

# HAIKU AUTORA

Collated by Branka Vojinović Jegdić



AŠANIN MIJAJLO

puta, mog, nema—  
da nije, pod lišćem,  
već istrulio?

missing my road—  
is it rotten under  
the leaves already?

za mnom, uporno,  
uz serpentine Kotorske  
penje se plavet

follows me stubbornly  
up the serpentine of Kotor<sup>1</sup>  
the blueness

BABOVIĆ MLADEN

iza oblaka  
odjednom sjajna zvijezda—  
povratak u dom

behind the clouds  
suddenly a glistening star—  
returning to my home

na drumu  
praznog pogleda  
ranjena ptica

on the road  
with an empty gaze  
a wounded bird

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1. Kotor is a coastal town in Montenegro

BARAĆ MILAN

poznata staza —  
u klancu čujem sebe  
i žubor rijeke

a well known path  
in the ravine I hear myself  
and the murmur of the river

jesenji mjesec  
doliva nam u čaše  
i svjetlost

harvest moon  
pouring light as well  
into our glasses

BRNOVIĆ VESELIN

zrio suncokret  
sad ne ide za suncem —  
hod mu otežan

a ripe sunflower  
stopped following the sun —  
its heavy paces

u punoj torbi  
domaćica sa pijace  
vuče proljeće

in a full bag  
a housewife hauls the spring  
from the green market

BUBANJA PREDRAG

prazno gnijezdo  
na grani stare lipe —  
kasna jesen

an empty nest  
on the bough of the old linden —  
late autumn

gle, bijele se  
u ogoljenoj šumi  
butine breze

look, they are so white  
in a leafless forest  
the hips of the birch trees

BULATOVIĆ KOMNEN

kad vidim sukno  
ja vidim dragu majku  
i stari razboj

when I see the cloth  
I see my dear mother  
and her old loom

kamen kamenu  
kao rame ramenu —  
meko uzglavlje

stone to stone  
like shoulder to shoulder —  
a soft pillow

VELIMIROVIĆ BOGOLJUB BOBAN

na dnu korita  
mjesec umiva lice  
srebrnom vodom

at the bottom of trough  
the moon washing her face  
with silvery water

pored Ribnice  
tri topole šapuću  
ogradi mosta

near Ribnitsa  
three poplar trees whisper  
to the bridge railing

VLAHOVIĆ VELJKO (1914–1975)

poslije obilnih kiša  
kada ogrije sunce,  
planine se suše

after heavy rains  
the sun with its warmth  
dries the mountain

ostaci topline  
ustupaju mjesto tvrdom  
jesenjem vjetru

remains of warmth  
give way to the steely  
autumn wind

VUJISIĆ BLAGOJE

modre i žute  
ostatke ljeta majka  
u vazu slaže

mother arranges  
yellow and blue remnants of  
summer into a vase

kosač odmara  
fjuk kose i dalje  
niz polje šeta

a haymaker rests  
the whiz of a scythe  
walks down a field

VUKOVIĆ M. BRANISLAV

mjesečev lik se,  
kao putir od zlata  
cakli u rijeci

a face of the moon  
like a goblet of gold  
shines in the river

stiže proljeće—  
i nebo već miriše  
na kukurijek

the spring arrives—  
the sky with the sweet smell of  
Hellebore already

VUKOVIĆ VLADISLAV

na svježoj humci  
usamljeni cvijet—  
miriše, miriše . . .

on a fresh grave  
a lonely flower—  
fragrant, so fragrant . . .

obješen samar  
sanja starog dorata—  
teške tovare

hung pack saddle  
dreaming of the old bay horse—  
those heavy loads

VULANOVIĆ VOJISLAV

pored puteljka—  
sanjiva djevojčica  
s ljubičicama

by the path—  
a dreamy little girl  
with violets

čim svane jutro—  
i sljez, i srna, i mrav  
naćule uši

as soon as it dawns—  
the marshmallow, roe and ant  
strain their ears

GVOZDENOVIĆ ANDRIJA

lubenicu  
rasekoh pred movama—  
jedem u društvu

I cut up  
a watermelon in front of the flies—  
I eat in company

odlazak broda—  
zaorana brazda  
tone polako

the ship leaving—  
plowed furrow  
sinking slowly

GORANOVIĆ PAVLE

januarski dan—  
slična pokislom hrastu  
moja je sjeta

a January day—  
my melancholy much like  
a sopping oak tree

kapi na stolu—  
jedan neodoljivi  
znak kišobrana

drops on the table—  
the irresistible sign  
of an umbrella

ĐEKOVIĆ MILIĆ (1931–2001)

podnevna žega—  
stazom između njiva  
škripe taljige

noontime scorch—  
on the path between fields  
a creaking cart

nezaliven cvet—  
šuškori suvi šuškor  
na balkonu

unwatered flower—  
on the balcony a new rustle  
of the withering

ŽUNJIĆ DARKO BATAN

knjiga na klupi—  
povjetarac prevrće  
prve stranice

a book on the bench—  
the breeze leafing  
its first pages

javorov list  
zalijepljen kišom  
ode autom

a mapple leaf  
glued by the raindrops  
leaves by car

JANJALIJA DAMIR

ulični svirač  
pun septembarskog sunca  
slamnati šešir

a street musician  
his straw hat full  
of the September sun

granica—iza  
žice u pustom polju  
rađa se sunce

border—in the field  
behind barbed wire  
sunrise

JEGDIĆ VOJINOVIĆ BRANKA

sa žutim lišćem  
noćas pada i  
prvi snijeg

yellow leaves  
tonight falls along with  
the first snow

ručak na travi—  
slamka zamijenila  
čaćkalicu

lunch on the lawn—  
straw replaces  
a toothpick

JOVOVIĆ MILOJKA

obalom vali  
kamenčiće valjaju—  
Sizife, gdje si?

coastal waves  
wallowing pebbles—  
Sisyphus, where are you?

obliven kišom  
i suzama starice  
božur se osu

felled peony petals  
soaked with the rain  
and old woman's tears

KALAIĆ HAMDİJA

noć prekri kuću—  
otac je vazda kosu  
vješao o rog

dark covers the house—  
my father used to hang the scythe  
on the rafter

je l' tako sviče—  
noć treba tumačiti  
baš kao rosu

is it so, you firefly—  
the night should be explained  
like the dew

KLIKOVAC SLAVKA

starac u snoplje  
veže i duge zrake  
večernjeg sunca

an old man weavers  
long rays of evening sun  
into sheaves

jezerska površ—  
čamdžija veslom muti  
svoj lik u vodi

the surface of a lake—  
a rower is stirring  
its face in the water

KNEŽEVIĆ LJUBISAV

iza brda se  
pomalja pun mjesec—  
sad nisam sam

the full moon  
protrudes behind the hill—  
I am not alone, now

u sobi vise  
klipovi kukuruza—  
mi večeramo

ears of corn  
hung in the room—  
we are having dinner

KOVAČEVIĆ ČEDO ČEKOV

na trećem spratu  
grana uzrele trešnje  
uđe kroz prozor

on the third floor  
a blossoming cherry branch  
enters my room

poslije oluje  
ostaše ispeglane  
pješčane dine

after the storm  
the sand dunes  
remain smooth

KORAĆ L. MIŠO

svuda tragovi —  
u pustinji sa vjetrom  
nijesam sam

footsteps everywhere —  
with the wind in the desert  
I am not alone

oblak prekrilo  
bor koga u samoći  
planina grli

a cloud covered  
pine tree – its loneliness  
embraced by the mountain

MIJATOVIĆ DANILO

ponoćni grom —  
nova se godina  
dijeli od stare

midnight thunder —  
the New Year separates  
from the old one

na vrh oraha —  
svraka krešti na miris  
zrelog žita

from the walnut tree  
a magpie chatters at the scent  
of ripe wheat

MILIĆEVIĆ LJUBISLAV (1929–2010)

po dahu lipa  
raspoznajem kako si  
rano krenula

the breath of lime  
we recognize that you  
started early

pastrmke  
i zvijezde se u istoj  
mreži presvlače

the trouts  
and the stars change  
in the same net

MURATOVIĆ ENVER

ulazim u dom—  
osinjak iznad vrata  
još iz djetinjstva

entering my home—  
a hornets' nest above the door  
since my childhood

niz zaleđenu rijeku  
klizaju se djeca i —  
vjetar

down a frozen river  
they are skating—the children  
and the wind

BLAGOJE NIŠAVIĆ (1937–2011)

pristiže svitac—  
žmiga između starog  
i novog žita

a firefly arrives—  
twinkling between old  
and new wheat

znaju li pčele  
da je tu trešnju  
ded moj kalemio?

do these bees know  
my grandgather grafted  
this cherry tree?

OBORINA VESNA

iznad planine  
krpice magle—  
ne znam gdje počinje nebo

above the mountain  
rags of fog—I don't know  
where the sky begins

stara kapija  
na vjetru bolno škripnu—  
čuh majčin glas

an old gate  
creaks sadly in the wind—  
I hear my mother's voice

OBRADOVIĆ SLOBODAN ZORAN

prekida san  
sa komšijinog plotu  
loš pjevač

a bad singer  
from my neighbor's fence  
aborts my dream

zid od kartona  
na starom smetlišću—  
skitačima dom

cardboard walls  
on an old dump—  
home of a tramps



PAVIĆEVIĆ VLADISLAV (1934–2014)

ledene iglice  
srebrnasto sjaje  
jutrom na suncu

icy needles  
shining with silver  
morning in sunshine

trag u pijesku—  
uznemirene guske  
bježe bezglavo

footsteps in the sand—  
restless geese  
run mindlessly

PEROVIĆ SOFIJA SONJA

oranom zemljom  
posijala inje  
mrazovita noć

over furrows  
a cold night sowing  
the rime

jutarnje sunce  
ispire snove —  
suza u oku

morning sunshine  
rinsing the dreams—  
tear in the eye

PUPOVIĆ SENADIN

ispod plasta sijena  
izgladnjeli pauk  
razapeo mrežu

under the haystack  
a hungry spider  
spread its web

umorni ratar  
dok sakuplja travu  
krajikom oka traži sunce

a tired farmer  
while collecting grasses  
in search of sun

RADIČEVIĆ – TYFFRANSKY GORAN

slika malena  
uokvirena stihom  
je li to haiku?

a small painting  
framed with a verse  
is it haiku?

sijeda žena  
pije popodnevni čaj—  
suza na licu

a grey haired lady  
having her afternoon tea—  
tear on her cheek

RADOVIĆ IVANOVIĆ NELICA

apsurd  
između nas zavađenih  
muzika

jutro bez glasa—  
dunja preko noći  
ocvjetala

absurd  
between us at variance  
music

silent morning—  
the quince has bloomed  
over night

RADUNOVIĆ DRAGINJA

i stari kumin  
pramenovima dima  
kiši prkosi

podnevni dremež  
guštera na kupini  
prekinu mačka

an old chimney  
its patches of smoke  
defy the rain

midday siesta  
lizzard on the blackberry's leaf  
disturbed by the cat

RAONIĆ ZORAN

na ogradu  
oslonjen starac  
ispraća put

dolom razvigor—  
i staro lišće  
zatreperi

an old man  
seeing the road off  
leaning on the fence

breeze in a valley—  
even the old leaves-  
began to tremble

RAONIĆ JANJA

uvelo lišće—  
iz stijene izrasla  
bijela crkva

sunce u zenitu—  
dalekom pučinom  
odlutaše misli

autumn leaves—  
a white church  
sprung from the cliff

the sun at its zenith—  
my thoughts wandering  
over the open sea

SEKULOVIĆ GORAN

koza i starac  
pogrbljeni na rubu  
malene šume

a goat and an old man  
hunched at the edge  
of a grove

u visokoj travi  
među trskama uzdignut —  
i pseći rep

in the high grass  
among reeds raised —  
a dog's tail

STEVOVIĆ DAKOVIĆ SLAVKA

duboki uzdah —  
bijeli oblak sipa  
igru leptira

a deep sigh —  
a white cloud scatters  
the butterfly's play

zvijezde nježne  
crtaju naša okna  
novim kolažom

the tender stars  
drawing our windows  
with a new collage

TODOROVIĆ-MILATOVIĆ CVIJETA

sjedim kraj vatre —  
varnice iz kamina  
žure u ništa

sitting by the fire —  
sparks from the fireplace  
rush nowhere

vreža kupine  
zamandalila vrata  
kamene kuće

blackberry stems  
barred the door  
of a stony house

HADROVIĆ SAFET VRBIČKI

kroz maglu viri  
blijedi mjesec — cvile  
gladni kurjaci

a pale moon peers through  
the fog — whining of  
the hungry wovles

ubogi deda  
šljapka kišnim sokakom  
sakuplja mladost

poor old man  
sloshing over a rainy road  
collects his youth

HAJDUKOVIĆ JEVREM (1923–2013)

njišu se  
na istoj grančici  
cvijet i vjetar

mjesec nad glavom—  
niz brežuljke  
raspliće se voda

swaying  
on the same bough  
a flower and the wind

moon above my head—  
down the hills  
unraveling water

ČABARKAPA MITRA MIODRAG

suncem okupan  
suncokret se okreće  
na jednoj nozi

lisica šeta  
zaleđenim jezerom,  
repom briše trag

bathed in sunshine  
a sunflower turns around  
on a single leg

fox taking a walk  
over a frozen lake,  
erasing its track with its tail

ŠABANOVIĆ BAJRAM

dok se ja vratim  
stanište će mi ptice  
nadgledati

miris sijena  
vjetrovi zavičaja  
meni donose

once I return  
my home will be monitored  
by the birds

scent of hay  
the winds of homeland  
bring to me

ŠILJAK MIĆUN (1931–2007)

za repom mačke—  
trče mačići i prvo  
opalo lišće

društvo mi pravi  
zalutala zunzara—  
i to je nešto

running after a cat's tail—  
kittens and the first  
fallen leaves

a stray blowfly  
keeps me company—  
it's something, too

ŠČEKIĆ BOŽIDAR

povijen starac  
gazi svoju sjenku  
prašnjavim putem

seoski puteljak —  
osjećam miris pogače  
iz djetinjstva

a stooped old man  
stepping on his shadow  
along the dusty road

a country footpath —  
the smell of scone  
from my childhood

(English Translations by Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić, Croatia)