

5. And once again, it's not good, they will find out for sure!

6. Have we not made the earth a bed,

7. and mountains with pillars

8. and created you as couples

9. and made sleep your rest,

10. and night with a blanket they gave,

11. and set the day for business

12. and above you seven mighty builders,

13. and set a flaming lamp?

14. We send down abundant water from the clouds.

We have seen that in the surah "Imran's family" the plural is used ("unknown news"), while in the surah "News" the singular is used (great news). When in verse 44 of surah 3 it is said that these are unknown news (which we announce to you), on that occasion no word was used that directly refers to the Holy Prophet (Prophet or Prophet Muhammad), although some imply this and fall into the trap of historicism that they themselves made. Wherever in the Qur'an the Prophet's name or his function (apostolic or prophetic) should have been placed, it is there, while each "revealed to you" indicates believers who absorb as much of the revelation as they can. Of course, that announcement is not of a parliamentary nature, but refers to different levels of inspiration.

News that in the era of Merjem was unknown (to the majority) is the news about Ahl-Bayt, the news about "the place of the Messenger's message" and that is why the plural is used in verse 44 of Surah 3 (''News'') because it includes all 14 Pure Ones. Historically, temple priests cast their feathers into the water to see which of them would take care of Mary. But in an esoteric sense, they are the Fatimid feathers, the feathers that she carries inside her as the mother of the Holy Imams. Reed is a "hollow tree" and as such is related to the senses of sight and hearing (because through a hollow tree you can see and listen). As each of the physical senses (according to Ibn Arebi) corresponds to some of the Islamic obligations, sight and hearing correspond to prayer and Hajj. The first is related to the famous Prophetic tradition which says: "From your world I was made to love women and men, and the joy of my eyes is in prayer." Therefore, prayer is tied to the sense of sight. Second, the attachment of the Hajj to the sense of hearing is based on the verse - "And invite people to Hajj..."

Therefore, the reed as the building material of the "pen" sublimates in itself two important pillars of Islam, prayer and Hajj. Each of these two is a quartet of Fatimid feathers (verse 44, which is 4+4). Prayer and pilgrimage are therefore the basis of the "Fatima Pen". There are four elements: water, fire, earth and air and they are the "first four" of the number 44. They correspond to the pilgrimage because the temple’s light includes all existence, i.e. all existing ones represented through basic elements. Also, there are four corners of the world and they are the "second four" of the number 44, i.e. Verse 44 in Surah "Imran's Family". They correspond to the prayers and in accordance with the Qur'anic verse - "Wherever you turn, there is the side of Allah".

"God's side" (esoteric) is the Holy Imams. Reed quills were thrown into the water. Water has multiple meanings, starting from cognition and ending with irregularities and deformations in the cognitive process, and it can also mean disturbance and disorder, or punishment if it is represented in the form of a flood or torrent. In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ mentions 8 blissful states (4+4=8), which here refers to degrees of knowledge.

Let's look at verse 7 in surah "Hud" (surah 11, verse 123).

7: "He created the heavens and the earth in six periods of time - and His throne was above the water - to test you as to which of you will behave better. If you say: "After death they will indeed be resurrected", the disbelievers will surely say: "This is nothing but an obvious deception".

We have seen that what connects Fatima and Zekerija is that their children, Hussein and Yahya, spent six months each in their mothers' wombs, and the above-quoted verse from Surah "Hud" speaks of the six time periods of the creation of the heavens and the earth. Accordingly, the "heavens" mentioned in the verse are the person of Hussein, a.s. while "earth" corresponds to the person of the Prophet

Jahja – a. As both of them spent six months in their mothers' wombs, the unity of "heaven and earth" gives the number of 12 Holy Imams (6+6=12). The "periods" represent the maturation of the "time of the soul", the vertical movement of the spirit. God's Throne was above the water, so that God would test who would act better.

In verse 44 of Surah "Imran's family" the word "water" is omitted. It is only said that they shed their reed feathers, without saying where. Now verse 7 of Surah Hud says what kind of water the Fatimid feathers fall on. It is the water above which is the Divine throne, the water in which the six months (periods) spent in the wombs of mothers (by Husain and Yahya – a) mature and complete. Six (6) is said to be the most perfect number since it is both the sum and the product of its parts: it is created either by addition (1+2+3=6) or by multiplication (1x2x3=6). It is the perfection of Hussein's vision, the perfection of Yahya's chastity.

We have seen the quoted verse from Surah Hud number 7, and the Surah itself has 123 verses. The sum of the numbers is the number 13 (7+1+2+3=13), so the Prophet Muhammad and the 12 Holy Imams. Fatima's presence is through her primordial feathers. All 14 Holy Persons, by a pre-existing contract, made a circuit around the Divine Throne, and He replied: Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein. Verse 282 of Surah "The Cow" in an external sense, problematizes the borrowing of people from one another and gives indications for dealing with those situations. We will not comment on that consideration. The esoteric dimension of the verse indicates the "inheritance of the House", that is, the question of the succession of the Prophet Muhammad. At the beginning of the verse he addresses "believers" in the plural. So not to Muslims, which indicates esoteric depths that in general go beyond the mere testimony of faith ("Muslim"), and it does not even address people, which would contribute to the "general" that is common to the entire human species.

The number 4 itself (difference of 2 verses) which is the "love of the House" is the number of the sides of the world, it is the number 4 of the elements. After defining believers as those to whom the verse refers, the text goes on to state "recording" as a duty when borrowing by a certain deadline. This "writing down" is the investiture of each Imam by his predecessor whose complete knowledge he takes over ("borrows") it. The "fixed term" is the duration of the Imamate which was of different time frame for individual Imams and therefore it is the duration of the "fixed term".

The "scribe" is Imam Ali, the father of Imams, Hasan and Hussein and the first Imam. And in an external sense, Ali was the scribe of the Revelation that came to Muhammad and he was the only one who copied the angels' interpretations from a scroll of skin, where it is stated in general and specifically and individually, the reasons for the Revelation and the place of descent. It is an integral text with the original arrangement of the verses, and it is the only original copy of the Qur'an that was transmitted from Imam to another Imam and so on until the Twelfth, with whom it is (now). By transmission, the "determined term" of each of the Holy Imams was realized.

The scribe, Imam Ali is "between" his sons Hasan and Hussein ("one scribe among you" – says the verse) and what can be seen numerically in the very order of the verse, because the eight is between two twos. We have already seen that verse 282 in the sum of numbers gives the number of Holy Imams (2+8+2=12) while in the manner of Ali's centralization between the sons, the number 282 gives an eight (Ali) in the middle while on both sides there are twos (Hasan and Hussein). As there were two of them, the number 2 on either side of the number 8 makes it clear. The number 8 is the number of the geometric body. That is why Ali a.s. as a scribe centered here in the Light Temple of Unity, the prototype of the heavenly Ka'ba (a cube is a cube, the Ka'ba is cube-shaped). Eight angels carry God's Throne, which Imam Ali defines as the "heavenly Anthropos".

The "faithful recording" mentioned in the verse is the secret of the Vilayet of the Holy Imams, i.e. fidelity to them. This consideration, which is the "secret of the secret", is not disclosed. The secret itself is disclosed (to a certain degree) ("let the scribe not refrain from writing" - says the verse) regardless of the circumstances that accompany it. The Imam is obliged (and he always does) to publicly announce his Imamate, but the essence and essence of his mission do not depend at all on recognition or denial by people. This exalted position was granted by the Divine Will and human non-recognition of the Imamate or even human opposition cannot change anything. Both considerations ("secret" and "secret of secrets") refer to Imam Ali, where "secret" is Ali's Vilayet as the First Imam and "secret of secrets" is the seal of the Absolute Vilayet that defines Imam Ali as a public announcement that until then was kept secret with every Prophet . This is clearly seen in the continuation of the verse (''that Allah taught him'') which speaks of direct teaching from God, from which the attribute of infallibility derives. Teaching that is exclusively from God applies only to the Ahl al-Bayt (14 Pure Ones) and no one else. "Let him write, and let the debtor speak to him with his pen," the verse continues.

This is the first mention of the word "pen" and refers to Imam Hasan a.s. He is a "debtor", i.e. a member of the House of Law who speaks with a pen to the scribe, his father Imam Ali. We have seen that Ali is centered in the Light Temple of Unity (eight between two twos in verse 282 of Surah "Cow") and that is why Imam Hasan does not say anything to him but says "to the pen". With this saying "inside the pen", Imam Hasan enters under the dome of the temple of light, into its interior. This makes known the words of the Prophet that the first thing that God created was a pen, this is how the knowledge of the tablet is written, descending into the earthly world from the state of "pure words". Behind it is mentioned the fear of Allah, your Lord. Lordship over all as a Divine attribute clearly indicates the Pole of the World, (Lord of Time - now) the perfect man who exists in every time. Nothing should be taken away from the secret of the vilayet, as it says further on in the verse, in order to say - "and if the debtor is spendthrift or weak, or if he is not able to tell with a pen, then let his guardian tell and that faithfully". This second mention of the word "pen" corresponds to Imam Hussein a.s. His Imamate follows.

In the esoteric sense, "extravagance" is not any moral transgression (as it is in the outer exoteric sense of the verse) but "wasting" the rights of the House in the manner of the availability of such demands to the general consciousness, since Imam Hussein a.s. (externally) asked for help from people (who mostly did not respond and he remained in Karbala with a handful of faithful followers). Next comes the "weakness" that logically comes from the lack of support that is relied upon the impossibility of telling in pen. Shahadet sums up "extravagance, weakness and impotence". "Prodigality" as asking for help, "weakness" as the absence of help, and "weakness" (telling with a pen) as a passive form of the passing of the Imamate to 9 of its successors. Nine Imams were laid in the "cross" of Imam Hussein. He is the greatest martyr and bearer of the "descending" line of the Imamate (father - son), he is not in the "state" of telling with a pen and transmits that telling (within the light temple of unity) to the Prophet Muhammad, who is his "guardian" mentioned in the verse .

This guardianship is multidimensional and contains earthly and heavenly considerations. In the earthly sense, the Prophet was giving gifts, special attention and repeatedly announced his martyrdom to Hussein. The spiritual consideration of care can be seen through the famous Prophetic tradition in which he says that God placed the children of all the Prophets in their spines and placed his children in Ali's spine. Hence the fidelity of Muhammad's telling of Husayn's heavenly feather. It is a pleromatic, spiritual kinship in which betrayal is impossible.

"And name two witnesses, two men of yours, and if there are not two men, then one man and two women, whom you accept as witnesses: if one of them forgets, let the other remind her," the verse continues. The right of the house is given through two vilayet considerations, the Absolute (Imam Ali) and the Muhammadan vilayet (Imam el-Mehdi). The words that speak of the lack of two men clearly indicate Imam Mahdi a.s. who is alive and hidden and as such a witness of the "True House" while Imam Ali died, so he is not present (in the worldly sense) as a witness. "Two women" can also be viewed through earthly and spiritual considerations. In the earthly sense, Aisha and Ummi - Selma are witnesses of the Law of Muhammad's family. The Prophet even gave Selma the land from Karbala (instead of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain), warning her that one day that land would turn into blood, which would happen when Hussain was killed. She kept earth in a vessel and on the day of martyrdom of the Prophet's grandson, it turned into blood. Aisha, who waged war against Imam Ali, was warned by the Prophet not to do so while he was still alive, telling her that dogs would bark at her when she passed by a river bed.

As it came true when leaving for Sifin (in the battle against Imam Ali), she was very afraid and even asked to be taken back. But then the enemies of Imam Ali dissuaded her and she continued her journey. She forgot her husband's (Prophet) warning, which Selma, the Prophet's second wife, reminded her of, and she is the woman who "reminds" from the aforementioned verse 282, Surah "The Cow". The spiritual account of the testimony of two women is presented by Hon. Fatima, who is the bearer of two lights (Mission and Vilayet) and Mehdi as the "second man" of testimony (True House) is from her offspring. When the consideration of the Embassy is "forgotten", the consideration of the Vilayet is there to "remind" it. This interpenetration has many dimensions. So "two women" represent the double dimension of the Fatimid conviction.

"Witnesses should respond to every call. And don't be afraid to specify it in writing, be it small or large, with an indication of the return deadline. That is more right for you in the sight of Allah, and when testifying, it is stronger, and that you do not doubt better'' - continues the verse.

In different ways, both witnesses (Ali and Mehdi) are present in this world through inner dimensions (batin) and respond to "every call". The faithful know that they can invoke the help of the Holy Imams, especially the Twelfth (who lives in hiding) in cases of need, unrest or trouble. The transfer of Imamate from Imam to (next) Imam continues in the text, and it "literally elaborates", because the light of the temple of Unity, as the essence of the pleroma of the 14 pure ones, embraces all creation. As nothing escapes her, that light exposes every nature of the created world to her (down to the smallest details) and these are the "subtleties" of the contract that result from the fact that the Imams are the managers and authority over the entire creation. The "small or big" debt represents the duration of the Imamate, which has a "return period" to its own successor (the Imam who comes after in the order of the twelve).

"Indication of the deadline of return" is the dimension of knowledge about the own end of each of the Imams individually (it is known that they all knew the time of their death in advance, and this kind of knowledge is often given to "ordinary" mortals as well).

Awareness of this inner dimension is what is "righter" with God and stronger and "better" when testifying (the triple testimony of faith) in order to avoid the fatal doubts that inevitably arise without esoteric dimensions. The threefold testimony of faith is first manifested externally (with the language) and then internally (with the heart, which has its own degrees). Thus, correctness, strength (strength) and the absence of doubt appear as a consequence of the esoteric knowledge of Imamology. On the esoteric level, correctness corresponds to faith in God, strength to faith in prophethood, and absence of doubt (which results in good) to faith in the Imamate.

"But if it's about goods that you pass from hand to hand, then you won't sin if you don't write it down." Name the witnesses when you conclude the sales contracts and let neither the scribe nor the witness be harmed. And if you do, then you have sinned. And fear Allah, - Allah teaches you, and Allah knows everything", - at the end of verse 282, Surah "The Cow".

"Goods" is an exoteric form of knowledge about the "True House", that form which is the only one available to the greatest number of people, which is their ultimate reach. "Conversion" is simply the transmission of sacred traditions that always return "the same" (because there is no strength to reach into the "new" that is ready to wait in every time and flows from the uninterrupted renewal of the Divine words). The value of the goods themselves is unattainable for many despite the hand extended. It is done and shown with the hand, it is accepted. "Turning from hand to hand" suggests the uniformity and "closed circle" of the literal meaning of the text if one does not have the strength and knowledge to reach beyond the exoteric form of meaning.

Witnesses (Ali and Mehdi) are also mentioned when concluding sales contracts. Contracts related to buying and selling mean the exchange of knowledge of the successors of Muhammad from Ali to Mehdi. All who adopt this knowledge have a contract with them, a contract that reaches into the depths of preexistence. Because when the Lord of the Worlds asked the unborn seed of the human race - "Am I not your Lord?" - they answered - "I am, and we testify''.

Each soul answered this "you are" in its own way. Those who were created from the rays of the Imam's light even then had a contract with them and hastened to confirm the Divine Unity. Others hesitated while still others carried revulsion in their hearts. In the end, the entire (yet unborn) human race confirmed God's Existence, but for some it was only through language ("tongue" and "heart" are here of course primordial categories and not physical organs of the body). Neither the scribe nor the witness must be harmed, he says further in the verse. We saw "Pisar" Ali a.s. and the "witness" Mehdi a.s., so in that range the entirety of the Imamate (all 12 Holy Imams) is given. Their "damage" can again be viewed from two sides. External aspect and damage to the entire Imamate lies in the fact that Islamic sects have been formed that do not recognize all but only some of the Imams (Zaydis, Ismailis, etc.). Internal "damage" is neglecting the fact that the Imams are present in this world through the batin (inner dimension) and that they actively act and watch over the believers and the world in general.

In the Quran, t is added that "the Messenger will see your hard work and so will the believers..."

"Believers" are the Holy Imams. As the verse speaks in the future tense ("try hard"), their presence in this world is clear. Neglecting these aspects is a sin, as he says further in the verse. Then the fear of God is mentioned, and since God is feared by the learned (and the learned according to tradition are the Holy Imams), this part of the verse directs us to obey them because "God teaches them" as it says below. It is sinlessness (masum) or Divine teaching that is reserved (only) for 14 Pure Ones.

At the end of verse 282 of Surah "The Cow", God's omniscience is mentioned (and Allah knows everything), which as such is without deficiency or lack, just like the knowledge of the Imam in relation to us, ordinary people. This is followed by the third mention of the word "pen" in the Qur'an, sura "Imran's Family" (surah 3, 200 verses) in verse 44, and it refers to Fatimah.

Verse 44: "These are unknown news that we announce to you. You were not among them when they dropped their reed feathers to see which of them would fight over Mary, and you were not among them when they argued.''

The word "pen" is mentioned in the plural ("pera"). The sum of the numbers of the verse gives the number 8 (4+4=8) which is the Fatimid number of the 8 gates of Paradise, and Hassan (4) and Hussein (4) are the "Young Men of Paradise". We saw that Imam Ali is the "eight" in verse 282 of Surah "Cow", while the two on the right and left are his sons Hasan and Hussein. Now the sons are presented as fours because Fatima is the bearer of two lights and the eight (which is identical to Ali) is a necessary identity because Fatima and Ali were spouses. Surah "Imran's family" is number 3, which is also the case in the community of Fatima and her 2 sons (1+2=3). Each of the two fours (in verse 44) represents Hasan and Huseyn, as the "keys of paradise" (of which there are 8 doors).

Imam Ali said: "No one will enter Paradise except the one who knows us and whom we know, and no one will enter Hell except the one who does not know us and whom we do not know."

If, on the other hand, the number of "Fatima's pen" (verse 44) is subtracted from the total number of verses of surah "Imran's family" (200), the number will be 156, (200-44=56), which is the number of years of Imam Bakir a.s. at the time of his death plus a hundred Names of God (100+56=156) (he was the fifth Imam and the grandson of Fatima's son Hussein). His name was Muhammad and his nickname Bakir means "severer" or separating truth from falsehood. As he is the Fifth Imam, there were four before him (Ali, Hasan, Hussein and Sejad) and we saw that the verse "Fatima's pen" in surah 3 is a "double four" (44) and that is why the difference in Bakir's life (56 ) and "Fatima's Pen" (44) gives the number 12, i.e. The whole of the Imamate (56-44=12). If the number of verses of "Hasan's and Hussein's pen" (verse 282, "Cow") is subtracted from the number of verses of "Fatima's pen" (44, "Imran's family"), the number will be 238 (282- 44=238) which in the sum of numbers gives the Prophet Muhammad and 12 Holy Imams (2+3+8=13). Two thirds of the Qur'an or a little less talk about the Holy Imams, looking at it esoterically.

Let's go back to verse 44, surah 3 ("Imran's Family"), i.e. "Fatima's feather".

The number of the verse (44) is the age of her son Hasan at the time of his death. The verse begins with unknown news that has been announced. As these news were just announced (and not "said" or presented in the form of narration), the answer should be sought in the Qur'an itself. Before that, let's mention some more important details. Merjem mentioned in the verse is female as well as Fatima, and the two of them are closest to each other. The exemplary Prophet said: "Many men can reach the completeness of virtues, but among women only Asiya, Miriam, Khadija and Fatima." In addition, Merjem was taken care of by Zekkerija a.s. whose son is Jahja a.s. also died as a martyr just like Fatimah's son Husayn. Both (Yahja and Huseyn) were killed by their mothers pregnant for 6 months (and not 9, as is usual during pregnancy).

"Unknown news" should therefore be sought in surah "News" (surah 78, verse 40).

Let's look at the first 14 verses of the mentioned surah.

1. What they ask each other about

2. About the great news

3. About which they have different opinions

4. That is not good, they will find out for sure!

5. And once again, it's not good, they will find out for sure!

6. Have we not made the earth a bed,

7. and mountains with pillars

8. and created you as couples

9. and made sleep your rest,

10. and night with a blanket they gave,

11. and set the day for business

12. and above you seven mighty builders,

13. and set a flaming lamp?

14. We send down abundant water from the clouds.

We have seen that in the surah "Imran's family" the plural is used ("unknown news"), while in the surah "News" the singular is used (great news). When in verse 44 of Surah 3 it is said that these are unknown news (which we announce to you), on that occasion no word was used that directly refers to the Holy Prophet (Prophet Prophet or Muhammad), although some imply this and fall into the trap of historicism that they themselves made. Wherever in the Qur'an the Prophet's name or his function (apostolic or prophetic) should have been placed, it is there, while each "revealed to you" indicates believers who absorb as much of the revelation as they can. Of course, that announcement is not of a parliamentary nature, but refers to different levels of inspiration.

Historically, temple priests cast their feathers into the water to see which of them would take care of Mary. But in an esoteric sense, they are the Fatimid feathers, the feathers that she carries inside her as the mother of the Holy Imams. Reed is a "hollow tree" and as such is related to the senses of sight and hearing (because through a hollow tree you can see and listen). As each of the physical senses (according to Ibn Arebi) corresponds to some of the Islamic obligations, sight and hearing correspond to prayer and Hajj. The first is related to the famous Prophetic tradition which says: "From your world I was made to love women and men, and the joy of my eyes is in prayer." Therefore, prayer is tied to the sense of sight. Second, the attachment of the Hajj to the sense of hearing is based on the verse - "And invite people to Hajj..."

Therefore, the reed as the building material of the "pen" sublimates in itself two important pillars of Islam, prayer and Hajj. Each of these two is a quartet of Fatimid feathers (verse 44, which is 4+4). Prayer and pilgrimage are therefore the basis of the "Fatima Pen". There are four elements: water, fire, earth and air and they are the "first four" of the number 44. They correspond to the pilgrimage because the temple’s light includes all existence, i.e. all existing ones represented through basic elements. Also, there are four corners of the world and they are the "second four" of the number 44, i.e. Verse 44 in Surah "Imran's Family". They correspond to the prayers and in accordance with the Qur'anic verse - "Wherever you turn, there is the side of Allah". "God's side" (esoteric) is the Holy Imams. Reed quills were thrown into the water. Water has multiple meanings, starting from cognition and ending with irregularities and deformations in the cognitive process, and it can also mean disturbance and disorder, or punishment if it is represented in the form of a flood or torrent. In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ mentions 8 blissful states (4+4=8), which here refers to degrees of knowledge.

Let's look at verse 7 in surah "Hud" (surah 11, verse 123).

7: "He created the heavens and the earth in six periods of time - and His throne was above the water - to test you as to which of you will behave better. If you say: "After death they will indeed be resurrected", the disbelievers will surely say: "This is nothing but an obvious deception".

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In verse 44 of Surah "Imran's family" the word "water" is omitted. It is only said that they shed their reed feathers, without saying where. Now verse 7 of Surah Hud says what kind of water the Fatimid feathers fall on. It is the water above which is the Divine Throne, the water in which the six months (periods) spent in mothers' wombs (by Hussein and Yahya). Six (6) is said to be the most perfect number since it is both the sum and the product of its parts: it is created either by addition (1+2+3=6) or by multiplication (1x2x3=6). It is the perfection of Hussein's vision, the perfection of Yahya's chastity.

We have seen the quoted verse from Surah Hud number 7, and the Surah itself has 123 verses. The sum of the numbers is the number 13 (7+1+2+3=13), so the Prophet Muhammad and the 12 Holy Imams. Fatima's presence is through her primordial feathers. All 14 Holy Persons, by a pre-existing contract, made a circuit around the Divine Throne, and as "they guide all living creation'' (Qur'an), thus everything that was created was actually created by them. ("I created you for myself, and I created the world for you").

"To test you which of you will act better" - says the verse. The verse does not say (as in some other places) that God wants to see "how we will act" but "who will act better", i.e. who will come closer to them with their actions, (Ahl al-Bayt) whose actions will most resemble actions of the "good" ones. This defines the solar (14 pure ones) and the lunar wilayat (followers worthy of receiving light from them).

Lunar vilayet of "unknown news" from surah "Imran's family" becomes the "great news from surah "News", i.e. the announcement of Imam Mehdi a.s.

Verse 1 of Surah "The News" begins with a question ("What do they ask each other about") which clearly states that the occultation of Imam Mahdi will be unknown (for most people).

Verse 2 defines that it is "great news" while verse 3 talks about different opinions regarding that news. Throughout the occultation of Imam Mahdi, people have different opinions about it, ranging from disbelief to doubt and various forms of negation (questioning the possibility of such a long life since the Imam has been hidden and alive for more than 1200 years, etc.)

Then verses 4 and 5 define the minor and major concealment of the Imam.

Verse 4. That is not good, they will know for sure!

Verse 5. And once again, it is not good, they will find out for sure!

"Certain knowledge" is the end of the occultation of the Imam, his reappearance. As these words are repeated twice, they indicate the two secrets of Imam al-Mahdi a.s. (the mala that lasted for about 70 years and during which the Imam communicated with the followers through four representatives and the great concealment that began after the mala and continues today). Both verses characterize the negation of occultation as "that which is not good". In all the verses, the word "they" is used, not "Muslims", or "believers" or "non-believers", i.e. "idolaters" and so on. This is because there are Muslims who deny the Imamate and do not even believe in the existence of Imam-el-Mahdi, let alone the occultation. Also, there are believers who know almost nothing about it. That's why the indefinite pronoun ("they") was used, under which different forms of ignorance about the hiddenness of the Imam are placed.

Verses 4 and 5 together give the number 9 (4+5=9) which speaks of 9 Imams, the descendants of Hussein. Then verses 6 and 7 mention the earth as a bed and the mountains as pillars.

A bed in the physical world serves for rest and sleep, which is a picture of the entire existence on earth. Everything (except God) sleeps (in its own way) and everything rests, which is what the famous hadith of the Prophet speaks about: "People sleep and when they die they wake up". Mountains, which are made pillars of vigilance, are the personalities of the Prophet Muhammad and the 12 Holy Imams. That is what the sum of the ordinal numbers of the mentioned verses says (6+7=13). They are Guides and Knowers who wake up from the sleep of negligence and the darkness of ignorance. They are the pillars of the earth, its support and protection.

After that, verse 8 says: "and created you as couples", and verse 9 continues: "and made sleep your rest".

Creation in pairs clearly indicates the attraction of opposite sexes (male - female).

Esoterically, it is about attraction by the Half of the World, the Imamic light that "draws" its followers to itself, those who stand "against" the Half. Only then, i.e. in a state of wakefulness, does sleep become rest (verse 9) since even relative wakefulness develops calmness, which without spirituality remains an eternal unknown.

Then follow verses 10 and 11: On the 10th one, they gave a blanket for the night. On the 11th, they determined the day for saving.

Verse 10 speaks of the night of esotericism when in the absence of Pol and all the invisible esoteric hierarchies are unknown and invisible ("under the cover"). The blanket is certainly an allusion to the 5 persons "under the blanket" whose earthly and heavenly personalities add up to the number of the quoted verse, number 10 (5+5=10). The day designated for saving is an exoteric day, a day that 11 Holy Imams have already fulfilled and which corresponds to the number of verses (also 11). It is the day of acquiring all the knowledge that includes the law for physical education.

Verse 12 reads: "And above you they built seven mighty ones."

The number of verses (12) indicates 12 Imams. In the verse, the word "heavens" (or sky) is not used, but only "seven mighty ones". It is about light temples that were built with divine light. The 7 great Prophets, the "people of decisions", correspond to them, namely: Adam, Noah, Ibrahim, Davud, Musa, Isa, Muhammad. Adam, Noah and Ibrahim revealed the leaves, David brought the Zebur, Musa the Tovrat, Jesus the Injil and Muhammad the Qur'an. As all the Messengers reached their degree from the place of the Messenger's message (Ehli - Beyt, Kuća Čista), the ordinal number of the verse (12) clearly indicates this as an inevitable logic.

Verse 13 of Surah "The News" further says:

13 – and set up a flaming lamp.

This is an allusion to the Sun as a celestial body, but we said that we would not comment on occult interpretations). The flaming character of that lamp is the Muhammadan light that descends into the created worlds through 12 light curtains. The ordinal number of the verse (13) clearly indicates the Prophet and the 12 Imams. A lamp is placed above us. Each lamp gives light regardless of where it was and is placed in a high place for the sake of those it illuminates and not for its own sake. In contrast to the flaming character of the lamp (and what we have seen is the Muhammadan light) which exists by itself, its placement (above) is the position of the Prophet Muhammad as the Messenger of mercy to the worlds. The "flame" represents the "celestial Ahmed" and the "setting" (of the lamp) represents the position of the Prophet Muhammad.

Then verse 14 says: "We send down abundant water from the clouds." The number of verses indicates the 14 Pure. This is the abundant knowledge that is a consequence of grace to the worlds and that the Prophet Muhammad "drops" into the created world. The descent itself is multidimensional and different for everyone, and what the Prophet himself said: "Speak to people at the level of their knowledge and not yours so that they do not deny God and His Messenger". This ends the Fatimid feather, that is, the third mention of the word "feather" which is agreed by Fatima a.s. (surah "Imran's Family", verse 44).

The following is the fourth mention of the word "pen" in the Holy Book, and it is in the surah "Kalem" (surah 68, verse 52) and this mention agrees with Imam Ali ("Kalem" otherwise has the meaning of pen).

The word "pen" (kalem) is mentioned right at the beginning, in verse 1, which is in accordance with the fact that Ali a.s. was the first Imam. The number 1 permeates all numbers and although without parts it is divisible. He is the "mother" of all numbers just as Ali is the father of all Imams.

Verse 1 nun. God swears by the pen and what they write.

The surah has the ordinal number 68, which in the sum of the numbers gives 14 pure (6+8=14). There are a total of 52 verses, which in the sum of the numbers gives 10 levels of knowledge, as many as there are (5+2=10), which is what the famous tradition of Imam Sadik, a.s., talks about. The sum of these 2 numbers (14 and 10) gives the number 24, which is the 12 Earthly and 12 Light personalities of the Holy Imams. In verse 1, God swears by the coil, with a cherry pen that places Ali in the place of the seal of the Absolute Vilayet. The external consideration of the verse suggests angelic scribes, but esoterically, it is about the "letter" of the Ahlul Bayt, what they write (which we saw in the previous mentions of the word "pen") through concentration in the spiritual temple of light (there are 14 temples ).

The verse begins with the word - Nun. "Unknown" abbreviations, i.e. mysterious letters are present at the beginning of 29 Qur'anic surahs and their meaning is a secret for the general consciousness. These solitary letters are one of the great mysteries of the Qur'an. In the mentioned verse (h. of Ali's pen), the letters refer to mourning for the Imams (Hasan and Hussein).

N is "nagba" (meaning – mourning)

In is "udu" (means - to return)

N is again ''nagba'' (mourning).

Therefore, in verse 1 of Surah "Kalem" there is a "double mourning". It is in accordance with the double feather (from verse 282 of Surah "The Cow"), which mentions, we have seen, correspond to Hasan and Hussein. In both cases, it is a double mention within one verse. After the lamentation of Imam Hasan, there is a request to return, to not persist in oppressing the Pure House, a request to give up violence against them. This did not happen after the poisoning of Imam Hasan, the oppression even became more severe, which resulted in the battle of Karbala and the martyrdom of Imam Hussein, and that is the "second mourning" in verse 1. Certainly, this "duality" determines Ali as the first Imam and seal of the Absolute Vilayet.

The fifth mention of the word "pen" is in surah "The Clot" (surah 96, verse 19) and it is in verse 4. This mention corresponds to the Prophet Muhammad.

Verse 4: he who teaches the pen.

In other words, Surah "The Clot" was the first Surah revealed to the Prophet and the revelation took place in a cave on Mount Hira. The surah itself begins with an indication of the importance of learning and acquiring knowledge (Learn, in the Name of Your Lord...)

In verse 4 it is said that the Lord of the Worlds teaches the pen. Esoterically, it refers to the 14 Pure Ones as those who are taught by God. The ordinal number of Surah "Ali's Pen" (Sura "Kalem") is number 68, while the ordinal number of Surah "Muhammad's Pen"is number 96. The difference between these two numbers is number 28 (96- 68=28) which is the age of Imam Askeri (Mahdi's father) at the time of his death. Therefore, the beginning of the occultation of the Imam is between the "two feathers" (Muhammad's and Ali's). This is because the Prophet Muhammad is the herald of Mahdi and Imam Ali is the seal of the Absolute Vilayet while Imam al-Mahdi is the seal of the Muhammadan Vilayet. Thus the beginning of his concealment is placed between the two feathers'', in the range of the Seal of the Mission and the Seal of Absolute vilayet. This concludes the fifth and last mention of the word "pen" in the Holy Book, and what we have seen is in accordance with the 5 Holy Persons (Hasan, Hussein, Fatima, Ali and Muhammad, in the order of mention).

Now let's look at the sum of the ordinal numbers of the 4 surahs in which the word "pen" is mentioned.

Surah "Cow" – 2

Surah "Imran's Family" – 3

Surah "Coil" – 68

Surah "Clot" – 96

The sum of the ordinal numbers of these surahs is the number 169 (2+3+68+96=169). If the number of Quranic surahs (114) is subtracted from that number, the number will be 55 (169-114=55). Therefore, the difference between (the knowledge of) the "heavenly pen" (14 Pure Ones) and the Qur'an is the number 55. Surah number 55 is Surah "Rahman" (The Merciful) and has 78 verses, while Surah 54 (Surah "Moon") has 55 verses, so the number was created by the difference mentioned above. As the surah "Moon" has 55 verses, it is about the full moon of Imam al-Mahdi a.s. whose splendor together with the Qur'an reaches back to the original pen of the 14 Pure Ones. He is the last of the 14 Holy Persons, like the full moon gathers their light.

Now let's look at the first verse of Surah "The Moon".

1. The hour is drawing near and the moon has split.

The reason for the revelation of this verse is a historical event when the Prophet performed a miracle and split the moon in front of the deniers. Esoterically, the "hour" of the splitting of the moon is the event of the Imam within the human soul. That hour of the revelation of the Imam "approaches" in the manner of a person's proximity or distance from the Pole itself. As the Imam is the Face of God, so is his radiance of the month’s (Vilajet) face of Islam. If we look at the moon in this context, the two halves that are obtained after splitting are Sharia (law for the physical) and Haqiq (reality of spiritual truth). The "split" between them is the tariqat (spiritual path). This spiritual path is a personal splitting within each novice who endures the hardships of initiation. The Haqiqat agrees with the heavenly feathers of the 5 Holy Persons, and the Sharia agrees with the Qur'an (169-114=55). Imam Mehdi is a tariqat or path in particular, he is the moon or the pivot of the lunar vilayet. Also, the splitting of the moon into two halves should be seen as a small and a large concealment of the Imam, where the small one corresponds to the Qur'an and the large concealment with the heavenly feathers of the 5 Saints. As the Qur'an is visible in the visible world, the Imam was also "visible" (to some people) during his little hiding. The "Heavenly Feathers" are invisible in the manifest world just like the Imam during the Great Concealment.

Esoteric splitting of the moon is therefore the hour of the "Imam of being" in every person who takes it seriously, it is the hour that always approaches (in the time of the soul) as we approach it.

We are the ones who have hidden the Imam from ourselves by not being able to see him. The following sura is sura 55, Rahman (The Merciful) and has 78 verses.

There is a verse in it that talks about the grace of the Vilayet of the Holy Imams and that in a way of denial.

The verse reads: "So which favor of your Lord do you deny" and this verse is repeated 31 times.

Verse 5 of Surah "The Merciful" reads: "The Sun and the Moon sail along fixed paths". Astronomically accurate data that has been scientifically confirmed, but we will not comment on that consideration here. The Sun is the Holy Prophet while the Moon is Imam al-Mahdi. Their "established paths" represent the division of responsibility where it is

The Prophet is in charge of receiving the Revelation, its descent into the material world (ta'nzil) while the Imam is in charge of the spiritual hermeneutics of the Revealed (ta'wil). These are their "paths" from which there is no deviation (no mixing of jurisdictions).

The number of the verse (5) clearly suggests five people under the cloak (Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussain). "Denial of grace" is mentioned for the first time in verse 13 ("so which grace of your Lord do you deny") which clearly says that the denied grace is a matter of Ehli - Beita because the number 13 gives Prophet Muhammad and 12 Holy Imams (1+12=13).

Also, this verse appears for the thirteenth time in the ordinal number 40, which is again the beginning of the Messengership of Muhammad, because he received the first revelation when he was 40 years old. The last time the denial of the blessings of the Vilayet Imam is mentioned in verse 77 of Surah "The Merciful", and God "created seven heavens and as many earths". Also in total, that number gives 14 Clean from sin (7+7=14).

The sum of all (numbers of) verses in which the same thing is repeated ("So, which favor of your Lord do you deny") is the number 1435 (13+16+18+21+23+25+28+30+32+34+36+38+40+42+45+47+49+51+53+55+57+59+61 +63+65 +67+69+71+73+75+77) and that number in the sum of digits again gives the number 13 (1+4+3+5=13), Prophet Muhammad and 12 Holy Imams.

Since JA'SIN is one of the Names of Imam al-Mahdi, it is necessary to see how the Vilayet of the Holy Imams is mentioned in surah JA'SIN. So let's take a look at some verses from the mentioned surah "Jasin" (sura 36, ​​verse 83).

Verse 37: "And the night is their proof: We remove the daylight and they remain in darkness."

One of the Names of Imam Mahdi is "Evidence" (Hudjet). The verse talks about the night of esotericism in which the Imam is the only proof. His apparent consideration is in concealment (''removed like daylight'') and people are left in visible darkness. But that "darkness" is the night of esotericism in which multi-layered meanings are revealed in the depths of the Holy Book. The sum of the numbers of verse 37 gives the number 10 (3+7=10), which is in accordance with the 10 degrees of faith that rise like a ladder and they represent a body of knowledge (the famous tradition of Sadik a.s.).

Verse 38: "And the sun moves to its appointed limit, that is the decree of the Mighty and All-Knowing." The Sun is the Holy Prophet. Its movement to its definite limit can be viewed under a twofold view. The first consideration is Muhammad's life on earth itself. The limit of that life is the transition to another world, that is, physical death.

Esoterically, the Prophet's limit is ta'nzil, receiving the Revelation and delivering it to the people. This boundary comes from the world of command and is tied to the Divine Attributes of Power and Omniscience. Force is the ultimate intensity of strength, and Omniscience is fulfillment beyond which there is no insufficiency, knowledge beyond which there is no knowledge. Both encompass the Holy Prophet. Strength (sila) is tied to physical death and Omniscience to the limit of ta'nzil, i.e. the limit of delivery of the Published. Ta'wil (spiritual hermeneutics) belongs to the Imam, each of the twelve in his (physical) time.

Verse 39: "And We have determined the position of the moon, and it always returns like an old bent palm branch."

After demarcating the Messengership and Imamology, that is, establishing the boundary of the Messenger's transmission of the Qur'an versus spiritual interpretation, verse 39 assigns the position to Imam al-Mahdi as the Prophet's "son" (whose herald he is). Imam is the "month" mentioned in the verse and the position of the seal of the Muhammadan vilayet is assigned to him. Thus, the light of the 14 Pure Ones is rounded off, which is numerically indicated in the verse itself (3+9=12 + Sun + Moon=14). The moon always returns again. Just as the moon as an astronomical body always moves around the earth and illuminates it, so the light of the Imam always returns in the night of esotericism which is always new and unseen since every time it reveals something of what still resides undiscovered in the depths of the Book.

It is known that the 7 ebdals (which are the "eyes of the Imam") are in constant motion. They circle the Earth observing and reporting to the Imam about situations that require his direct intervention. The return of the Imam (''moon'') is like an old bent palm frond. Returning is an active movement. The seal of the Friends of God in which all followers and the world in general participate. After the mentioned position has been assigned to the Imam, knowledge of him becomes knowledge of God. (''He who knows the Imam has known his Lord''). This realization takes place through several stages. Approaching him is given through the image of an old, bent palm frond. Once, the Prophet said that there is a tree similar to a Muslim, and that is the palm tree. The exemplary Prophet did not use the word "believer" but precisely "Muslim", which clearly indicates the testimony of faith ("Muslim"). Thus, the "palm" is the first degree of approaching the Imam and includes the law for the physical (Sharia). After that, the educational or pedagogic reality (of which the rod is a very clear symbol) is singled out from the entirety of the testimony, the rod that is "torn off" from the whole tree (palm). As a certain (chronological) time must pass for the rod to become "old", it is about the gnostic maturation of each traveler.

With these educational methods (the "wick" is used in all lower schools and as such symbolizes the disciplining of lower and still immature humanity) the testimony of belief rises to a higher level, to the level of faith (or conviction - mumin). It is the second degree of approaching the Imam and includes the spiritual path (tariqat). Here the "rod" is identical to the path between the two split sides of the moon. "Prut" is therefore the path of disciplining the soul and takes place in several stages. "Old age" is a reality of spiritual truths, a reality whose heavenly archetype has always been the same and as such "old", therefore the ultimate stage of maturity. It is the third degree of approaching the Imam and includes spiritual truths (haqiqat). The "bend" of a palm frond is reaching the first (shari'at) and the last (haqikat) in the manner of a circle, i.e. touching two ends (when both ends of the frond are completely bent so that the ends touch each other, a circle is obtained). The fact that a dry rod often cracks when bent speaks of the difficulty of achieving hakikat. The rod is bent as much as the perceiver can "bend" it in the final reaching of the circle, i.e. the reality of haqiqat. Most achieve a relative "bend" rather than a complete one.

Those who realize the reality of the circle are on the path of the Imam himself, becoming like him. Thus, the bending of the palm frond is always and again a living spiritual reality of faith that everyone approaches ("bends it") according to their abilities. The possibilities are different and carry a "code" for everyone novice in person. Because, the rod moves again and again so that every age has its own opportunity (through individuals who realize something of the gnosis of Imamate and Vilayet). The movement of the Imam's light is like the moon's changes in the physical world.

Verse 40: "Thread the sun can reach the moon, night and day threatening, all of them in space sail".

The demarcation of t'enzil (the descent of Revelation) and te'wil (spiritual hermeneutics) in the quoted verse is described as unattainability, the non-mixing of the two, which becomes imperative. This is because the night of esotericism cannot threaten the day of the revealed Imam, and the external and internal cannot be mixed even in the external course of historical events. In the spiritual heavens they all sail. The reception of the Revelation (the Sun) does not reach its spiritual exegesis precisely because the night of esotericism does not precede the day of revelation.

The Prophet said: "My Ahl - Beyt is like Noah's ark, whoever climbs it is saved, whoever misses it is drowned". "All of them" refers to the 14 pure ones. Every man (follower) who climbs on the ship Ehli - Beita sails through the spiritual universe in accordance with his capabilities and in accordance with his proximity to the Holy Family.

The soul aspirations of the "lower self" are then weakened. A lifeboat was found in the sea of ​​cognitive threats. It is used to navigate and save from all challenges. Materiality always potentially threatens with a flood and all the lower forces within man are full of challenges and deadly waves that can submerge the heart, drown it in a sea of ​​soulful aspirations. The Ehli - Beita ship is a rescue from such drownings and threats. As long as the world exists, that holy ship will receive spiritual travelers. Some will climb with ease, while others will climb struggling, struggling and in pain. The third will clutch frantically at every beam, trying to reach the deck. But there is hope even for the weakest and the smallest is still a traveler.

HALID'S WISH

"In this world one is never safe" (A. Cami)

He was a sheikh of the Naqshbandi order. It was believed so because he himself never spoke about it or stood out above the others in any way. Repentant both before the known and before the unknown, not rising nor retreating, the same before believers and those whose hearts doubt and waver. Measured in everything, he addressed people at the level of their understanding and in the manner of their understanding. Always smiling and cheerful, curiously staring at everything existing, never underestimating or judging anyone. He was like wide rivers in quiet mornings, accessible to everyone and unfathomable in the flow that always escapes.

Water next to the road, next to all human roads, visible and elusive, clear and clouded by an always new image. This is always the case when closeness and transience touch, when immediacy and impermanent changes reach out to each other in vain. I met him in Travnik before the war by visiting him with his dervishes. I didn't belong to the order myself, but they "took me" because I loved Sufi thought and respected the people of the Way.

It was enough. Enough for me because I don't know about the others, they didn't say more than what their looks told them. The journey is monotonous and gloomy, full of hidden expectations that everyone carried in their own way, surrendering to them silently and silently. I didn't think about anything looking at the snowy mountains by the road, the sky is hazy and the clouds in the distance seemed almost wistful, completing something vague in me.

When we entered the clean apartment, we were greeted by two people with their right hands on their chests, an old dervish greeting that signifies people of the heart. Quietly and unobtrusively, they pointed to Sheikh Khalid's room. Respect and order in human relations and strict rules that put everything in its place. Two dervishes entered before me, bowing with the customary bow. I kissed the shaykh's hand because those before me had done the same. He held it out with the intention of shaking my hand, not wanting forced courtesy and formal respect that was not in the heart. His appearance neither frightened nor surprised me, it was just as I had imagined it to be.

Holding an old book with a white cover in his hand, the sheikh was having a lively discussion with a man who was already inside when we arrived. I understood that they were talking about Ali - Pasha Rizvanbegović. The apartment was spacious and sunny, full of warm shadows and traces of careful hands, without a single superfluous piece of furniture or anything that does not belong to the traditions and traditions of the order. Each one had a thing in its place, inconspicuous and almost careless and yet strict and impossible. Everything is someone else's property, as I found out. Halid will spend the winter there, he is old and lonely, and Bosnian winters are harsh and harsh. The sheikh was married for a short time in his early youth, he was childless. But God gives to whom He wills, so Khalid also had people around him who loved and served him better than his own father.

The owner of the apartment is also a murid, no one told me, but from everything it was possible to conclude that this is exactly the case. By the gestures and way of dealing, by the respect that the host showed to the Sheikh on every occasion and in everything. Sheikh Halid apparently had neither his own house nor private property, except for a part of the common property in Fojnica, which he shared with his brother, but he rarely went there. A brown-haired boy of about two years old was constantly running from room to room laughing happily and the sheikh was gently stroking his head while showing him attention. The people who brought us in obviously had a special position and were always at the sheikh's service.

One of them (later I found out his name was Mirsad) was a very serious and somewhat sullen dervish in his late thirties, his gaze attentive and focused. We moved to another room and sat down, the Sheikh will come to address us all. Chance wanted (without anyone's conscious intention) to sit down on the sofa across from the sheikh's place while the others sat on the floor. Some were cross-legged, there was a lot of smoking and the room was full of smoke. Khalid was also an avid smoker and later I saw him lighting cigarettes one after another. When the sheikh entered we all got to our feet even though he immediately told us to continue sitting and motioned with his hand for us to stay down. As only he and I remained on the sofa (the others were sitting on the floor), I was surprised and taken aback by this symbolic "equality".

- If I do something wrong, you correct me, young man - he addressed me suddenly and without any introduction. I was surprised again and not knowing what to say, I got a little confused and hung my head.

The others looked on curiously, a couple of them openly derisive and extremely condescending. Some grabbed their chins and stared at the ceiling as if guessing the meaning of the sheikh's words. He asked me who I was and where I came from. When I answered, he praised Reis Sulejman Šarc, my further ancestor and religious leader during the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. I knew almost nothing about him, except that he was from Uzinovićka Mahala, where I was also born. I was silent. A dervish asked permission to tell his dream. The Sheikh commented briefly, the smile never leaving his lips. Then I remembered the dream of a pious woman from Stolac whose husband was also a dervish and who told me the dream.

She put the sky to sleep. Not earthly, but a spiritual sky, other and different from the blue we see every day. There was a big green circle in the sky. In the middle of the circle, Sheikh Khalid is sitting on a kind of swing and laughing. Everything is green. Halil, one of the senior dervishes is inside the circle along with the sheikh. The husband of the mentioned woman is on the second and they have one in common a friend on the first step to the circle and they are under the big greenery. A few years later the dream came true. Namely, after Khalid's death, Halil became a shaykh, as announced by the described dream that placed him in the reality of Haqiq. His position as a sheikh was contested by some (they still do) creating doubts where there is no place for them, suspecting ambiguities where they never existed. However, not a single great man has been recorded in history without being challenged. Even the Prophet himself was challenged and denied, the Holy Imams after him likewise. The meeting lasted about two hours, they saw us off with respect, or so it seemed to me. We were returning satisfied. Snow and mud all around, some tired animals by the side of the road, neglected village fences and unsightly alleys.

The pre-war situation could be felt, but not so strongly as to frighten or shake beliefs. Winter is an everyday life everywhere and tired people busy with work, hard on themselves but with hope in their clear eyes. No one wanted the war that was surely looming. Fog, mud and fatigue, in the car a pleasant, suffocating heat, I sat next to the driver. We talked about common experience, each offering its own version. Someone hinted that the sheikh actually reprimanded me when he said to correct him if he made a mistake in something, because it is not appropriate for me to correct a scholar nor do I have the knowledge for such a thing. But since I still like to "act smart" I got a reprimand. I didn't know what to say, the envy was clear and painfully visible and I regretted it. It's always been like that, since ancient times.

Murids are jealous of each other and fight for a place in the heart of their sheikh. It is even assumed that Rumi's great friend Shams Tabrizi was killed by Jelaluddin's disciples. Out of envy, unable to bear the attention Rumi was showing him.

There is no cure for dervish jealousy other than one's own construction that would nullify it. However, I'm not a dervish and it's strange how they can't help themselves, it's incomprehensible that even I endanger them. The car windows were dirty, I watched the clouds pass by trying to say as little as possible. We returned to Stolac late at night, exhausted but happy, each in his own way.

War soon broke out. And in the midst of the conflict, in the year nineteen ninety-three, fate wanted me to see Khalid again. He came to Stolac for treatment. He didn't intend and he didn't hope, but when God wants something, human minds stop, thoughts are confused and feelings are stirred so that what must happen happens. He was getting ready for Slovenia, where he was to have a hip operation, and he had proper papers, everything was ready to go. Mirsad was with him. But a chance meeting with Stolac Murid in Split changed everything.

That student of his mentioned to him the doctor from Stolac and the hospital for bone and joint diseases known throughout the former Yugoslavia. Old buildings from the Austro-Hungarian era, greenery and flowers. And the sheikh changed his mind. War zone, daily shelling and death at every step, but he decided to come. Received like any other patient, he was lying on the bed next to the window with two other people in the room. Immediately after his arrival, he won hearts. It was said that the nurses started fasting during Ramadan under the influence of Khalid's personality and his blessings. With a white beard and ruddy cheeks, almost boyish lips and with a black dervish cap on his head, the sheikh captured general attention and commanded respect. Mirsad traveled with him, helped and did everything around him, treating the sheikh as if he were his own father. Because spiritual fatherhood is sometimes stronger than physical fatherhood, the father of the soul is often more important than the parents of the outer world.

Rasim and Dzanka were in the same room together with Khalid. Rasim was a gray-haired, almost bald old man with thin glasses, under which a questioning and incredulous look could be seen. After the Second World War he was supposedly the Minister of Forestry and belonged to the "progressive comrades" and then "landed" as an Inforbirovac, deciding firmly and unwaveringly for Comrade Stalin. After everything he went through, he lived quietly and quietly, indifferent to social trends and life itself. He never got married and was considered an educated and capable man. Džankić from Ošanić, whose name I don't remember (and which, by the way, few people knew because everyone simply called him "Džanka") was lying across from Halid's bed. Radiant and with a bright smile, the great Bećar was charmed by the sheikh's personality. Full of nostalgia and regret for bygone times, old man Dzanka looked like a tired captain of an abandoned ship who is still hesitating about the distant tide and the final abandonment of the wrecked stern.

- Youth does not return to a man - he told me once almost in a whisper and with teary eyes. Both old men looked quite strong and fresh, being treated for who knows what, because the hospital had long ago (and especially during the war) looked more like a nursing home and shelter than a treatment center.

Three safe meals a day and thick beams placed in front of the windows as protection against shells, it was enough for the decrepit old age to see protection and shelter. Above all, they had company in the hospital, which was a real boon to many who were left behind and lonely. Because even in abundance, people are neglected and neglected, maybe even more so, so it should not be surprising why it is so in war.

Crowds came to listen to Sheikh Khalid. Patients from other rooms, soldiers in their free time and nurses on breaks, idle old men who are always there where something is said and told. Someone would memorize a few words or a quote, others would take careful notes and save whole pages, others would remember everything. Inevitably, because human capabilities are different. That's why Ibn Arebi said: "You can't cover the whole sea with one pan, but what you cover is the sea." Take as much as you can. The water of knowledge is one and the same, and a large bite would suffocate a small, immature child, and what an elephant takes an ant would destroy.

While the sheikh would speak, there was complete silence. He spoke long and thoroughly, clearly explaining the syllables and sometimes repeating a sentence to underline something for emphasis. He would look at the interlocutor the whole time, giving everyone the same attention. On one occasion, Mirsad took him outside to a nearby mosque. He could not walk and moved around in a wheelchair. The minaret of Ali Pasha's mosque was still standing, not a single shell hit the masjid itself, although hundreds of them fell around. My friend Mead and I wanted to immortalize it with a camera, but going to the camp and the further development of the situation stopped us in our intention.

However, Pasha was in the same chain of spiritual genealogy as Sheikh Khalid. The vizier of Stolac was a murid of Mejli-babe, and it is said that he used to come to Begovna where magnificent zikrs would be performed. Abdurahman was the only student of Husein - grandmother Zukić, the founder and head of the tekija in Vukeljići. Sheikh Hussein left his homeland in search of him at an early age, and Syria was Sheikh Maili's grandmother.

In search of science, he was absent for forty years. He also attended the famous "Muradija" tekke in Turkey and eventually returned to Bosnia and built a tekke in his native Vukeljići. From him, the Silsila continues through the great Shaykhs to the Holy Imams and the Holy Prophet. The Prophet holds the introductory chain in his hand and the power of his blessing (ba'rakah) extends to all the sheikhs who guide and instruct the students. Bayat to the sheikh is bayat to the Prophet. Murids are often aware of their Manevian father even as children. That's how little Abdurahman, then still a child, recognized Sheikh Hussein. He also gave him the nickname "Sirri", which means secretive.

It is reported that Hussein said to him: "You are one of me and there will be thousands of you". Namely, Sheikh Khalid paused at the mosque and whispered his secret wish to Mirsad. Namely, he wanted to be buried in the courtyard of the Ali Pasha mosque if he died in Stolac. I don't know if he had a premonition of the near end, having a sure dot in his hands, or if he simply "got away". A lot of things tied him to Ali - Pasha himself. He appreciated him a lot and even claimed that Bosnia is partly suffering because of the injustice (false historicism) inflicted on that great man. A heavy, unusual and bold thought, but I heard it with my own ears. Mirsad remembered, thought a little and pushed the cart back to the hospital.

Khalid could not be helped, at least not in such a hospital and under those circumstances. Installing the hip was impossible, the operation very difficult to perform. In April of the same year, he moved to a better world. His murids bathed him and buried him as he wished in the courtyard of the mosque. There were fifteen people present, the shells did not fall. Mirsad led the funeral procession and shortly thereafter left Stolac. Fortunately for him, because that's how he avoided certain capture and going to the camp. After the war, a modest bašluk was built for Halid, the place was known, it was marked after the burial itself. Came to Stolac and stayed there. In this world we are all travelers, passers-by, and it is good to know about return and place of return. He left an heir because they cannot be spiritually pregnant without a guide. In every age there are experts who cut the umbilical cord in order to give birth to a spiritual child. And they all lead to the Venerable Mustafa.

Only a small number of people have always been gathered around the truth, and this is the case in all religions and great traditions. In the multitude of the world, there are countless desires in which one forgets oneself and commits adultery, there are many colorful lies that destroy the heart and take away from the Right Path. But not all desires are the same. Some sparks light from the heavenly ways and scatter the starry glow of the beyond. Maybe that was Khalid's wish.

LOOKING AT ULURA

"Life is a dream" (Calderon)

Uluru. The sacred mountain of the Aboriginal people. I keep a photo of the brown massif framed on the wall in front of me so I can glance at it whenever I want. The call of Australia and the ancient truths hidden in the traditions of tribes that are still trying to preserve the ancient way of life, fleeing from the destructive influences of civilization. A huge massif, a blue sky and traces of a battle on the sacred ground since the time of sleep when two snake deities, KUNYA and LIRA, clashed. Uluru is the largest monolith in the world and certain parts of the mountain are forbidden to women. Looking at the picture on the wall I often remember a dream, it was eighteen years ago. Usnih Ulcinj beach, where I stayed (in reality) for several days. The city of Ulcinj is in Montenegro, a friend from college invited me for a summer vacation. The green pines and the small path to the beach in the dream were the same as in reality. I wanted to go down to the brown sand on the beach and swim in the sea.

Suddenly, to my left, by the side of the road sat an old Aboriginal man. Silent and calm, as if he had sunk into the vision. I carefully walked past him without saying anything. He noticed me and followed me carelessly with his eyes without showing any attention. He was about sixty years old. His hair is gray and curly, his nose is flat and broad, and his beard is red and dignified. Next to him on the right side lay a stick. He was wearing a one piece, gray piece of clothing and looking at his serene peace I felt respect. Still, I said nothing and continued to descend. Suddenly, a terrible chasm appeared in front of me. The height was enormous and without a doubt something like that did not exist in reality in Ulcinj. I ran my hands up the cliff and somehow got back. With a little stepping back, I took a look again, the height was certainly more than fifty meters, at the bottom of the cliffs and rocks against which big waves hit. Walking back at a brisk pace, I met the old Aboriginal again. But now he stood and the dignity he radiated was astonishing.

- Why didn't you warn me about the precipice - I asked him abruptly and almost reproachfully. His lips moved and he uttered a sentence in an Aboriginal language that I did not understand. In his right hand I saw a round stone on which a labyrinth was drawn. He stretched out his hand towards me, showing me the rounded oyster as if he wanted me to remember it well, and then abruptly pulled it back. I understood that it was the sacred stone of his people. That's where the dream ended. It was a strange dream and I would often remember it, even though I didn't attach any particular importance to it at first.

By chance, many years later I became interested in Aboriginal life. Fascinated by the religion and culture of that spiritualized people, I began to wonder about an ancient dream.

It seemed to me as if I had entered into some kind of alliance or contract with the old man and in a sacred secret perhaps I should cross the mysterious labyrinth or at least get to know him, face him. Much later, the dream had a profound effect on me. During my stay in Ulcinj (before sleep) I did not notice no precipice and the familiar path to the beach was easy and pleasant. Fine sand and medicinal forest full of salty vapors and invigorating smells, next to the road to the turba of the two martyrs. According to tradition, it was about two missionaries of Islam who came before the Turkish conquests and died there. The bodies were washed away by the water and the local population buried them. Turbe is surrounded by a steel fence and candles are lit at night. It was one of my rare trips because starting was difficult for me and every change had a devastating effect on me.

Perhaps the old aborigine also wanted to reveal to me all the meaninglessness of external ways and guide me into the labyrinths of my own soul. Every road in the world of colors and smells eventually ends in the abyss of illusion and deception, and every journey through the world weakens and diminishes the inner world. That is why the Holy Prophet said: "Journey is part of hell". The constant change and renewal of external impressions is like a hellfire which is also constantly returning, painful and full of unrest just like the change of images in the wandering eye. Separation from home adorns both. And the traveler of the outer world and the one who, traveling through that world, must burn himself in the fire of his own passion in order to return to the home of his spirit. The traveler of this world can therefore expect punishment rather than enrichment, suffering rather than the joy of the unknown. Every path except the path into oneself is a fall into the abyss and abyss of external movement and change. And man is the same everywhere and the sky above him is equally blue on all meridians. That is why enrichment with impressions is both a burden and an illusion.

Tourism is the magic of the dark ages. Due to the lack of spiritual virility, which would surely arrange the images in the soul, introducing it into the realm of the spirit, modern man tries to capture the image of the outside world with a camera, to stop it in the passage of time. That's what he thinks he is richer and that the basic value of that wealth is "getting to know people". However, people can get to know and recognize each other by the inside without ever having seen each other in the world of colors and smells. Where there are the most people (in megalopolises) they don't know each other at all, even more so. Labyrinth painted on the stone (in my dream) was in the form of white circles that were inside each other and getting smaller and smaller until the very center. The symbol of the Sufi path is also a circle, it is the same in Taoism. In all great traditions there is a desire to return to the Source. Creatures travel by the periphery is attracted to the Center and in merging with it they find the meaning of existence.

There are as many roads as there are points, there are as many lines to the center as there are people. Some do not see the attraction and resist it by attaching themselves to attractive forms in the world of the senses, again witnessing one thing. Because if it weren't for Him, there would never be attachment that exists. If God did not exist, man would never worship an idol. We all testify to His existence and everything returns to Him. But beings are burdened with impatience and passion and accept lightly any substitution without seeing who planted that inclination in their hearts. That is why Ibn - Arabi said that no human being ever loved anything but God. The introductory nature of dreams has always fascinated me. One of Sheikh Halilov's students dreamed of him before he saw him in reality. The Sheikh was dressed in a red sweater and wanted to show him something. On the green table in front of them were drawn circles engraved even before his (murid's) birth. He looked at them with interest and when he awoke shortly afterwards he looked for the sheikh. Later he became a dedicated murid and a lover of the Way. Undoubtedly, some dreams are of an initiatory character and represent an introduction to spiritual and spiritual learning.

Aboriginal people call them "ancestral dreams" when the world was created from thoughts. Different traditions, but the Path is one and the same, as Rumi vividly said: "The windows of the house are many, but the light that enters is one and the same". Both Sufis and Aborigines pay great attention to dreams and in both traditions all the answers are there, past, present and future. In Sufism, detailed dream analysis is a daily and recognized practice. Aborigines distinguish several types of dreams. In addition to "ancestral dreams", there are also dreams outside the body, dreams during sleep, etc. They claim that one dreams while awake and that night dreams are mainly experienced by those who are unaware of waking dreams. Analogously, Islamic scholars and Sufis see the truth in the waking state as ordinary people (sometimes) see it in their dreams. One verse in the Qur'an says that God gives us "sleep at night and our sleep during the day", while the famous hadith of the Prophet reads: "People sleep and when they die they wake up". This means that the whole existence is a dream, both night and day. and she by day. The part of the verse that mentions "daytime sleep" by no means refers to "daytime sleep" but the waking sleep mentioned in the Prophet's statement that is only interrupted by death (after which comes awakening).

However, even waking up at death is strictly relative because man can never achieve full wakefulness and all stages of his existence are different types of sleep. Speaking of the Day of Judgment, the Qur'an says that people will say: "Who will wake us up from our graves?" So, the posthumous state, which is vigilance in relation to earthly life, yet it is a dream in relation to the hereafter (heaven and hell) Of course, the postmortem states are a "minor slumber" because relative wakefulness is guaranteed by death regardless of the soul's subsequent fate. This earthly life is the deepest kind of sleep, and that is exactly why Muhammad said: "You are in the darkest world".

Darkness is identical to sleep, the more light there is, the more alertness there is. That is why the expanses of light worlds offer unimaginable peace and happiness to serious souls. This world is the darkest because it is the world of dark, dense bodies, the world of matter. In addition, the world of trials, opposition of good and evil, hostility and suffering. That is why it is necessary that he is the "biggest dream". Only God is awake and alive. Everything else is asleep and everything else is "dead" (non-existent in the Battle). The life of creatures in being is real, but in Battle it is non-existent. The Prophet of Islam said that there are three types of dreams: "True dreams (from God), nafsan (soul) preoccupations and satanic intimidation". According to the Aborigines, the world was created in a dream. The Qur'an, on the other hand, says about God. as "He is not overtaken even by slumber". What a nap and the dream does not take over only Him, it is clear that it takes over "everything else" and that the whole existence is a dream.

A saying of Imam Sadik, a.s., explicitly says that sleep is the state of all creation who said that "everyone sleeps, even the angels" (angels). As all matter is spiritualized and at a certain level of consciousness, it is clear that it also dreams (and sleeps). Therefore, the dream relates to all that was created. The "nap" mentioned in the verse corresponds to the states of the hereafter and the hereafter (the intermediate state and the next world), while sleep is the state of this world. Although dreams (during sleep) are not always remembered, we dream every night, even when we are awake, we just (mostly) do not know about it. In order for someone to reach into the dreams of the waking state, a high level of spiritual awareness is necessary, but regardless of the fact that the majority of humanity is unaware of such (waking) dreams, they exist and it is only a matter of days when (and) science will confirm what some traditional disciplines have been teaching for centuries. But for today's deep-rooted scientism, it is still too big a bite. Being at an incomparably higher level of consciousness than "modern" man, Aboriginal people have the power to be in their dreams, the ability to read them while awake.

Great scholars and Sufis, on the other hand, see the future of each person as soon as they see them and can decipher their state and the character of the dream (waking state) that follows them. Thus, they can choose their dreams, some of which are "targeted" (a well-known phenomenon is istihara - a prayer performed for the purpose of having a true dream that solves some life problem or complicated situation). To ordinary people, dreams appear "spontaneously" (so it seems), since most people today do not learn from dreams and treat them with extreme contempt. That's why dreams almost always seem "unconnected" and "meaningless" to them. Today, dreams are taken so lightly that they are even taken for ridicule. But it wasn't always like that. The Messenger of God would ask his companions every morning if and what they had dreamed during the night. He would personally comment and interpret dreams. Thus, the person (to whom it is interpreted) would form an image of the coming day or a longer period of time, which would be spiritually affected and marked in this way.

This kind of spiritual pedagogy is completely in our time is neglected and still alive only in "primitive" communities that have retained some of the forms of original spirituality. In tribes around the world, dreams are still given great importance, so much so that chiefs or sorcerers (when the situation calls for it) manage to literally stop the dreaming of an entire village by assuming that role exclusively for themselves. When the chief dreams, the others do not have dreams because the authority manages to solve (in the dream) a collective problem or a situation that requires urgent action. In the modern world, this kind of practice is imaginable. Aborigines have the ability of telepathic contact, and this feature also adorns other peoples who still cherish an unadulterated, original way of life. For the purposes of long-distance communication, modern man will use a mobile phone, completely unaware that this power is embedded in his very spirit.

In order to find out what is happening in the world, today's man uses the TV screen, while the spiritualist follows the images of his dreams or the same images in his waking state. The modern era, which has devalued all forms of spirituality, has developed psychological disciplines that do not have an even close to accurate idea of the human soul. Freud's school tried to explain dreams with repressed contents that are the disguised speech of the libido and instinctive part of the personality. Suppressed and unacknowledged desire thus breaks through the armor of conscious censorship and begins to speak in the language of symbols, which as a rule is "chaotic".

Freud's teaching (and also Marx with his "dialectical materialism") is a logical reaction to the Christian (we are talking about late Christianity, when the esoteric mystical orders were already destroyed) neglect of the dark side in man by preaching (exclusively) mercy and kindness. How each extreme begets another, psychoanalysis placed the "devil" on the subconscious level, declaring everything mystical and spiritual a "disease". Jung made certain corrections to Freud's theory (including, among other things, Adler's will to power in his teaching) but he also remained at the level of austere and completely rational psychologism, not reaching the world of the human soul.

From an Islamic point of view, the human soul in a dream goes to the world of "intermediate state", (berzah) to the "border fog" which is the boundary between two worlds and where sensory forms descend and are embodied at the level of imagination. The Qur'an talks about this directly and says that God takes the "souls of the dead and those who sleep", keeping those whom he has decreed death and returning the others until the "fixed term". That's why it was said that "sleep is the brother of death".

In the honorable verse, the "taking of the soul" (by God) of the dead and those who sleep (on the same level) is completely equalized and there is no significant difference. In both cases, it is a journey of the soul outside the body, with the difference that the soul does not return with the act of death, and that during sleep the soul does not completely reach the intermediate world, even though it (essentially) resides in it. That's why every dream is true, but you need to know the interpretation. It is not necessary to emphasize how much all the psychological theories in relation to this they look miserable and superficial.

Many years after the first dream I had another dream of an Aboriginal man. This time it was an old witch doctor (much older than the man in the previous dream) coming out of a cave. Dark night and a wide desert in the distance, grave silence around. The old man had a gray beard and held a staff in his right hand. As he emerged from the deep opening, lightning steamed the sky and lit up the entire area. The sky was stormy and dark, full of rain. Suddenly, the witch doctor raised his staff and shouted at the top of his voice. The cry was long and unintelligible, his face sure and dignified, and I understood that it was a cry of welcome. The dream was short, but I remembered it well. In my first dream (many years have passed) an Aboriginal man showed me a stone with sacred circles engraved on it while in the second dream, the healer welcomes me and welcomes me. It took years from seeing the sacred circles to being invited and accepted into their world. Why and how, I don't know yet and it may be years again if I ever do.

According to the Aborigines, nothing exists by chance and every encounter, even the smallest, is arranged in the world of dreams. The man accepted him and agreed to it regardless of the fact that (most) have no memory of the contract that was made. Ibn Arabi's study of dreams divided into three types (according to the Prophet's hadith) is very complicated and requires extensive knowledge of the types and nature of "hawatir". Havatiri are thoughts, thoughts and everything that "comes to the heart" either in a dream or in reality. So he says that there are four types of havatir: divine, angelic, nefsan and satanic. All paths to the heart have their guards represented in the form of the above and what first catches the thought is what it shapes. That is why in every state (and especially in a dream) it is necessary to remember "the first thing" that happens from thoughts or premonitions. Regardless of whether it is an imaginary representation, a vision, a voice or a thought, what first comes to the heart is in principle true and as a rule is of a divine or angelic nature.

Nefsan havatiri (mental preoccupations) come after the true just like satanic inspirations. Immediately after the true vision, already at the next stage (like the "halo effect"), the devil intervenes and continues to shape the "right one" by distorting the meaning, changing the purpose and seducing. That is why Divine dreams (ru`ja) are usually very short and extremely clear, such that they leave no "space" for satanic intervention. And because of this, Ibn - Arebi says that the interpretation (of dreams, visions and inspirations) should not be interfered with by someone who is completely incapable of distinguishing between havatirs, their coming and going. If he is not able to recognize and distinguish them from one another, it opens the way to fatal deviations. Recognition is often very difficult because everything takes place in a few moments.

Divine dreams (seen from an Islamic perspective) correspond to the Aboriginal "dreams of the ancestors" when the world was created from thought. In both cases, the original reality is observed, the truth that is unquestionable. The "waking state" is reserved for spiritualists who are well versed in the secrets of the esoteric, most ordinary people are powerless and unable to reach into the dream world in a state of full awareness. No, where the spirituality of the community is still preserved, it is possible to achieve "collective vigilance" of dreaming, the state when, we saw night dreams, has only the supreme authority of the tribe (chief or sorcerer). His dreaming (then) has an initiation character for all members of the community. In the modern world, people dream only at night and without any conscious influence on dreams. In addition, in the modern age, sleep is perceived as a kind of "superfluous film" or subconscious waste, garbage that should be thrown out because it emerges unarticulated.

Even those psychological schools that take the dream "seriously" do not go beyond mere symbolism, the active message remains secret and the reality of the dream itself is untouched. Today, almost no attention is paid to dreams, which is completely in line with the logic of the dark ages, in which spiritual and spiritual ignorance reigns, followed by the "rule of the machine". Aboriginal dreams "during sleep" are irresistibly reminiscent of (Islamically speaking) dreams of mental preoccupations in which the daily activities of the soul predominate. The lowest aspirations of the soul (anger and lust), which belong to the realm of the animal spirit in man, are also the greatest range of Freud's preoccupations. What in traditional schools is the lowest point and starting point (dreams emitted by the animal spirit in man) becomes the peak in the theory of psychoanalysis. The unsettled instinctual sphere that really creates a certain type of dreams is only a small step in the complex human being, which is actually a synthesis of spirits (vegetative, animal and human).

Psychology does not reach the other steps and that is why we see its limitations everywhere. Freud's and all subsequent schools of psychology remained at the level of mere symbolism in the interpretation of dreams. Thus, for example, in dreaming of a snake, Freud sees a phallic symbol, while traditionalists recognize the enemy there. And not a symbol of hostility, but a real enemy to which the snake figure corresponds on the level of imagination. The form of imaginary reality is the truth in particular and not a passive opportunity for a parable that opens up various "meanings" based on an associative reaction that again has a certain model as its basis. While for psychologists a dream is full of "stylistic figures", spiritualists see in it truths understood "from within". This fundamental difference is completely logical because modern psychology does not recognize the soul or any reality beyond the reach of the rational. All she knows is the consciousness (and subconsciousness) of the "adapted animal" (man). In this sense, we should also observe the closedness and relative inaccessibility of all spiritual communities today, which is especially pronounced in "wild" tribes or religious cults that operate in full secrecy.

Those communities have deep reasons for being closed to the modern world, and it's not about "backwardness" or "primitivism", it's just the opposite. The original communities of "real people" of us moderns with right (pitiful) they see as "surrogate people", mutants who were denatured a long time ago and cut off from their original humanity. That is why the most powerful refuse any contact with the modern world, well aware that this world (if accepted) would destroy and destroy their high spirituality and conformed them to his primitive social and social patterns. But their rejection is not accompanied by hatred. It is good-natured and pitiful, and resembles our refusal to enter the childish world of play and superficial preoccupations. Perhaps the withdrawal of spiritual people (of all religions) is also an indication of the end of the childhood of the entire human race. The world sleeps in the last third of the last third of the universe's sleep and the dawn after which the sun of the golden age will shine is approaching. This will happen after the eclipse in this "machine time" reaches its zenith. Before dawn the darkness is thickest and the darkness is at its height. And that's why even the smallest light is visible and useful.

DOMINICA

"No act of kindness, no matter how small, is in vain." (Aesop)

Esmer lay sick. His father is with him and anxiously looks into the distance, hoping for a miracle because there is no medicine and there will be none. We are left to ourselves, our own instinct for survival and the resisting force of nature. There are traces of hay on the black, concrete floor, the yellow straws are wet and dirty and the room looks like a sheep barn where there are no animals. Only people under gray, rusted bars. There were about three hundred of us in hangar number two, Camp Gabela. The ability and will to survive and the hope that kept so many alive. It is often said that she is the last to die, but in the camp I felt it with all its might. There was no medical help and any serious illness meant certain death. A man near me died right at the beginning of darkness, suffocated by an asthmatic attack. Esmer's cough was deep and hoarse. Along with constant fever and chronic malnutrition, pneumonia threatened death. We lay like sardines next to each other exchanging a few words in an attempt to forget the hunger that was hard to achieve. Ribs were visible on emaciated bodies, and with shaved heads staring blankly into space, any normal person must have seemed to be entering a world of ghosts and walking spirits.

We looked like old fossils from some forgotten world still roaming the deserts of imaginary worlds. Everything has been taken away from us and only imagination is left. There was a large chain on the door and when it opened and closed it slid slowly and ominously making a terrible sound that made captivity more difficult and worse. A snake that slithers and bites us all at once, a steel creature that ominously defies between us and freedom. The chain was the nightmare of every inmate, the chills that raised the hairs on the skin every time the door was moved was terrible. It would slide for a long time because the hangar was first locked with a carpet and only then the two sides of the door would close, making our dead end complete. Esmerus had to be helped, at least tried. I took a piece of silvery cigarette paper, it was only about seven centimeters long, dirty and crumpled. Smoking in the hangar was forbidden under threat of death, but it was not respected nor were people particularly afraid. Cigarettes were brought in mostly "from work" because many camp inmates went out for various works and digging trenches.

I wrote letters to Dominica. A sentence, or rather, everything was in it. Request, reason and meaning.

"A man is dying, send a strong antibiotic if you can." - Jasminko

The guard Franjo will take the message and it is already a well-established practice to send notes to an old friend. Dominika was a cheerful girl with short black hair and blue eyes.

With a mischievous and childishly curious smile, she captivated attention with a good-natured immediacy in which there was both style and depth. Her movements were almost lazy and careless, her gait sure, and she would look at the interlocutor the entire time she was speaking, and I remember that detail well. We know each other well, and as soon as she found out that I was in the camp, she started bringing food and clothes. The packages were neatly and lovingly packed as if they were arriving at a fancy five-star hotel and not a concentration camp. She was a person of great gestures. When the guards called me to the door, I would rush with joy over the quickly sprung, thin bodies and return with full bags in my hands. Dominika is Croatian and the fact that she sends food to the "enemy" exposes her to danger.

Not for life, but "traitor" of his own people, that epithet followed by deep contempt is perhaps the least that any benefactor in this situation can expect. Although political wills (and not peoples) clashed, crimes and ethnic cleansing led to a projected image of an "inter-national" war that portrayed the conflict as a clash between "us" and "them". I knew it wouldn't work in the long run cancel. Night was falling and the guards put in two buckets for defecating because there is no way out of the hangar after dark. Something similar to a field toilet existed and was used during the day if the guard was in a good mood and if the Croatian forces were not losing at the front. The buckets thrown in were the ones from which water was drunk during the day and at first it seemed horrible and unimaginable. Afterwards, it wasn't even thought about and when someone noticed it, the others would laugh or wave their hands in the helplessness of subdued anger, it didn't matter to us. Accept what you cannot change was the main motto of the camp way of life.

There was the sound of a chain and the guard slammed the iron door shut. People stared blankly at the ceiling and at each other, getting their eyes used to complete darkness, and so day after day. We mostly lay on our backs, it's the easiest and the least painful to turn. A few small barred windows, the faint light of the moonlight barely reached inside, dimly falling on the cramped conditions. One window was right across from me and I would often look out into the dark night while the others slept, trying in vain to catch the starlight in the distance. They usually didn't see each other.

The night passed slowly. Sometimes he would talk with Sulejman until morning, reminiscing about Stolac and the events in the small town. During the day, while the hangar doors are open, conversation is often prohibited. Each, even a simple sentence. Underneath me is a rotten, dirty board and it was a "good" bed, most of them slept on the concrete floor. Unbearable heat and thirst. There was no water and thirst (at least for me) was harder to bear than hunger. By order of the guard, a bucket of water would be "circulated" around the hangar while the inmates sat on their knees patiently waiting to get drunk. That would often be all for the whole day, so everyone tried to drink as much water as possible, which would again "go away" through constant sweating. The darkness is complete and in order to get to the urinal (which stood next to the door) one had to step over several huddled bodies, carefully trying to place one's foot between two men so as not to step on anyone. I glanced in Esmer's direction. With his eyes closed, he was breathing heavily and tossing and turning, tormented by fever. Dominika will send the medicine if she can at all, I was sure of that because not a single note I sent went unanswered.

I slept for about an hour and a half. Heavy sighs and loud breathing could be heard throughout the night, occasionally whispers would come from various corners of the dungeon. Two prisoners cried loudly. Placing their palms on their faces, they tried to hide their pain because a man is ashamed to cry in front of others. I tried to comfort one of them. He slept close to me and I had known him since before the war.

Blond-haired and thin, with a tired, worn-out look, he sighed loudly and bowed his head as his tears flowed. I told him that everything is fleeting and everything comes to an end, so this too, there is no other option and it will surely end. You just have to be patient and the solution often comes when you least expect it. He looked at me blankly and absent-mindedly as if he didn't recognize me, and then he smiled ironically and ran his fingers through his hair.

- I don’t got time for philosophy - he snaps suddenly and lowers his head again. My story is vague and doesn't mean anything to him, he needs to say something concrete that gives hope, something he can hold on to. It was obvious that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and I decided to try again. I agree with him, and a passing guard said that a truce had been signed and its implementation was underway. And that then opens up the possibility of our liberation, it is even very likely that it will happen.

He looked up brightly and stared at me carefully and questioningly, the sparkle in his eyes sparkled because a new hope is opening, possibility, way out. I didn't look away even patting him good-naturedly on the shoulder. He believed and calmed down a bit. I remembered the tradition of God's Messenger about lying. It is allowed in war to reconcile two brothers and a wife if she is immoderate in her demands. And he also said: "War is a trick". When it dawned and everything seemed different to him, I let him know with a look that I wouldn't tell anyone. I exchanged a few words with Hus and Amir, they are sleeping across from me and have been awake for a long time. Huso is my generation and he taught me how to play the guitar at an early age.

He was a good musician, but talent by itself, at least in the province, does not mean much. Around eleven o'clock lunch arrived. Three green "manjerkas" (the term was unknown to me until then and meant larger containers similar to canisters) that the home guard Vlado would bring in a small van. Over time, the sense of hearing became so sharp (because we were actually waiting for lunch all the time) that we always heard the government vehicle as it approached from a distance, before the very entrance to the camp. We called it "pleasant sound" because it activated gastric juices and actively prepared the inmates for the only daily meal.

Grave silence would follow the melodrama and shaved heads would press past the grates trying to catch at least a glimpse of the bread being unloaded. One loaf was cut into twenty-two parts, a little later into sixteen and finally into twelve slices. The slices used to be so thin that the camp inmates jokingly turned towards the sun because "you can see the sky" through them. Lunch could easily be called breakfast (or dinner) because there is only one meal and the time of the Government's arrival was never determined for sure and ranged from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon even later.

Certainly, we were happy if he did come at all because once food was not given for three whole days. Lunch consisted of a few spoonfuls of stew and the aforementioned slice of bread, and the contents often resembled a deciliter of cloudy water rather than solid food. Nevertheless, we ate voraciously because daily we lost weight (on average) up to a kilogram or two. The round tin containers from which they would have eaten were of too vague a shape to be attributed to any term known up to that time (such as plates, pans, etc.).

Since no generally accepted name suited them, we called them "chome". They were not washed or cleaned, and after a dozen people had eaten their portion, the food was piled up and given to others. At the end of the "shift" (as the end of the lean meal was pompously called) everything would be done and somehow washed away if there was any water. If not, they would remain unwashed until tomorrow and the leftover food would crust over the edges of the clothes and harden, becoming like stone. It didn't particularly excite or worry anyone. The water that was distributed would often be dark red and full of silt, and buckets for watering hole full of hardened pieces of mud. During lunch, the inmates would sit motionless, and a few guards would carry bags all over the hangar. Over time, the most capable and resourceful became the permanent choma carriers.

Becoming a "choma carrier" was neither easy nor quick, and it was a great privilege that was envied. Because at the end of lunch, each of the guards could eat (almost) everything that was left in the snacks. Even more, the "choma carrier" could reach the guards much easier and faster and smuggle something for himself or others. The most famous and almost famous choma carrier was my friend Mujo. Bald and strong, he moved quickly, ordering or suggesting in his deep baritone, and enjoyed a certain respect in the camp. After leaving, he died, and remembering all that, I understood the significance of Imam Ali's words: "A fugitive does not prolong his life nor will anything come between him and his day''. Namely, Mujo wanted to "write for abroad", as we used to call the trips directed by the International Red Cross. He was carried away by the idea of ​​becoming a farmer and often told me about it. But fate took him to the left bank of Mostar (because he wasn't on the list of inmates at all, so he couldn't even "write" for abroad) and soon died. There was no destiny, the one he wished for and dreamed of. He was a good man and a brave fighter.

Most of the inmates had itching and lice. They spread insidiously and easily, and at first we did not want to believe in the real nature of the infection, comforting ourselves that it was "allergies". But the skin rashes soon took on such proportions that it became clear what it was about. The warden of the camp understood that, too a haircut down to bare skin was ordered, which was renewed periodically and was regular and mandatory. The warden himself got carried away with the idea of ​​eradicating the plague, but in vain. As time went by, the condition became worse and everything was simply swarming with ears. The inmates would kill them jokingly. I once saw a man who put a couple of them in his mouth and even slurped sweetly while doing so. Cabbage was distributed for lunch that day. He didn't even look like it, but the guard officially announced the contents of the lunch and added:

- Have a good meal. –

He didn't seem to be ironic and really thought we were enjoying our meal. And we enjoyed it, but not in the quality, but in the fact that it gives hope and that we were surviving, day by day. We're still keeping ourselves alive. I looked at my shirt. A third of the container is filled with dark water and on the surface with some kind of leaf, maybe it was the cabbage the guard was talking about. I ate lightly, trying to control my gluttony. After noon, while I was lying with my hands under the back of my head trying not to think about anything, the guard called me to the door. He brought two bags from Dominica, food and medicine. One contained several cans of fish, a jar of honey, kiwi and garlic. In the second, towels and laundry and medicines.

She sent Ceporex, the best broad-spectrum antibiotic, and Esmer immediately took one capsule. In the evening, I went over to Hasan. He was sitting leaning against the wall explaining something to a larger group of people. They crowded around him curiously, occasionally raising their hands as if in some kind of miracle clutching his head. Hasan was a stocky man with reddish hair and a ginger beard, calm eyes and strong hands, hardened by a healthy rural life. His face was tanned, his speech light and slow. He was about forty years old and addressed everyone gently, glancing over curious faces. The inmates gathered around him with undisguised interest claiming that he surely "knows something". Namely, Hasan had met an old man with a prophetic gift who apparently saw some images of the future even before the war. He passed this on to him perhaps without even thinking, without the intention that the teaching would be remembered or spread among the people. Hasan patiently listened to old Ibra (that was the old man's name) and remembered. Now people just flocked trying to hear what "grandpa says"?! About freedom, the end of the war, leaving the camp. Hasan would give detailed answers, clarifying each thought with hand movements.

I spent some time in the group listening intently, not knowing what to think. I realized that most believed what he was saying because Hasan's forecasts were quite optimistic. The difficult reality forced even the most stubborn doubters to believe at least a little, and then I would remember the Quranic verse...''When trouble befalls a man, he prays to Us for a long time''. This is precisely the proof of God's existence and man's unbreakable connection with Him. In other circumstances, the vision of the future would certainly not have such importance and meaning, but hope had to be nourished, it was necessary to maintain it, to strengthen it if possible. However, we (at least the majority) have long since lost our criticality and proper view of the matter, so the mood in the hangar oscillated and changed wildly in accordance with the "information". Any positive news brought to the hangar was accompanied by unbridled joy and euphoria, but its failure (usually related to the release from the camp or the end of the war) would give rise to deep sadness and depression. Transitions from one state to another (due to the absence of criticality) were unfathomably fast and difficult to bear.

The information related both to the end of the war and to civilian movements of the population, the advance of one or another army. Part of the inmates went outside to work (usually car mechanics and craftsmen) and there they would listen to any good news that could be reached. Caught in the passage from some kind of radio, (which was the most difficult form of gathering news because the inmates simply did not have the opportunity to be near electrical devices) obtained from idle guards (who often lied cruelly joking with us) or a random passerby. In the absence of daily information, one could always resort to prophecy, Hasan was at everyone's service. Every piece of news would be "processed" in a way to make it as good and beautiful as possible, people believed in what they wanted to believe. After a few days of taking the medicine, Esmer almost completely recovered. Dominika saved his life and then I vowed that I would never forget it.

We should not forget Kristijan and Olga, my friends who also helped and sent food and clothes to the camp. Both Dominika and the guard Franjo gave the impression of "different people", ethnically unencumbered and humanly grounded persons who (each in their own way) knew how to deal with the force of collective madness. Dominika was an educated woman, a pharmacist by profession, and Franjo lived in Canada for six years, and I immediately noticed that he "didn't fit in" because the camp guards of the detachment were primitive and neglected, often characters with a criminogenic profile and sociopaths. However, once I saw a well-known master of mathematics (he taught me in high school) standing guard in front of the "troika". He must have offended the ruling clique and was "demoted" to one of the worst jobs in the war, I thought, looking at old Lovra sitting phlegmatically next to a lowered rifle. The professor seemed absent and lost, tired and almost ashamed, or so it seemed to me We are all waiting for the end of the war, each in our own way. I was convinced that I knew when it would end. Namely, after his death, I had a dream about Sheikh Halid Salihagić and in the dream he told me: "This will last, my brother, with the Croats until next spring". The dream happened in May 1993, while I was still at liberty. I firmly believed in the fulfillment of the dream and when the camp inmates fell into despair (claiming that "there is no end to this"), I would sometimes intervene in the conversation, surely claiming that the beginning of spring is the end of the war. At least this part with the "Croatian side". It probably would have been better if I had kept quiet, but it was hard to resist listening to the dark forecasts every day, which were getting worse and worse over time. Most certainly forgot my words, although once I was almost forced to swear that we would not be shot. They believed.

It happened exactly as Khalid told me in the dream. We were released from the "helidrome" camp (where we were transferred from Gabela) on 23/03/1994, meaning the very beginning of spring. Esmer also survived the camps and the war. Who knows how many people helped others in a "quiet way", fed or saved lives, helped to escape or leave. Caring and caring for someone from the "enemy" nation. Maybe there weren't as many of them as naively hoped from the perspective of former "brotherhood and unity", but they weren't as few as (some) expected. Those who desired full control of the mind (in "stretching the mind") and unconditional loyalty to "their own". However, neither a "national" nor a "religious" war was fought in Bosnia. That war was entirely imagined and brought about from outside.

The Qur'an says that "the closest to you are those who say - 'We are Christians'", then adds - "and that there are priests and monks among them and that they do not become arrogant". Therefore, Christians are "the closest" to Muslims, and that is how they should be treated, like the closest ones. Belief in Jesus and Mary and the Immaculate Conception in both major religions is almost identical (differences appear in the question of incarnation and death on the cross). We have seen that an important detail of connecting with those closest to you is the existence of priests and monks who "do not become proud". The fusion of Islam and Christianity (in the esoteric sense) in the way of connecting and interpenetrating Christology and Imamology is (so far) insufficiently researched and actualized. Twelve are present in both religions, 12 Apostles of Christ and 12 Imams of Muhammad. They form the (future) basis of a religion of love that will unite all faiths.

The religion of love (as the devotion of an exemplary individual) lives through the ages and is possible in every time. It still exists today as a minority (and unknown) practice and awareness, which is the nature of things in the "dark ages". A small number of people are always gathered around the truth, - says Imam Ali, and the thought is not at all pessimistic. Because this does not make the truth any less, nor do its parts collapse when people fall away from the right path.

THE DIARY OF ONE LOVE

"A woman is like a shadow, when you walk towards her she moves away and when you stop she follows you" (Persian Proverb)

Good things come to us most often when we least expect them and that's why the unexpected is a great happiness because it leaves behind a joy greater than usual. The day was hot and sultry. The harsh afternoon gray seemed to have descended on the streets and crept into every house, people heavy on themselves and others. Only a few passers-by stared absently in front of them, waiting for the night and the relief it provides. Birds landed and perched on branches in the distance, the wind only slightly swaying the pine trees on the surrounding slopes. The heat is abating a little and we are still many hours away from the beneficial cooling that descends only with the first stars. Back in the summer of 1982, I was a student in Sarajevo.

I had a scholarship from a Stolac factory, and the military service for those enrolled at the university was shorter by three months, two formal reasons for me to accept my studies. Reluctantly, because I was not interested in sociology, especially the socialist direction, and besides, I am not a member of the ruling (and only) Party, so the newly acquired knowledge, if there is any, will be in vain anyway. I wanted to be a sailor and dreamed about it even in my childhood, but it never came true.

I was sitting on a black, wooden bench in front of the legendary "ROCK" tavern, located in a narrow alley right next to the town hall. It was a meeting place for mostly failed people or those who were considered such by others, because a person is often compared to the environment and environment without staring into the interior for which one has neither the will nor the strength. Social patterns are safer, we can attribute whatever we want to everyone. Drug addicts, alcoholics and anonymous musicians, mostly accomplished people, each in their own way. I did not belong to any of the mentioned groups, but as every place has strays and lost in a smoky corner by the door, I found mine. Maybe unwanted and unfulfilled, but it was still mine. The faces around me always seemed somehow clean and open, vulnerable and genuinely curious. All "dying people" themselves, and they are always interesting because they are already crossing the bridge that others are only dreaming of or afraid of. It was dangerous to enter that world and not become a part of it because in decay distance is impossible and there is no beneficial distancing. If you're already in, there's no way out, at least not without a big sacrifice, and most of the poor aren't capable of it anyway.

I thought about it often without ever reaching definitive answers. Just a few square meters of space and opportunity compressed, squeezed in the semi-darkness where everyone waits and listens for a long time without hoping for anything anymore. At least not a turn that would radically change an already completed life. In "DEADLINE" - it was as if everything had stopped and stopped, everything had already taken place it just happens, it unfolds without will or participation, without meaning or way out. Students of the Academy of Fine Arts and the Faculty of Philosophy were occasional guests and I knew many of them. Some carried "cogs" on their backs, as we jokingly called woven bags that were irresistible they resembled equipment for horse feeding and were modern even at that time. I knew all the regular guests. The thorough and good-natured waiter Medo, the bearded and balding rocker Dragan, Mira and Jasna, the inseparable duo that "peeled vodka" like water, Slađana with her unique humor, Fadil, Mladen... Emina...

Wrecks of forgotten, stranded ships that have not been helmed or managed for a long time, lifeless corpses, rotting beams at the bottom of the sea. With every song and every gesture, the hippie movement was feverishly recalled, and some still wore the clothes of the late sixties, proud of brown moccasins and wide jeans with sewn "triangles" below the knees. We make love and not war, the old famous slogan that was applied only in the first part was the "prayer" of many visitors and was taken literally. Adventures were often undertaken there and most of them have been stuck "for one night" at least three times with an unknown partner (partner) when he only asks his name in the morning and the introduction follows after waking up. Most men wore an earring in their ear (at least one), which at that time (in our country) was relatively uncommon, so they decent and cultured citizens called them "hashisaris".

proud of the undeserved order. My friend Aida often urged me to pierce my ear myself, to which I just shrugged my shoulders, aware that I don't have the character and work of even an average hashish artist.

There was no place to sit in the cafe, only a couple of high chairs whose metal bars were often used to hold and restore balance to drunken guests. You were on your feet the whole time and it wasn't easy to endure because the "session" would last for hours. A sweet brainwashing that everyone voluntarily agreed to and where everyone thinks they are original and unrepeatable because that way decay is easier to bear. However, there was no coercion or overpowering, most never lied because they didn't have life goals and that then excludes any duplicity and artificiality. There were no neat girls or make-up artists to "hunt" them, the normal world bypassed the "DEADLINE" and many passers-by would superstitiously shake their heads, apparently thinking that the wild youth had gotten too out of control. But the whole thing was of course relative, depending on the understanding of normality. For me, they were the most normal people, mostly pleasant and accommodating, unencumbered by habits and social roles that so often stifle original humanity.

As all things begin with the little details, that day an involuntary and unintentional movement of the head turned everything upside down and gave things a different direction and meaning. I've been looking at the blue pieces of sky in the distance for too long, so maybe the movement should have given away something in me, turned my attention to something else and something different. The chimneys on the houses were dilapidated and destroyed, the small and winding street towards the town hall stretched like a snake, there is our poison and medicine, dangerous teeth and a beneficial grip. I was drinking coffee. Looking behind me I saw a beautiful girl. It's summer and the windows on the walls are up (the window was the size of the wall itself) so there was nothing separating us, only half a meter behind me. She stood behind me and for a moment it seemed as if I had known her all my life. We have been together since birth and we only separate occasionally to be together again in indestructibility that remains a secret forever. Her hair was black and long and fell carelessly over her shoulders, her eyes were dark and piercing, warm and full of auburn reflections that would suddenly disappear and reappear. The lips are expressive and a little fuller, and the face is pale and rounded. The eyebrows were drawn together and probably gave a more serious expression to the whole face in moments of anger or mental unrest. She was dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt, a jacket was lying next to her.

She smiled looking straight into my eyes. Not understanding at all why I was doing it, I invited her to come out and sit on the bench, right next to me. It was not a request but a request uttered in an almost commanding tone, sharp and cutting. Surprisingly, she agreed immediately as if we had known each other for years. Her name was Angela. I no longer remember the details of that first conversation (it was a long time ago), but I know that the words flowed quietly and spontaneously like pearls on a necklace of a suddenly shown togetherness. The whole time she was collected and carefully thoughtful, almost as if she was apologizing for something, the culprit and trying to correct her. Later, I noticed that acquaintances call her "Angie" and the famous Rolling Stones song that was still playing on the turntables somehow became even closer to me. The nickname suited her and perfectly matched the calm thoughtfulness of her face and broad forehead and the lush freshness of her full lips, at least I thought so.

That night she moved in with me. We walked slowly to her apartment to get things. The two roommates were surprised by the sudden departure, but not too much, as it seemed to me. Anđela was obviously adventurous and unpredictable, a wanderer who doesn't stay anywhere for too long, and you can expect anything from an artistic soul anyway, and may she be happy. I read that in their looks and I wish I was wrong. Neither she nor I expected the sudden relocation, but it happened in an instant that overtook my confused thoughts. The closeness that was born was ridiculously great, unexpected and warmly serene. Let's give in to feelings not thinking of tomorrow. My roommates had nothing against Angela's arrival. The room attendants (we had two rooms) are certainly not here, and until they come back, everything will somehow be resolved.

I noticed how Camil and Esad treat their new roommate even with a certain respect. Angie was a student of an art academy, or rather a "former student" to use F. M. Dostoyevsky's favorite expression, which in his time denoted a kind of fashioning of a failed intelligentsia. Why she stopped her studies I did not know and I never asked. She was so inflexible, wild and determined in her independence from anyone and anything and she succeeded. She paid back but she succeeded. When she moved in with me, she brought with her sketches and drawings, some of which were more than interesting. One was made of shower and showed Jesus carrying the cross on Calvary. He was bent over, with a large cross on his back, large drops of sweat could be seen on his forehead. In the background, Veronika wipes the sweat from Jesus' forehead with an outstretched hand. Veronica's shawl is a famous Christian relic and her hand was clearly visible in the drawing, the lovely face in the background was shining with light. The scene was shocking and I still remember it today, she was a talented painter.

Some drawings were greasy and crumpled, a snake skin fell out of one folded sheet, which she proudly showed me. We got used to living together very quickly. They would go out in the morning and come back late at night and it was the happiness of similar people or something that resembled it. We talked very little, about others hardly at all. Anđela regularly greeted boss Hamdija, the owner of the house, without any hesitation or pretense. She loved all people, all religions and creatures without ever losing her warmth and compassion for everything that breathes. It looked like weakness but it wasn't, it resembled weakness but it didn't exist, it grew both with an indifference that was impossible to fight against. She was taking drugs. What kind, I didn't know because it was before me, she hasn't taken anything for a long time and she emphasized twice how "clean" she is. She was seriously ill, and I only found out about it when I was faced with a withdrawal crisis that overtook her one day.

While we were sitting on the bed in the warm evening, a strange faintness suddenly came over her and she asked for tea. Otherwise, she loved hot drinks and cherished the culture of Indian teas, which she carried with her in a purple bag. Suddenly, her whole body started shaking and the tremors intensified, teeth chattering and loud moaning could be heard. I asked her what was going on but she just asked for more blankets to cover herself. It was August and the heat was unbearable, but she wrapped herself in three blankets, shaking more and more. The tremors of her fingers were very pronounced, her heart was beating like crazy. I wanted to call an ambulance, but she stopped me by tightly squeezing my wrist, her gaze was calm and motherly gentle. Later she told me that during the attacks her thoughts slip away and her feelings become dull and chaotic.

I put my brown pajamas on her and wrapped her up as best I could by putting a pillow under her head, the tea was untouched. She put her legs together and for a moment it seemed to me that she was enjoying her state, which is completely familiar to her, there are no unknowns, she has long been used to everything. She did not sleep and was silent the whole time. She couldn't or didn't want to, I was on top of her all night. She fell asleep before dawn and then I went to the other room trying in vain to get some sleep myself. That morning we drank coffee as if nothing had happened. I suggested that I take her to a neuropsychiatrist, but she refused, smiling sweetly and innocently as if it were a wonder that someone was so aggressively interfering with her deterioration.

I kept a diary. About her, about us, about everything that happened. My only diary ever written, a bitter confession in a thick notebook with orange covers. I wrote down meticulously on square sheets and every night I read and reviewed, adding and correcting mistakes. Later, a picture of her was found in the diary along with a pressed flower, both given in a moment of what I hoped was no mere weakness. Sometimes it happens that we love someone but at the same time we want them to be as far away from us as possible. Difficult, paradoxical disillusionment, but it is more common than we think and want to admit to ourselves. It was precisely such outlines that my affection for Angie (while she was still with me) and the gap became deeper over time. I couldn't help her and the responsibility for her was too heavy a burden, heavy for me, maybe not for someone else. I was afraid of a new crisis, marveling at her calm indifference, she didn't care, a long time ago.

If there was someone more realistic and practical in my place, he would certainly have found a way out, all I had to do was wait. I didn't wait long. She suddenly decided to go to her relatives in Germany and then maybe visit the Netherlands, the country she loved the most. She was reportedly invited to spend the rest of the summer there. It's possible, because she really got a letter from abroad to her old address, I didn't ask who it was from. I breathed a sigh of relief. I loved her but I couldn't wait for her to leave even if it meant never seeing her again. She got ready in a hurry, just the way she came to me, I didn't say anything. Freshly washed hair and greenish jacket, red backpack on her back and old warmth in her eyes, Angie was leaving. I didn't want to accompany her to the station, I couldn't even now, after many years I know that I didn't have the strength to say goodbye, nor did I want to. Just as I didn't know or could take care of her, two weaknesses for each other, one with the other and even now I don't know which one was more difficult. On the back of the picture, she wrote in tiny handwriting - Take care of me, and she just looked at me, that was all.

Diary of love. I would have kept it even now if the war had not destroyed everything, in the burning apartment all the memories were burned except for the ones in me. Many of the photographs remained buried in rubble across the country, covered in dust and the prints of muddy military boots. One of the saddest scenes in the Bosnian war were scattered photographs on the floors of burned houses, the last remaining pictures. To confirm and testify to transience and be a lesson to those who want to impose their image of the world by force. The image always remains last and always hurts in the big senseless waste. Angela didn't call from Germany, nor did I expect it. However, occasionally I got carried away with the thought that she had at least visited a good doctor, but that was unlikely.

I saw her again after almost a year and again "ROK" was the meeting place. The Age of Tenderness. She was only slightly thinner, in a soft blue blouse that fluttered in the wind, the same one from the time of tenderness and hidden remembrance, she approached me as soon as she saw me. She did not hide her tears, they flowed down her face so much that some acquaintances started approaching her, she waved her hand. We laughed in front of an old, well-known tavern and then walked for a long time that night of surprises and sneak peeks, both in fear that the imagination might go too far. The old closeness is gone as it was and nothing will bring it back. I didn't ask anything, where she was and why she came back and where she was going next, I thought it didn't concern me, it didn't matter to me.

She told me how her ring was stolen somewhere in Germany, which she got back after a warm persuasion, then about the children and the big swimming pool owned by relatives and the "bourgeois" life, as she mockingly put it. She looked much fresher and healthier than a year ago. I didn't mention drugs and it wouldn't have changed anything. Repeating what happened, that didn't occur to me or her, it's too late. I noticed that we were both shying away from each other even though no one was hurt. We parted as friends.

In the years that passed I often remembered her. I missed her, but I never decided to look for her, although I often asked her friends about her in fits of nostalgia, carried by waves of still unspent tenderness. Sometimes I would bitterly regret that she is not healthy and "normal", we could at least try. She didn't want children, it never came as a surprise, as she is incapable of taking care even of herself. I saw her only once more, in 1987. There was a lot of snow in Sarajevo, I walked thoughtfully along Ferhadija waiting for the time to pass, at five in the afternoon I returned to Stolac. She approached with a quick step, holding a woman below her hands, the conversation was brisk. I had graduated from university and I haven't lived in Sarajevo for a long time, probably neither has she, but fate wanted us to meet again. She told me a long time ago that she had an older sister, but we never met.

In a red jacket and boots, I immediately recognized the characteristic good-natured smile, she was a few meters away. I looked at the face that used to be so dear, it was nothing pretended to see me. However, I was convinced that she caught me out of the corner of her eye and suddenly looked away, and I'm still wondering why?! Not wanting the memory or she didn't recognize me at all, both are possible. I was dressed in a brown coat "inherited" after my father's death and I wore it throughout my studies. Recognizable in it, I wore it out of love, I didn't have to. The twisted collar was large and in an instant I noticed steam coming out of the mouth of a passer-by. At one point I felt a slight dizziness and wanted to sit on the bench next to the Faculty of Economics. It's not the same one I invited Angela to sit on, but anyway, everything was ours on that great winter day because nothing binds us anymore. Only when he is free, man realizes the strong chains of attachment. I stopped and even took a few steps to go back and give her a big hug, to say at least hello. I'm here and she's here and you can't escape from the past anyway and it's better to surrender to the unexpected tide, it will take us to some shore. We do everything to escape old images that come back and hurt, but in vain, complete forgetting is impossible. Especially for those who so desperately want to.

Maybe that's why, just, I became petrified, gave up, cooled down in a moment. She looked away and that's enough, the reason doesn't matter. If he doesn't know me anymore, I shouldn't approach him, if he doesn't want to know me. Then especially, it's better to stay with myself. I had not forgotten anything. I haven’t, even today, twenty-six years later. I often wonder if she is alive and where she is, if she survived the war. I didn't know if she was Serbian or Croatian, I never asked, it didn't matter to me. It doesn't matter to me even today, but I know that she lived in a small town in the heart of Bosnia and maybe she didn't stay there. I don't know, but I would like to know, the name was often decisive in the war. Unfortunately. I guess she's alive somewhere and I often convince myself that gentle and gentle creatures like her always find a way out. Fate brings it to them because they don't wish harm on anyone, so it bypasses them and avoids theirs

roads. I remembered saying goodbye to Angel many years ago. Ćamil was carrying her bag to the train station, I didn't have the strength to go all the way in the painful reckoning with myself. I only looked back at once, and it was all I could do.

STARRY NIGHT

"He (Joseph) had another dream and told it to his brothers. He said: I also had another dream! And behold, the sun, the moon and eleven stars bowed down before me." (Book one - GENESIS, 37)

The painting "Starry Night" is considered one of the most significant and interesting paintings by Vincent Van Gogh. "Night pictures", which introduce the theme into darkened environments, were the subject of the painter's early works, while this one was painted in 1889, so rather late and belongs to the second phase of Vincent's oeuvre. Apparently, it was created in a mental hospital (Saint-Remy) like some of Van Gogh's other paintings, and this fact is extremely important for elucidating his inner divisions. That tension was vented in an eruption of color and rapture that was almost mystical. The thin line between spiritual ecstasy and madness was like a wire over the abyss on which the artist danced and performed his unusual work. It was the dance of a man without a teacher, a theater in which all the roles were gathered in one person. A spiritual traveler must know the goal and the means, have a hand that guides him along unknown paths.

It must be someone who has already gone all the way and knows all the dangers and pitfalls, places to stop and rest, obstacles and how to climb. Without it, the ardor of seeking flares up into a fire of folly. That is why mystics look so strongly like mental patients to ignorant people, because in both cases it is an experience that goes beyond the usual certainty of reason. However, while the madman is overwhelmed and overcome by the imaginary world, the spiritualist reaches into the imaginary world, a world whose reality is unquestionable and which lies between the world of matter and the world of pure spirit. It's an active world as an imagination, therefore, different from the one that occurs at the level of imagination. In this regard, we should never forget that Van Gogh became a painter only after a religious crisis that left a deep mark on his creativity. Faith and art have a common root whose veins are permanently and irreversibly intertwined in the silence of the earth. That is why the priest is inseparable from the painter in Vincent's being.

The fan cult is what makes a man a man, and although the manifestations are different, they have in common the aspiration to return to the Source of everything. The painting "Starry Night" is considered by many to be the strangest of all that the painter painted. It mixes and intertwines different styles and it represents Vincent's deviation from immersion in nature which is immediate, unconditional and direct. The ignited imagination conjured up, in fact a "heavenly event", an archetypal image of Christology (and Imamology) that the great painter was most likely unaware of. The painting shows eleven large stars that are dramatically shaped, and the Sun and the Moon, as the fused "watch" their light grow and shine. In the Qur'anic sura "Yusuf" (surah 12, 111 verses) there is a description of Yusuf's (Joseph's) dream which is almost identical to the Biblical one. Verse 4, Surah "Yusuf" says: "When Yusuf said to his father: O my father, I dreamed of eleven Stars and the Sun and the Moon and in my dream I saw them bowing to me".

In the Bible, his father Jacob (Jakub) reprimands him, warning indirectly about a possible sense of self-aggrandizement (which is latent and really present, but only in the revelations of "ordinary" people, not God's Messengers) while the Qur'anic story omits it but suggests Yusuf as law of secrecy'' in front of envious brothers.

Verse 5, surah "Yusuf" reads: "Oh my son, do not tell your dream to your brothers, lest they do you any mischief, Satan is indeed man's open enemy".

The eleven stars, the Sun and the Moon in Yusuf's (Josip's) dream can be observed from the inside as indications of Christology and Imamology in the Holy Books. The external analysis of the Holy Words suggests to us a historical event related to Yusuf, his eleven brothers and his father and mother who are symbolically represented by the stars, the Sun and the moon. That Prophet of God was thrown into a well as a child, so that later, after an ordeal with women and dungeons reached a high position in the Egyptian Empire. His brothers and parents saw him again after many years and gave him a gift that made his dream come true. We will not comment further on this aspect of the verse. Internally, it is an interweaving of Christology and Imamology presented in an imaginary form.

Prophet Yusuf was known for his beauty. In the story about him, the Qur'an mentions how the women (who were eating the fruit and before whom he appeared on the orders of the manager's wife) cut their fingers with knives, seeing such an unusual beauty. Muhammad a.s. said how "God is beautiful and loves beauty". During the well-known spiritual success (Miraj), the Prophet met his Lord in "the form of the most beautiful young man with a crooked headdress on his head". How man is the bearer of the Divine Spirit and God's representative, and how the human heart is God's "temple" Yusuf is (from the inside) God's "shadow" on earth, whose outlines can be seen "under the most beautiful occasion".

The numerical indications given in the Qur'an confirm the above. Namely, Surah "Yusuf" has the regular number 12, which is in accordance with the number of Holy Imams who are the "pillars of the House of Representatives". Also, the total number of verses of that surah is 111, which means 100 Beautiful Names of God and 11 Holy Imams, while the absence of the twelfth heralds its occultation, which continues today. The twelfth Imam is the "Moon" in the night of esotericism, that moon absorbed by the Sun in Vincent's painting while 11th star shines with unearthly brilliance. The sun is Prophet Muhammad or, speaking in the language of Christology, Jesus Christ.

Verse 4, surah "Yusuf", which talks about his dream, numerically indicates the four people whom we are "obliged to love" (according to the Prophet's testimony), namely: Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Hussein.

As Yusuf a.s. was the most beautiful man, worshiping him is paying tribute to the perfection of the human form in which the divine is manifested "under the most beautiful occasion". As the Holy Imams are perfect people in particular, Yusuf's dream indicates their self-observation in the mirror divine just as God observes the world through them and as man reaches Him through the knowledge of the Holy Imams, a.s.

Van Gogh's artistic vision, we have seen, has a double dimension and can be viewed in terms of Christology and Imamology. At the level of Christology, the Sun is Christ himself, the eleven stars are the eleven disciples. The moon is the Apostle Peter who receives the keys, i.e. The legacy of Jesus just like Imam el-Mehdi as the seal of the Muhammadan Vilayet holds the "Keys of the House", i.e. to the heritage of Muhammed a.s. legacy.

We have already mentioned that Vincent served as a preacher for a time. His abandonment of the priestly vocation happened (how paradoxically) precisely because of his faithfulness to the original mission of Christ. The unfortunate painter saw the Redeemer's teachings in his opposition to the hypocrisy and falsehoods of the institutional religion against which he so strongly stood up and persevered. It is said that Van Gogh was once visited by a bishop and was surprised to see that his room was without a bed.

"I gave it to a poor widow," he answered the bishop's question. Although his action was precisely Christian in the full sense of the word, a rebuke followed that greatly angered Vincent and was, by all accounts, decisive for his abandonment of the priestly vocation.

Van Gogh failed to overcome the conflict between Christ's teaching in its unadulterated form and the norms of institutionally understood faith. The rebellious and wild nature of the painter was not able to reconcile such obvious opposites, which resulted in the complete collapse of a noble mission that could have lasted. The fate of many mystics in all times was precisely the conflict with the official, external representatives of religion (priests and mullahs) who (as a rule) never showed understanding for the esoteric, declaring clerics "apostates", which would often result in their death. They were mostly persecuted living in very difficult conditions. But while some of them endured by withdrawing into solitude far from the public eye, Vincent's conflict, due to the strength of religious fervor on the one hand and misunderstanding on the other, took on the contours of a conflict with the whole outside world. Historians and observers of the time saw his priestly vocation as very "fanatical" and that zeal was certainly true devotion, almost without limits. Betrayed by people and society, Vincent shifted his heavenly light to the canvas overflowing with flashes of primeval nature with the yellow color that has become his recognizable "code" and feature.

The yellow circles around the stars (in the picture "Starry Night") that narrow towards the point in the middle of the circle are so irresistibly reminiscent of the images of the Sufi path shown in many paintings of the East, which thematize the Path and perfection, knowledge and self-seriousness. In the picture, the moon has the shape of a crescent, which is an allusion to a clear Islamic symbol, but also a symbol of Van Gogh's personal split. A thin, yellow line seems to be grafted into the remaining darkness of the moon's circle, which looms ominously. The city fell asleep in the deep night. The night of esotericism in which most people in this dark age "sleep", as the famous saying goes - "People sleep and when they die they wake up".

The cypresses rise to the sky like flares, flares of "evergreen" desire, meditative peace and contemplative concentration, pointing vertically toward the reality of the Twelve. The church in the picture rises high into the sky and looks more like a common temple of all religions, reminiscent of a synagogue and a mosque minaret. The huge building testifies to the strength of the painter's unquenchable spirituality, his search for the inner. The towering temple is irresistibly reminiscent of the medieval "knight's lance", which was a mark of competition and honor at elegant tournaments. The irresistibility of that symbol points to the preserved primary virtues from which Van Gogh never deviated. The cypress trees enhance the drama of the picture, which seems to gather the knights of the "round table", but in the manner of spiritual chivalry that breaks through the darkness of ignorance. The thread that connects the color yellow with light is woven into the entire work of the painter. It is beyond the essence of everything artistic, worship does not come from water and earth. That is why reason cannot give answers to ultimate questions and without the light of the Spirit it is completely powerless. And that's why love is the greatest mystery of man, that's why Vincent's paintings are so beautiful and unusual.

"Every child is an artist" (Pablo Picasso)

I would look timidly at Salko's courtyard, sticking my head between the iron bars of the small balcony. The elderly neighbor would often return late at night, coughing and muttering, angry with the world. Moonlight and blossoming pomegranate trees and the budding swelling of still unripe fruits around the small path that led to Salko's house. Two large fig trees, as if leaning against the old wall where we, children, used to climb, casting curious glances into the neighbor's yard. The white beard was short and untidy, the hair sticking out unevenly in all directions like thorns in an angry hedgehog. He shaved her but irregularly. A torn shirt wet with sweat and gray trousers reaching above the ankles, his gait was firm and very fast for his age. The blue eyes are cold and piercing and I would often (even then) wonder if Salko wasn't exactly Hemingway's old man! Because he was exhaling with an adventurous spirit and the smell of salt from the deserted shores and a lonely arrogance that carried both strength and meaning. Gray bristles and a diminutive, stocky figure in the eternal movement and restlessness that it carries.

An inquisitive look staring into the distance in disbelief, as if imprinted under thick, drawn eyebrows. The old walrus was the best fisherman in town. Admittedly, in "his time", if you asked him about the old days and the glorious past. He caught all the fish that could be found in Bregava, but eel and trout were his specialty and Salko knew how to "get" a good piece where other fishermen would not even dream of catching. It was said that he once caught a five-kilogram toothfish, and such a thing had not been remembered in the city since "that war". However, his sight has weakened a long time ago and his hands are constantly shaking shivers took over the whole body because the angry grapevine left an indelible mark. However, even in the old days, he used to throw a hook and never in vain and without results. He had no equal. At least not in "this wall", and the term referred to a wider region and extended to Čapljina on one side and Mostar on the other. Only Mecina could compete with him, but the rivalry was not nurtured, nor did any of the old men yearn for the title of the best.

Salko's courtyard was wide open. The courtyard had no door and there were only two stones at the entrance that had to be jumped over. One bulky staircase was more like a small depression in the ground than a place of solemn descent into Litrića's home. From there, you went straight to the house along an unsightly path. The blue, wooden door with broken glass did not close even overnight and looked like it was grooved into the wall itself, riveted, fused with the gray mass. The first neighbor and at the same time the landlady was an old woman with an elegant demeanor and gentlemanly gestures. Abida was regularly tied with a dark scarf and would sit for a long time "in the window" watching passers-by and smoking cigars one after the other. And it seems that she was also the owner of Salko's apartment in the "underground" or at least it seemed that way because she behaved like an owner and expected full respect.

Salko's house was more like a forgotten bunker rather than an apartment. A pair of mediocre rooms and one large window, instead of a door, the rooms were partitioned with dilapidated blankets, and one legendary red blanket, thick and heavy, was used to separate the spouses themselves Salko and Dženka had three children, son Ibrahim and daughters Nebija and Khadija. Ibrahim was an excellent student in primary and secondary school and for a time he successfully studied agronomy. Naturally intelligent and eager for knowledge, he passed all exams with nines and ten. However, the difficult financial situation forced him to interrupt his studies, and the sudden sale of Salka's silver watch, pocket and valuable watch with a thick chain. Poverty, that "evil spirit" of many ambitious people and gifted minds took its toll. Thus, Ibrahim's studies ended prematurely.

Jenka was a nimble and still vital woman in her early sixties, with clear eyes and daring movements full of energy. She had a pension and lived honestly. On one occasion, when I (as a small child) cut myself with glass in the river, she carried me to the hospital on her back. I still remember how I hugged her tightly around the neck as blood gushed from the fresh wound on her leg. Without exaggeration, she may have saved my life because the cut was deep and I was confused and crying in the darkness under the Ćupri bridge.

Salko was especially talkative when he had "a few drinks in him", which happened often and it never went quietly and unnoticed. Then pots and pans would fly and noises and curses would come from the "underground", which caused general sympathy and laughter in the tavern across the street. The Stolački siaset was at its zenith and the show was watched with full attention, and there were also those who came to the "House of Culture" precisely because of the "live comedy" that was organized at least three times a week. Salko would complain about how he was "killed" and "dismembered", and there was often mention of "attempted poisoning" and putting intoxicants in coffee or water. The old merry-go-rounder was truly unsurpassed in terms of originality of humor, and as he hopped around like a "fly without a head" in anger performances, he was nicknamed "Zunda". However, Salko's outbursts were sympathetic and good-natured and never malicious, so she would usually remain disarmed in her intentions of contempt or condemnation. The family lived virtuously and managed as they knew and could. Abida held all the strings in her hands and her conductor's baton determined the rules of the game, inexorably and unquestioningly.

My grandmother Hajra hung out with her, Safa also and Alija Brkić was a constant and regular guest. She was about sixty years old, but she acted much younger, she dyed her curly and lush hair, reminiscent of an orange wig. Green eyes, large and gentle, full of warmth that I always wondered about without knowing how to explain it. The clothes on the wizened, emaciated body are classy and very expensive, a ring on each finger. A few gold teeth gave an unusual shine to the smile and Alia showed them off with pride. She loved me unusually and was friends with my parents, and the chocolates I got from her were the best at that time. She would emphasize that I am "smart child'', the smartest of all she met. According to good Stolac custom, her name was also shortened, so she was usually called "Lija". It was not an allusion to the fox, nor was Alijah herself a cunning woman, on the contrary. She often came to the neighborhood and visited "Aunt Abida" as she called her and addressed with respect just like most other acquaintances and friends.

Abida received compliments with dignity (bringing them "to the knowledge"), remembering well every case of (intentional or unintentional) omission of the title. It was an exaggerated and almost haughty pride, so common in once famous and later forgotten or rejected families. She would sometimes come to the village, usually "a little warmed up" and then real drama would arise. The unbridled reveler did not hide his delight and would show his affection openly and brazenly while Alia backed away, not at all confused. The game of cat and mouse was more than fun, especially Abida.

- Oh... Lijo, ... those legs you have - he would roll his eyes as if they were slaughtering him, cracking his fingers on his clenched knees and swaying as if on a seesaw. The rapture was completely original, or so it seemed.

- But Salko! - You found me to court, what will Dženka say?! –

- Calm down a bit, you and Iman - Alija would retort seemingly seriously, blowing away beside her as if it was the best and most desirable protection against Salka's aggressiveness.

For a moment, she would raise her palms towards the suitor and then look decisively at me. It was often the most important moment and Alia's last weapon.

- How are you not ashamed of this child, ccan you see that Maksum is watching? - she would point with her finger to the tiny corner next to the stove where I would sit almost curled up.

He would just wink at me as if to let it be known that we understand each other well and know each other's secrets.

- Take a gun and kill me, don't let another kiss me - the old bachelor would chuckle, spreading his arms as if it were the last sentence of his life. Tears of joy often sparkled in blue eyes because of the painful tenderness tenderness would sink Salka like a tide and he did not know or could not resist. I almost pitied him in a sad, purposeless playfulness. - Well, look at Salko! - Alija would turn around with a sly smile, shaking her head as if she was changing her mind between inevitable rejection and reluctant acceptance, which doesn't change anything anyway. It was obvious that she was amused by everything to a greater extent than she was willing to admit to herself.

- Don't be sad, do you know that you are a married man? – Call yourself to'be. - she would strike at Salka's conscience, recalling even the hatma and fear-mongering of children practiced by Jenka in order to at least cool down the persistent intruder.

But repentance was far from Salko's mind, and retreating or apologizing didn't even cross his mind. Abida would inflame the already heated atmosphere by talking about Alija's great beauty and how Salko "looked timidly" at her, "she's the one who fell in love" and no one else. Everything would last until deep into the night and would usually end with some kind of Salko outburst after which the "play" would be interrupted. However, neither the beginning nor the end could be predicted.

- Whores - he would yell under the window after the hastily canceled hospitality and it is not certain that he was thinking of all the women of this world. He shouted at the top of his voice, not hesitating at all for passers-by.

Alia would raise her hands, still blowing her breath and at the same time sobbing about the great noise and shame that befell the whole street. However, if Salko would somehow grow up in the "bunker" she would calm down suddenly and thankfully. Abida kept cats and had quite a number of them, the most famous of which was called "Tiger".

The tiger was a huge cat of orange-brown color and because of its obedience it really looked like it was trained. Several times I witnessed Abida's orders, which the animal obediently carried out. Even though I was still a boy, I would often attend the gatherings of adults and Abida would personally introduce me to the "stories of adults" which were not always interesting. The old woman was considered a modern woman of her time, whose views were more than "progressive". She had a penetrating spirit and her dark eyes would find out even the most hidden things.

Her last name was Kusturica and she often pointed out that she was a "real city child" whose ancestors were famous ages and beys. The lineage has died out and the family name in the city has been gone for a long time. Her brother Hakija also did not marry and was called a "wooden lawyer" because he was very literate and skilled in legal intricacies. Since Abida had no children, the Kusturica tribe died out (here). It was around this time (I was nine years old) that I wrote my first and only collection of poetry. Maybe "collection" is not the best term, because it was all about a few songs written in a small notebook. Neighbor Ibrahim wrote poetry very successfully, and perhaps that encouraged me to dare to make waves of rough verse myself. I found the poems darker than Ibra's, especially considering that one was called "Bljutava chorba" and was about a beggar who tiredly returns home on a quiet eve and gratefully eats a modest meal in the first twilight. I also showed the songs to Alijah, after which she patted me on the head, adding that it only reinforced her belief that I'm a "smart kid".

I later lost the notebook and I still regret it because going back to the happy days of my childhood, now that they are gone irretrievably, would be both nice and grateful. Abida died a long time ago, Alija after her and almost the entire street was scattered, Salko's courtyard remained deserted. Grass and weeds, no one has been there for years and I can only remember murmurs and unrestrainedness, excitement and shouting. Transience.

Imam Ali once said that he "wonders at a proud man because his beginning is a drop and his end is a corpse". ''You are just passengers in motion,'' he said on another occasion. But that is not understandable by itself because it is impossible to be a traveler without a path, movement without a purpose is meaningless. That's why Muhammad a.s. says: "Be in this world as a stranger or a traveler". So become it, realize that it is your soul a stranger in the world of colors and smells. Dare to travel because you are bound by your nature to this earthly world. If the goal is known, there is also a destination to which one is moving. And if you know your destination, then you don't have to look back at the incidental phenomena and the beauty of the transient, momentary forms that eventually disperse like clouds after rain. The place to which the traveler travels goes beyond the intoxication of the incidental, the purpose and meaning lead him to the ultimate goal.

He harmonizes his movements with rest without getting too excited because he knows that neither harm nor benefit comes from people. He thinks about what he meets on the road as signs of God without attaching himself to them what he sees and hears because he knows that all existence is like the dream of a sleeper. That's how he reaches his goal, avoiding the traps of ephemerality. Easy to say but hard to try and even harder to achieve. In his speeches, Imam Ali mentions "deserted houses", indicating the terrible power of transience, which man (especially in this dark age) is so difficult to be aware of in the right way.

This is because, according to Ali, "the heart is numbed by the world, while the soul of man is longing for him". The forgotten focus is in a state of numbness due to the destructive efforts of an undisciplined, wanton soul. These efforts, being unlimited by the very nature of things, block reason which is powerless and confused in the deified world of form. And the divine is imperishable. That is why the soul "prone to evil" yearns so passionately for the eternity of this world, perceiving it as a "permanent abode", which is exactly the most disastrous feeling for every mystic. Because the priest wants to "escape" and yes, "die before death" in order to avoid the violent movements of inconstant changes and the suffering of change. People know they are going to die but they don't feel it. That's why we so often meet sixty-year-olds who claim that they have "just begun to live", as an unawakened longing soul is running away from the finitude of the world, trying to find heaven on earth. That's why the Holy Prophet said that "this world is a prison for a believer and a paradise for an unbeliever". Transience is the greatest enemy of the grown-up spirit, which, since it resides (exclusively) in the earthly world of matter, cannot gain the expansion of the "heavenly" that would inevitably point to the limitations of the material world, which is as such a "prison".

Man naturally wants to get out of prison, but first he must know that he is in it. Since the majority does not want to know this and the desire for freedom as such protests, drugs and music replace the primal desire to return with "sweet self-forgetfulness". Awareness of transience, of course, does not have as its goal a paralyzing pessimism that rejects the world of matter, but rather a metaphysical transparency that does not observe the nothingness of the created as something in itself but in its relationship to the Absolute. By itself, all the proofs of reason are completely futile because sleep is the nature of this world, its condition. Imagination is the reality of the created, and without the light of the Spirit, the numbed heart can never be awakened, just as a sleeper cannot reach wakefulness if he is only dreaming about it.

Quite the reverse is the case of "dying before death" (Muhammad) where the heart is awakened and "pregnant" with spiritual pregnancy while the soul strives to discipline and submit in the manner of a "trained dog" that (also) eats, drinks and reproduces but controlled. The unrestrained soul (nefs) is like wild beasts torn from the chain, or as Imam Ali says about some categories of people, that they are like "crazy cattle that rush in all directions". That is why the Prophet said that "the God-fearing is restrained". A disciplined soul gradually rising (a horse with bridles is too much of a clear symbol of a submissive spirit) ultimately reaches the stage of "returning to oneself", the spiritual traveler arrives at the point from which he started and the circle is closed.

The construction of Salka's yard has started again. Someone bought the former property and a new building is being built, different from the previous one. And so in a circle. A different one, but it's also a circle. Because according to tradition, the angel of the Lord exclaims to people every day - "Give birth for dying, build for demolition, collect for decay''.

MEETING AT MIDNIGHT

Memories are often painful, but always healing.

We called it the "Catacomb". A small house by the river overgrown with green ivy, silent and abandoned, as if asleep in the eternal flow and movement in a circle that is always unique and different. There used to be a dyer's shop there, in ancient times, and no one remembers anymore, at least not the younger ones, for whom the power of blood and the fire of unrest do not allow us to think about the past. Dust of oblivion covers everything, but the awareness of transience was far from us, left to someone else. To the older generations who are afraid of death and think with longing of their lost youth. Even after many years, the sharp smell of raw paint and the smell of

dried, raw hides. The dye house has long been abandoned and a large mill stone, leaning against the wall like an old, drunken sailor, was the only evidence of the former purpose of the lovely house. In 1978. Twenty-four years later in a small stone opening where the stairs howling down towards the beach I saw the most beautiful face, the most beautiful to me because beauty is always the answer to the amazement of our own soul. The house was covered with red tiles and the broken and worn bricks fell during every major storm.

Fortunately, it didn't leak much and the interior could even be called pleasant with a certain tolerance in terms of expression. The walls, gray and blackened, the wooden door of a peeled greenish color was always open and swinging, like an uninvited guest still hesitating between two possibilities, an uneasy entry and a senseless departure. We were high school students, "eager for life" and fun, and someone remembered the abandoned paint shop. Remodel it and turn it into just our space, our "gathering place" where we would spend free time together. Maybe catch some "fish", that possibility was actually the biggest, if not the only, motive. The idea was a bit strange but original and by the reactions of the majority it was possible to conclude that "something will come of it", it will not end only on a vague hope. With the permission of the owner (the parent of one of us), we suddenly and euphorically began a thorough cleaning.

All of us are about fifteen and we left the main jobs to the girls who knew the simple laws of cleanliness much better. We worked tirelessly because it was not easy to restore a room that had been neglected for years. Bales of gunny bags and worn out blankets lay in heaps, all dusty and dirty and we decided to clean them and "condense" them into one place. At the end, there were still two seats and the white, long fringes sometimes served as a recliner for couples in love, who reclined comfortably and usually quickly got used to the sharp smells. There was a single barred window that was very dirty, full of cobwebs and dead insects. However, the girls cleaned it thoroughly although it still gave the impression of an unsightly cell as the bars were thick and rusty.

I loved looking outside, especially when it rained. Two old couches were leaning against each other, worn and full of tears where you could see hardened pieces of mud. One miniature was yellowish in color and quite preserved, and after cleaning it acquired an almost "gentleman's" appearance. A large folding board ran the length of the room and was probably once used for stacking blankets and blankets after they had been washed. From one piece of wood we made something that looked like a bar, and on the left in the corner there was a big hole through which the "disco-jockey" would get in, and there stood the gramophone and records. Only a few plates were used, the rest were scattered and broken. There was no drink behind the "bar", but what was brought would be drunk immediately. A couple of glasses were broken immediately, still on at the beginning of the "ceremonial opening" of the Catacombs and "drinking" from the bottles without disgust or discomfort. We were about 17 years old, the craziest and worst age for every man, in which he mocks the innocent idyll of childhood and wishes for the strength and experience of full maturity.

There were no drugs at that time, at least they weren't easily available, and at least not to us, although I'm sure that at least some would have sailed into "those waters" if they had had the chance. Provincial boredom and Stolac winters, grayness that drowns and poisons. The catacombs were a wonderful refuge, a way out, a possible touch of happiness. In the beginning, shoes were taken off at each entrance and had to be respected, so that the gray, worn carpet with a large hole in the middle would not be further soiled. However, as time went by, the discipline weakened, so people started wearing shoes and eventually gave up any cleaning at all because they realized

that any effect of that kind became impossible. Cigarette butts, empty bottles and piles of crumpled paper, some even vomited directly on the floor without even hesitating or not having the strength to reach the door.

The white gramophone, large and clumsy, hardly worked and it was a technological "dinosaur" even for that era. Apparently, the record player was produced just after the Second World War and was lying somewhere, dusty and forgotten. It was gifted to us because the owner didn't know what to do with it anyway and it served very well considering the fact that it was often pounded with fists and hot guys would kick their feet on the bar with all their might so that the gramophone swayed like a paper boat in a raging river. The "disco-jockey" changed and it was not always the same person in the dark hole up to the wall, all the more so because it was the most boring and thankless job. While others would dance and pick up girls, a music fan would only try to please them, missing possibly irreversible opportunities. It was not difficult to create the atmosphere yourself and the demands of that kind were really at a minimum. Everything flowed simply and spontaneously, so that we ourselves were surprised by the smooth handling of everything we touched.

The famous II D class of Stolac Gymnasium. We gained fame for many things, starting from bad management and running away from school (which had catastrophic dimensions) to individuals who adorned themselves with the "failure" badge so that a significant number of students repeated the same class several times. Different ages and years mingled, generations met. Klara, a classmate, tried hard to somehow put things in order, but it was all in vain. She was knowledgeable, witty and very patient. However, the situation was such that the class (almost as a whole) was ready that in every moment, if she needed to "bark at the stars", the teacher would helplessly give up, realizing that no pedagogical methods found until then were effective for the "ruddy brat" (the name was given by one of the parents) There were also such professors who advocated the idea of ​​appointing a man with a "strong hand" as the class teacher because most of the students deserved a "wet rope" across their backs and expulsion from school. But all the attempts to stop us only inflamed the bullies in the benches even more, which regularly gave birth to new shenanigans and mischievous jokes.

Skipping classes was common and most truants did not even bother to justify their absences. The name of our refuge (Katkomba) certainly had nothing to do with the spirituality and asceticism of the former followers of Jesus, who fled from Roman persecution and gathered secretly in dark cellars and underground rooms. In fact, our resemblance was of the opposite sign. Debauchery and drunkenness, idleness and rage against everything and everyone. Nevertheless, the name remained, and I personally once carved it with a knife on the greenish door, and it can still be seen today, even though the small letters have turned yellow.

Most of them did not even think about the meaning and meaning of the word, which due to constant use has become so domesticated that a new name for the favorite room has become impossible anyway. Nevertheless, symbolically it could be connected with the secretive esotericists from the time of Christ. We are too much like them, they hid and were marked by public opinion and average consciousness, and we, like them, were "persecuted". They literally, and we figuratively and psychologically. Our gatherings in the Catacombs had a shocking and scandalous undertone at every mention, and most of the citizens thought that only bums and drunkards came to the abandoned mill, that scum of all kinds gathered there. It was said that we were hooligans and non-workers, that we had "run away", not only to the school but also to our parents and the whole world. In the opinion of many in the Catacombs, he was "real" in action whore'' and everything has long exceeded all measure and the impudents should be put to an end.

How, no one knew. The famous II D class. He had about thirty students, at least half of whom were regular visitors to the Catacombs. The walls were plastered with pictures of naked women, which in those days was a sign of "maturity" and an advanced course for adolescents. We wanted to be trendy at the time, at least a little, because in the West it has gone much further and hard drugs and group sex have been ruling there for a long time, which for us was still only in the realm of fantasy. The dance in semi-darkness, (which took place only in the beginning and was only a tragicomic occasion for contact) illuminated by only one red light bulb, was in itself something completely "surpassed". That's why a kind of invention was made that shortened the time of the foreplay and pointed to the real intentions of the dancers.

Namely, by connecting electrical cables, a kind of "trap" was created for anyone who did not know the purpose and meaning of the dance. Because, when the light bulb came on, the gramophone could not work, and if it worked, the light bulb would not work, so the dancers were in complete darkness, which was "hard to wait" anyway. Thus, every girl knew in advance what would "happen" to her if she agreed to dance, there were no excuses or possible. Without any exaggeration in the expression, in the small high school nest there was "love communism" at work. The sami dance was funny because it was just spinning around in a circle of hugging couples that would regularly turn into petting. In the later stage of love maturation, no music was played at all, no lights were on, and couples would come and just find a place in the darkness. Most of the young men and women were still virgins, although quite a few men boasted about having sex with at least half of the female visitors.

However, full "communism" was valid and anyone could approach anyone. Rejection was not considered a shame, and it often happened that someone grabbed "someone else's" girl, who would "give in" due to unfortunate circumstances. It was not considered a terrible scam, the more so because there were always a few of the single girls who were "available". They were not considered whores and were respected like other girls. We functioned as a small, unique commune and were proud of it.

"All for one, one for all" – Haris would exclaim, proudly emphasizing our solidarity.

The tireless prankster Niko also had the greatest success with women. With spiky hair and an infectious smile, stubborn to the point of unconsciousness, he didn't take any rejection. And he succeeded. Alen, Anerka, Zijada, Milanka, Salko, Nikola, Izet... these are just some of the names of the regular visitors who came to the Catacombs, driven by the power of young blood that woke up and grew stronger in the gloomy Stolac nights. It was there that I experienced my first great love. More precisely, for Milanka, I felt for the first time something that could be called love, but since affection was born in elementary school, I don't know if I can call it "real".

Her name was Zekira. With blue, short-cropped hair and warm, brown eyes, the breath of something different that I couldn't define, but it was clear somehow by itself, floated around her. She walked slowly and thoughtfully, spoke very little and loved silence. Her voiceless speech with a warm exchange of glances was both tender and sincere. It started when I asked her to dance one cold, autumn night, at the very beginning of the grand opening of the Catacombs. She accepted without any hesitation. I remember glancing down at the river smelling the intoxicating scent of Zekira's hair, summoning somewhere deep within me

cut hay and young ears of corn from the shores of childhood. The faint light stopped in an instant on the ivy leaves, the old wall came to life, my night, the night of tenderness. The leaves seemed to be gilded, asleep in a brilliant silence, in an echoless warmth. Twenty-four years later, I met Malisa in the same place, at the foot of a small house where the winding stairs led down steeply to a small beach. One inside and the other outside and yet both in me, maybe it was the distance that separated the unclear in me. Because every love is unique and different from every other. Twenty-four long years. The small house is still in the old place, and perhaps with the green creepers on the dilapidated stones, unfulfilled dreams, hopes, and long-ago wishes are climbing up.

The house is silent and talking and both are equally inexplicable. The unspoken and the revealed, both wrapped in the opaque veil of life. Because, although everything in this world moves and unravels in that movement, we still do not see any thing in it in full light. Maybe that's why it's worth it to live both the ecstasy of the moment and the pain of pain are always vague and I am writing this because I would like to know how a man can be possessed by a woman so strongly just on the basis of a chance meeting. The recognition of the similarity of souls must be so unique and strong that it leaves an unrepeatable stamp on the heart and closes the door of the soul immediately after it has been opened. Dante saw Beatrice only once, but he carried her in his heart all his life. She encouraged him, inspired him, shaped his creative fevers, giving them a meaningful flow. However, I saw my muse several times and she also came to my house for coffee.

In the Catacombs there was a pungent smell of old rugs and blankets and I would have liked it, especially while it was raining, when my eyes wandered wistfully along the river. The ivy leaves were the same, 24 years later when I caught the golden reflection on the water as the sun set. The ball of fire was dying down, disappearing into the pink dusk and time reached the first and the last, on a small bank next to a dilapidated house, two women came together. Two loves, first and last. I say "last" even though it's not certain and you can never know. There is something unfaithful, fickle and unreliable in every memory, even when the memory is strong and the images are clear and undeniable. Zekira and I loved each other "our way", passionately and somehow easily at the same time, almost non-committal and alienated from each other. It was as if nothing existed outside of our little paradise, I didn't wait for her after school or follow her home. Strangers on the street, formal acquaintances, and strangely, it suited both me and her. So it wasn't about "having fun".

Even then, in the fevers of early youth, I found the expression strangely funny, though mockingly accurate. Because in the dark ages (which some call "modern"), love really became entertainment and women became an object. I didn't think like that then. Zekira and I have never discussed our relationship, both of us content in the world we built and which was only ours. Zekira was from Foča, more precisely from a village near Foča, and she came here to enroll in a secondary textile school. Twenty-four long years between two loves, two women. Nothing binds them but fate, a small house by the water and ivy leaves on an old wall, a ball of fire in a pink twilight, pain and longing. The old house has long been abandoned, but the green ivy creepers still stand intertwined as if they still want to peek into the small room, curious and conspiratorial. Conspiratorially observe the round peace of solitude that is indestructible because it remains after everything. Green spies, witnesses of hope and weakness, love.

Thirty years have passed and I haven't forgotten anything and I don't know if I resist forgetting or if forgetting simply doesn't reach me, doesn't touch me. The ball of the sun burned on the far horizon and the scattered shadows gathered, became one as I sat in the shade of the old fig tree looking at the beauty on the deserted shore. Twenty-four years after Zekira. The great magic of time brought two women together, brought them together, united them in the same place. Strangely, I didn't remember the first while I was watching the last, I didn't think of anything in the thought that rushed from the golden reflection. The rays stopped on the smooth skin, peace, warmth that hurts and the song of the warblers, it was my day, a day of great self-forgetfulness by the river. All in a few meters of space that encompassed me whole and I can't avoid it as I have to remember, now that it's of no use to anyone.

All great things in life happen when we least expect it, especially love which is always unexpected, especially if it is the greatest. "I'll meet you at midnight" was our favorite song in the Catacombs, so much so that sometimes it would be the only song on the record player all night. English band, I forgot the name but I still remember the song and it always reminds me of Zekira and gloomy autumn nights when a hug was everything, the beginning and the end. The lovely little house, where they used to wash gunjes and dye thick blankets, has long since lost its purpose and old purpose, left to the ravages of time.

Circle. Because what has a beginning has an end, change and decay are the basis of this world.

That's why Imam Ali said that "it is ignorance to trust in this world despite what you see from it". You see the change and impermanence, the deceitfulness of this and therefore it is ignorance to trust in it. In order to see the changeability of the world, you don't need any knowledge, it is visible to everyone and at every moment. But if the heart is dead and the soul wanders in a painful dream, it is difficult to be aware of transience. The thought is correct, but it cannot live due to the wrong way of life, and that is exactly why most people act and work as if they will live forever. And that is exactly why they trust in this world because this time is the age of ignorance. A knower is wary of this world because he knows its dangers and pitfalls, the changes in its conditions. Because, as Imam Ali said, "if one side is pleasant to him, the other is bitter". But a person would be infinitely poorer without coming to this earth, here is the place where the range of consciousness is expanded and knowledge for the future is acquired.

This is the secret of our crucifixion between the actual animal and the potential angel within us, both fighting for supremacy over the human heart. Ibn Arebi wonderfully observes that, according to the Qur'an, man is not obliged to seek the increase of anything except knowledge ("God, increase my knowledge" - Qur'an). And knowledge is not in the multitude of facts but in the ironing of the heart. The heart, on the other hand, is smoothed by the mention of God (zikr).

Zekira's name indicates the Remembrance of God, it is derived from the word "zikr" and originally reads Zakira. At that time, neither she nor I mentioned Him, but there is a sign in everything because the movement of no creature is without a purpose, and it is necessary for us to discover what the individual spots are saying. Maybe the first woman in my life, "the one who mentions God" announced my later interest in Sufism, who knows? But even the last one hides a sign and a message. Her name, Malisa, contains wealth and Jesus (MAL+ISA). However, as the word "mal" originally means "place of solitude", its name could be translated as "solitude with Jesus", communion with him. From the mention of God to Jesus, this is the whole path of Holy Solitude.

Of course, in this (dark) age, the "science of marks" is almost completely lost, but it is always worth trying, and in every age there is a suspended rope between heaven and earth, the Pole of the World, which is its center and axis.

"Everyone hold fast to God's rope and do not be disunited" - the Qur'an tells us, saying that in every time there is one of the Twelve Holy Imams who is the rope between heaven and earth that should be reached and held on to. It is necessary to ascend, and there is nothing but the Truth other than delusion.

Ibn Arabi once said that "no human being loved anything but God". Everything else we love are veils before the beauty of the One, veils on the face of the Bride. From the warmth and love that comes from the Face, the breaths touch the veils and the sleeping souls are only veiled, they cannot see beyond. That is why the shapes and forms of the transitory world are deified and accepted. But in the deepest essence, everyone loves only God. Impatience and ignorance, carelessness and passions, this turns us away from the Source, so we seem to love something else.

The longing for the Farthest is not quenched by anything earthly in the world of forms and forms, nor can anyone be calmed and soothed in love against countless veils. Because they should be raised and not loved, get rid of them and not get attached to them. Someone called the 20th century the "age of anxiety". This is completely logical due to the terrible loneliness and metaphysical anxiety of the "modern" man who has banished spirituality from his life, which no technological progress can replace. Man aspires To God, every being carries a longing to return to its Source. In all of us there is an echo of the "heavenly covenant" when souls acknowledged the Oneness of God. In this time we barely remember, but the vow lives on in us and no fleeting forms to which we cling so terribly can be annulled.

Between Zekira and Malisa. I recently visited a dilapidated cottage. The door was broken, the floorboards were also broken, the rest of one couch was turned upside down. All so dirty and dusty and nothing like the two women I loved. But to anyone who has the courage to ask, it certainly points to the terrifying power of transience and change. There are few of them. Just like those who truly remember God in Holy Solitude accepting this world despite all that it brings with it.

MELAMIA

It is said that once Sheikh Mustafa Žujo was sitting in a cafe in Podgrad and drinking coffee with Avdag Šarec, a pious man and a prominent merchant of that time. The sun rose high and the soft chirping of birds was heard, they were silent for a while.

"But...hodja Mujo" began Avdag somewhat timidly, "I pray every vakat and I don't miss it, I go to the mosque regularly, but I see that people don't really respect me".

"Yah" he added somewhat abruptly, struggling within himself and perhaps not even knowing what was better, silence or Hodja's advice. And Mustafa was silent. He suddenly turned around and said: "Take off your turban, shave your beard and leave the house." Then take three eggs, break them and pour them on your head. So go to the bazaar and we'll see, God willing."

Avdaga was involuntarily frightened and feared for his reputation. But since Sheikh Žujo had an Evliyan merteba according to the stories, he decided to listen to him.

For the next few days, he fought with himself and then something inside him broke. I'll listen, so whatever, he thought vaguely. When the next morning dawned, he took three eggs and they were MUCKA, as the sheikh had told him, and broke them on his head. So they started from Uzimovićka mahala towards the bazaar. Rotten eggs stank and yellow liquid spilled over his face. He didn't wear a kulah or hajdaria, and his beard was shaved. How he marched through the streets, mischievous laughter and clapping of hands began to resound. He tried to ignore it. He walked like that to the Podgradska ćuprija bridge and then returned. Several boys threw oysters after him, and the amazed women behind the windows of the houses clutched their heads and blew ominously, obviously thinking that the rich merchant and respectable pious man had lost his mind.

When he came home, he lay there for the whole day as if in a frenzy. He thought. Where reputation and honor suddenly disappear and what is happening to me, have I really lost my mind. The night was even more difficult for him. The rain started to pour and the drops hit the gutters and sleep did not come to my eyes. The caring wife Fatima entered twice with a lamp in her hand, carefully gazing at the dimly lit corner above Avdaga's headboard, returning without a word.

The day finally dawned. He put the kulah back on his head and put on the hajdaria as if nothing had happened and as if yesterday was just a nightmare. Mustafi was in a hurry. The sheikh was sitting in the courtyard staring at the blue horizon. Knocking lightly twice on Avdag's door with a mallet, he seemed to wake up from a long sleep. After returning the salam, the sheikh said without any introduction: "Have you realized now that you mean nothing to people and that they respected what you represented and not you!!!

No one was spared the gossip, not even God's messengers."

Avdaga nodded to the chief, shrugging weakly and staring at the fig tree next to him.

"The biggest temptation is if people consider you better than you are, it's better if they consider you worse," continued the sheikh. "You clean yourself from the inside and they add to your good parts by gossiping" "And know that no one has pleased the world"

Sheikh Mustafa looked at the ground and left without saying a word.