

ART

MÒDRI GRÊB

Ive Kora

THE BLUE GRAVE

trans. by Mirna Čudić Žgela

Kalôjte ôrgane
ne želîn hi
čût.
Plăče mi se,
dřćen
ko prût....

Živòt
ko klûko
prèje,
zênso môj.

Dôkle se
ne odmòto
nè znoš
za krôj.
I ne pênsoš
jê cilo
il je bříž
retôj.

Mlôdi smo bíli.
Jemáli
u svè vîre,
ma ni godišća
nîsù
za take
penšîrè.

Pênsoi smo
koij će bròd
koij jîta,
koij nas
čèkoju môra
koij krôj
svîta.

Silence the organ
I do not want
to hear it.
I feel like crying,
I shiver
like a leaf

Life
is like a ball
of yarn,
old mate.

Until it is
unraveled
you know nothing
of the end.
You do not wonder
if it is whole
or perchance
a remnant .

Young were we.
Full
of faith,
young age
is not fit
for such
worries.

We thought
what ship,
what voyage,
what seas
lay ahead,
what end of earth
we were heading for.

Klādili
smo se
kojī će
od nōs
prvī pasàt
Cobo de Hornos.

Dūšōn
i tīlon
čūtīn zēb....
U nāšoj
jubāvi
prvēga
vijāja
nōšo si
grēb.

We placed bets
which
of us
would be the first
to pass
Cape Horn.

I feel chill
in my soul
and body.....
In our
love
of the first
voyage
you found
your grave.

RJEČNIK

kalàt	skinuti
ôrgani	orgulje
klúko	klupko
prèja	pređa
pènsot	razmišljati
břž	možda
zēnso	imenjak
pasàt	proći, prepoloviti
retōj	ostatak nečega
vira	vjerovanje
penšīr	misli, misao
jīta	određeno putovanje
vijōj	putovanje
jē	je li
zēb	zebnja