

# Vela Luka

Gordana Burica

Stojidu sami naši kaići.  
Došli su na misto leuti, guci, gajeti.  
Samo more oko njih šumi  
I priča priču kako je u vali bilo ribari, svita.  
Kad se je svitlilo, potezala braganja, činila tramata.  
Kad su naši stari živili  
Na brujetu od stin, jili matar i spavali na konopima.  
Nihove vridne žene na glavan su nosile kašete ribe, uzbrdo.  
A danas, ja sama u Veloj Luci – pitan se i mislin kako će  
I moje vrime suncobrana i faktora 50  
Proć, zauvik.

# Vela Luka

(trans. Adelija Čulić-Viskota)

Alone stand our boats.  
To halt came leut, guc, gajeta.  
Only the sea around them murmurs  
And tells a story of fishermen, folks in the cove.  
While light fishing, hauling braganja, using tramata.  
When our elderly lived  
On a stew of rocks, eating matar and sleeping on ropes.  
Their agile wives wore crates of fish on their heads, uphill.  
And now, I alone in Vela Luka – wondering, and feeling that  
Even my time of parasol and factor 50  
Will go by, forever.



## NOTES:

Vela Luka – a small cove on the island of Šolta  
leut, guc, gajeta – types of traditional fishing boats  
matar – samphire  
braganja – a seine-net  
tramata ("ludara") – a type of surrounding net