

ART

# JÔ, DA MI JE

Izvor Oreb

Jo, da mi je opet pasat rivon  
 Priko Kalih kad se zora javja  
 I sa svojim dobrin mi tovaron  
 Poći starin putun po Zonavja.

Što bi voli posli pravog dažja  
 Navonjat se zemje i morača,  
 Što bi voli kako nekad davno  
 Zaspal slatko u hladu rogača.

Jo, da mi je sa gundulun poći  
 Do Proizda veslajuć pomalo,  
 Na mrkinti smokrit noge samo  
 Uz vonj braga kad je osekalo.

Što bi voli kad bi samo moga  
 U bonaci svrgat nasrid vale,  
 Gledat Luku i vrh kampanela  
 U sutonu dok se svitla pale.

# O HOW I WISH I COULD

trans. by Mirna Čudić Žgela

O how I wish I could once more pass along the waterfront  
 Across the Kali, at the break of dawn,  
 Riding my good old donkey  
 On the old path to Zonavje.

O how I long, after a shower of rain,  
 To breathe in the sweet scent of soil and fennel,  
 O how I would love, as in those days of yore,  
 To sink into a sweet slumber in the shade of a carob tree.

O how I wish I could, in my little boat,  
 Go to Proizd, rowing leisurely,  
 Just dip my feet from a rock  
 Inhaling the smell of sea-weed at low tide.

How I would love, if only I could,  
 In a dead calm, to moor my boat mid-bay,  
 Gaze at Luka and the top of the church-tower  
 In sunset twilight as lights are coming on!

## RJEČNIK

pasat	proći
tovar	magarac
pu	put, prema
dažja	kiše
morač	aromatična biljka momorač, anis
gundula	vrsta male barke
mrkinta	stijena, grot
brag	morska travanj
svrgat	usidriti se
kampanel	zvonik