

# DIOGEN

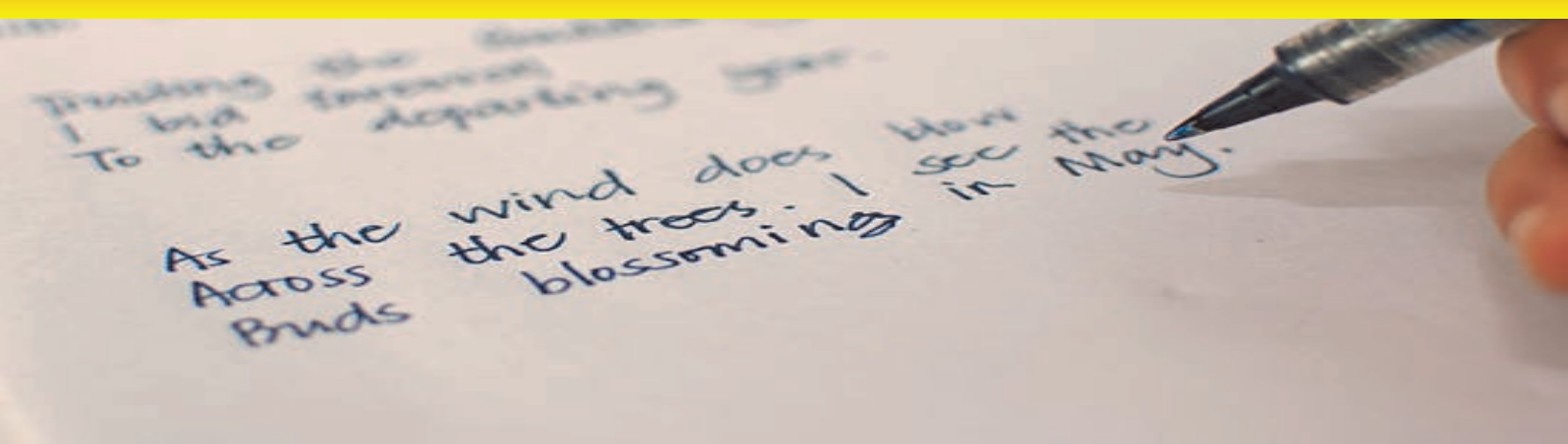
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SPECIAL EDITION - DIOGEN HAIKU





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***DIOGEN HAIKU***

Kroz godinu dana, u *Diogen pro kultura magazinu*, predstavili smo pjesnike haiku poezije i sličnih japanskih formi sa svih strana svijeta, kako bi čitatelju približili haiku kao planetarni fenomen.



Donosimo vam preko 1500 haikua, 16 haibuna, 51 tanku i 24 hajge na 12 jezika. Uključen je rad 23 prevoditelja, 8 fotografa i 24 ilustratora sa 65 ilustracija te 1 esejista, iz 35 zemalja (Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Croatia, Czech Republik, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, India, Israel, Japan, Lithuania, Macedonia, Montenegro, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Poland, Portugal, Republic of Ireland, Republic of Yemen, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Slovenia, Switzerland, Taiwan, UK, USA), a ukupan broj učesnika koji su stvarali ovo Diogenovo izdanje je 335.

Predstavljamo vam 32 nove zbirke haikua i tanki a za našu malu (ali i svjetsku) antologiju haikua na temu konj, prikupljeno je 532 rada koje smo primili od 145 autora.

Ponajbolje radove nagrađivali smo s željom da autore motiviramo na daljnji rad i rast te da se i nadalje družimo, povezivajući vrsne haiku majstore i mlade i nove autore neovisno o regijama u kojima žive i jezicima koje govore. Kako bi hajidini bili strpljivi učitelji, a oni na početku svog putovanja na Planet Haiku, imali priliku upoznati radove ponajboljih suvremenika.

***Riječ urednika***

***Đurđa Vukelić Rožić***

***Zamjenik gl. i odg. urednika  
- HAIKU***

***DIOGEN  
pro kultura magazin***

***DIOGEN HAIKU***

Throughout a year, in *Diogen pro culture magazine*, we have presented haiku poets and similar Japanese form all over the world, to make closer to the reader - Haiku as a planetary phenomenon.

We bring you over 1,500 haiku, 16 haibun, 51 tanku and 24 haige in 12 languages. It has been included the work of 23 translators, 8 photographers and 24 illustrators with 65 illustrations and 1 essayists, from 35 countries (Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Croatia, Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, India, Israel, Japan, Lithuania, Macedonia, Montenegro, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Poland, Portugal, Republic of Ireland, Republic of Yemen, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Slovenia, Switzerland, Taiwan, UK, USA) and the total number of participants who created this edition is *Diogen* is 335. We are introducing to you the 32 new collections of haiku and tanke for our little (but of the world, also), anthology of haiku on the subject of horse, for which has been collected 532 art works of which we have received from 145 authors.

Best works we have rewarded with a desire to motivate authors for further work and growth, and to continue to socialize, integrating excellent haiku masters and young and new artists independently of the regions in which they live and the languages spoken. To make hajigin become patient teachers, and those at the beginning of their journey to Planet Haiku, had the opportunity to meet some of the best works of their contemporaries.

***Editor's word***

***Đurđa Vukelić Rožić***

***Deputy editor in chief  
- HAIKU***

***DIOGEN  
pro culture magazine***



# Gospar konj The Master Horse



*Tanyu (1602 - 1674)*

<http://www.fujiarts.com/japanese-prints/DUP/BR15f.jpg>

*Diogenova mala svjetska haiku antologija o konju*  
Radovi prikupljeni 2012-2013. godine  
*Diogen pro kultura magazin*

*Diogen A Little World Anthology of Haiku Poetry About Horse*  
Japanese verses collected during 2012-2013  
at *Diogen pro culture magazine*

Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 2013



Suzume no ko  
soko noke soko noke  
o-uma ga tôru

Mali vrapčiču  
sklanjaj se, sklanjaj se, bjež'!  
ide gospar konj.

You tiny sparrow  
move aside, move aside, run!  
The master horse goes.

● *Translations: Japanese to Croatian: Vladimir  
Devidé*

● *Croatian to English: Đ.V.Rožić*

● **Issa (1763-1827)**

## KONJI

Prvi jutarnji koraci po šljunkovitoj stazi dvorišta bijahu mi nagrađeni rzanjem iz staje. Prije mog dolaska staza je trpjela škripući hod majke, oca i poslužitelja, no iz staje tad nisu dopirali nikakvi zvuci. Baš moj korak stazom, prepoznatljiv uhu koje ga je iščekivalo, izazva dobrodošlicu rzanjem. I ne d'o Bog zastati u razgovoru s nekim od pridošlica, rzanje bi se pretvaralo u njisku sve dok me Sokol ne bi ugledao na do vratku staje. Tako je svakog jutra. Kako se stajom i dvorištem širi njegov pozdrav, tako se mojim prsima širi neka toplina, neki ushit pripadnosti tom četveronožnom divnom biću svilene, sive, guste grive i dlake, plemenitih očiju, jake šije i grebena, dubokih prsa i snažnih sapi. Većina mu je rođaka dorata ili vrana, a nastali su odabirom za uporabu u nizinskom području uz rijeku Savu, kao tegleći i radni konji. Na području njegova nastanka u Posavini, s desne i lijeve obale Save, prvotno je obitavao autohtoni posavski konj, no pod utjecajem drugih pasmina, od kojih se spominju noniusi, polukrvnjaci, arapski, stari španjolski, lipicanski, oldemburški i belgijski konji, stvorena je gotovo nova pasmina, prilagođena posavskim terenima i zahtjevima koji iz njih proizlaze. Postavimo li pitanje o uzgoju tog konja, sa zadovoljstvom možemo ustanoviti da se uzgoj planski i dobro provodi.

Moj Sokol, iz razreda sisavaca (*Mammalia*), podrazreda plodvenjaka (*Placentalia*), reda kopitara (*Ungulata*), podreda lihoprstaša (*Perissodactyla*), porodice konja (*Equidae*), roda (genus) *Equus* i vrste (species) *Equus caballus*. Jabučasti sivac, posavac, pastuh... I ne tražeći mu pedigrea ispisana na verificiranom obrascu, osjećam mu plemenitost u svakome dahu i svakome dodiru njegove drage glave s mojim ramenom i licem.



Photo by Zdenko Vanjek

Dodirujemo se glavama i ja mu tiho pričam na uho, dragajući mu snažan vrat, a on drhti kao uplašeno ome kad mu stavljaju prvu ormu, pažljivo se ogledavajući da mi slučajno ne stane na nogu svojim velikim snažnim kopitom ili da me ne povrijedi na neki drugi način. Čeka na timar, strpljiv i miran, ne tražeći nagrade, tek mu iskaz ljubavi i pažnje može pružiti zadovoljstvo. Tepah mu tiho, a on mi uzvraća čujnim izdisanjem kroz stisnute glasnice kao znak zadovoljna odobravanja. Četkati ga i pri tom mu tiho govoriti najveća mu je nagrada u danu. Glavno da čuje moj glas, umirujući, tih, i da osjeti draganje četkom. Naslušao se Sokol mojih predavanja o svemu i svačemu i nikada nije negodovao, iako zna pokazati i neugodu, ali na lijep način.

„Znaš li,“ rekoh mu, „koju li su ulogu odigrali tvoji prethodnici u životu čovjeka? Tridesetak tisuća godina prije početka brojenja godina nove ere već smo bili dobri znanci!“



Vrijeme je to prepuštanja ugodnom razmišljanju u tišini, čujno ispunjenoj samo zvukom četke niz konjsku dlaku. Činjenica da preda mnogom stoji tako divna životinja otvara niz pitanja, počevši od načina kako su se i kada konji pripitomljavali i osposobljavali za lov i rat pa sve do pitanja fenomena konja kao žrtvene životinje. Prema tvrdnjama znanstvenika, tridesetak tisuća godina prije početka brojenja nove ere već smo bili dobri znanci. Arheologija i povijest pratili su konja još od pronalazaka prvih fosilnih predaka u Sjevernoj Americi, gdje su bili i pripitomljeni. Trag im se gubi u aluvijalno doba, a istražitelji pretpostavljaju da je najvjerojatniji razlog njihova nestanka bio neki pomor. U Americi se daljnji razvoj konjarstva može pratiti od dolaska osvajača moreplovaca i njihovih španjolskih pasmina konja.

U pliocenu se preko područja današnjeg Beringovog zaljeva konj proširio u Sjevernu Aziju pa i dalje, gdje su nađeni ostaci divljih izvornih oblika konja od kojih je preživio samo jedan oblik – *Equus ferus*. Taj je konj obitavao na području Azije, a naročito Mongolije. Danas se zadržao na terenu zapadne Džungarije u Kini, gdje ga je 1879. g. otkrio Przewalskii pa je po njemu kasnije nazvan *Equus Przewalskii* – ishodišna skupina za mnoge pasmine domaćih konja kao što su mongolski konji te domaći konji sjeverne i srednje Europe. U znanstvenim krugovima postoje različita mišljenja i teorije postanka teških konja i njihovih pasmina, kao što su *Equus caballus Auet*, *Ewart*, *Equus caballus germanicus Nehringi*, *Equus Woldrich* i *Equus abeli Ant*.

Drugi samostalni izvorni oblik domaćih konja bio je *Equus Gmelini Antonius* ili *Equus tarpan* (Kodinec, 1951.). Tarpan je izumro dosta kasno. Obitavao je na području jugoistočne Europe i na susjednim predjelima Azije, naročito u Iranu, gdje je udomljen još 3000. godine p.n.e., no promatran je i kao ishodišna skupina laganih konja koji su dospjeli u Babilon i Egipat još 2000 godina prije Krista. Isti su konji dospjeli u Galiciju, Litvu i Bosnu, gdje su potom i udomaćeni. Njegovi su potomci galicijski i bosanski konj.

U genetici onih konja što lutaju obroncima oko Livna, iako su zbog rata raspušteni iz domaćinstava pa možemo reći da su već podivljali konji, ima krvi tog istog tarpana. Pitam se, je li u neku ruku sreća što su u prirodnim uvjetima, gdje raspolažu s dosta hrane, slobodni, podivljali, lutajući livadama i šumama poput njihovih predaka, čiji je posljednji divlji primjerak zabilježen još davne 1866. godine u južnoj Rusiji. Gledajući ih onako slobodne, jer tako su prikazani u jednome filmu na Internetu, eksterijerno je nemoguće tvrditi kako znamo njihovu genetiku, no prema opisima i slikama bosanskog konja, onog autohtonog s velikim utjecajem arapskih konja, može se zaključiti da jako liče livanjskim konjima.

Mora se imati na umu da je bosanske konje Šola sistematizirao na brdske konje i one valovitih područja, a da ih Grković, uzevši u obzir utjecaj prirodnih uvjeta njihova nastajanja i formiranja, dijeli u dva tipa. I jedan i drugi tip pokazuju jaku infiltraciju arapske krvi. Čitajući i prateći odlike arapskih konja, nisam mogao ne primijetiti sličnosti u prenesenim svojstvima. Stoga tip podveležac, zbog obitavanja na škrtoj zemlji i kamenu, ima karakteristike žilavosti i ustrajnosti, ali sitniju građu, dok tip glasi-nac, konj odgojen na ravnome terenu i na boljoj paši, osim što ga također odlikuje žilavost i ustrajnost, jest jači i krupniji. O izdržljivosti i marljivosti tih konja osvjedočio sam se tijekom služenja vojnog roka, odsluženog u brdskoj konjici. Rekoh, nisam ih prije poznao, nego samo iz knjiga. No, po povratku iz vojske, stečena iskustva rodila su duboko poštovanje prema tim hvalevrijednim životinjama. Nemaš ga što vidjeti, a nosi teret satima, bez odmora za šaku zobi, malo sijena i vode, i to po terenima kojima prolaze još samo koze i divljač. Morao sam im posvetiti nekoliko rečenica, sjećajući se vjerne kobile Lidije koja je nosila top, svoju vojnu spremu i pomagala mi na uzbrdicama, gdje bih se lovio za njen samar, umoran od duga puta po bespuću.

Za vrijeme seobe naroda dolazilo je do križanja potomaka konja pasmine *Przewalskii* i tarpana, a posljednično i do formiranja novih oblika od kojih potječu španjolski tipovi konja, no ne svi.

Uzmemo li kao primjer andaluzera, odnosno andaluzijskog konja, on, prema istraživanjima, ne potječe od već navedenih ishodnih skupina, odnosno od arabera, već se ispostavlja da je na tom području preživio posljednje ledeno doba. O tome svjedoče slike iz neolitika, a autohtona pasmina kao ishodišna skupina postoji još i danas u brdskim predjelima Portugala, a nazvana je Soraja poni. To je primitivni predak andaluzera. Iz ovog je primjera vidljivo koliko parametara utječe na vjerojatnost nastanka jedne pasmine, odnosno što sve treba uzeti u obzir, ako se odlučimo za točnost njenog procjenjivanja.

Potomci *Equus gracilis Ewart*, čiji ostaci potječu iz doba pliocena, ishodišna su skupina srednjoeuropskih i engleskih konja. Njihov direktni potomak jest keltski poni. Izvorni divlji oblici ostavili su morfološki i fiziološki trag na udomaćenim potomcima. Spominjući ova kretanja i ishodišne skupine, nastojim okvirno približiti i sažeti velike vremenske udaljenosti i ogromna geografska prostranstva u kojima se konj kretao, jer bi za raščlanjivanje svih relevantnih činjenica trebalo odvojiti i više vremena i više ispisanih stranica, čemu ovaj uvod ne teži.

Mogu li se uopće zamisliti ratovi vođeni u antici, bez bojnih kola i dvoprega, bez rimskih arena, bez utrka? Ili ratnike Džingis-kana koji nisu umjeli živjeti bez te životinje? Rađali se s njim, na njemu živjeli i na njemu umirali. Velika su carstva bila osvajana na konju i uz konjsku pomoć. Spomenimo samo stare Grke sa svojim bojnim kolima, Rimljane, vojsku Aleksandra Makedonskog, turske postrojbe, križarske čete, indijanske horde, američke postrojbe Sjevera i Juga. Kauboji i goniči stoke u Južnoj Americi (vaqueros) još i danas koriste konje u stočarenju. Nekad je gotovo sav transport ovisio o toj životinji, a ovisi i danas, samo u motoriziranoj verziji. Naime, sačuvano je samo ime, kao uspomena na jednu izvrsnu poštansku instituciju – *Pony-express*.

Sjetimo se također i Joachima Murata i njegove knjige o Napoleonovom maršalu Marcelu Dupontu te ga citirajmo: „...sa svojim je vjernim Belliardom kao glavaram stožera stupio na čelo golemoj konjaničkoj vojsci da je svijet još nije vidio: 4 zboru – Nansouty, Montbrun, Grouchy i Latour-Maubourg – s ukupno 48 pukovnija, 78 topova i 50.000 konja...“ Tako se Napoleon spremao na Rusiju. Fantastičnu je konjicu imala i Austro-Ugarska Monarhija, uposlivši sve moguće tipove konja, od onih teških, koji su služili za vuču topova, pa sve do lake konjice. Ne možemo zaobići ni Drugi svjetski rat, vučne konje topništva, brdske konje gerile, kozačke konje. Primjera ima mnogo.

Osim u vojne svrhe, ta vrijedna životinja odigrala je veliku ulogu u transportu, prehrani, poljoprivredi i danas kao nagradu nakon svega u sportu. Razvojem tehnike, konja je zamijenio stroj, i to gotovo u svim oblastima, osim u transportu namirnica i sirovina po nepristupačnim predjelima te u sportu, rekreaciji i fizikalnoj terapiji.

Konji kakve danas poznajemo rezultat su evolucije, ali i ciljanog uzgoja u svrhu određene namjene te svih nužnih okolnosti koje su navedene procese pratili. Čovjek je uzgojio i sortirao konje prema njihovom genetskom nasljeđu, ustrojstvu i brojnim drugim karakteristikama. Naime, konje, koji su živjeli u istim uvjetima i koji su stekli i zadržali izvjesne zajedničke osobine, označio je određenim pasminama. Neki hipolozi navode dvije osnovne skupine pasmina: pasmine konja „brzih hodova“, odnosno orijentalne, lake konje, koji se u praksi još zovu i toplokrvni konji, te pasmine konja „za korak“, odnosno okcidentalne, teške konje, koje nazivamo i hladnokrvnim konjima.

Josee Hermsen u svojoj pak enciklopediji navodi proširenu i specifičniju podjelu konja te ih razvrstava u sedam skupina: arapski, punokrvni, toplokrvni, kasački, hladnokrvni konji i poniji. Također, opisuje razliku između konja i ponija navodeći da osnovnu razliku čini visina grebena. Poniji su životinje čiji je kriterij određivanja pasmine definiran tako da uključuje konje do 152 cm visine grebena. Pored toga, poniji zbog kraćih nogu i jačeg trupa imaju drugačiji hod.



Naravno, postoje razne kategorija ponija. Nisu iste visine npr. šetlandski poni ili poni pasmine *New forest*, o čemu se pobrinula genetika, uvjeti i zahtjevi korisnika i prirode koji su ih formirali.

Timar Sokola je pri kraju. Još mu samo drvenim nožem treba očistiti kopita. Već poslušno diže nogu, ne treba ni dohvatiti kičicu, već samo podmetnuti koljeno kao oslonac i učiniti potrebno. Mojih se propovijedi i razmišljanja naslušao pa će zadovoljan zarzati na pozdrav, zatresti grivom i prihvatiti se svoje užine. E, moj Sokole, čovjek bi mogao zaključiti kako si imao sreću roditi se u mojoj staji od tako dobre majke i uživati takav tretman, no ja ne mislim tako. Nedavno, gledajući film o sudbini divljeg mustanga, kao djeliću slobodne i nepokorene prirode, neprestano sam mislio na tebe, na tvoju majku i braću, koji ste izuzeti iz takvog okružja. Mi vam tu slobodu tek „doziramo“ prema našim potrebama i vi ju zapravo uopće ne posjedujete. Na tragu tog razmišljanja, zaključio sam da nemam obraza da ti se ispričam. Osjetio sam se suviše skrušen pred situacijom u kojoj se nalazimo i ti i ja, jer ja sam taj koji iz tisuću razloga nije u mogućnosti da vam slobodu vrati.

Svrha ovoga uvoda nije potanko opisivanje svake pasmine, već mu je namjera da svakog onog koji osjeća naklonost prema toj plemenitoj životinji potakne na dodatnu znatiželju. Možda se, dragi čitatelju, sretnemo na nekoj uzgojnoj smotri, utakmici, natjecanju ili pak književnoj večeri posvećenoj druženju s ovim predivnim životinjama. Moje je razmišljanje samo mali dio svih saznanja o konjima. Nastupam ovdje kao netko tko se toj predivnoj životinji želi približiti, kao hipofil, i kao onaj koji je „usvojen“ od konja, koji zna što znači doseći prijatelja kojemu nije važan tvoj društveni status, stanje u džepu, fizički izgled ili životna filozofija. Ono što konji jedino žele jest trenutak nesebičnosti u tišini našeg srca, svijetlog, čistog i tom biću uvijek dostupnog. U prijevodu, njima to znači ljubav i pripadnost, zbog kojih će prijatelja-gospodara bez razmišljanja slijediti i u vatru i u vodu. Upravo tako uvijek šapućem na uho Sokolu, a on me, siguran sam, razumije govorom mog tijela i glasa, slažući se sa mnom.

Svi oni trenuci doticani u svijesti čovjeka, koji predstavljaju dug prema konju, počevši od poštovanja svih njegovih upotrebnih vrijednosti do spoznaje o ljubavi koju za njega mi ljudi gajimo, rađaju iskre duha od kojih su mnoge ispisane u sljedećim stranicama ove *Antologije*.

***Mr. spec. Stanko Petrović, dr. vet. med.:***

Ivanić Grad, Hrvatska, proljeće 2013.



Photo by Zdenko Vanjek

## HORSES

The first morning the steps along the pebbly path in the yard were rewarded with neighing from the stable. Before my arrival, the path had endured the creaky steps of my mother, my father and the stable boy, but from the stable no sounds were to be heard.

It was my stepping, recognizable to the ear that expected it, that induced the welcome whinnying for me.

And, God forbid, I'd stop on my way in conversation with some newcomer, the whinnying would turn into neighing until Sokol saw me at the stable door jamb. And so it was so every morning.

As his greeting spread over the stable and the yard, in my chest would spread warmth, some kind of delight of belonging to this four legged wonderful being, with a silky, gray, thick mane and coat, noble eyes, his nape and withers sturdy, his deep chest and strong croup.

Most of his relatives are bay (brown) and black horses, and they originated by the breeding and selection of horses for use in the lowland area along the Sava River, as dray horses and working horses. Posavina, the area of his origin, both the left and the right banks of river Sava, was originally the habitat of the native Posavina horse (Croatian Posavac), but under the influence of other breeds, among which are mentioned Noniusi, half-breed horses, Arabic, Old Spanish, Lipizzaner, Oldenburg and Belgian horses, was created an almost new horse breed, adjusted to Posavina land and the demands thereof.

To enquire about the breeding of this horse, we may ascertain with pleasure that it has been well planned and effective.

My Sokol is from the class Mammals (*Mammalia*), subclass Placentalia (*Placentalia*), order of ungulates (*Ungulata*), suborder (*Perissodactyla*), family horses (*Equidae*), genus *Equus* and species *Equus caballus*, the Croatian posavac, a gray stud with orbicular spots. Even without searching his pedigree is written on a verified piece of paper, I feel his nobleness in each breath and each touch of his precious head with my shoulder and my face.

We touch each other with our heads and I whisper into his ear, embracing his strong neck and he trembles like a frightened lamb, like when people had put on him the first harness, cautiously looking around so as not to step onto my foot with his big strong hoof or harm me in some other way.

He waits for grooming, patient and calm, without looking for a reward, only the utterance of love and attention may give him pleasure. I babble to him softly, and he repays me with the sound of sighing through a narrowed glottis as a sign of approval. To brush him and silently speak to him is the biggest prize for him throughout the day.

It is important that he hears my voice, calm and soothing and feels the caress of the brush. Sokol was filled with my lectures about one and all (odds and ends) and never he disapproved at all, although sometimes he showed some disagreeableness, but in a fine way.



“Do you know,” I told him, “what role your ancestors played in the life of humankind? We had been acquaintances about thirty thousand years before the years were counted at all.” Grooming time is a time to relax while pleasantly meditating in silence, audibly fulfilled only with the sound of the brush down the horse’s coat. The fact, that in front of me stands such a beautiful animal opens up a series of questions, starting with the way how and when horses were domesticated and trained to hunt and for war, all the way to questions on the phenomena of the horse as a sacrificial animal.

According to claims by scientists, horse and man were familiar with each other thirty thousand years ago. Archeology and history have kept track of the horse ever since the discoveries of the first fossil ancestors in North America, where they were domesticated first. Traces of them were lost in the alluvial era and investigators assume that the reason for their disappearance was most likely some kind of pestilence. In America, further development of horses may be traced upon the arrival of conquering seafarers and their Spanish horse breeds.

In Plionece, the horse had expanded over today’s Bering Sea Strait to North Asia and further, where there have been found the remains of a genuine breed of wild horses, among which survived only one of them - *Equus ferus*. This horse inhabited the territory of Asia, particularly in Mongolia.

Nowadays it resides in the area of West Dzungaria in China, where it was discovered by Przewalskii and later named after him *Eyuuus Przewalskii* – starting the origin for many breeds of horses, such as the Mongolian horse and the domestic horses of North and Central Europe. In the scientific sphere there exists two differing thoughts and theories about the genesis of the heavy horses and their breed, such as *Equus caballus Auet, Ewart, Equus caballus germanicus Nehringi, Equus Woldrich* i *Equus abeli Ant*.

Other independent genuine forms of domestic horses were *Equus Gmelini Antonius* or *Equus tarpan* (Kodinec, 1951.). The latter became extinct quite late. It had inhabited the area of Southeast Europe and the neighbouring regions of Asia, especially in Iran, where it became established even 3,000 years B.C., but it was observed as a starting group of light horses which reached Babylon and Egypt 2,000 years B.C. It later arrived in Galicia, Latvia and Bosnia, where they were then domesticated. Its descendants are the Galician and Bosnian horse.

In the genetics of the horses wandering over the mountain slopes around the town of Livno in Bosnia, although due to the war and therefore freed from the households we can say they have gone wild, there is the blood of that very Tarpan. I wonder, is it in some way a piece of luck they are there in their natural conditions?

There they have access to enough food, free, gone wild, wandering over the meadows and forests of their ancestors, the very last wild specimen noted back in 1866 in South Russia. Looking at them as free as they are, for that’s the way they have been shown in a movie on the Internet, exteriorly it is possible to claim that we know their genetics, but according to the descriptions and pictures/photos of the Bosnian horse, the autochthonous with a large influence of the Arabian horse, it may be concluded they are very much like the Livno’s horses.

It must be born in mind that Šola systemized the Bosnian horses into two groups, the mountain horse and those of the hilly areas; Grković systemizes them into two types, taking into account the influence of the natural factors of their nascency and formation. Both types show a strong infiltration of Arabian blood. Reading and following the distinction of the Arabian horse, I can notice similarities in the transferred attributes.

Therefore, the type *podveležac*, due to habitation on poor soil and rocks, has the characteristics of tenacity and perseverance but is of a delicate build, while the type *glasinac*, a horse raised on the flatlands and richer pastures, besides also tenacity and perseverance, is stronger and more massive. The perseverance and diligence of these horses I witnessed during my time spent in the army in the mountain cavalry. I did not know them earlier, only from books. But, on my return from the army, where I gained experience I carried with me a deep respect towards these praiseworthy animals. It is small but carries a load for hours, without taking a rest and just for a handful of grains of oat, a bit of hay and water, even over the areas where only goats and wild animals pass by. I felt obligated to say several sentences about them, remembering the loyal mare by the name of Lidija, which carried a cannon, all army equipment and even helped me on the climbs whenever I held onto her pack saddle, tired from the long journey over the wasteland.

At the time of migration of humans, interbreeding of the descendants of the horse breeds *Przewalskii* and tarpana occurred, consequently new breeds were formed from which descended the Spanish types of horses, but not all of them. Taking as an example the Andalusian horse, as per research it has not been derived from any of the already mentioned starting groups, respectively not from the Arabic horse, but it is believed it survived in this area the last Ice Age. Paintings from the Neolithic period witness this and an indigenous breed as a starting group exists in the hilly parts of Portugal, and is called the Soraya pony. It's a primitive ancestor of the Andalusian horse. From this example can be seen how many parameters influence the probability of forming a single breed, and in regard to this, what needs to be taken into consideration if we try to make an accurate judgement.



Photo by Zdenko Vanjek

The descendants *Equus gracilis Ewart*, which remains date back to the Pliocene are a starting group of Middle European and English horses. Their direct ancestor is the Celtic pony. The original wild forms left their morphologically and physiologically trail in their domesticated descendants. While mentioning these movements and the original groups, I'm trying to come generally closer and condense the great time distances and huge geographical vastness where the horse was moving through, however it would take much more text and time, which is not the goal of this introduction.

Is it possible to imagine the wars in Ancient times without chariots and carriages and pairs, without Roman arenas and without races? Or the Singis Khan's warriors who did not know how to live without this animal.

They were born with it; they lived and died on it. Great empires were conquered on a horse and with its help. To mention only a few: old Greeks with their chariots, Romans, the army of Alexander the Great of Macedonia, Turkish troops, Crusaders, Indian hordes, the American troops of the North and South. Cowboys and cattle drivers (vaqueros) still use horses in herding throughout South America.

In the past, almost all transport depended on this animal; it depends even today only in a motorized version. Only the name has been saved, to the memory of an excellent postal institution – the Pony Express. We should remember Jochim Murat and his books about Napoleon's marshal Marcel Dupont and quote him: "...with his faithful Belliard as the head of general staff he stepped to the head of the huge cavalry army, the world had not seen yet: 4 nukutary corpses - Nansouty, Montbrun, Grouchy i Latour-Maubourg – with 48 regiments, 78 cannons and 50.000 horses...\* altogether. That's how Napoleon prepared his attack on Russia.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, too, had a fantastic calvary, giving a job to all possible breeds of horses, from the heavy breeds, which served for towing cannons, all the way to the light cavalry. We cannot bypass the Second World War, drawing artillery horses, mountain guerrilla horses, the Cosacks' horses. There are many examples.

Besides the military purpose, this diligent hardworking animal played a large role in transport, nutrition, agronomy and today as a reward after all, in sports. As the tehnics advanced, machines replaced horses in almost all domains, except for the transport of food and raw materials in inaccessible areas and in sport, recreation and physical therapy.

Horses as we know them nowadays are the result of evolution but also a breed aimed at with goals of certain purposes and all the necessary circumstances which have accompanied the mentioned processes. Man bred and sorted horses as per their genetic heritage, organization and a number of other characteristics. Namely, the horses which lived in the same conditions and attained and kept certain joint attributes, man marked as certain breeds. Some hypologists induce two basic breed groups: the breed of horses with "a quick gait", respectively oriental, light horses which in praxis are called the warm-blooded horses, and the horse breeds "for pace", that is oxidental, heavy horses which we call cold-blooded horses as well.

Josee Hermsen in his encyclopedia gives a wider and specific classification of horses thus segmenting them into seven groups: Arabian, full-blooded, warm-blooded, Ambler, cold-blooded horses and ponies. He also describes the difference between a horse and the pony, where the basic difference between the two is the height of the withers. Ponies are animals which criterion for the determination of the breed includes horses up to 152 cm of the withers' height. Beside that, ponies, due to their shorter legs and stronger body have a different pace. Of course, there are different categories of ponies. They are not of the same height, as for example a Shetland pony or the *New forest* breed of pony, for which are responsible genetics, conditions, user and nature requirements which formed them.

Grooming of Sokol is close to an end. Still, I have to clean his hoofs with a wooden knife. He raises his leg obediently; I need not reach for the pastern-joint, just underlay my knee as a support and do what's needed. He had heard enough of my preaching and reflections so he will be neighing agreeably for greeting shake his mane and start on his snack. Here, my Sokol, man might think you were lucky to have been born in my stable from such a good mother and enjoy such treatment, but my thoughts don't go in that direction.



Not so long ago, watching a movie about the fate of a wild mustang, as a part of free and unbowed nature, I was thinking about you all the time, about your mother and your brothers, which have been taken away from such an environment. We are “dosing” your freedom according to our own needs and you do not possess it at all. On the track of this kind of thinking, I concluded I have not the cheek to apologize to you. I felt too contrite in front of the situation we are in, you and I, for I’m the one who out of a thousand reasons cannot possibly give your freedom back to you.

The purpose of this introduction is not to describe in detail each breed, but it aims at waking the curiosity in every person who feels affection for this noble animal. Perhaps, dear reader, we will meet at some breeding review, game, competition or a literal evening dedicated to accompanying these wonderful animals. My reflections are only a small part of all the knowledge about horses. Herewith I’m in the role of a man who wishes to become even closer to this animal, as a hypophile, and one who has been “adopted” by a horse, who knows what it means to reach a friend to whom social status, financial situation, physical appearance or life philosophy are not important. In translation, to them it means love and affiliation, for which they will follow their friend-master into fire and water without thinking. And that’s exactly what I whisper to Sokol, and I’m certain he understands my body language and voice, agreeing with me.

All those moments that have been touched in the conscience of man, which represent debt to the horse, starting from respect for all his useful values to perceiving the love we cultivate for him, these moments bear the sparks of spirit from which much is written on the following pages of the Anthology.

***Stanko Petrović,***

Spring 2013, Ivanić Grad, Croatia



Photo: Zdenko Vanjek

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### Zoran Antić, Novi Sad, Serbia

Старац за коњем  
заора последњу бразду  
и своју сенку.

Starac za konjem  
zaora poslednju brazdu  
i svoju senku.

Селянин след коня  
изора последната бразда  
и сянката си.

*Превод: Мила Васов*

The old man with horse  
is plowing a last rut  
and his shadow.

*Translated by the author*

ゾラン・アントーニッチ

馬とともに  
農夫耕す  
最後の畝とおのが影

*Japanese translation by Ban'ya Natsuishi*

Stih je nagrađen Specijalnom pohvalom na "7<sup>th</sup> Literary Festival Suruga Baika 2005" i objavljen trojezično u knjizi "НА КРАЈУ ДАНА / НА КРАЈА НА ДЕНЯ / AT THE END OF THE DAY" (Novi Sad, 2005.)

This haiku has been selected to receive the Suruga Baika Literary Honorable Mention Award for the 7<sup>th</sup> Literary Festival 2005 in Japan and published first time in the book "НА КРАЈУ ДАНА / НА КРАЈА НА ДЕНЯ / AT THE END OF THE DAY" (a three-lingual Serbian-Bulgarian haiku Anthology)

Das Greis mit dem Pferd  
pflügte die letzte Furche  
und seinen Schatten.

*Besetzung: Autor*

öreg paraszt  
a végső barázdát szántja  
lova árnyékát

*Fordításai: Terebess Gábor  
(preuzeto sa: <http://terebess.hu/haiku/antonic.html>)*

Старик за лошадыю  
бспахал последнюю борозду  
и свою тень.

*Превод: проф. Саши Шево*

Le viellard avec son cheval  
laboure le dernier sillon  
et aussi son ombre.

*Prevod: Mirjana Mihajlović*

Вранац и дорат –  
диже се облак праšине  
за младенцима.

Vranac i dorat -  
diže se oblak prašine  
za mladencima.

Black and bay horse–  
a cloud of dust raises  
after newlyweds.

**Zoran Antonijević, Mladenovac, Serbia**

Vuka probudilo  
pa zauvek zaspalo  
ždrebe nemirno.

It woke up a wolf  
and then fell asleep forever  
a playful foal.

Besne gromovi  
razbežali se ždrebcu  
požar u štali.

Raving thunders  
stallions scattered  
stable on fire

Noć se povlači.  
Na krilima pegaza  
sunce dolazi.

The night retreats.  
The sun arrives  
on the Pegasus' wings.

Čuje se topot  
a nigde konja nema.  
Utvvara vreba.

Sound of trotting hoofs  
and no horse to be seen  
A lurking phantom.

**an'ya, USA**

autumn trail ride  
a scent of sagebrush  
in the horse's mane

jahačka staza u jesen  
miris kadulje  
u grivi konja

spring pasture  
the chestnut stud outside  
of its sheath

proljetna ispaša  
kestenjast pastuh  
spreman za parenje

spring fever  
the horse's refusal  
to trailer load

proljetna groznica  
konj odbija ući  
u prikolicu

autumn trail ride  
a scent of sagebrush  
in the horse's mane

jesenja vožnja prikolicom  
miris kadulje  
u konjskom izmetu



**Iuliana Apostol, Romania**

cal si calaret-  
un singur trup si stele  
Centaurul

rider, horse and stars—  
one single graceful body  
the Centaur

jahač, konji i zvijezde—  
jedinствено gracilno tijelo  
Kentaura

pierdut in labirint -  
instinct contra ratiune  
magnific Centaur

lost in a maze—  
instinct versus judgement  
majestic Centaur

izgubljen u lavirintu—  
instinkti protiv prosudbe  
veličanstveni Centaur

*English translations by the author*



*Iuliana Apostol, Romania*

plete lungi, trap lin-  
rebela fara cauza  
splendida iapa

rebel without a cause-  
long blond locks and graceful trotting  
the splendid wild mare

bezrazložan bunt-  
dugi plavi uvojci i dražestan kas  
krasna divlja kobila

Haiku by Iuliana Apostol, Romania

**Smilja Arsić, Serbia**

Чудан осећај -  
та снага и слобода  
дивљега коња.

Čudan osećaj  
ta snaga i sloboda  
divljeg konja.

A strange feeling  
that a wild horse's strength  
and its freedom.

Над златним житом  
таласа црна грива.  
Залутали коњ.

Nad zlatnim žitom  
talasa crna griva.  
Zalutali konj.

Above ripe corn field  
waves of black mane.  
A stray horse.

Не спутавај га!  
Нек` коњ дивље лети у  
наручју ветра.

Ne sputavaj ga!  
Nek' konj divlje leti u  
naručju vjetra.

Don't fetter that horse!  
Let him wildly run in  
the arms of wind.

Фијук бича и  
коњска суза. Таљиге  
са гладном децом.

Слинавом руком  
даје кљусету хлеба—  
Заједно жваћу.

Ситан снег право у очи—  
Па промрзли  
ждебац заноси.

Сјај црних сапи  
и таласање гриве—  
коњ у галопу.

Одјек копита  
и рзање тог сјајног  
вранца на киши.

Досадно лето -  
Мали Ром дражи коња  
на семафору.

Празан булевар—  
Коњска потковица у  
врелом асфалту.

Fijuk biča i  
konjska suza. Taljige  
sa gladnom decom.

Pružajući kljusetu  
komad kruha u slinavoj ruci—  
Dijete i konj žvaću.

Sitan снег право у очи—  
па промрзли  
ždrebac заноси.

Razvijorena griva i  
sjaj crnih slabina—  
konj u galopу.

Jeka kopita  
i rzanje sjajnog vranca  
na kiši.

Dosadno leto—  
Mali Rom draži konja  
na semaforu.

Prazan bulevar—  
Konjska potkova u  
Vrelom asfaltu.

The whip's whistle and  
the horse's tear. Peasant cart  
with hungry children.

Giving a piece of  
bread to jade with snotty hand—  
Child and horse chewing.

Fine snow gets into his eyes—  
a frostbitten stallion  
looses direction.

The waving mane and  
the glitter of black flank—  
the galloping horse.

The echo of hooves  
and the bright black horse's  
neighing in the rain.

Boring summer—  
Roma boy's provoking a horse  
at the traffic lights.

Empty boulevard—  
a horseshoe  
in hot asphalt.

*All translations by the author*



Altamira, Spain

(<http://fansdelespanol.com/spain/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/Altamira-horse.jpg>)

**Bashô**

Sukumiyuku ya  
 bayô ni kôru  
 kagebôshi

Jašem na konju–  
 pozadi promrzla puzi  
 moja sjena

Michi-no-be no  
 mukuge wa uma ni  
 kuware keru

Na gorskom putu  
 kljuse je požvakalo  
 cvjetove sljeza

*Translations by Vladimir Devidé*

**Rajna Begović 1939-2011), Serbia**

žig na uvu konja  
 vozačev pasoš  
 duge senke

a mark on a horse's ear  
 is the driver's passport–  
 long shadows

konjska balega  
 devojčica iz grada  
 zapuši nosić

horse dung ...  
 a girl from town  
 covers her nose

*Translated by Saša Važić*

vojna muzika.  
 za kovčegom konj  
 pognute glave

military music.  
 a bent head horse  
 following the coffin

*Translated by Nataša Mišković*

**TANKA**

u snu  
 kao princ na belom konju  
 jurim vetar  
 na javi - ogledalo  
 pokaza belu grivu

in my dream  
 like a prince on a white steed  
 I chase the wind  
 in reality – the mirror  
 shows a white mane

*Honorable Mention, Yellow Moon 2002*

*Translated by Saša Važić*

**Jagoda Bešlić, Croatia**
**TANKA**

Otišao u noć  
 raspleo crne kose  
 i sakrio svoj dah  
 trag kopita ostao  
 na cesti pored puta

He left into the night  
 with unravelled hair  
 hiding his breath  
 tracks of hoofs remained  
 on the road by the way



**Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić, Croatia**

Jutarnji oblak.  
 Nepoznati konjanik  
 na povjetarcu.

*Vladimir Devidé: Antologija hrvatskoga haiku pjesništva, Naklada P.I.P. Pavičić, Zagreb 1996.*

Morning cloud.  
 An unknown rider  
 on the breeze.

Kakva svježina.  
 Pored nas u galopu  
 projuri konj.

Such freshness.  
 Rushing close to us  
 a horse in gallop.

Dva oprečna sna.  
 Crni i bijeli konj  
 jure dan i noć.

Two conflicting dreams.  
 A black and white horse  
 trotting day and night.

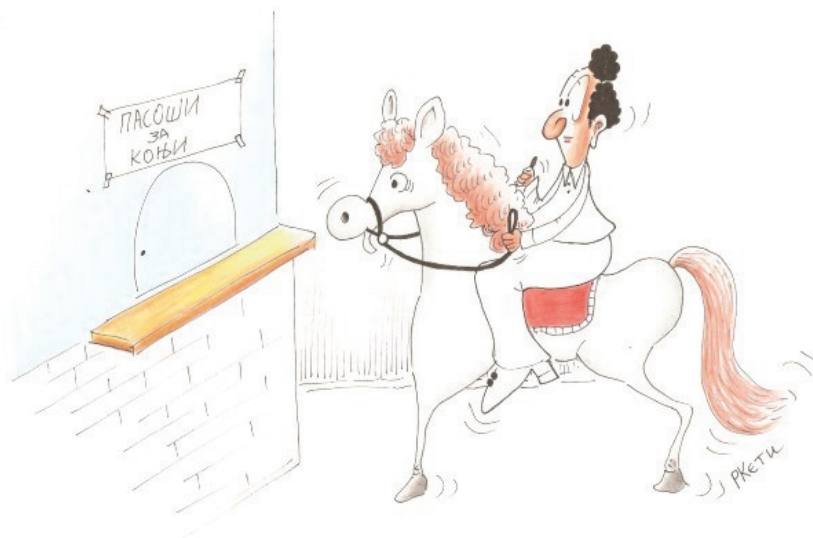
**Dejan Bogojević, Serbia**

igra senki-  
 crni konji u galopu  
 sustižu vetar

*KO Vol 25 No.4, A/W 2010*

*Translated into English by Ivana Pantelić*

the play of shadows-  
 black horses at a gallop  
 catch up with the wind



*Keti Radevska, Macedonia*

**Zlata Bogović, Croatia**

konj protiv kralja  
u sjeni starog hrasta  
končano šah mat

a horse against the king  
in the shade of an old oak  
finally check-mate

tragovi konja  
uz obalu rijeke  
zaljubljeni par

horse's tracks  
by the river bank  
a couple in love

kroz polje ječma  
srebrna mjesečina  
i gladno kljuse

over a barley field  
silver moonlight  
and a hungry horse

preko pašnjaka  
zapjenjenih žvala u  
trku – ždrijebac

over the pasture  
with foamy snaffle-bit  
a galloping stallion

**Stanka Boneva, Bulgaria**

a girl on a horse.  
two chestnut horsetails  
dangle simultaneously

djevojčica na konju  
dva kestenjasta repa  
poskakuju zajedno

slow horses on a ridge  
the sun moves across  
back to back

spori konj na brdu  
sunce se pomiče  
od leđa do leđa

**Julie Bloss Kelsey, USA (24.7)**

through the wooden slats  
of a horse paddock  
the child's eye

između drvenih letvi  
konjskog obora  
oko djeteta

barrier island –  
the whinny of a wild horse  
on the sea breeze

otočna barijera–  
rzanje divljeg konja  
na morskom lahoru



*Ognian Balkandjiev, Bulgaria*

● **Veselin Brnović, Montenegro**

● niz pusto polje  
 ● u divljem trku konji  
 ● jure za vjetrom

down empty fields  
 horses running wildly  
 chasing the wind

**Ralf Bröker, Munster, Germany**

horses grazing  
 my galgo welcomes  
 a new friend

konji pasu  
 moj galgo pozdravlja  
 novog prijatelja

**Helen Buckingham, UK**

beyond my godparents' house  
 the old two-horse field  
 still a field

iza kuće mojih kumova  
 staro polje za dva konja  
 još uvijek polje

**Rosa Clement, Brazil**

farm life  
 the horses still eating grass  
 with a bit of sun

robber's sound track  
 the police's horses speed  
 their trotting

horse racing  
 the narrator stumbles  
 in words

fresh manure  
 in the military parade  
 well trained horses

a natty horse  
 walks on the beach  
 a child's dream

noisy boat  
 two curious horses charge  
 the river levee

život na farmi  
 konji još jedu travu  
 s malo sunca

snimljen ton na vrpce  
 za lopova – ubrzan kas  
 policijskih konja

konjske utrke  
 vođitelj se spotaknuo  
 o riječi

svježe gnojivo  
 na vojnoj paradi  
 dobro obučeni konji

gizdav konj  
 šeta plažom  
 san djeteta

graja na brodu  
 dva znatijeljna konja  
 jure obalskim nasipom



*Nenad Janković, Croatia*



**David Cobb, England**

the horse soldiers  
 each with a lump of sugar  
 in his hand

a gipsy pony  
 its shagginess  
 tethered to shadows

a long-coated horse  
 from the ridge its whinnies  
 long time coming down

a newborn foal  
 the sun lighting through  
 its navel cord

vojnici na konju  
 svaki s kockicom šečera  
 u ruci

poni cigana  
 njegova duga dlaka  
 privezana na sjene

dugodlaki konj  
 dugo silazi njegovo  
 rzanje s grebena

tek rođeno ždrijebe  
 sunčeva svjetlost prolazi kroz  
 pupčanu vrpcu

**Virginie Colline, USA**

hooves resounding  
 in the still autumn air  
 I let go the rein

a band of mustangs  
 in the golden haze  
 just the whip of the wind

jeka potkova  
 u mirnom jesenjem zraku  
 puštam uzde

krdo konja  
 u zlatnoj izmaglici  
 tek bič vjetra

**Silvija Butković, Croatia**
**HAIGA**


**Pod vrelin nebom  
 na prašnjavoj postelji  
 zaslužen odmor.**

**Under the hot sky  
 on the dusty bed  
 a deserved vacation.**

**Haiku by Silvija Butković**

<http://www.haigaonline.com/gallery-fp/sb/00.htm>

**Beate Conrad, Germany/USA**

Nacht scheint weiß  
auf kalter Straße kaum was  
klappernder Galopp.

Herbstlicher Abend.  
Auf schwerer Erde dampft  
ein Pferdeapfel.

Magische Laterne.  
Auf dem Weg nach Atlantis  
gallopiernde Pferde.

Donnernde Himmel.  
Weiße Wildpferde laufen  
die Küste entlang.

Pferderennen.  
Der Cowboy befühlt  
ihre Schenkel

Night shining white  
on this cold road hardly one  
rattling gallop.

Autumnal evening.  
Steaming on heavy earth  
horse droppings.

Magic lantern.  
On its way to Atlantis  
galloping horse.

Thundering skies  
feral white horses  
reach the beach.

Horse race.  
The cowboy touches  
her thighs.

Noć sja bjelinom  
ovim hladnim putom jedva  
da zvecka gallop.

Jesenje več.  
Na mrkoj zemlji isparava  
konjski izmet.

Čarobna svjetiljka.  
Na cesti za Atlantis  
galopira konj.

Burno nebo.  
Divlji bijeli konji  
stigli do plaže.

Utrka konja.  
Jahač dodiruje  
njena bedra.

**HAIGA: Beate Conrad, USA**


**Željka Čakan, Croatia**

Siva kobila,  
 ždrijebad crna.  
 Pastuh likuje.

Gray mare,  
 black foals.  
 An exultant stud.

Konjanik mlad  
 sa tkanicom o pojasu  
 šareni vihor.

A young horse rider  
 with a girdle around his waist  
 colourful whirlwind.

**Ana Dabac, Croatia**

miris staje,  
 konj prospe s grive  
 na livadu

smell of the stable,  
 a horse scatters it from the mane  
 onto the meadow

pripijeno  
 kobili uz slabine  
 spava ždrijebe

skin-tight  
 by the mare's thigh  
 a sleeping foal



[http://media-cache-lf0.pinterest.com/upload/185280972139277923\\_8MuMvP5U\\_b.jpg](http://media-cache-lf0.pinterest.com/upload/185280972139277923_8MuMvP5U_b.jpg)

**Darenskaja Marina, Russia**

ever higher  
 on the wild horse's back  
 only the sky

sve više  
 na leđima divljeg konja  
 tek nebo

с места в карьер  
 кисть конского хвоста  
 намечает простор

Into the quarry  
 the horse's tail brush  
 outlines the scope

u kamenolomu  
 četka za rep konja  
 naznačila opseg

*English translations by Origa*

**Robert Davey, England**

another firework  
 the horses' fear  
 swerves

još jedan vatromet  
 strah konja  
 krivuda

empty paddock -  
 trampled where he  
 waited for her

prazan obor za konje—  
 ugaženo je mjesto  
 gdje ju je čekao

chilly night  
 lingering heat  
 under his rug

prohladna noć  
 dugotrajna toplina  
 pod njegovim pokrivalom

bolted horse—  
 hoof prints in the dark  
 slow to a trot

uplašen konj—  
 otisak kopita u tami  
 usporavaju u kas

misty night  
 the stable's  
 shifting quietness

maglovita noć  
 u staji  
 pomiče se tišina

● drenching rain -  
 in the stable  
 ● a moped  
 ●

pljusak—  
 u staji  
 moped

**Tatjana Debeljački, Serbia**

prolećna kiša  
 po kamenjaru jašem  
 belog konja

spring rain  
 down the rocky ground  
 I'm riding a white horse

*Mainichi Daily News, April 14, 2012*

general vojske  
 na konju drži zastavu  
 u vazduhu

an army general  
 riding a horse holds a flag  
 in the air

**Vladimir Devidé (1925-2010), Croatia**

Pod kopitima  
 spomenika kralju  
 dvadesetak goluba.

Under the hooves  
 of the king's monument  
 twenty-or-so pigeons.

*Four Seasons, Haiku Anthology in English and Japanese. Kōko Katō, Kō Poetry Association 1991*



Mirjana D.H. Smolić, Croatia

**Ankica Dmejhal, Croatia**

konj kojeg sam prodala  
odlazi iz sela  
u maglu

the horse I sold  
goes from the village  
into the fog

konjanik  
obraća se konju  
hladna je noć

a horse rider  
speaks to his horse  
it's a cold night

**Zoran Doderović, Serbia**

spremanje sobe–  
konjić od porcelana  
blista sećanjem

cleaning the room–  
a little porcelain horse  
shinning with memories

*Haiku No. 19/20, Zagreb, 2003*

**Frank Dullaghan, UK**

on the bridge  
crossing the traffic jam-  
horses

na mostu  
zastoj u prometu -  
prolaze konji

*Presence #45  
English translation by Željko Funda*



**Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

U Bosni. Konji  
ničiji-divlji, naši  
u pustopolju!

Bosnian's horses  
nobody's, wild, ours  
in the wasteland

**Branislav Đorđević, Serbia**

Iskrzan ular  
nadžive starog koňa.  
Jeseње вече.

Iskrzan ular  
nadžive starog konja.  
Jesenje večē.

A ragged horse collar  
survived an old horse.  
Autumn evening.

Jeseње вече.  
Над празнима јаслама виси  
искрзан улар.

Jesenje večē.  
Nad praznim jaslama visi  
iskrzan ular.

Autumn evening.  
over empty manger hung  
a ragged horse collar.

Трошне јасле и  
крезуба магарица—  
чекају јутро.

Trošne jasje i  
krezuba magarica—  
čekaju jutro.

Ruinous manger and  
a toothless jenny—  
waiting for the dawn.

**Heike Gewi, Germany/Republic of Yemen**

Sommerbrise  
von der Koppel das Wiehern  
eingezäunter Freiheit

summer breeze  
from the paddock the whinny  
of fenced freedom

ljetni lahor  
iza ograde njištanje  
ograđene slobode

zwischen Pferdeohr'n  
des Menschen Gesicht –  
Wind des Himmels

between a horse's ears  
the man's face  
wind of heaven

između konjskih uši  
lice čovjeka  
nebeski vjetar

Bist du Luft  
Oder Erde entsprungen?  
Blaue Mähne in Welleän

are you  
native to air or earth?  
blue mane in waves

pripadaš li  
zraku ili zemlji?  
plava griva u valovima

Stille  
Pferd und Reiter  
in einer andren Welt

silence  
horse and rider  
in another world

tišina  
konj i jahač  
u drugom svijetu

**HAIGA and haiku by Heike Gewi**


Indian summer  
 all colours are  
 chasing me

hg

Indian summer  
 all colours are  
 chasing me

Alweibersommer-  
 alle Farben sind  
 auf der Jagd nach mir

bablje ljeto  
 progone me  
 sve boje

**Coca Elena Gheorghiu, Romania**

Goană după cai-  
 un mânz plăpând  
 oftează prelung

Running after horses  
 a fragile foal  
 sighs long

trčeći za konjima  
 krhko ždrijebe  
 dugo uzdiše

*Engl. version by L.V. Albatros, VII Vol.No 12/13 2009 Year XVII- New series*

**Slavica Grgurić-Pajnić, Croatia**

vjetar miluje  
 travu i grivu konja  
 naizmjenično

wind caressing  
 the grass and horse mane  
 alternately



*Saadya, Israel; "Gallopig Origami Horse",*

<http://origami-aesthetics.blogspot.com/2012/02/equine-sculpture-exhibition.html>

### Robin D. Gill, USA aka Flying Tofu

Palm fronds become  
 manes and tails . . . of course!  
 The Year of the Horse.

A windy first day  
 this year, the palm fronds do  
 everything but neigh!

Horse-head fiddle –  
 in Mongolia every year  
 belongs to the horse.

Grane palmi postaju  
 grive i repovi ... dabome!  
 Godina konja.

Vjetrovit prvi dan  
 ove godine, grane palmi čine sve  
 samo ne ržu!

Violina s glavom konja–  
 svaka godina pripada konju  
 u Mongoliji.

### Jan Oskar Hansen, Norway

mare on pampas  
 sees the encroaching city  
 worries for her foal

kobila na pampas travi  
 vidi nestrhljivi grad  
 brine za svoje ždrijebe

### Cornelia Hondt, Austria

Music, prancing steps  
 the magic in black and white  
 Spanish Riding School

Glazba, poskakivanje,  
 čarolija u crno- bijelom  
 španjolska škola jahanja

### Marshall Hryciuk, Canada

Apache Reserve Road  
 Appaloosas so close  
 I can see eyelashes

cesta u apaškom rezervatu-  
 appaloosa konji tako blizu  
 vidim im trepavice

up the stony hillside  
     horse's grey haunches  
             whipping a black tail

uz kamenu padinu  
     siva stegna konja  
             šibana crnim repom

an Appaloosa's swollen penis  
     dangling  
             in the desert dusk

nabreknut penis Appaloosa  
     klima se  
             u pustinjskom sumraku

light on the hills  
     snow down their flanks  
 palominos

svjetlost na obroncima  
     sniježi niz njihova stegna  
 palomino konji

**Clelia Ifrim, Romania**

Everywhere the green  
 mountains – next time I want to  
 be born as a horse

*Kō Vol.25 No.10 s/s 2011*

Posvuda zelene  
 planine – nanovo rođena  
 ja želim biti konj

**Gail Ingram, New Zealand**

his velvety lips  
 in the palm of her hand  
 taking the apple

galloping across grass  
 my fingers entwined  
 in his mane

baršunaste usne  
 na dlanu njene ruke  
 uzimaju jabuku

galopom kroz travu  
 moji prsti isprepleteni  
 u njegovoj grivi

**Dubravko Ivančan, Croatia (1931-1982.)**

Konji u kasu  
 Potkove  
 Okreću nebu!

Trotting hores  
 Horseshoes  
 Turned to the sky!



*Zlatko Kokotović, Zagreb, Croatia*

*Haiku from: Dubravko Ivančan (1920-1951.) Zemljište sa šljunkom, Zagreb, 1966*

Konj.  
 Zaustavlja se  
 Šijom.

A horse.  
 It stops  
 With its neck.

Konji u trku.  
 Kola tek nekad  
 Dotaknu drum!

Trotting horses.  
 The coach hardly touching  
 The road!

*Dubravko Ivančan: Život na selu, haiku, Zagreb 1975*

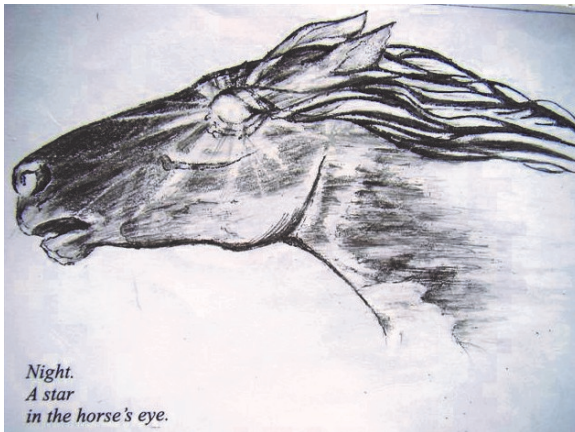
Konj...  
 Kaska  
 I nozdrvama!

A horse...  
 Trotting  
 With its nostrils, too!

*Haiku, Riječ i slika, Dubravko Ivančan-Nada Žiljak, Galerija Sv. Ivan Zelina, Zagreb 1996.*

### Alexandra Ivoylova, Bulgaria

#### HAIGA



*Night.  
 A star  
 in the horse's eye.*

Night.  
 A star  
 in the horse's eye.

Noć.  
 Zvijezda  
 u oku konja.

Haiku and Haiga  
 Alexandra Ivoylova, 2006

### Ken Jones, UK

Across a foaming river  
 from the moonlit field  
 pounding horses

Preko raspjenjene rijeke  
 s polja u mjesečini  
 topot konja

*Ken Jones: Stallion's Crag, haiku and haibun IRON Press 2003,  
 Translated by Vida Pust Škrkulja*



**Nada Jačmenica, Croatia**

crna mrlja  
na paleti polja -  
trag kopita

a black spot  
on the field palette-  
track of the hoof

u pijesku  
tragovi kopita  
i školjki

in the sand  
tracks of hoofs  
tracks of shells

kopita  
razbacuju jesen  
na nizbrdici

the hooves  
tossing the autumn  
down the hill

sjena konja  
zadihana usponom  
posustaje

while ascending  
panting shadow of a horse  
slackened its pace

nervozni rep  
ošinuo dosadnu  
muhu na nozi

a nervous tail  
whipped a stubborn  
fly on the leg

konj u kasu  
prestrašio latice –  
vrtlog mirisa

trotting horse  
frightened the petals–  
eddy of fragrance



*Heike Gewi, Germany/Republic of Yemen*

**Milorad Kalezić (1936-2006), Montenegro**

razigrani konj  
 na sebi nosi  
 planinski vetar

a playfull horse  
 carrying on himself  
 the mountain wind

nemirni vranac  
 poljem galopira –  
 sebe da stigne

restless black horse  
 galloping over the field–  
 to catch up with himself

**Robert Kania, Poland**

old village  
 under the horse's hooves  
 clouds of dust

staro selo  
 pod kopitima konja  
 oblaci prašine

**Nada Kanižanec, Croatia**

u oku vranca  
 vidim cijeli pašnjak  
 i svoju malenkost

in the black horse's eye  
 I can see the whole pasture  
 and tiny myself

na trgu spomenik  
 ratnik uzdama miri  
 propetog konja

square statue  
 with reins a warrior pacifies  
 a rearing horse

na strmoj stijeni  
 penjač se drži za užu  
 konjskom snagom

on a steep cliff  
 a climber holds a rope tightly  
 with horse strenght

HAIGA by Elaine Whitman



lightning fast  
 mountain sunset  
 blessed silence

brza munja  
 zalaz na planini  
 blagoslovljena tišina

Haiku by Neal Whitman

## M. Kei, USA

the A-rabber's\*  
 horse drawn wagon  
 looms through the mist:  
 watermelons, pantyhose  
 and condoms for sale

konj i kočija  
 uličnog prodavača  
 promaljavaju se kroz maglu:  
 lubenice, hulahupke  
 i kondomi na prodaju

\*African American merchants in Baltimore, Maryland, who operate horse-drawn wagon-stores. Before the invention of convenience stores, A-rabbers traveled through the neighborhoods selling useful things. Not many A-rabbers remain in business, but they're a characteristic of old Baltimore.

\*afričko-američki trgovci u Baltimoru, Maryland (USA), upravljaju kočijom-trgovinom. Prije otkrića praktičnosti prodavaonica, A-rabberi su putovali svojim kočijama kroz gradske četvrti i prodavali uporabne stvari. Nema ih više mnogo u tom poslu, no oni su karakteristični za stari grad Baltimore.

Noticing  
 the carriage horse's limp—  
 glad I didn't  
 take the buggy ride  
 after all

Primijetivši  
 da konj šepa—  
 radostan sam što ipak  
 nisam išao  
 na vožnju kočijom

... a carriage horse that was brought in to give rides at a winter festival in the town of Elkton, Maryland, USA.

Na zimskom festival u Olktonu, Maryland, USA, između ostalog, moglo se voziti kočijom s upregnutim konjem.

I speak kind words  
 to the carriage horse  
 surprised,  
 he turns so he can see me  
 in spite of the blinders

Zborim tople riječi  
 konju upregnutom u kočiju  
 iznenađen,  
 okreće se kako bi me vidio  
 sljepoći usprkos



Živko Nimac, Croatia

**John Kinory, England**

two grey horses  
 the snow  
 tinged brown

*Blithe Spirit 20:2, 2010*

telephone pole  
 slowly rotting  
 behind the chewing horse

*Kokako 3:2005*

two tan horses in a field  
 measuring the hillside gradient  
 hoof by hoof

*Blithe Spirit, 14:4, 2004*

dva sivca  
 snijeg  
 u smeđim nijansama

telefonski stup  
 sporo trune  
 iza konja što žvače

dva sivca u polju  
 mjere kosinu brijega  
 kopito po kopito

**Karen Knight, Australia**

After the battle  
 swollen horses  
 in the peach orchard

*Haiku Sequence Battle Fields; Edge of light, the Red Moon Anthology of English Language Haiku, 2003*

Nakon bitke  
 napuhnuti konji  
 u voćnjaku

**Krzysztof Kokot, Poland**

galloping horses-  
 the wind entangled  
 in dispelled manes

a Gypsy camp-  
 the glow of fire in the eyes of horses

konji u galopu-  
 vjetar upleten  
 u raspršenu grivu

romski kamp-  
 sjaj vatre u očima konja

**Dubravko Korbus, Croatia**

jutarnji obred  
 pastuh provjerava miris  
 svake kobile

miris kobile...  
 pastuh provlači trbuh  
 kroz visoku travu

a morning ritual  
 the stallion checking the smell  
 of every mare

smell of a mare ...  
 stallion wriggles his paucnh  
 through the tall grass

*Dubravko Korbus: Haiku collection Zapisi starog strašila/ Chronicles of the old Scarecrow, 2011.*

razmrvljen  
konjskim kopitima  
miris pečurki

crushed  
by horse hoofs  
the fragrance of mushrooms

konj u galopu  
oznojio  
tijelo jahačice

galloping horse  
sweated the body  
of the horsewoman

### **Marinko Kovačević, Croatia**

Rosna livada.  
Njisak ždrijepca lomi  
staklo jutra.

Dewy meadow.  
Whinny of the foal shatters  
the glass of morning.

Kobila i pastuh  
u igri punoj nježnih  
ugriza.

A mare and stallion  
in a game full of gentle  
nibbles.

*Marinko Kovačević: Iskrenost stabala/Sincerity of Trees, SKUD "Ivan Goran Kovačić", Zagreb, 2011. English translation by Graham McMaster*

### **Evica Kraljić, Croatia**

iza ograde  
konji na travi leže–  
putuje nebo

behind the fence  
the horses lying in the grass–  
travelling sky

konjanici–  
guske na seoskom putu  
u strahu grakću

horse riders–  
geese on a country road  
honk in fear



<http://primaltrek.com/dasongrevl.jpg> Song Dynasty (960-1279 AD: Novčići za igre / Collectors today believe horse coins were either pieces used on game boards or counters for gambling.

### **Zdravko Kurnik (1934-2010), Croatia**

kroz visoku travu  
iza konjića bez nogu  
trči pasji rep

through a tall grass  
behind a legless horse  
runs the tail of a dog

*Translated by the author*



### Jernej Kusterle, Slovenia

konjski tek prek vrb  
lomi kosti meglici  
krhki od dežja

horse's run over the willows  
breaking bones of the mist  
being fragile by the rain

konj kasa vrbikom  
lomeći kosti magli  
krhkoj od kiše

kaplje žalosti  
tisočih konjskih trupel –  
ni svetlega dne

drops of hidden sorrow  
of thousand horses' carcasses—  
there is no fair day

kapi skrivene tuge  
tisuće konjskih trupala  
–nema pravednog dana

*English translation by the author*

### Peko Laličić, Montenegro

biće hleba –  
razulareni konji  
zlato gaze

there will be bread—  
unrestrained horses  
trudging through the gold

### Catherine J.S.Lee, USA

a horse's nose  
through the trailer bars—  
open road

nos konja  
viri između rešetki furgona—  
otvorena cesta

*"Ambrosia", July 2010 and "A New Resonance 7" from Red Moon Press.*

### Marijan Lončarić, Croatia

Veliki bijeli konj  
Ulazi u staju  
Osta mu rep

a large white horse  
entering stable  
its tail outside

*Grammar school Oprtalj / učenik OŠ Oprtalj, voditeljica/mentor: Sanja Petrov*

### Chen-ou Liu, Canada

prairie sunset  
a white horse grazing  
on my shadow

zalazak sunca u preriji  
bijeli konj pase  
na mojoj sjeni

a horse drinking the stream,  
hung from the fog  
ring of the sun

konj pije potok,  
iz magle visi  
kolot sunca

yellow brick road  
 a faint echo  
 of horses' hooves

žuti put od cigle  
 slabašni eho  
 konjskih kopita



running  
 with his mother-  
 the unborn foal

trči  
 sa svojom majkom-  
 nerođeno ždrijebe

### Haiku by Nancy Nitrio

Altamira Spain:Prehistoric Cave Painting

<http://imgc.allpostersimages.com/images/P-473-488-90/30/3031/FYLB00Z/posters/prehistoric-cave-painting-of-a-horse-with-foal-altamira-spain.jpg>

### Horst Ludwig, Germany/USA

Dunkles Sonnenlicht.  
 Erhöht, weit am Horizont,  
 gefleckt ein Mustang.

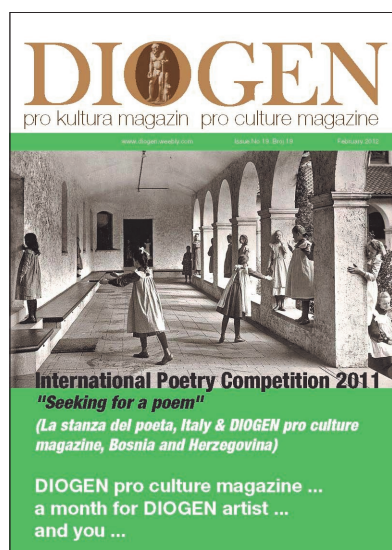
Darkened sunlight.  
 At some height, far at the horizon  
 mottled a mustang.

Potamnilo sunce.  
 na uzvisini na horizontu  
 šareni se mustang

Im Aufblendlicht  
 plötzlich zwei galoppierende  
 und Glatteis.

In my high beam  
 Pferde — suddenly two galloping horses -  
 and black ice.

Pred dugim svjetlima vozila  
 iznenada dva konja u galopu  
 i crni led.




**Tonka Lovrić, Croatia**

i travke  
za konjima  
u gallop

even the grasses  
follow the horses'  
gallop

u grivi konja  
jaše jutarnji  
povjetarac

in the horse mane  
rides  
yesterday's breeze

**Nenad Janković, Croatia**
**Vesna Lukatela, Croatia**

zeleno polje  
podrhtava zvucima  
konjskog topota

a green field  
trembling with the sound  
of horse's hooves

**Paul m, USA**

drifting seed fluff...  
the rented horse  
knows an hour's worth

*Heron's Nest 6.6*

daybreak  
affixing the bonnet  
to the coach horse

*Heron's Nest 2.2*

lebdi paperje sjemenki...  
unajmljeni konj zna  
vrijeme povratka

svitanje  
popravljam šeširić konju  
upregnutom u kočiju

**Patricia J. Machmiller, USA**

*all the King's horses  
and all the King's men—  
moon over Wall Street*

*svi kraljevi konji  
i svi kraljevi ljudi-  
mjesec nad ulicom Wall \**

*\*Wall Street, New York, USA*

**Vjera Majstrović, Croatia**

seoska svadba –  
vezenim ručnicima  
konji okićeni

country wedding–  
horses adorned with  
embroidered towels

**Paul de Maricourt, France**

The girl with iPod  
 below her pony-tail  
 buttocks of a horse

*Whirligig multilingual haiku journal, Vol. II/1-May 2011*

Djevojčica s i-podom  
 ispod repa njene kose  
 zadnjica konja

**Steve Mason, UK**

frozen pond  
 an old horse  
 licks the ice

*Haiku br. 21/22, Zagreb 2004*

smrznuto jezerce  
 stari konj  
 liže led

**Duško Matas, Croatia**

bijeli konj  
 mirno pase posred  
 minskog polja

a white horse  
 grazing grasses  
 amidst a mine field



<http://www.indiapost.gov.in/Old/netscape/Stamps2009.html>

**Michael McClintock, USA**
**TANKA**

leading my horse  
 to the river at midnight  
 scattered stars  
 in such impossible numbers  
 we don't mind drinking a few

u ponoć vodim  
 svog konja do rijeke  
 rasute zvijezde  
 u tako nevjerojatnom broju  
 pa nije problem ispiti ih nekoliko

**Clare McCotter, North Ireland**

bay horse entering  
the clearing  
entering the moon

rising from  
a black horse dream  
swan song

hard frost  
under a mare's mane  
her hands

it is not the storm  
in this black November night  
that spooks the horses

mountain cloud  
through a mare's tail  
the broken blue

riđan stupa  
na proplanak  
ulazi u mjesec

rastući  
iz sna crnog konja  
pjesma labuda

debeli mraz  
pod grivom kobile  
njene ruke

nije oluja  
u ovoj novembarskoj noći  
uplašila konje

gorski oblak  
kroz rep kobile  
prelomljeno plavo

● alone with a horse's shadow snow moon

● sam sa sjenom konja snježni mjesec



*Leonardo Da Vinci: Equestrian Statue*

<http://www.mystudios.com/artgallery/L/Leonardo-Da-Vinci/Equestrian-Statue.html>

**John McDonald, Scotland**

the old horse  
stands staring  
into the wind

stari konj  
stoji zagledan  
u vjetar



**Radomir Mićunović, Montenegro**

tačno u podne  
 obad konja razigra –  
 konjanik pade

at noon  
 a horsefly annoys the horse–  
 the rider fell down

**Vesna Milan, Croatia**

žedan konj  
 iz jezera ispija  
 vlastitu sjenu

thirsty horse  
 from the lake drinking  
 its own shadow

bijeli konj  
 princa iščekuje  
 ostarjela dama

a white horse  
 an elderly lady waiting  
 for her prince

zalazak sunca  
 između dva brijega  
 konj i orač

the sunset  
 between two hills  
 a horse and the plowman



Clay horse statuette, complete with saddle and stirrups. A haniwa, from the Kofun period (6th century) in the history of Japan.  
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:HaniwaHorse.JPG>

**Malvina Mileta, Croatia**

sumrak nad ribnjakom  
 konji na pojilištu  
 zmija u blatu

*Sketchbook 7-2 MarApr2012*

seoskim putem  
 konji i selo  
 odlaze galopom

jutarnja magla  
 na crnom konju  
 odjahala iz sela

pond under dusk  
 horses at the watering place  
 snake in the mud

over a country road  
 the horses and the village  
 leave in gallop

morning mist  
 rides away on  
 a black horse

**Witomir Miletić-Vitata, Serbia**

Snežne pahulje  
 kroz odškrinuta vrata  
 ulaze u štalu.

The snowflakes  
 through the door ajar  
 enter the stable.

Iz tople štale  
 u snežnu mećavu  
 jurnu konj.

From a warm stable  
 unto the snow storm  
 scoots a horse.

*Translated by the author*

**Donce Mishovski, Macedonia**

Пред кобилата  
 оросениот пастув  
 светна најсилно

Beside a mare  
 a sweaty stallion  
 in powerful shine

Pred kobilom  
 znojan pastuh  
 snažno zasja

Сенки далечни  
 галопираат во трк  
 црни пастуви

Shadows in the distance  
 in gallop  
 black stallions

Sjenke daleke  
 galopiraju  
 crni pastuvi

Ја почувствував  
 Силината на коњот  
 помеѓу нозе

I feel  
 the strength of a horse  
 between my legs

Osjećam  
 snagu konja  
 između nogu

*English translation by Branka Vojinović-Jegdić*

**Ružica Mokos, Croatia**

teple kelače  
z zobí spuščaju kojni  
zmrznutim ptičem

*(Kajkavijan dialect)*

tope kolače  
od zobí spuštaju konji  
promrzlim pticama

warm fruit-cakes  
with oats dropped by the horses  
for the frozen birds

Ružica Mokos: *Tam čist pod strehom*, Riječ i slika, Galerija Sv. Ivan Zelina, 1995.

pol vure star  
komaj na nogah stoji  
mucasti kujzek  
*(Kajkavian dialect)*

*Translated by the author*

star pola sata  
jedva stoji na nogama  
rundavo ždrijebe

half an hour old  
swaying on wobbling legs  
a cruly colt



*Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia*

**Christina Monica Moldoveanu, Romania**

misty morning—  
a brown foal kisses  
my forearm

galloping fast  
same red tassel on the whip  
and on the harness

maglovito jutro—  
smeđe ždrijebe ljubi  
moju nadlanicu

u brzom galopu  
ista crvena kićanka na biču  
i hamu

**Vasile Moldovan, Romania**

Inn at the road-cross–  
 the owner drinks colored vodka  
 his work horses pure water

Portrait in landscape:  
 raising among the waving reeds  
 a wild horse's head

In the mirror fountain  
 my horse's face  
 and mine

A flock of horses  
 wrapped in mist–  
 autumn dust

Old horses resting–  
 the young mare hurrying  
 to nurse her colt

Mirroring one another  
 the eyes of a steed  
 and mine

Bursts in chain–  
 under the stallion's hooves  
 ripe chestnuts

After a work day  
 the horse of a poor man  
 sleeps standing up

Riding wild horses  
 the poet yet prefers to write  
 about Pegasus

At the farrier  
 horse after horse awaiting  
 in silence

Krčma na raskrižju–  
 gazda pije obojenu votku  
 a njegovi konji čistu vodu

Portret u krajoliku:  
 glava divljeg konja nad  
 zaljuljanom trskom

U fontani  
 odraz lica mog konja  
 i moj

Krdo konja  
 omotano maglom–  
 jesenja prašina

Stari konji odmaraju–  
 mlada kobila žuri  
 dojiti ždrijebe

Odražavaju  
 se međusobno oči pastuha  
 i moje

Prasci u nizu–  
 pod kopitima pastuha  
 zreli kesteni

Nakon dnevnog rada  
 konj siromaha  
 spava stoječki

Jašeći divlje konje  
 pjesnik radije piše  
 o Pegasu

Kod potkivara  
 konj za konjem čeka  
 u tišini



**W.J. van der Molen (1923-2002)**

Space for a moment  
 jolted off its hinges:  
 a horse rearing up.

Na trenutak  
 pomaknuo se svemir:  
 propet konj

*Op een grasstengel klimmen ( To Climb a Blade of Grass) Whirligig multilingual haiku journal, Vol. II/1-May 2011*



*Zlatko Kokotović, Croatia*

**Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia**

jaše djevojčica  
 konj ponosno nosi  
 njen nedostatak

a girl riding—  
 proudly, a horse carrying  
 her imperfection

*Ljudmila Milena Mršić: Malo vjetra u kosi/Some breeze in my hair, 2012.*

**Enver Muratović, Montenegro**

u bisagama  
 sijedi starac nosi  
 cijelu jesen

in the saddlebags  
 a grayhaired oldie carrying  
 the whole autumn

**Ban'ya Natsuishi, Japan**

Human time swayed  
 on horseback  
 becomes a song

Ljudsko vrijeme ljuljano  
 na leđima konja  
 postaje pjesmom

*Ginyu No. 44, 20.10.2009*



### Boris Nazansky, Croatia

pasja vrućina  
roj muha u trzaju  
konjskih bedara

scorching heat  
a swarm of flies in a  
hitch of horse thighs

*Pohvala / Commended, 5<sup>th</sup> Kloštar Ivanić Haiku Contest 2007.  
Boris Nazansky; Blijesci i slijeganja, Naklada Đuretić, Zagreb 2013.*

### Hana Nestieva, Israel

summer breeze...  
the working horse turns  
into Pegasus

от рабочей лошадки  
к Пегасу -  
летний ветер

ljetni povjetarac  
radni konj posta  
Pegaz

*Honorable Mention at Calico Cat XIII contest  
Translated by Origami; <http://origami.livejournal.com/184757.html> -*

### Valentin Nicolitov, Romania

Culcați în iarbă.  
Calul paște liniștit  
dorința noastră.

Lying in the grass.  
The horse is grazing nearby  
our desire.

Ležimo u travi.  
Konj pase pored  
naše žudnje.

*Valentin Nicolitov: Collection Doar clipa... Orion 2005*

### Nancy Nitrio, USA

churning up mud  
from the melting snow—  
white stallion

bućka blato  
od snijega što se topi –  
bijeli pastuh

the old mare  
shivering under  
her winter coat

stara kobila  
drhti u svom  
zimskom krznu

winter feeding grounds—  
wild horses  
grazing peacefully

zimski ispaša-  
divlji konji  
mirno pasu

galloping  
round and round—  
the carousel horse

galopira  
naokolo, uokolo-  
konj na vrtuljku



*Dragica Gajić, Serbia*



**Rita Odeh, Nazareth, Israel**

wild horses  
 behind the barbed wires...  
 Arab Spring

bedroom lights...  
 the frameless picture  
 of wild horses

running  
 towards the rising sun...  
 a white horse

taming  
 the black horse—  
 sin confession

children's laughter—  
 pretending they are  
 horses

cloudy sky—  
 a black horse under  
 the bare tree

morning light—  
 the elegant free gallop  
 over the fields

divlji konji  
 iza bodljikave žice...  
 arapsko proljeće

svjetla spavaće sobe...  
 slika divljih konja  
 bez okvira

trči  
 ka izlazećem suncu  
 bijeli konj

kroćenje  
 crnog konja—  
 ispovijed grijeha

smijeh djece—  
 prave se da su  
 konji

oblačno nebo—  
 crni konj ispod  
 golog stabla

jutarnja svjetlost —  
 otmjenim galopom  
 po poljima

### Oprica Pădeanu, Romania

Caii în gallop –  
vântul rămas singur  
le umple urmele

Horses at gallop–  
the wind remains alone  
filling up the hoof prints

Konji u galopu-  
vjetar ostaje sam  
ispunjavajuć tragove kopita

### Luko Paljetak, Croatia

I dalje nosi  
na leđima svoj teret  
ubijeni konj

Still carrying  
a load on its back  
a killed horse

*Vladimir Devidé: Antologija hrvatskoga haiku pjesništva Naklada P.I.P. Pavičić, Zagreb 1996.*

### John Parsons, England

snowy paddock  
frozen to the rail  
old horse blankets

pašnjak pod snijegom  
stare deke za konje  
zamrznute za ogradu

february dawn  
through thick mist  
a horse fart

zora u veljači  
kroz gustu maglu  
prdac konja

white horse in snow  
merely a shadow  
of blue light

bijeli konj u snijegu  
tek sjena  
plave svjetlosti

sharp apple  
fuzz curls  
on a horse lips

reska jabuka  
kovrčaju se malje  
na usnama konja

*John Parsons: Overhead Whistling, Labyrinth Press 2010*

first spring day  
in the paddock last year's  
blue bucket

prvi proljetni dan  
u oboru za konje lanjska  
plava kanta

deep frost  
escaping through the hedge  
breath of a horse

debeli mraz  
kroz živicu bježi  
dah konja

auction  
rocking horse  
love devalues

aukcija  
konjić za ljuljanje  
obezvrijeđena ljubav



<http://www.spomenari.com>

### Toni Pavleski, Macedonia

цветна ливада  
 коњот ритмично паси  
 свири штурецот

flowery meadow  
 horse is grazing rhythmically  
 cricket is playing

cvjetna livada  
 konj ritmički pase  
 cvrčak svira

коњот во галоп  
 и мислата полета  
 јас на него сам

horse galloping  
 and thought flew  
 I'm alone

galop konja  
 i misao poleti  
 ja sâm

Лузна за среќа  
 Врз моето стопало  
 Коњско копито

scar luck  
 on my foot  
 horse hoof

ožiljak za sreću  
 na mom stopalu  
 konjsko kopito

*English translation by the author*



[http://images.replacements.com/images/images5/china/R/royal\\_tara\\_old\\_coach\\_house\\_bristol\\_dinner\\_plate\\_P0000303664S0001T2.jpg](http://images.replacements.com/images/images5/china/R/royal_tara_old_coach_house_bristol_dinner_plate_P0000303664S0001T2.jpg)



### Zvonko Petrović, Croatia (1925-2009)

Kralj Tomislav na konju –  
 Moj pogled u povijest

King Tomislav on the horse-  
 My gaze into the past

*Renge: Vladimir Devidé, Tomislav Maretić, Zvonko Petrović, Sipar, Zagreb 1995.*

### Predrag Pešić-Šera, Serbia

Nosi putem  
 iglice bora –  
 kopito konja.

On its way  
 a horse's hoof carrying  
 the pine needles.

Na dugoj ogradi  
 nanizani dečaci –  
 konjske trke.

Boys lined up  
 by a long fence-  
 horse races.

*Predrag Pešić-Šera: Grane pune zvezda/Branches under the stars Bogojevićeva izdanja, Valjevo, 2009*

Umro je deda.  
 Posle toliko godina  
 prodadosmo konje.

Grandpa died.  
 After so many years  
 we sold out horses.

Otvorenu ranu  
 rasedlanom konju  
 zaceljuju muve.

An open wound  
 of unsaddled horse  
 treated by the flies.

Gle, pasu konji –  
 dečaci umesto njih  
 jašu štapove.

Look, grazing horses–  
 instead of riding them  
 the boys ride the rods.

Ginu mušice.  
 Dugim šarenim repom  
 konj bije sedlo.

Perishing gnats.  
 By his long mottled tail  
 a horse hits the saddle.

Vodeničar  
 sa štapom u ruci  
 uzjaha konja.

A miller  
 with a rod in his hand  
 mounts a horse.

Jašemo konje –  
 u nečijem džepu  
 zvoni mobilni.

Riding horses–  
 in somebody's pocket  
 rings a mobile phone.




*Elvira Stabi, Croatia*
**Marija Pogorilić, Croatia**

terapijsko jahanje –  
obostrana ljubav  
djevojčice i konja

therapeutic riding  
mutual love of  
the girl and the horse

prodaje se konj –  
natovari dama  
muža u galopu

a horse for sale –  
a lady loading her  
galloping husband

ždrijebe na livadi  
oko kobile jurca  
dječak za loptom

a foal on the field  
a boy with ball  
running around the mare

konj u galopu  
tužan pogled  
gazde u kolicima

a galloping horse  
a sad gaze at the master  
in the wheelchair

u štali graja –  
upravo se oždrijebila  
mlada kobilica

hubbub in the stable –  
a young mare  
just gave a birth

**TANKA**

duga zima  
upregnut par konja  
i hrpe balvana  
na šumskom putu smrznuti  
duboki otisci kopita

a long winter  
harnesses couple of horses  
and piled tree trunks  
on a forest road frozen  
deep hoof tracks

**Jasna Popović Poje, Croatia**

Rzanje, kaskanje,  
 topot kopita–  
 razred ili hipodrom?

Neighing, trotting,  
 clatter of hooves–  
 Classroom or a hippodrome?

*Jasna Popović Poje: Muha u četvrtom a, 2010/Haiku collection A fly in Classroom 4A, 2010)*



The Bronze Chariot and Horses was unearthed in 1980s, along with the world famed Terracotta Warriors that could date back to the Qin Dynasty (221-206 B.C.).

<http://www.chinaodysseytours.com/news/terracotta-warriors-bronze-chariot-and-horses-highlighted-china-pavilion.html>

**Jasminka Predojević, Croatia**

malen konjić  
 ljubi mamicu  
 otimajuć sijeno  
*Haiku No 19/20*

a little horse  
 kissing his mother  
 stealing the hay

**Patricia Prime, New Zealand**

in autumn mist  
 the gymkhana ponies  
 covered with blankets

u jesenskoj magli  
 gymkhana poniji  
 pokriveni dekamama



England 1500's <http://www.theequinest.com/horse-coins/>

**Vera Primorac, Croatia**

kraj dana  
nakon galopa  
smiraj

end of the day  
taking a rest  
after gallop

leprša grivna  
upleten i planinski  
vjetar

fluttering mane  
a mountain wind  
woven into it

konji u kasu  
odzvanjaju  
prostranstva

trotting horses  
echoing  
vastness

**Živko Prodanović, Croatia**

utrkuju se  
ždrijebe i sunce  
prvi dan proljeća

racing  
a foal and the sun  
the first day of spring

*Translated by the author*

**Lilia Racheva, Bulgaria**

Сянката на липата,  
дореста кобила  
над дъждовна локва

Linden shadow,  
a roan horse  
over a puddle of rain

Sjena lipe,  
mrkosiv konj  
nad lokvom od kiše

*Mainichi Daily News, Japan, September 28, 2012,*

Бързеят на времето  
утоли жаждата  
на скитация кон

The rapids of time  
quenched the thirst  
of a stray horse

Brzaci vremena  
napojili žeđ  
konja skitnice

Скитащи облачета  
в очите на жребче,  
вятърът намордник

Wandering clouds  
in the eyes of a colt,  
muzzle of wind

Lutajući oblaci  
u očima ždrebeta,  
njuška od vjetra

Прах от копита,  
ездачи се надбягват  
с ветровете

Dust behind hoofs  
riders running with  
the wind

Prašina za kopitima  
jahači jure s  
vjetrom

*English Translations by Radosvet Aleksandrov*

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia**

konjanik  
na trgu vitla sabljom  
neumorno

a horseman - brandishing  
his sabre on the square  
tirelessly

jeka rzanja–  
iz duboke trave  
izviruju uši i griva

an echo of neighing–  
ears and the mane peering  
from a deep grass

noć bez mjeseca–  
njištanje konja otjeralo  
konjokradicu iz staje

moonless night–  
horse's neighing sent away  
a rustler from the stable

noć mjesecine  
konj bez jahača jezdi  
crnom livadom

moonlight  
a horse without rider riding  
over a black meadow

crni gavrani,  
crnobijele svrake  
na lešu konja

black ravens,  
black and white magpies  
on the corpse of the horse

saonice na konjsku vuču  
na tavanu još od  
II. svjetskog rata

horse drawn sledge  
on the attic  
since World War II

kočijaša mrtvačkih kola  
na groblje vozi  
njegov konj

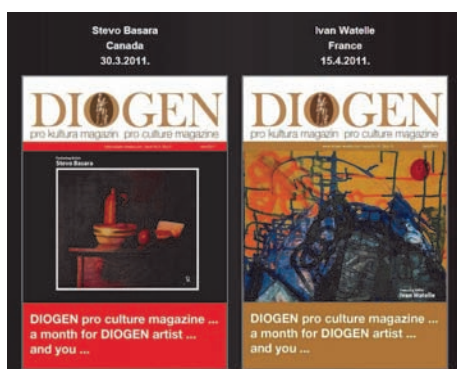
the hearse coachman  
drawn to the cemetery  
by his horse

griva vranca  
upija svom snagom  
proljetnu mjesječinu

black horse's mane  
with all its strenght inhales  
the spring moonlight

velike dveri  
treba otvoriti toj kobili,  
reče veterinar

the large gate  
should be opened for this mare,  
said the veterinarian





*Mameledžija Mirza, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina*

**Zoran Raonić, Montenegro**

Kad priđe mu  
čovjek - konj se na dvije  
noge uspravi.

*Zoran Raonić: Oko pjesme, Pljevlja, Požega 2011.*

As man approaches  
a horse straightness  
On two legs.

Ostaci vatre  
konjska potkovica i sohe—  
kraj izvora.

Remains of the fire  
horse shoe and davits  
by the wellspring.

Julska pržina.  
U sopstvenu sjenku  
konj skriva glavu.

July heat.  
A horse hiding head  
into his own shadow.

Otjera stado  
pa liže ledenice—  
konj na solilu.

Sending away the herd  
then licking the icicles—  
a horse by the salting place.

*Zoran Raonić: Oko pjesme II, Pljevlja, Požega 2011.*



**Aalix Roake, New Zealand**

side by side  
giant horse  
baby horse

jedno uz drugo  
veliki konj  
i ždrijebe

without a saddle  
that horse  
naked

bez sedla  
to konj  
gol je

without a bridle  
that horse  
free

bez uzdi  
taj je konj  
slobodan

searching–  
velvet nose  
nuzzles my palm

u potrazi–  
baršunasti se nos  
tralja o moj dlan

**Vjekoslav Romich, Croatia**

Kafilnerija  
pognute glave stoji  
isluženi konj

Rendering plant  
retired horse standing  
with bowed head

Još uvijek čujem  
odlažeće topote  
posljednjih konja

I can still hear  
the sound of departing hooves  
of the last horses



Old China (1742-1789) Bronze statue

<http://img.alibaba.com/wsphoto/v0/498519614/Old-China-1742-1789-Bronze-statue-sculpture-HORSE-STEPPING-ON-A-SWALLOW-best-collection-adornment-free.jpg>

**Cynthia Rowe, Australia**

long hot summer...  
 feeding the old horse  
 electrolytes

dugo vruće ljeto...  
 starog konja hranim  
 elektrolitima

*Famous Reporter #43 2012*

belts for sale  
 the horsefly settles  
 on a plaited whip

prodaja remenja  
 obad se smjestio  
 na pleteni bič

*Kokako #16 2012*

flowering maple  
 the gait of horses  
 after a long winter

javor u cvatu  
 hod konja  
 nakon duge zime

*(Ant ant ant ant ant ant #8)*

**TANKA**

freed on weekends  
 from forceps and scalpel  
 my father  
 rides his white horse  
 across wind-cleansed paddocks

vikendima oslobođen  
 hvataljki i skalpela  
 moj otac  
 jaši na bijelom konju  
 po vjetrom očišćenom pašnjaku

*A Hundred Gourds 1:2 March 2012*

**Stjepan Rožić, Croatia**


po putu čez selo  
 kojni v trku vlečeju  
 oblak prašine  
 (Kajkavian dialect)

putom kroz selo  
 konji wuku  
 oblak prašine

over a country road  
 the horses pull  
 a cloud of dust

1st Prize, 9th Haiku Day  
 Dubravko Ivančan, Krapina

Haiku: Stjepan Rožić

*Haiga by Mirjana D.H.Smolić, Croatia*

ploveći sprovod –  
 na skeli svi spokojni  
 ljudi, konji, mrtvac...

a floating funeral–  
 calm on the ferry, people  
 horses, the dead person...

konji z vozom  
 na putu čekaju, dedek  
 pod živicu čepi

konji s kolima  
 čekaju na putu, kočijaš  
 čuču pod živicom

a horse coach  
 waits on the road, the coachman  
 squatting by the fence

*7th Haiku Day Dubravko Ivančan, Krapina 2005*

### Ernesto P. Santiago, Phillipines

deeper...  
 into the woods  
 the mustang's breath

dublje...  
 u šumi  
 dah mustanga

galloping...  
 against the wind  
 a runaway horse

galopira...  
 vjetru u susret  
 odbjegli konj

thundering  
 behind me— the horse's hooves  
 beneath me

grmljavina  
 iza mene – potkove konja  
 ispod mene

spring breeze–  
 a black horse waltzes  
 over the river

proljetni lahor–  
 vranac pleše valcer  
 nad rijekom

### Edin Saračević, Slovenia

brenčanje muh  
 in vonj konjskih fig  
 spomin na otroštvo

buzzing of flies  
 and the smell of horse manure  
 memory of my childhood

zujanje muha  
 i miris konjskog izmeta  
 sjećanje na djetinjstvo

kot konjska griva  
 nad grebenom valovijo  
 temni oblaki

like horsehair  
 dark clouds wave over  
 the mountain ridge

poput grive konja  
 talasaju se nad grebenom  
 tamni oblaci

romantično:  
 konjske fige na poti  
 traktor gospodar

how romantic:  
 horse droppings on the road  
 the tractor is the master

kako romantično:  
 konjski izmet na putu  
 a traktor je gospodar

*English translations by Alenka Zorman*

**Slavica Sarkotić, Croatia**

zalazi sunce  
kuća na osami  
negdje rže konj

sunset  
a lonely house and  
distant horse's whinny

poljem prema šumi  
galopiraju konji  
žanju vjetar

galloping over the field  
towards forest – the horses  
reaping the wind



*Origami by Saadya, Israel*

Photo by Sanja Srbljenović Čuček

**Zoe Savina, Greece**

επιβήτορας  
διεκδικεί την άνοιξη  
... και τη φοράδα

stallion  
claims the spring  
... and the mare

pastuh  
svojata proljeće  
... i kobilu

νέα σελήνη  
πέφτει μέσα στη λίμνη  
- κοιτά ίππος βουβός ...

new moon  
faling in the lake  
look, wordless steed...

mladi mjesec  
uranja u jezero  
pogledaj, konj bez riječi...

στην παλιά στέρνα  
τ' άλογο πίνει νερό  
θόλωσ' ο καθρέφτης...

at the old cistern  
the horse drinks water  
–hazy mirror

kod starog rezervoara  
konj pije vodu  
–zamagljeno ogledalo

γρήγορο λευκό  
πέρασε το άλογο  
... ήρθε η νύχτα

swift white streak  
the horse passed  
... night has fallen

brz bijeli trag  
konj je prošao  
... spustila se noć

το αλογάκι  
ανεμοκόκορα κοιτά  
με περιέργεια...

the new born foal  
with curiosity looks  
at the weather cock

tek rođeno ždrijebe  
znatiželjno promatra  
vjetrokaz

### Slavko J. Sedlar,(1932-2011.) Serbia

Ispreže, poji...  
 Konja - zatim toli žeđ  
 Umoran ratar

First he unharnesses and  
 waters the horse then quenches his thirst  
 a tired farmer

Vozi kukuruz  
 Sa konjem kaska magla  
 Dveju nozdrva

Corn driving—  
 with the horse the mist  
 from two nostrils moves slowly

*Slavko J. Sedlar: Takvost 3/Suchness 3, Publisher: Saša Važić 2010.*

Kraj Sutjeske u  
 Kosturu konja borac – I  
 Prolećne trave

By the Sutjeska\*  
 in a horse's skeleton a warrior  
 and spring grasses

*Takvost 2/Suchness 2. Publisher: Saša Važić 2010*

*All translations by Saša Važić*

\*river in East Bosnia, II World War Battle 15 May to 16 June 1943

### ● Ana-Olimpia Sima, Romania

● Watering the horse  
 ● I remember a journey  
 ● begun at night.

Napajam konja  
 sjećam se, putovanje  
 je počelo noću.

*Haiku World, An International Poetry Almanac, W.J.Higginson  
 Kodansha International Tokyo, New York, London 1996.*

### Valeria Simonova-Cecon, Italy

sudden halt –  
 the mustang's heart,  
 keeps running

внезапная остановка–  
 сердце мустанга  
 продолжает бежать

naglo zaustavljanje–  
 srce mustanga  
 i dalje trči

*3d place - the XIII Calico Cat International Bilingual Haiku Contest*

midday heat–  
 a mustang herd  
 brings the wind

полдневный зной–  
 табун мустангов  
 приносит ветер

podnevna žega–  
 krdo mustanga  
 donosi vjetric

*Translated by the author*

**Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia**

Čim svane  
odneću šećer ždrepcu  
zimski noć

*Translated by Saša Važić*

As soon as it gets light  
I'll bring sugar cubes to the stallion—  
winter night

Jutarnji galop  
za vozom što beži.  
Miris poljskog cveća.

*Translated by Nataša Mišković*

Morning gallop  
after a rushing train.  
Field flowers' scent.

Gobleni konja.  
Stara seoska kuća  
prepuna snova.

*Translated by Nataša Mišković*

Horses needlepoints.  
Old village house  
full of dreams.

**Darinka Slanovec, Slovenia**

vsak večer srečam  
policista – njegov konj  
pomaha z repom

every evening  
I meet policeman  
his horse wags the tail

svake večeri  
susretnem policajca  
njegov konj maše repom

preden leže  
si mrzle roke greje  
z božanjem konja

before going to bed  
she warms her hands by  
caressing the horse

pred spavanje  
hladne roke grije  
milujući konja

tih večer  
edini prijatelj  
moj konj

silent evening  
the horse  
my only friend

mirna večer  
konj  
moj jedini prijatelj

povsem sam  
pokončno stoji konj  
za ograjo

all alone  
a horse stands straight  
in the paddock

sasvim sam  
konj uspravno stoji  
u koralu

ni minilo dolgo  
in bil je nazaj  
dobri moj konj

after a short time  
he came back to me...  
my dear horse

nakon kratkog vremena  
vratio mi se  
moj dragi konj

*English translations by Alenka Zorman*





**Rudi Stopar, Slovenia**

utrujen voznik  
s konji glasno kramlja  
voz mora naprej

tired coachman  
talking to his horses  
they know the way

umoran kočijaš  
glasno priča konjima  
oni poznaju put

brzda v gobcu  
pasje sprehajališče  
nemo stoji konj

with bridle in his mouth  
amidst the dog's promenade  
a silent horse

uzda u gubici  
sred psečeg korza  
nijemo stoji konj

nasproti pride  
sosedov iskri konj  
dobrodošlica

coming to meet me  
the neighbour's brisk horse  
welcome

prilazi mi  
susjedov vran konj  
- dobrodošlica

konj in deček  
speta z isto vrvjo  
kdo koga

a horse and a boy  
to bind the same rope  
who whom to lead

konj i dječak  
spojeni istim konopcem  
tko koga vodi?

leden gozd  
konj vleče deblo  
ivje v nozdrvih

the ice forest  
a horse draws a tree-trunk  
white frost on the nostril

smrznuta šuma  
konj vuče deblo  
inje na nozdrvi

konj žveči seno  
maček mu spi na hrbtu  
mir v hlevu

a horse chewing hay  
tom-cat sleeps on his back  
calmness in the stable

konj žvače sijeno  
na leđima mu spava mačak  
mir u staji

**HAIGA**

konj pije vodo  
na grivo sede metulj  
ne moteča sta

konj na pojilu  
na grivi mu sjedi leptir-  
nije smetnja

a horse drinks water  
on his mane sits a butterfly  
of no disturbance



*All translations by the author*

**André Surridge, New Zealand**

summer paddock  
two horses nose to tail  
flicking flies

ljetni obor  
dva konja nosom do repa  
tjeraju muhe

*paper wasp Vol,16 No.1*

procession  
leading the way on horseback  
gypsy violinists

procesija  
kolonu void rom violinist  
na konju

*Taj Mahal Review Vol.7 No.2*

autumn trail  
kaimanawa horses  
go with the wind

jesenja staza  
kaimanawa konji  
idu s vjetrom

nagging her mum  
for a horse of her own  
girl with a ponytail

zanovijeta majku  
želeći vlastitog konja  
djevojčica s repom

**Bajram Šabanović, Montenegro**

natovaren konj  
posustaje uz brdo  
znoj ga oblio

up the hill  
laden horse covered  
with sweat

napred vranče, ne  
miriši travu, ne pij  
tegli–nema nagrade

go on, you black horse  
smell the grass, don't drink  
work hard – there is no award

**Mićun Šiljak (1931-2007), Montenegro**

Idemo nizbrdo  
konj će na okuke, a  
ja prečicom

Going downhill  
the horse follows the bends  
I take the shortcut

*Nebojša Simin, Haiku, nestašna pesma, Prometej, Novi Sad 2000*



**Željko Špoljar, Croatia**

vatreni konji  
propinju se do neba  
u igri strasti

fiery horses  
rearing up to the sky,  
in the game of passion

krilati konji  
igraju se na Gori  
bijeli oblaci

winged horses  
playing on the mountain  
– white clouds

*Željko Špoljar: I poslije mene, HZKD Klanjec, 2008*

umorni konji  
puše se svježim brazed  
spremne za sjetvu

tired horses–  
mist raising from the furrows  
to be sown

*Željko Špoljar: I poslije mene, HZKD Klanjec, 2008.*

već ranim jutrom  
bude svoga gospodara  
njištanjem konji

the dawn  
neighing horses  
wake their master

konj u galopu  
s dječakom na leđima  
bliži se nebu

a horse in gallop  
with a boy on his back  
gets close to the sky



**Marina Dvorski: Konji, ulje na platnu**

[http://4.bp.blogspot.com/\\_TDFP2zHLSWE/S\\_uvQmPsIXI/AAAAAAAAAB3g/HNfG9DK5VhY/s1600/2\\_Konji\\_1\\_web.jpg](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/_TDFP2zHLSWE/S_uvQmPsIXI/AAAAAAAAAB3g/HNfG9DK5VhY/s1600/2_Konji_1_web.jpg)

### Marian Tiuntuic, (12 g.), Romania

bright morning	jasno jutro –
a horse scattering	konj rastresa
fallen leaves	otpalo lišće

*Constanta, Romania; 7. festival dječje haiku poezije Zagreb 2004., Mentor: prof. Ion Codrescu, „Nicolae Tonitza“ School*

### Marija Tirenescu, Romania

pictând un cal	painting a horse	slikajuć konja
care aleargă prin zăpadă –	that runs through the snow –	što trči po snijegu–
pictorul oboist	tired painter	umoran slikar

calul bătrân	old horse	stari konj
își scutură coama –	shakes his mane–	protresa grivu–
cad frunze galbene	the yellow leaves fall	žuto lišće pada

mânzul paște	colt grazes	ždrijebe pase
pe coama dealului –	on the hill top	na vrhu brijega
o adiere	a breeze	povjetarac

aniversare –	anniversary–	godišnjica–
bunica primește	grandma gets	baka dobiva na dar
un cal de porțelan	a porcelain horse	porculanskog konjića

cal alb	a white horse	bijeli konj
alergând prin zăpadă –	running through the snow–	trči kroz snijeg–
doar un privitor	a single observer	jedini promatrač

*English translations by the author*

### Vučeta Tončić, Montenegro

sami u polju	alone in the field
konj i njegova senka –	a horse and his shadow
utrkuju se	racing

### Ion Untaru, Romania

sitting on a tripod,	sjedeći na tronošcu,
and friendly talking with	prijateljski časkam
the old horse	sa starim konjem

*Poems With Narrow Eyes, Bucuresti 2012*

**Mirko Varga, Croatia**

očev sprovod -  
 kao jednogodišnje dijete  
 pamtim samo susjedove konje

my father's funeral—  
 as a year old child I remember  
 the neighbour's horses only

**Mirko Vidović, Croatia**

konju  
 prvaku doprvak pojeo  
 vijenac

vice champion racehorse  
 ate the garland of  
 the horse champ

**Geert Verbeke, Flanders, Belgium**

muffled hoof beats  
 slow funeral procession  
 unveiled grandma

prigušeni koraci kopita  
 spora pogrebna povorka  
 otkrivena baka

*From collection KOKORO haiku i senryu*

**Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania**

Searching for refuge  
 Under silver fir, a white horse –  
 Heavy snowflakes fallen

Tražeci zaklon  
 Pod srebrnom jelom, bijeli konj—  
 Pada gusti snijeg

Chaste Moon  
 Growing from the white horse's horn  
 The sound of the bells

Čedan ožujski mjesec  
 Raste iz roga bijelog konja  
 Zvuk zvona

*English translation by the author*



*Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia*

### Branka Vojinović- Jegdić, Crna Gora / Montenegro

timarili ga  
 najboljim četkama  
 eno ga prvi

they groomed him  
 with the best brushes  
 there he is, the first

gdje li su sada  
 Jabučilova krila?  
 pitam Pirlitor

where are the wings  
 of Jabuchilo?  
 I aks the Pirlitor fortress

ostavio me  
 da sama galopiram.  
 moj Pegaz

he left me  
 to gallop by myself  
 my Pegasus

gizdavo Vranac  
 bez straha prelazi  
 smrzero jezero

black horse with pride  
 and without fear crossing  
 a frozen lake

tužnim pogledom  
 islužena raga  
 prati ždrecicu

by its sad gaze  
 veteran horse follows  
 a young filly

trčeći guvnom –  
 udružena kopita  
 odvajaju pljevu

running in a circle–  
 jointed hooves  
 separate the chaff

zobnica prazna  
 o klinu obješena –  
 žito rodilo

an empty nosebag  
 hanging from a wedge–  
 a good harvest

u malom mjestu  
 veliki događaj –  
 trka konja

in a small town  
 an important happening–  
 a horse race

### Branka Vojinović-Jegdić: HAIBUN: **Brzinom vjetra**

Putujući tog jutra kroz planinu kolskim putem, naš automobil je brektao i zastajkivao pa bi kad se dobro iskašlje udahnuo duboko i jurnuo naviše. Došavši do kraja tog puta izlokanog od upornih kiša, dočeka nas planinski vazduh i tako opijeni stajamo u mjestu bez snage da se pokrenemo. Oko nas su visoki četinari ljubili nebo a sunce bi tek stidljivo slalo po neki zračak koji je provirivao između grana. Naš vodič nas opomenu da krenemo, što mi negodujući učinismo. Nastavili smo uskim puteljkom koji su vjerovatno napravili čobani i divokoze ali mi ih ne sretosmo. Poslije dužeg pješaćenja vodič nas upozori da budemo tihi. Oprezno smo nastavili dalje a stabla su se razmicala i proređivala puštajući svjetlost da nadire u šumu.

Onda se pred nama ukaza veličanstven prizor.

na visoravni  
 skriveni borovima–  
 konji pasu mir



Stajali smo bez riječi jer bi i najmanji šum poplašio te ljepotane u divljini. Osjećajući nečije prisustvo onako veličanstveni, počеше dizati glavu i mrdati ušima ne bi li razaznali ko su uljezi i kakva ih opasnost vreba. Jedan od njih ( vjerovatno vođa ) gizdav, hrabar, dok mu se crna dlaka presijavala na jutarnjem suncu rzanjem uputi poruku ostalima i svi se puni nemira okupiše oko njega. Žalili smo što svojim prisustvom raskidamo taj sklad u prirodi, oduzimajući mir tim divnim bićima ali smo ujedno bili srećni postavši svjedocima nezaboravnih trenutaka.

Pod nečijom nogom puče grančica i za nekoliko sekundi čarolija nestala.

brže od vjetra  
galopiraju šumom –  
noseći spokoj



*Tonka Lovrić, Croatia*

### Željka Vučinić Jambrešić, Hrvatska / Croatia

jesenji sumrak  
šuma progutala  
mog crnog konja

autumn dusk  
my black horse invisible  
in a bare forest

*Simply Haiku, Autumn/Winter 2011*

galop konja  
isprepleće se s  
letom lastavice

gallop of a horse  
intertwines with the flight  
of the swallow

*Award, 5<sup>th</sup> Kloštar Ivanić haiku contest 2007*

seoska tišina  
krhotine punog mjeseca  
u oku konja

calm of the country  
chips of the full Moon  
in the horse's eye

*Commendment, Mainichi Haiku contest 2007*

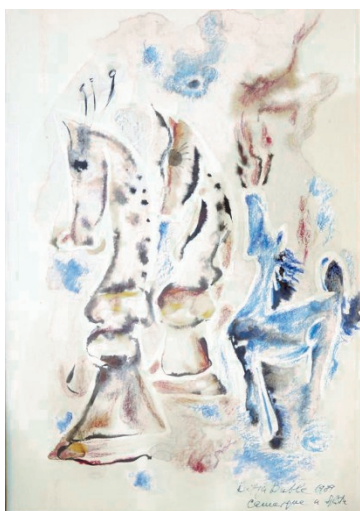
**Blagoje Vujisić, Montenegro**

Promrzlom vrancu  
 nosi toplive mrvice.  
 Oči mu toplije.

To a chilled horse  
 he brings warm crumbs.  
 His eyes warmer.

Pedeset ljeta  
 prošlo. U zavičaju  
 konj me još čeka.

Fifty years  
 passed by. In my homeland  
 my horse still waiting for me.



*Katja Budle, Croatia*

**Đurđa Vukelić Rožić, Hrvatska / Croatia**

konj na sajmu –  
 dovukao je svinju  
 na prodaju

horse at the cattle fair–  
 he brought the cart with a pig  
 to be sold

*D.V. Rožić: Hvatajući oblake / Chasing the Clouds, 2005.*

poštar na motociklu-  
 poštanska kočija  
 u sandučiću

postman on a motorcycle-  
 a postage stagecoach  
 in my post box



[http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/f/f4/Postage\\_stagecoach\\_%28Moscow\\_Postamt\\_300\\_jubilee%29.jpg](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/f/f4/Postage_stagecoach_%28Moscow_Postamt_300_jubilee%29.jpg)

**Vladislav Vuković, Montenegro**

obješen samar  
 sanja starog dorata –  
 teške toware

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

**Neal Whitman, USA**

mountain chill  
 the wranglers a bit gruff  
 saddling our horses

gorska svježina  
 malko osorni kauboji  
 sedlaju naše konje

trail ride to the ridge  
 two ravens cackling  
 Greenhorns!

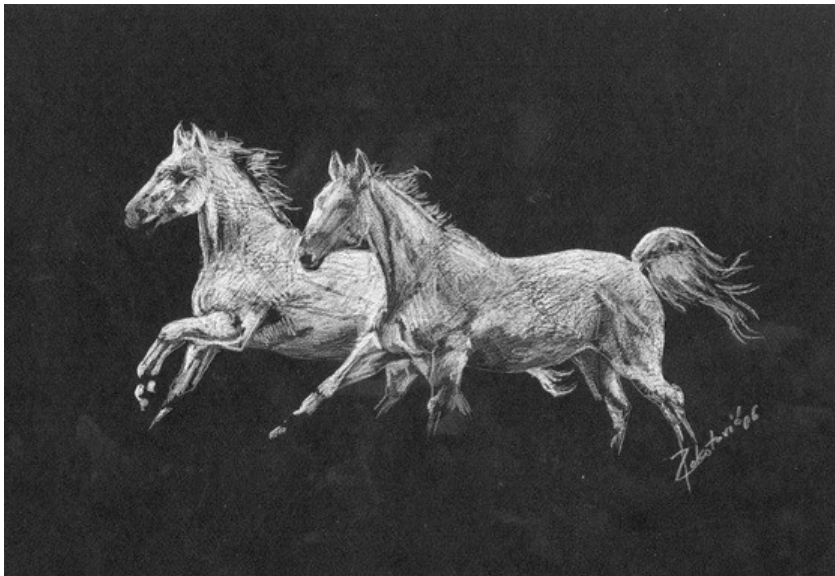
jahanje stazom do grebena  
 dva gavrana kriješte  
 Žutokljunci!

*The Rag, August 2012*

I am a beginner  
 so I ask for a gentle horse;  
 still they give me Snort!

*The Rag, August 2012*

početnik sam  
 pa tražim blagog konja;  
 ipak, dali mi Snorta!



*Zlatko Kokotović, Croatia*

**Frank Williams, UK**

u bujnoj travi  
 na popodnevnoj kišici  
 konj se valja, valja...

*Haiku, No. 19/20, Zagreb 2003.*

afternoon drizzle  
 in lush grass a horse  
 rolls over and over

**Robert Wilson, Phillipines**


*Robert Wilson, Phillipines*

Photo from island of Taal in the Phillipines

**Billie Wilson, USA**

long dry spell—  
 horses in the paddock  
 swish each other's flies

duga suša—  
 konji u ogradi međusobno  
 šibaju muhe

*Hermitage III (2006)m Mann Library's Daily Haiku Featured Poet (June 2008)*

tears blur the meadow  
 a small pony  
 nuzzles my hand

suze zamutile livadu  
 maleni poni  
 njuška moju ruku

*World Haiku Review Premier Issue (May 2001) [chosen as a "Favorite of Favorites" by James W. Hackett]; Cornell University Daily Haiku (2002)*

winter stillness—  
 a low nickering  
 from the horses

zimska tišina—  
 nisko njištanje  
 konja

*The Heron's Nest IV:3 (2002)*

in my dreams last night  
 wild Arabian horses—  
 I butter his toast

*Haiku Dreamworks website (2000); also selected for THF Per Diem feature (September 2013)*

noonday heat  
 the scent of hay and horses  
 from the field

podnevna žega  
 miris sijena i konja  
 s polja

missing you—  
 the farrier's hands  
 calm the brood mare

nedostaješ mi—  
 potkovarove ruke  
 smiruju trudnu kobilu

*Frogpond XXVII:2 (2004)*

March morning  
 winter-furred horses  
 turned toward the sun

*Haiku Light (2001)*

ožujsko jutro  
 konji u zimskom krznu  
 okrenuti suncu

fruit stand apples—  
 the rich smell of horses  
 on my hands

jabuke s tezge—  
 bogat miris konja  
 na mojim rukama

*to find the words: Haiku Society of America Northwest Region Members' Anthology (2000); Raku Teapot: Haiku (Raku Teapot Press, 2003); Haiku Journey [video/computer game] (Hot Lava, 2006); Moonlight Changing Direction (HPNC Two Autumns Press, 2008 - Guest Reader)*

### Klaus-Dieter Wirth, Germany

riesige Koppel  
 doch alle Pferde grasen  
 dicht beieinander

extensive paddock  
 all horses grazing  
 close together

prostran koral  
 pasući svi konji  
 drže se zajedno

taukühl der Morgen  
 auf der Koppel die Pferde  
 nur imaginär

morning cool and dew  
 horses in the paddock  
 but imaginary

jutarnja svježina i rosa  
 konji u koralu  
 ali imaginarni

Rennpferdauktion  
 beim Zuschlag  
 das Wiehern des Hengstes

racehorse auction  
 right with the acceptance  
 the stallion's neighing

aukcija trkačih konja  
 baš u vrijeme svoje prodaje  
 pastuh zarže

Pferdeanhänger  
 ein Schweif fährt außerhalb mit  
 Sehnsucht nach Freiheit

horsebox on its way  
 one tail outside  
 yearning to be free

furgon s konjom na putu  
 rep izvan prikolice  
 čezne za slobodom





Celtic – Gaul 2nd Century BC

**Jadran Zalokar, Croatia:**

Haibun: KORZO

Djetinjstvo sam živio u zaseoku Cari u Svetoj Jeleni, današnji Dramalj.

U šumi, visoko iznad sela.

Prašnjavom cestom prema Rijeci ili Crikvenici tada su prolazile konjske zaprege.

Kršni lički konji vukli su krumpir, zelje, ili su polako kaskali s ponekim jahačem na leđima.

Volio sam crtati, i životinje, i konje naročito.

Na slikama bili su oni još kršniji, divlji, plemenitiji.

Ponekad sam odlazio u Rijeku k mom ocu Milanu Zalokaru, slikaru-portretisti.

I tamo su bili!

Prolazili su Korzom, polako, bez žurbe.

Korzo je bilo u zelenilu.

Repovi i grive konja promicale su među zelenim lišćem.

...

Minule su tolike godine ...

Korzo je sada asfaltirano, prepuno sjajnih prodavaonica.

Zaprege više ne prolaze, Korzom sada trčkaraju samo psi, i zelenilo je nestalo.

Ali jednog jutra, godine prošle, kao nekim čudom, Korzom je gizdavo prokaskao bijeli konj, dugačkih vitkih nogu, uredno raščešljane grive!

Nešto su reklamirali, ili najavljivali.

A ja, postadoh opet, onaj šumski dječak koji je znao kao začaran pratiti konje, čupave, teške od snage i ponosa.

bijeli konj

gizdavo se okreće

na Korzu

*U Rijeci, mjeseca svibnja 2012. godine*





**Božena Zernec, Croatia**

galopom gaze  
 žuto rascvalo polje  
 vranac i lokomotiva

gallop over a yellow  
 field in flower – a black horse  
 and an engine

kasa nebom  
 krdo divljih konja  
 drhti proplanak

herd of wild horses  
 trots over the sky  
 the clearing trembles

šaptač konjima  
 u grivu zapleten kos  
 na pojilu

a horse whisperer  
 a blackbird snagged in its mane  
 at watering place

dišu zajedno  
 osluškuju pjev ptica  
 dječak i konj

they breathe together  
 listening to the songbirds  
 a boy and horse

akrobatkinja  
 na leđima bijelog konja  
 daje mu krila

a girl acrobat  
 on the back of a white horse  
 becomes his wings

bijeli konji  
 u elitnoj školi  
 uče valcer

white horses  
 at an elite school  
 learning waltz



*Goran Vojinović, Montenegro*



**Alenka Zorman, Slovenia**

HAIGA: Photography and haiku by Alenka Zorman


*English translations by the author*

scent of autumn grass  
 a stallion's open nostrils  
 in the paddock

jesenje trave  
 miris širi nozdrve  
 ždrijepca u toru

*Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky*

HAIGA: Photography and haiku by Alenka Zorman


*English translations by the author*

daydreaming  
 a horse-shaped blueness  
 rides through a cloud

sanjarenje  
 plavetna slika konja  
 trči kroz oblak

*Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky*

**Radovan Živanović, Serbia**

Dve priljubljene  
statue na poljani–  
konji što pasu

*Nebojša Simin, Haiku, nestašna pesma, Prometej, Novi Sad 2000*

Two skin-tight  
statues in the meadow–  
grazing horses

**Verica Živković, Serbia**

Stišava se oluja ...  
Pod kopitima konja  
škripe zrna grada

*Nagrada/Award, Haiku-Kalendar Ludbreg 2003  
translated by the author*

The tempest clears up...  
Under the hooves of the horse  
hailstones are rasping

letnji mesec –  
moj znojavi konj  
svetluca

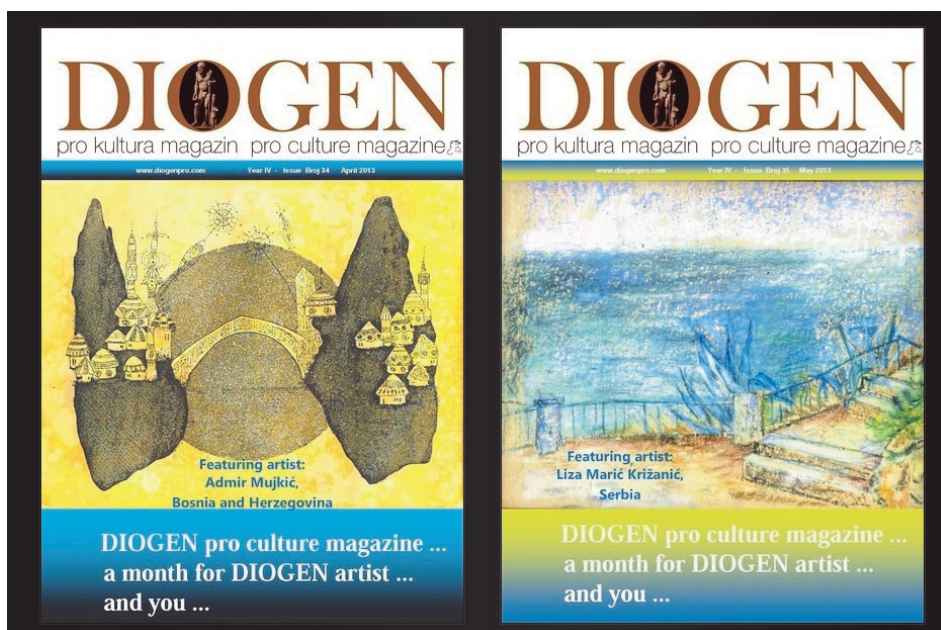
*Nagrada/Award, 13 th Kusamakura Haiku Contest  
translated by the author*

summer moon-  
my sweating horse  
glistens



Kopova Cave, Russia <http://0.tqn.com/d/archaeology/1/0/V/>

N/1/kapova-cave-repro.PNG



**DIOGENOV LJETNI HAIKU NATJEČAJ 2012.**  
**DI O G E N S U M M E R H A I K U C O N T E S T 2012**

TEMA / THEME: PUTOVANJE LJETI / LJETOVANJE i/ili BALKON/TERASA  
 THEME: A SUMMER JOURNEY/ SUMMER VACATION and/or BALCONY/TERRACE  
 69 autora iz 20 zemalja poslalo je svoje radove / 69 authors from 20 countries joined this contest

**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S**
**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize:**
**Rudi Stopar, Slovenia**

tied up with ropes  
 caught between the masts  
 the setting sun

*Translated by the author*

vezano konopcima  
 ulovljeno među jarbole  
 gasi se sunce

**2.Nagrada / 2nd Prize (2 ravnopravne nagrade / two equal prizes)**
**Silva Trstenjak, Croatia**

camping  
 a snail with its house  
 our first neighbour

autokamp  
 naš prvi susjed  
 pužić s kućicom

**Dubravko Korbus, Croatia**

uz rub mora  
 pušten  
 kostur srdele

by the edge of sea  
 let loose  
 pilchard's sketeton

**3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal prizes)**
**John Parsons, England**

cold North Sea  
 children  
 all shades of pink

hladno Sjeverno more  
 djeca  
 u svim nijansama ružičastog

**Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia**

tourists' shadows  
 drowning slowly into  
 the wall shadows

senke turista  
 utapaju se polako u  
 senke zidina

**POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS** (8 ravnopravnih nagrada / 8 equal awards)

**Darenskaja Marina, Russia**

left an hour ago  
 but remained on each branch  
 July rain

otišla pred sat vremena  
 no ostala na svakoj grančici

srpanjska kiša

**Marina Drobnjaković, Serbia**

Under canopy –  
 overheated flowers  
 and some cold tea

Pod tendom–  
 pregrejani cvetovi  
 i ledeni čaj

**Radivoje Kastratović, Serbia**

a starfish  
 dehydrating on a towel –  
 waves so close

morska zvezda  
 suši se na peškiru  
 talasi blizu

**Mandeep Maan, India**

dewsoaked grass  
 some petals fall  
 while plucking rose

rosna trava  
 poneka latica pade  
 dok ubirem ružu

**John Mcdonald, Scotland**

on the terrace  
 sunlight stretches  
 on the lounge

na terasi  
 sunce se proteže  
 na ležaljki

**Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia**

mottled balcony  
 geraniums  
 float in the air

šarenilo balkona  
 cvjetovi pelargonija  
 lebde na oblaku



**Judit Vihar, Hungary**

The water is sparking  
 a jet towards the sky –  
 the moment escaped

Pjenušavi mlaz  
 vode prema nebu –  
 utekao trenutak

**Božena Zernec, Croatia**

rain drizzles  
 washing away linden's pollen  
 into discarded teapot

rominja kiša  
 ispiru pelud lipu  
 u odbačeni čajnik

**NAGRADE ZA SENRJU / SENRYU AWARDS** (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)

**Ralf Bröker, Münster, Germany**

schlepping suitcases  
 I try to hide  
 the bank account

prtljaga na kotačicama  
 nastojim sakriti  
 izvod iz banke

**Marija Pogorilić, Croatia**

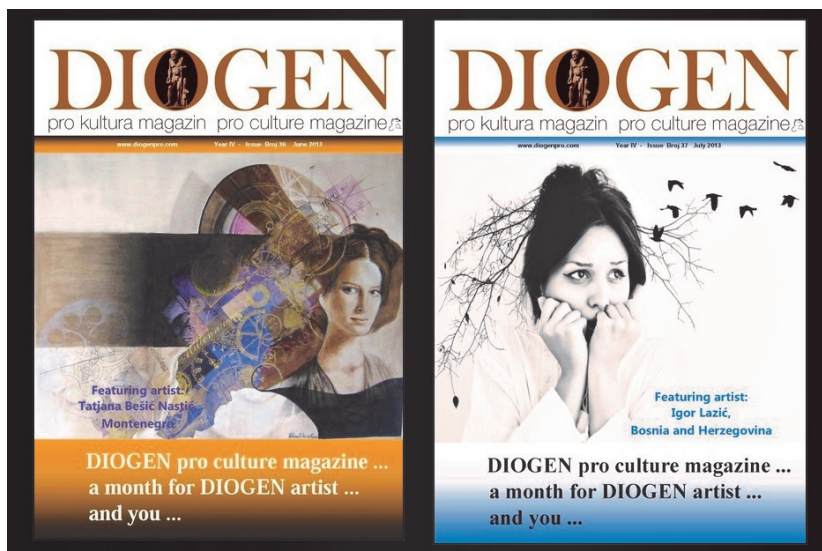
*the breeze carrying  
 fragrant barbecue smoke to  
 my neighbour for dinner*

*vjetrić odnosi  
 miris roštilja  
 susjedu za večeru*

**Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Montenegro**

With a bronze  
 the sun drawing  
 Africa on my body

bronco  
 sunce slika  
 Afriku na mom tijelu





**DIOGENOV JESENSKI HAIKU NATJEČAJ 2012.  
DIOGEN AUTUMN HAIKU CONTEST 2012**

TEME: PTICE SELICE i/ili JESENSKA MAGLA  
THEMES: MIGRATING BIRDS and/or AUTUMN MIST

We received 268 haiku/senryu, 15 tanka and several haiga by 48 authors from 18 countries.  
17 autora je objavljeno izvan konkurencije /17 authors are published out of competition

**TEMA / THEME: PTICE SELICE / MIGRATING BIRDS**

*(Haiku World, An International Poetry Almanac, William J. Higginson, Kodansha International, Tokyo, New York, London 1996., p. 205)*



*Slava Blažeković, Koprivnica, Croatia*

## NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S

### 1.Nagrada / 1<sup>st</sup> Prize:

**Beate Conrad, Germany/USA**

Wild geese heading south.  
The tips of their flapping wings  
almost touching.

Divlje guske lete na jug.  
Njihova krila u zamahu  
samo što se ne dodiruju.

### 2.Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)

**Ralf Bröker, Germany**

alumni reunion  
the storks' nest  
empty

godišnjica mature  
gnijezdo rode  
prazno

**Vasile Moldovan, Romania**

Swallow's nest  
below the bridge eaves...  
under it homeless beggars

Lastavičje gnijezdo  
pod mostom  
ispod beskućnici

**Chen-ou Liu, Canada**

a long line of cars  
behind the hearse  
migrating snow geese

duga kolona vozila  
iza mrtvačkih kola  
migracija snježnih gusaka

### 3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)

**Tracy Davidson, UK**

migrating birds  
flying south for winter  
our Tampa beach house

ptice selice  
lete zimovati na jug  
naša kuća na plaži u Tampi

**Angela Terry, USA**

a field of snow geese  
the whiteness  
of winter light

polje snježnih gusaka  
bjelina  
zimskog svjetla

**Željko Špoljar, Croatia**

sumorna jesen–  
selice lete na jug  
nas dvoje sami

sullen autumn –  
migratory birds fly south  
the two of us alone

**POHVALE / HONORABLE MENTIONS ( 9 ravnopravnih nagrada / 9 equal awards)**
**Ernest Berry, New Zealand**

first light  
the migrating cry  
of an osprey

prvo svjetlo  
selidbeni krik  
orla ribara

**Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Montenegro**

otputovaše  
ptice bez prtljaga  
i osvrtnja

on the journey  
these birds with no luggage  
not looking back

**Violetta Solnikova, Bulgaria**

Shadow of a bird  
crosses the path.  
My glance flies off.

Sjena ptice  
presijeca stazu.  
Moj pogled polijeće.

**Valeria Simonova-Cecon, Italy**

grey sky –  
a flock of birds  
tightening... stretching...

sivo nebo–  
jato ptica  
skuplja se ... rasteže...

**Milena Mrkela, Serbia**

na mjestu onog  
lista od jučer, ptica  
na goloj krošnji

in the place of  
that leaf from yesterday, a bird  
on a bare bough

**Željka Vučinić Jambrešić, Croatia**

migrating birds  
 on a grey sky they draw  
 black arrows

ptice selice  
 na sivom nebu ispisuju  
 crne strelice

**Ernesto P. Santiago, Phillipines**

of her love letter  
 the collectible stamp  
 of bar-headed geese

njeno ljubavno pismo  
 kolekcionarska poštanska marka  
 s indijskom divljom prugastom guskom

**Marija Tirenescu, Romania**

end of September –  
 the stork's nest  
 full of sparrows

kraj rujna–  
 rodino gnijezdo  
 puno vrabaca

**Seren Fargo USA**

autumn so soon–  
 a vee of geese  
 breaks formation

već jesen–  
 v-formacija gusaka  
 mijenja oblik

**NAGRADE ZA SENRJU / SENRYU AWARDS (6 ravnopravnih nagrada / 6 equal awards)**
**Raj K. Bose, Havaii, USA**

birds flying  
 soldiers on both sides  
 smiling

prelet ptica  
 vojnici na obje strane  
 smiješe se

**Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia**

prepartion for the flight  
 the last excercise for legs  
 rocking on the wires

pripreme za let  
 posljednja vježba nogu  
 ljuljanje na žici

**Božena Zernec, Croatia**

flock of swallows  
 jokers, jugglers and acrobats  
 southbound!

jato piljaka,  
 pajaci, akrobati,  
 žongleri, put juga!

**John Soules, Canada**

all day now geese being geese

cijeli dan danas guske su guske

**Stanko Petrović, Croatia**

Incredible flight  
 of a swallow ended by ruling  
 of the cat's paw

Veličanstven put laste  
 završio presudom  
 mačje šape

**Natalija Kuznetsova, Russia**

our old gander  
 feebly flapping its wings  
 geese' calls from above

naš stari gusak  
 slabašno zamahuje krilima  
 poziv gusaka iz visina

*Shiki Monthly Kukai, November 2010*

**NAGRADA ZA TANKU / T A N K A A W A R D**
**Darrell Lindsey, USA**

late geese flying  
 to their destination  
 I lean on the gate  
 and wonder where all your dreams  
 would have taken you

let kasnih gusaka  
 ka njihovom cilju  
 oslanjam se na kapiju  
 I pitam se gdje će te  
 tvoji snovi ponijeti

*The League of Laboring Poets.*

**TEMA/THEME: JESENSKA MAGLA / AUTUMN FOG**

(*Haiku World, An International Poetry Almanac, William J. Higginson, Kodansha International, Tokyo, New York, London 1996p.191*)



Photo Đ.V.Rožić

**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S**
**1.Nagrada / 1<sup>st</sup> Prize:**

**John McDonald, Scotland**

out from the mist  
a swan  
forming

iz magle  
formira se  
labud

**2.Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**

**Frans Terryn, Belgium**

The old poet  
going astray in his words –  
the fog thickens.

Vetus poeta  
suis iam verbis errat.  
Crescit caligo.

De oude dichter  
loopt verdwaald in zijn woorden –  
de mist wordt dichter.

Stari pjesnik  
zalutao u svojim riječima–  
zgušnjava se magla.

**The Dutch version** has been published in: *Vuursteen*, lente 2008 (vol. 28, number 1), p. 24; also in: Willy Cuvelier, Frans Terryn, Guy Vanden Broeck (eds.), *Al stappend op kasseien (Rond de Fluweelboom 5 - Lustrumbundel 2004 2009)*, Antwerpen, Haikukern Antwerpen, 2009, p. 78.;



**The Dutch and the English version** has been published in: *Whirligig*, 2010 (vol. 1/2, November 2010), p. 46.; **The Dutch and the Latin version** have been published in: Tom Deneire, Hugo Kempeneers, Frans Terryn, *Orionem tangere* (Latijns-Nederlandse haiku's - Lustrumbundel 'Harundine' 1995-2010) pp. 78-79.

### Zoran Raonić, Montenegro

Fog over the road  
where in the evenings  
my father was arriving

Jesenja magla  
putem kojim je uveče  
dolazio otac.

### Anne-Marie Labelle, (Groupe haiku Montréal), Canada

matin brumeux  
je devine les envolées  
avec ma fille

foggy morning  
I am guessing the flights  
with my daughter

maglovito jutro  
nagađam kojim letom  
stiže moja kćer

### 3. Nagrada / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize (4 ravnopravne nagrade / 4 equal awards)

#### Francesco de Sabata, Italy

sospeso il ponte  
tra il fiume e la nebbia  
svanisce – dove?

vanishing bridge  
suspended in the mist–  
putting through to where?

nestaje most  
obješen o maglu–  
prolazeći kuda?

*English translation by the author*

#### Zlata Bogović, Croatia

along the bank  
pinned to burdocks  
a swaying fog

uzduž obale  
nabodena na čičak  
leluja magla

#### Neal Whitman USA

a low-riding gull  
enters the mist  
it never comes out

galeb leteći nisko  
ulazi u maglu  
i ne izlazi

#### Vjera Majstović, Croatia

autumn mist  
converts the autumn patchwork  
into the sky

jesenja magla  
u nebo pretvorila  
šarenilo jeseni

**POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS (9 ravnopravnih nagrada / 9 equal awards)**

**Patricia Prime, New Zealand**

autumn mist  
 boarded up against vandals  
 holiday homes

jesenska magla  
 daskama zaštićene od vandala  
 kuće za odmor

**Tad Wojnicki, USA/Taiwan**

reek of seaweed  
 in the creeping fog –  
 outdoor art show

smrad algi  
 u puzajućoj magli–  
 predstava na otvorenom

**Živko Prodanović, Croatia**

autumn mists  
 the willows or anglers  
 sit on the bank

jesenske magle  
 vrbe ili ribiči  
 sjede uz obalu

*Zbornik 20. samoborski haiku susreti, Samobor 2012., Translated by the author*

**Beate Conrad, Germany/USA**

Quantentrivialität.  
 Kinder spielen Verstecken  
 in schwerem Nebel.

Quantum triviality.  
 Children play hide and seek  
 in heavy fog.

Kvantna trivijalnost.  
 Djeca se igraju skrivača  
 u gustoj magli

**Aalix Roake, New Zealand**

on a fog-bound road  
 monsters form  
 and disappear

po cesti u magli  
 formiraju se čudovišta  
 pa nestaju

**Vesna Oborina, Montenegro**

Above the mountain  
 rags of fog – I don't know  
 where the sky begins.

Iznad planine  
 krpe od magle – ne znam  
 gdje počinje nebo.

**Tony Pavleski, Macedonia**

esenski magli  
ztreperi dabot  
dozd od listovi

misty autumn day  
the oak-tree had trembled  
rain of leaves

maglovit jesenji dan  
hrast je zatreperio  
kiša lišća

*English translation by Mirjanka R. Selchanec*

**Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu, Romania**

silent pilgrim –  
dripping mist  
on the bell's tongue

tihi hodočasnik–  
magla kaplje  
s klatna zvona

*English translation by the author*

**Zlatko Martinko, Croatia**

it peers from the fog  
if falls into the fog –  
the belfry

viri iz magle  
upada u maglu–  
crkveni toranj

**SENRYU AWARD**
**Jan Oskar Hansen, Norway**

Through the haze  
Mule under a carob tree  
Sees a red tractor

Kroz maglu  
Mazga pod stablom rogača  
Gledaju crveni traktor

**Tony Pavleski, Macedonia**

sega sum rogat  
od gustata malga  
ne go vidov sidot

I am horned now  
because of the thick fog  
I can not see the wall

sada sam rogat  
jer od guste magle  
ne vidjeh zid

*English translation by Mirjanka R. Selchanec*

**NAGRADE ZA TANKU / TANKA AWARD**
**Dubravko Korbus, Croatia**

gravely and slow  
 dense autumn fog crossing  
 the railroad  
 its skirts glued  
 to icy rails

sporo i teško  
 prelazi preko pruge  
 gusta jesenja magla  
 lijepe joj se skuti  
 za ledene tračnice

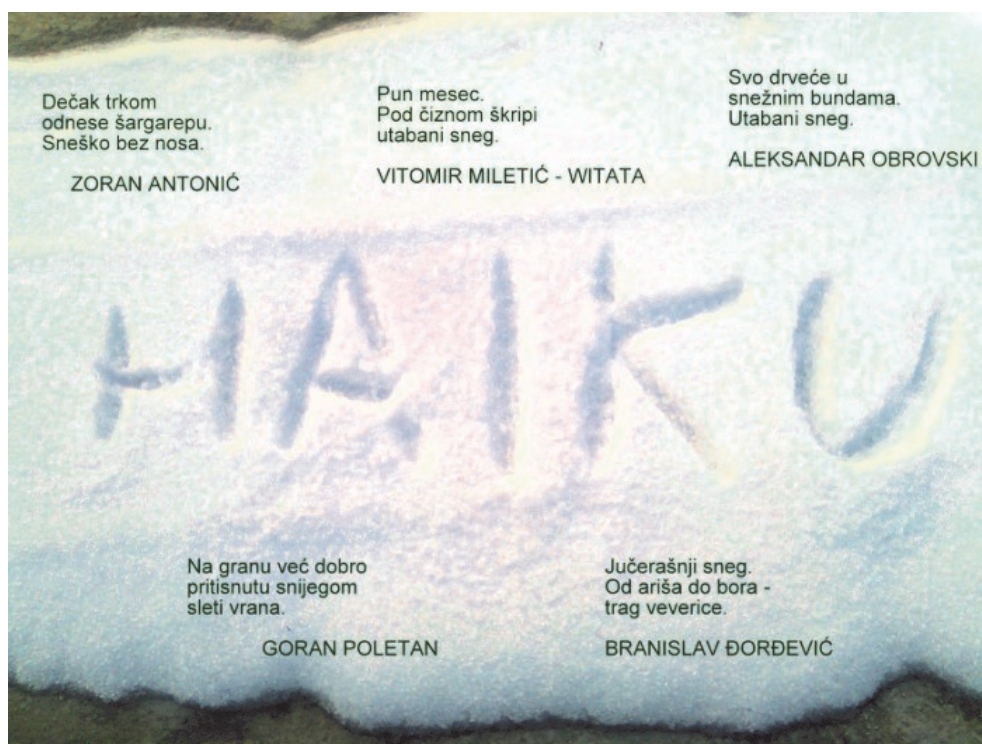
**Darrel Lindsey, USA**

late geese flying  
 to their destination  
 I lean on the gate  
 and wonder where all your dreams  
 would have taken you

zakašnjele guske lete  
 svom cilju  
 oslanjam se na kapiju  
 znatiželjan, kuda bi te  
 svi tvoji snovi odveli

**DIÖGENOV ZIMSKI HAIKU NATJEČAJ 2012.  
 DIÖGEN WINTER HAIKU CONTEST - 2012**

Teme su bile: hladan mjesec i kamin. / The themes were: Cold Moon and Fireplace.



Na natječaj se odazvalo 84 pjesnika/pjesnikinja iz 25 zemalja sa 628 radova.

84 poets from 25 countries sent 628 works to our contest.

Countries: Australia, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Croatia, France, Germany/Yemen, Italy, Japan, Lithuania, Macedonia, Montenegro, New Zealand, North Ireland, Philippines, Poland, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Slovenia, Switzerland, UK, USA

and cold wind  
carve my skin

mladi mjeec i hladan vjetar  
rezbare moju kožu

**2. Nagrada / 2nd Prize** (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards):

**Heike Gewi, Germany/Yemen**

Standing  
between stray dog and hobo ...  
cold moon

Stojeći  
između psa lutalice i skitnice...  
hladan mjesec

**Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

studen mjesec  
u oknu muha  
u smrti sama

cold moon  
on the windowsill a fly  
alone in its death

**Duško Matas, Croatia**

stablo bez lišća –  
crno gnijezdo puno  
hladnog mjeseca

a leafless tree–  
a black nest full of  
the cold moon

**3. Nagrada / 3rd Prize** (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards):

**Natalia Kuznetsova, Russia**

grandma's cottage  
with "for sale" sign at the post  
cold moon above

bakina koliba  
s natpisom „prodaje se“  
iznad nje hladan mjesec

**Zoran Antić, Serbia**

Daleka ptica  
krilom zakloni mesec –  
belina snega.

Distant bird  
covered the moon by its wing–  
whiteness of the snow

**Nancy Nitrio, USA**

winter night–  
 my breath  
 clouds the moon

zimski noć  
 moj dah  
 zamračuje mjesec

**POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS (12 ravnopravnih nagrada/12 equal awards)**
**Andrius Luneckas, Lithuania**

full moon  
 behind frosted window  
 advertisement in a dream

puni mjesec  
 iza zaleđenog prozora  
 reklamni pano u snu

**Verica Živković, Serbia**

cold moon –  
 a cigarette's glow  
 goes out and comes back

hladan mesec–  
 žar cigarete dolazi  
 i odlazi

**Oprica Padeanu, Romania**

Deadline for leaves–  
 the moon stuck in the window  
 carried by the wind

Krajnji rok lišću–  
 nošen zimskim vjetrom  
 mjesec zapeo u prozoru

**Aine MacAodha, Ireland**

full wolf moon  
 half clouded over –  
 ready for sleep

*A New Ulster' issue two.*

pun siječanjski mjesec  
 napola pokriven oblacima–  
 spreman za spavanje

**Smilja Arsić, Serbia**

Oči u oči  
 Ogroman hladan mesec  
 I pas bez repa

*Translated by the author*

Face to face  
 The huge cold Moon  
 And a dog without a tail



**Marija Tirenescu, Romania**

between sky and sea  
 only the mist –  
 winter moon

između neba i mora  
 samo magla–  
 zimski mjesec

**Raj K. Bose, USA**

Christmas night  
 a shooting star passes  
 the frozen moon

Badnja večer  
 zvijezda padalica prestiže  
 ledeni mjesec

**Andrzej Dembonczyk, Poland**

Christmas Eve dinner -  
 only winter moon illuminates  
 empty table

Badnja večera–  
 samo zimski mjesec obasjava  
 prazni stol

**André Surridge, New Zealand**

cold moon  
 even though we're not talking  
 the chatter of teeth

hladan mjesec  
 mada ne razgovaramo  
 cvokot zubi

**Diana Teneva, Bulgaria**

cold moon  
 on the swing still swinging  
 a child's shoe

hladan mjesec  
 na ljuljački se još ljulja  
 dječja cipelica

**Marija Pogorilić, Croatia**

novogodišnje jutro  
 nad bjelinom snijega  
 prvi pogled na mjesec

New Year's morning  
 above whiteness of snow  
 first gaze at the moon

**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU NIZ / HAIKU SEQUENCE AWARDS**
**1.Nagrada / 1<sup>st</sup> Prize**
**Juich Masuda, Japan**

winter moon—  
a line of barges tugging  
myriad of the past

winter moon—  
a dip of lemon  
on oyster dishes

winter moon—  
a slap on the shoulder  
Zen sitting

tree leaves fall  
winter moon  
doesn't fall

winter moon—  
the back of a whale  
drenched to the skin

zimski mjesec—  
niz tegljača vuče  
milijardu prošlosti

zimski mjesec—  
umak od limuna  
na jelu od kamenica

zimski mjesec—  
udarac po ramenu  
sjedim u zazenu

lišće pada  
zimski mjesec  
ne pada

zimski mjesec—  
leđa kita  
mokra do kože



*Tonka Lovrić, Croatia*

## 2.Nagrada / 2.Prize (2 ravnopravne nagrade /2 equal awards)

### Pamela Cooper, Canada

cold moon–  
 a hole in the chestnut  
 fills with stars

sagging maple–  
 a branch bears its weight  
 cold moon

smudge in the fog–  
 cold moon  
 is that you?

silver birch trees–  
 the cold moon  
 lighting my path

hladan mjesec–  
 rupa u kestenu  
 puni se zvijezdama

pognut javor–  
 grana snosi njegovu težinu  
 hladan mjesec

mrlja u magli–  
 hladni mjeseče  
 jesi li to ti?

srebrne grane breza–  
 hladan mjesec  
 obasjava moju stazu

### Vasile Moldovan, Romania

Light like by the day time–  
 in the yesterday snow  
 the moon nestling

The moon behind clouds–  
 mother nursing  
 without light

On X-mas  
 frost flowers in the windows  
 cold moon

The witching hour–  
 unappeasable heat in bed  
 the moon still cold

In the Near East  
 another suicide attempt–  
 bloody moon

Poput dnevne svjetlosti–  
 u jučerašnjem snijegu  
 gnijezdi se mjesec

Mjesec iza oblaka–  
 majka doji dijete  
 bez rasvjete

Na Božić  
 cvijeće od mraza na prozorima  
 hladan mjesec

Gluho doba noći–  
 neublaživa vrućina u krevetu  
 mjesec ipak hladan

Na Bliskom Istoku  
 još jedan samobuliaki pokušaj–  
 krvavi mjesec

**3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**
**Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania**

Snow Moon  
 Flying with snowflakes  
 My red scarf

Snježni Mjesec  
 Leti s pahuljama  
 Moj crveni šal

Winter Moon  
 Rising into the dawn  
 Above Saint Antony Church

Zimski mjesec  
 Izlazi zorom  
 Nad crkvu Sv. Antuna

Winter Moon  
 Listening fearfully  
 Grandma's heart

Zimski mjesec  
 Plašljivo osluškujem  
 Bakino srce

Snowfall –  
 Knitting near the heating stove  
 Grandma hands

Sniježi–  
 Štrikaju uz peć  
 Bakine ruke

Little socks hung  
 Above the fireplace  
 Waiting for Christmas

Čarapice vise  
 Iznad kamina  
 Čekajući Božić

**Milena Mrkela, Serbia**

kroz hladno okno  
 mjesec dirnu tvoj osmjeh  
 uramljen na zidu

through a cold window pane  
 the moon touched your smile  
 framed on the wall

zimsko veče  
 kroz granje starog duda  
 promiče mjesec

winter evening  
 the moon passing amongst the boughs  
 of the old mulberry tree

kroz golo granje  
 mjesec upali okačen  
 stari fenjer

through bare boughs  
 the moon lits  
 suspended old lantern

zimska noć  
 mjesec strpljivo čeka–  
 dogorjeva svijeća

winter night  
 the moon patiently waits–  
 a candle to burn out

u dugoj noći  
 lutamo starim krajem  
 mjesec i ja

during a long night  
 we wander over the old country  
 the moon and I

**Zlata Bogović, Croatia**

crkvena zvona  
 hladan mjesec  
 u bijelom velu

church bells toll  
 cold moon  
 in a white veil

fijuče vjetar  
 kroz moj prozor zuri  
 hladan mjesec

whistling wind  
 cold moon staring  
 through my window

osušeno stablo –  
 hladan mjesec vreba  
 starog jastreba

withered tree–  
 cold moon watching for  
 an old hawk

vjetar vrti  
 oblake nebom – mjesec  
 mrtav hladan

wind rotates the clouds  
 the moon indifferently  
 calm and cold

topli noćni vlak –  
 stabla se dobacuju  
 hladnim mjesecom

warm night train–  
 trees tossing to each other  
 the cold moon

**NAGRADE ZA TANKU / TANKA AWARDS :**

Teme: Hladan mjeec i kamin / Themes: Cold moon and fireplace

**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize**
**Tracy Davidson, England**

winter moon  
 its cold light on the water  
 showing us the way  
 we huddle up for warmth  
 in the refugee boat

zimski mjesec  
 njegovo hladno svjetlo na vodi  
 pokazuje nam put  
 utopljivamo se zagrljeni  
 na brodu izbjeglica

**2.Nagrada / 2nd Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**
**Christine L. Villa, USA**

winter moonlight  
 on his old guitar...  
 once again  
 I hear him sing  
 our favorite song

zimska mjesečina  
 na njegovoj staroj gitari  
 opet  
 čujem kako pjeva  
 našu najdražu pjesmu

**Eduard Tara, Romania**

Just stepping further  
 until my heavy shadow  
 remains behind me –  
 approaching the old fireplace  
 that once gathered our souls

Samo koračam dalje  
 dok moja teška sjena  
 ostaje iza mene–  
 prilazim starom kaminu  
 koji je jednom okupljao naše duše

**Nicollete Foreman, UK**

cobwebs entangle  
 in a murky inglenook  
 I brush the stove clean  
 place oak logs in the furnace  
 as I long for your return

isprepletene paukove mreže  
 u tamnom ognjištu  
 četkam ložište  
 stavljam hrastove cjepanice  
 dok čekam za tvojim povratkom

**3. Nagrade / 3rd Prizes ( 4 ravnopravne nagrade / 4 equal awards)**
**Darrel Lindsay, USA**

a red-nosed grandchild  
 asks about the family photos  
 strewn on the floor—  
 warmth of memories  
 before the fireplace crackles

unuče crvenog nosića  
 raspituje se o obiteljskim fotografijama  
 rasutim po podu—  
 toplina sjećanja  
 ispred pucketavog kamina

**Saša Važić, Serbia**

kaže da su  
 svi putevi otvoreni  
 za njeno srce ...  
 klanjam se novom početku  
 sa ovim ledenim mesecom

she tells me  
 the roads are all open  
 for her heart...  
 I cherish a new beginning  
 with this freezing moon

*Translated by the author*

**Zlatko Martinko, Croatia**

sušim jabuke  
 oko toplog dimnjaka  
 pucketa drvo  
 na jelovniku mog psa  
 samo oglodana kost

I'm drying apples  
 around a warm chimney  
 crackling logs  
 on my dog's menu  
 only a gnawed bone



**Jagoda Bešlić, Croatia**

hladna zimska noć  
 zarobljeni grad spava  
 tišina vlada  
 u kući miris peći  
 odnosi tugu zime

cold winter night  
 town covered with snow  
 sleeps in silence  
 stove fragrance in the house  
 keeps sadness away

**TEMA / THEME: KAMIN / THE FIREPLACE**
**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S**


*Josip Pogorilić, Croatia*

**1.nagrada / 1st Prize**
**Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines**

outdoor fireplace—  
 a wolf is howling,  
 for comfort?

vrtni kamin—  
 vuk zavija  
 za utjehu?

**2.Nagrada / 2nd Prize (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal awards)**
**Marija Pogorilić, Croatia**

vatru u kaminu  
 rasplamsavaju kuglice  
 božićnog drvca

room fireplace  
 glow of the flame  
 in Christmas balls

**Tugomir Orak, Croatia**

S granom murve  
u kaminu izgara  
i život majke.

With a mulberry bough  
burning in the fireplace  
my mother's life

**3. Nagrada / 3rd Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**

**Jadranka Vučak, Croatia**

U tišini jutra  
šaptačica vatri  
pali staru peć

*Translated by the author*

In the silent morning  
the fire whisperer  
lights the old stove

**Donce Mishovski, Macedonia**

ostajem vani  
a unutra balvani  
greju se na peć

*Translated by the author*

I stay outside  
inside the logs  
warming up in the stove

**Toni Pavleski, Macedonia**

сред снежно невреме  
седи и црта шпорет  
сираче дете

amidst a snowstorm  
an orphan child  
draws a fireplace

usred mećave  
sjedi i crta peć  
siročić

*Translated by the author*

**POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS (11 ravnopravnih nagrada / 11 equal awards)**

**Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia**

U svakom čošku  
glasovi, mirisi, boje—  
prazno ognjište.

*Translated by Saša Važić*

In every nook  
voices, scents, colours—  
empty fireplace

**Keith A. Simmonds, France**

smoke signals rising  
from snow-capped chimneys—  
the scent of coffee

dimni signali  
iz snijegom pokrivenih dimnjaka—  
miris kave

**Sonja Kokotović, Croatia**

kaminka topi  
donešeni prosinac  
na kaputu

rustic fireplace melts  
the December I brought  
on my coat

**Malvina Mileta, Croatia**

zadrijemala baka  
čaj od lipe popila je  
vruća peć

dozing old woman  
the stove drank  
her linden tea

**Dubravka Mataušić, Croatia**

Na vrućem šparhetu  
rajngle i lonci z riglama  
čekaju obed.  
*Kajkavian dialect*

Na toploj peći  
posude s poklopcima  
čekaju ručak

On a hot stove  
covered pots and pans waiting  
for the diner

**Francesco de Sabata, Italy**

aside the fireplace  
grandma is quietly sewing –  
last embers glowing

pored kamina  
bakica tiho šije–  
sjaj posljednjeg žara

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia**

dim se uzdiže  
iz dimnjaka na dječjem  
crtežu zime

smoke rises  
from the chimney on child's  
drawing of the winter

**Maria Tirenescu, Romania**

cold heating stove –  
the mother reads  
about war

hladna peć na drva–  
majka čita  
o ratu

**Vesna Milan, Croatia**

paukova mreža  
na ugaslom kaminu  
zastao sat

the cobweb  
on an extinguished fireplace  
the clock stopped

**Petya Gleridis, Bulgaria**

dancing pixies and elves  
 the fireplace  
 is my favourite fairy place

plešući vilenjaci i patuljci  
 kamin je moje  
 omiljeno bajkovito mjesto

**Dan Iulian, Romania**

in a lumber room–  
 only dusty light warms  
 the pot belly stove

u ropotarnici–  
 tek prašna svjetlost grije  
 gašpara

**NAGRADE ZA SENRJU / S E N R Y U A W A R D S**
**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize**
**Neal Whitman, USA**

our old mastiff  
 sleeping by the fireplace  
 his farts forgiven

naš stari mastiff  
 spava pred kaminom  
 opraštamo mu prce

**2. Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal awards):**
**Juich Masuda, Japan**

fireplace  
 two bears having a chat  
 in a stuffed language

kamin–  
 par medvjeda razgovara  
 na prepariranom jeziku

**Silva Trstenjak, Croatia**

glomazni otpad:  
 s gašparom odvoze  
 kokošje gnijezdo

bulky waste  
 with cast iron stove there goes  
 the hen's nest too

### 3. nagrada / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)

#### Smilja Arsić, Serbia

Стрка по соби  
 Жеравица из камина  
 Опекла пса

Strka po sobi  
 Žeravica iz kamina  
 Opekla psa

Confusion in the room  
 A dog injured by a live coal  
 From the fireplace

#### Jacek Margolak, Poland

mother-in-law's visit  
 I throw the extra logs  
 in the fireplace

punica u gostima  
 bacam dodatne cjepanice  
 u kamin

#### Christine L. Villa, USA

Smoke  
 from her chimney...  
 all the gossiping

Dim  
 iz njenog dimnjaka...  
 sav taj trač

### NAGRADE ZA HAIKU NIZ - HAIKU SEQUENCE AWARDS

#### 1.Nagrada / 1.Nagrada

#### Eduard Tara, Romania

Lighting the fireplace –  
 a part of herself  
 becomes shadow

Pripaljuje kamin–  
 dio nje  
 postaje sjena

Fireplace –  
 her sigh bending  
 the last flame

Kamin–  
 njen uzdah povija  
 posljednji plamen

Letter in fireplace –  
 words releasing old shadows  
 on her wrinkled face

pismo u kaminu–  
 riječi oslobađaju stare sjene  
 na njenom naboranom licu

Wood stove –  
 caressing the next  
 piece of tree

Sobna peć na drva–  
 milujem slijedeću  
 cjepanicu

Always asking  
 forgiveness to the tree –  
 burning stove

Uvijek molim  
 oprost od drva–  
 goruća sobna peć

## 2.Nagrada / 2nd Prize (dvije ravnopravne nagrade / two equals awards)

### Rosa Clement, Brazil

new fireplace  
the tree providing firewood  
waves outside

fireplace  
in everyone's eyes  
flames

by the fireplace  
she exercises to burn  
some fat

fireplace  
he reads her letter  
once more

falling in love  
the crackle of green wood  
in the fireplace

novi kamin  
stablo za snabdijevanje drvom  
vihori se napolju

kamin  
u svim očima  
plamen

pored kamina  
vježba kako bi sagorjela  
nešto sala

kamin  
on opet čita  
njeno pismo

zaljublivanje  
pucketanje zelenog drva  
u kaminu

### Ron Moss, Australia

the creaks  
of a wood stove cooling—  
mother's prayers

last days together . . .  
the firelight flickers  
in father's eyes

breakfast pancakes  
the glow of the wood stove  
through sleepy eyes

shooting stars  
a pot in the camp fireplace  
comes to the boil

village fireplaces  
fishermen's wives sing songs  
for safe return

pucketanje  
peći na drva koja se hladi—  
majčine molitve

posljednji dani zajedno...  
svjetlost vatre svjetluca  
u očevim očima

palačinke za doručak  
sjaj peći na drva  
kroz pospane oči

zvijezde padalice  
lonac na vatri kampa  
zakupio

kamini u selu  
žene ribara pjevaju pjesme  
za sretan povratak



**3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**
**Nada Jačmenica, Croatia**

miris drveta–  
zimske krijesnice  
lete u mrak

fragrance of the wood–  
winter fireflies  
fly into darkness

praporci  
pucketaju iglice  
jelke

horse sleigh bells–  
needles of a fir tree  
crackling in the fireplace

kuhano vino–  
kroz kamin odlazi  
miris cimeta

mulled wine–  
sweet smell of cinnamon  
leaves through the chimney

na rubu peći  
porculanski lavovi  
riču toplinu

edge of the stove  
porcelain lions  
roar with heat

usta peći  
halapljivo gutaju  
staru krošnjju

mouth of the furnace  
swallowing greedily  
an old tree crown

**Geert Verbeke, Belgium**

new cooking stove  
simmering in the kitchen  
the scent of hotchpotch

novi štednjak  
u kuhinji krčka  
miris variva

in grandma's kitchen  
the fragrance of fish soup  
cod with mussels

u bakinoj kuhinji  
miris brodeta  
bakalar s dagnjama

pancakes with cream  
dalliance in the fire place  
a hot embrace

palačinke s kremom  
udvaranje u kaminu  
vrući zagrljaj

a Spanish chestnut  
on your heating stove  
autumnal weather

kesteni  
na peći za grijanje  
jesensko vrijeme

the cooking stove  
in pen and ink drawing  
your new kitchen

štednjak  
olovkom i tušem crtam  
tvoju novu kuhinju

**Marija Bolšec, Croatia**

Frcnu iskre  
 iz otvorenog kamina  
 – na vratima gost.

U hladnoj noći  
 crveno lice gašpara  
 osvjetljava sobu.

Uz promrzle noge  
 na krušnoj peći  
 prede mačak.

Nad kaminom  
 na stropu sjene crtaju  
 glavu divlje svinje.

A shower of sparks flies  
 from an open fireplace  
 –a guest at the front door.

In a chilly night  
 a red face of round cast iron stove  
 illuminates the room.

By his chilled feet  
 on a large tile stove  
 purring tom-cat.

On the ceiling  
 shadows from the fireplace paint  
 a wild boar's head.

**DIOGEN SPRING HAIKU CONTEST 2013  
 DIOGENOV PROLJETNI HAIKU NATJEČAJ 2013.**

Primili smo 829 haikua 89 autora iz 22 zemlje / We received 829 poems from 89 authors from 22 countries. Teme su bile Behar i proljetne vode. / The themes were blossoming fruit trees and Spring waters.



*Senka Šafran, Croatia*

**TEMA / THEME: BEHAR / BLOSSOMING FRUIT TREES**

**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S**

**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize:**

**Dubravko Korbus, Croatia**

latice behara  
 iscertavaju  
 oblik vjetra

petals of behar  
 drawing  
 the shape of wind

**2.Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prizes (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**

**Lanava Kray, Romania**

livadă tânără–  
 petalele schimbă  
 parfum între ele

young orchard–  
 petals  
 exchanging scents

mladi voćnjak  
 latice  
 razmjenjuju mirise

**Andrzej Dembonczyk, Silesia**

old cemetery –  
 between neglected graves  
 plum blossoms

staro groblje–  
 među zapaštenim grobovima  
 cvjetaju šljive

**Charles Trumbull, USA**

the paintings now gone  
 from the abandoned house  
 spring mountain wind

slike su nestale  
 s napuštene kuće  
 proljetni planinski vjetar

**3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize (6 ravnopravnih nagrada / 6 equal awards)**

**Neal Whitman, USA**

Deda's plums in bloom  
 the dates on his gravestone  
 eroded by time

Dedine šljive cvatu  
 datumi na njegovu spomeniku  
 s vremenom erodirali

**Blagoje Vujsić, Montenegro**

Pahulje po brdu,  
 behari po dolini  
 jutros padaju.

Snowflakes over the hill,  
 fruit-tree blossoms in the valley  
 falling this morning.

**Silva Trstenjak, Croatia**

mlada trešnja  
 prvi put u cvatu  
 dogodine, tko zna

a young cherry tree  
 blossoming for the first time  
 next year, who knows...

**Predrag Pešić-Šera, Serbia**

Pored behara–  
 otvorene na obali  
 rečne školjke

By a blossoming tree  
 open on the bank  
 river shells

**Diana Teneva, Bulgaria**

cold spring  
 the plum tree blossoms  
 suspiciously alive

prohladno proljeće  
 cvjetovi šljive  
 sumnjivo živi

**Owen Bullock, NZ**

bush margin  
 peach blossom  
 brushes the ferns

na rubu šikare  
 cvjetovi breskve  
 očesali se o paprat



*Nada Jačmenica, Croatia*

**POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS (10 ravnopravnih nagrada / 10 equal awards)**

**Cynthia Rowe, Australia**

blustery spell  
 apple blossom blurrs  
 the thatched roof

huk oluje  
 cvat jabuke zamućuje  
 slamnati krov

**Oprica Padeanu, Romania**

blossomed apple trees  
 slower and slower  
 old man's walking

jabuke u cvatu  
 sve je sporiji korak  
 onog starca

**Božena Zernec, Croatia**

opet cvate krov  
 stoljetnog štaglja  
 osipa latice

blossoming again,  
 that roof of centennial barn  
 scattering petals

**Brinda Buljore, Japan**

winter day-dreaming  
 of sun rising further east—  
 sakura festival

zimsko sanjarenje  
 o izlazećem suncu dalje na istoku—  
 festival trešnjina cvata

**Yasuko Kurono, Japan**

will that make me feel at home?  
 almond blossoms  
 sakura blossoms

hoću li se uz njih osjećati kod kuće?  
 cvjetovi badema  
 cvjetovi trešnje

**Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania**

Petals over the stars  
 Falling white cherry blossoms  
 From the Vega

Lati iznad zvijezda  
 bijeli trešnjini cvjetovi padaju  
 s Vege

**Željka Čakan, Croatia**

Jutarnja žurba,  
po majčinoj haljini  
prosut behar.

Morning rush,  
scattered over my mother's dress  
blossoming twigs.

**Veseljko Gajdašević Sljarkov, Serbia**

sijedom starcu  
preko umornih ruku  
behar slijeće

the flowery petals  
landing over tired hands  
of a gray haired old man

**Francesco de Sabata, Italy**

white flocks in your hands—  
under a new sun today  
the plum does not sting

bijela jata na tvojim rukama—  
danas pod novim suncem  
šljiva ne bode

**Nada Jačmenica, Croatia**

krila leptira  
nestala u bojama  
behara

wings of butterfly  
disappeared among colours  
of behar

**Krzysztof Kokot, Poland**

cherry blossom —  
pink watercolour  
yet not dry

cvat trešnje—  
ružičasti akvarel  
još nije suh

**NAGRADE ZA SENRJU / S E N R Y U A W A R D S**
**1.Nagrada / 1<sup>st</sup> Prize:**
**Toni Pavleski, Macedonia**

мирис на бензин  
го победи мирисот  
на цветот црешов

the smell of gasoline  
overcomes the sweet scent  
of cherry in blossom

smrad benzina  
jači od mirisa  
trešnje u cvatu



**2.Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize:****John Parsons, England**

old man's apple tree  
a pruned brain  
of blossom

starčevo stablo jabuke  
potkresan mozak  
cvatnje

**3.Nagrada / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize:****Keith A. Simmonds, France**

burgeoning beauty...  
at sweet sixteen she blushes  
under peach blossoms

rastuća ljepota...  
sa slatkih šesnaest rumeni se  
pod cvjetovima breskve

**POHVALE / HONOURABEL MENTIONS (5 ravnopravnih pohvala / 5 equal awards)****Natalia Kuznetsova, Russia**

under blooming plums –  
two stout women with Big Macs  
discussing new diets

pod rascvalim šljivama–  
dvije debele žene s *big makovima*  
pričaju o novim dijetama

**Miloš Panić, Croatia**

Listopad  
na goloj grani behar  
djed vrti glavom

October  
on a bare bough fresh blossoms  
grandpa shakes his head

**John McDonald, Scotland**

my barber  
brushes me down  
...almond blossoms fall

brijač me  
četka  
... padaju cvjetovi badema

**Milena Mrkela, Serbia**

procvao badem  
na kamenju djevojčice  
krvavih koljena

blossoming almond  
on the cliffs the girls  
with bloody knees

**Gabriela Stojanoska-Stanoeska, Macedonia**

Розови цртки  
 на тестот за бременост  
 конечно процветав

Two pink lines  
 on the pregnancy test  
 I'm blossoming

Dvije ružičaste crte  
 konačno na testu trudnoće  
 –procvjetala sam

**NAGRADE ZA TANKE / T A N K A A W A R D S**

**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize:**

**Eduard Tara, Romania**

The sound of the wind  
 bringing and taking away  
 old love promises –  
 picking up a plum petal  
 from the heart of her shadow

Zvuk vjetra  
 donosi i odnosi  
 stara ljubavna obećanja–  
 podižem laticu šljive  
 sa srca njene sjene

**2. Nagrada / 2nd Prize:**

**Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia**

kraj behara  
 dolinom nepreglednom  
 promiču senke  
 onih što oplakuju  
 prohujale godine

down an endless valley  
 along the blossoming orchard  
 passing shadows  
 of those who lament  
 years gone by

*Translated by Saša Važić*

**3.Nagrada / 3rd Prize:**

**Andrei Patras, Romania**

Cut cherry branches  
 budding for a while and weep  
 their sap in vain –  
 forgotten loves try to call  
 the memories as heralds

Odrezane grančice trešnje  
 pupaju nakratko i plaču  
 njihov sok uzaludan–  
 zaboravljene ljubavi dozivaju  
 uspomene kao glasnike



Source of river Bosna

<http://www.bistrobih.ba/nova/wp-content/uploads/2009/12/Vrelo-Bosne.jpg>

**TEMA / THEME: PROLJETNE VODE / WATERS OF SPRING**

(PAGE No. 55, Haiku World, An International Poetry Almanac by William J. Higginson, Kodansha International, Tokyo, New York, London 1996)

**NAGRADE ZA HAIKU / H A I K U A W A R D S**

**1.Nagrada / 1st Prize:**

**Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

proljetne vode,  
strah i brige—a patke  
nehajno plove

spring waters—  
fear and worries, yet the ducks  
just swimming

**2.Nagrada / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize: (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)**

**Štefanija Ludvig, Croatia**

riječni galebi  
motreći bujicu iz zraka  
lebde u zraku

river gulls  
watching torrent from the air  
hover in the air

**Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia**

zar smo od njega  
proletos strahovali:  
planinski potok

did we fear  
it last spring:  
mountain brook

**Malvina Mileta, Croatia**

pogled s mosta  
u nabujaloj proljetnoj vodi  
kupa se rijeka

a gaze from the bridge  
river takes a bath  
in a swollen spring water

### 3. Nagrada / 3rd Prize: (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards)

#### Patricia Prime, New Zealand

a bank of reeds  
 and about the reeds  
 spring water

sprudom pod trskom  
 i oko trski  
 proljetna voda

#### Ramesh Anand, India

spring rain  
 a pebble creek flooding  
 with children

proljetna kiša  
 potok s šljunkom poplavljen  
 djecom

#### Zoe Savina, Greece

θα μείνω να δω  
 την πέστροφα να περνά  
 μέσα στο ποτάμι...

I will stay to see  
 trout passing  
 in the river...

ostat ću kako bih vidjela  
 pastrvu kako prolazi  
 rijekom...

### POHVALE / HONOURABLE MENTIONS (5 ravnopravnih nagrada / 5 equal awards)

#### Ljubomir Dragović, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Nadošle vode.  
 Huk slapova melje  
 skrivenu stijenu.

*Translated by Saša Važić*

Risen waters.  
 The roar of the waterfalls  
 grinds a hidden rock.

#### Dubravko Korbus, Croatia

proljetne vode  
 virovi uvlače  
 pramenje magle

spring waters  
 the whirlpools inhale  
 the wisps of mist

#### Ljubica Kolarić-Dumić, Croatia

jarak na putu  
 niz dol bujicom teku  
 proljetne vode

a ditch on the road  
 down the valleys flow torrents  
 of the spring waters

**Neal Whitman, USA**

a boulder  
 tumbled down the hillside  
 waters of spring

stijena  
 survala se niz padinu  
 vode proljetne

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia**

Otapanje snijega  
 oblaci pomiču  
 obale rijeke

Snowmelt  
 clouds moving  
 the banks of river



*Metoda May, Slovenia*

**JATA UPANJA**



**NAGRADE ZA SENRJU / SENRYU A W A R D S**
**1. Nagrada / 1<sup>st</sup> Prize:**
**Jacek Margolak, Poland**

swollen stream –  
 a ribbon on her belly  
 longer and longer

nabujala rijeka–  
 vrpca njenog trbuha  
 sve dulja

**2. Nagrada / 2nd Prize: (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal awards)**
**Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia**

Spring flood  
 a dog on the roof  
 woman on the tree

Proljetna poplava  
 pas na krovu  
 žena na drvu

**Andrius Luneckas, Lithuania**

a pregnant cat  
 whisk through the hospital doors–  
 spring waters

trudna mačka  
 šmugnu kroz bolnička vrata–  
 proljetne vode

**3. Nagrada / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize: (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal awards)**
**Keith A. Simmonds, France**

tears flow down her cheeks –  
 her ex offers red roses  
 to her young sister

suze teku niz njene obraze–  
 njen bivši nudi crvene ruže  
 mlađoj sestri

**Sheila K. Barksdale, USA**

scampering all the way  
 down from a hilltop farm,  
 the child and the snowmelted stream

brzam cijelim putom  
 niz brežuljak s farme  
 dijete i nabujala rijeka



**NAGRADE ZA TANKU / TANKA AWARDS**
**1. Nagrada / 1st Prize:**
**Chen-ou Liu, Canada**

one bird song  
 after another ...  
 alone  
 in the waters of spring  
 thoughts of her flow away

pjesma jedne ptice  
 nakon druge  
 sam  
 u proljetnim vodama  
 misli o njoj otiču

**2. Nagrada / 2nd Prize: (2 ravnopravne nagrade / 2 equal awards)**
**Saša Važić, Serbia**

spring waters . . .  
 a long way to feel  
 your breath  
 clothed in never  
 spoken dreams  
*Translated by the author*

prolećne vode...  
 dug je put do  
 tvog daha  
 umotanog u nikad  
 izgovorene snove

**Ernesto P. Santiago / Philippines**

flowing, flowing  
 out of the ground  
 a spring water—  
 does it matter what  
 type of cup I use?

teče, teče  
 iz tla  
 proljetna voda—  
 je li važno iz koje  
 šalice pijem?

**3. Nagrade / 3rd Prizes: (3 ravnopravne nagrade / 3 equal awards )**
**Darrell Lindsey, USA**

down from mountains  
 nestled in the twilight  
 spring waters  
 flowing like the feeling  
 that led me to you

niz planine  
 ugniježdene u sumraku  
 proljetne vode  
 teku kao osjećaji  
 koji su me doveli tebi

**Jagoda Bešlić, Croatia**

Sporo i umorno  
 teku proljetne vode  
 iz zimskog sna  
 ledene i hladne halje  
 skidaju do kraja

Slowly and wearily  
 flow the spring waters  
 from their winter dream  
 their cold and icy gowns  
 taken off all the way

**Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia**

sedim kraj reke  
 i zurim u bujicu –  
 pronese deblo  
 nekad svo u cvatu  
 sada s plodovima...

I sit by the river  
 and stare at the torrent  
 carrying away a trunk  
 once full of blossoms  
 now full of fruits

**POSEBNE RAVNOPRAVNE NAGRADE ZA OPUS RADOVA NA TEME PROLJETNE  
 VODE I BEHAR**

**SPECIAL EQUAL AWARDS FOR OPUS NA THEMES SPRING WATERS AND BEHAR**

**Eduard Tara, Romania**

**Keith A. Simmonds, France**

**Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia**



**RAST, kamen**

*Metoda May, Slovenia*

## IZBOR HAIKUA / CHOICE OF HAIKU

### Ramesh Anand, India

waters of spring  
 father backstrokes  
 into healthiness

distant hill  
 a river carrying  
 the spring

proljetne vode  
 otac pliva leđno  
 do zdravlja

udaljen brijeg  
 rijeka nosi  
 proljeće

### Zoran Antić, Serbia

Planinski potok –  
 potonuo mlad mesec  
 kroz puknuti led.

A mountain stream–  
 sunken crescent moon  
 through a cracked ice.

### Smilja Arsić, Serbia

Из заседе у  
 Јутарњој измаглици  
 Ледени месец

Iz zasede u  
 jutarnjoj izmaglici  
 Ledeni mesec

From ambushade  
 in the morning mist  
 the cold Moon

*Translated by the author*

### George Badarau, Romania

looking into the water  
 we are crossing the river  
 and without a boat

gledajući vodu  
 prelazimo rijeku  
 i bez čamca

### Sheila K. Barksdale, USA

falling blossom  
 two burly men  
 brushing shoulders

Spring equinox  
 straightening the calendar  
 to stop the whale sliding out

padaju cvjetovi  
 dva kršna muškaraca  
 otesaju ramena

Proljetni ekvinocij  
 poravnavam kalendar  
 da kit ne isklizne

**Danica Bartulović, Croatia**

ljetna noć  
s čašom hladnog piva  
na balkonu

summer night  
on the balcony in company  
of a glass of beer

pod balkonom  
kroz nemiran noćni san  
mljacka more

under the balcony  
through restless sleep  
the slushing sea

**Samira Begman Karabeg, Switzerland**

Promrzlo ptiče  
i ravnodušna maca  
zajedno kraj peći

a frostbitten bird  
and an indifferent cat  
near the stove together

Snježne pahulje  
bjelinom sve prekrile  
mjesec plovi u snove.

Snowflakes covered  
everything with whiteness  
the moon sails to dreams

**Ernest Berry, New Zealand**

autumn night  
firelight draws in  
the walls

jesenja noć  
svjetlost kamina uvlači  
zidove

*Honourable mention, anita sadler weiss award, 2005*

autumn chill  
the windowsill tomato  
still warm

jesenska hladnoća  
rajčica na prozorskoj dasci  
još topla

**Jagoda Bešlić, Croatia**

u tamnoj sjeni  
proljetnih voda lice  
bijelog mjeseca

in a dark shadow  
of the spring waters a face  
of the white moon

**Zlata Bogović, Croatia**

Srušeni behar.  
Crna ptica uzalud  
traži gnijezdo.

Felled tree in bloom.  
A black bird in search of its nest  
in vain

Ispod plaveti  
površinom jezera  
cvijet behara.

Morska pučina.  
Kroz neprobojnu maglu  
izgubljeni brod.

### Stanka Boneva, Bulgaria

Heat.  
More ice cream on the sandals  
than inside the mouth.

A red river.  
The fast train speeds past  
beside a poppy field.

Under blueness  
over the lake surface  
flowers of the fruit trees

Open sea.  
Through dense fog  
a lost ship.

Vrućina.  
Više sladoleda na sandalama  
nego u ustima.

Crvena Rijeka.  
Brzi vlak juri pored  
polja makova.

### Raj K. Bose, Havaii, USA

lost  
I follow my dog's bark  
into the fog

mid migration  
different birds  
sharing a branch

howling winds  
even the moon huddles  
among the clouds

new year  
the embers still warm  
in the fireplace

### Ralf Bröker, Germany

through fog  
he governs the harvester  
on a country road

izgubljen  
slijedim lavež svog psa  
u maglu

sredina putovanja  
različite ptice  
dijeje granu

zavijanje vjetrova  
čak se i mjesec šćućurio  
među oblake

Nova Godina  
žeravica još topla  
u kaminu

kroz maglu  
on upravlja kombajnom  
na seoskom putu



*Metoda May, VZGIB, žgana glina*

### **Brinda Buljore, Japan**

pink trees and white shawl  
 walkway filled with promises--  
 fruit trees in full bloom

ružičasta stabla i bijeli šal  
 korzo ispunjen obećanjima –  
 behar u punom cvatu

### **Owen Bullock, New Zealand**

spring, a sparrow  
 cleans its beak  
 on the mooring rope

proljeće, vrabac  
 čisti kljun  
 na priveznom konopu

stepping back  
 apple blossom  
 on the abandoned farm

korak unatraške  
 procvjetale jabuke  
 na napuštenoj farmi

### **Sam yada Cannarozzi, France**

although plum trees sleep  
 they breath slowly but surely  
 each leaf a new day

mada stabla šljive spavaju  
 ona dišu polako ali sigurno  
 svaki list u novi dan

scattered in the snow  
 old, red englantine berries  
 St. Valentine's Day

porazbacani u snijegu  
 stari, crveni plodovi šipka  
 Valentinovo

glistening raindrops  
 placed with such great precision  
 daily on each leaf

sjajne kapi kiše  
 smješteno s toliko preciznosti  
 svakodnevno na svaki list



**Iulian Ciupitu, Romania**

spring water murmurs–  
slipping to the edge  
of sleep

the scent of absence–  
some olive tree flowers  
on a hospital bed

**Rosa Clement, Brazil**

sleeping city  
the cold moon has no one  
to follow

the drunk man  
becomes a poet  
cold moon

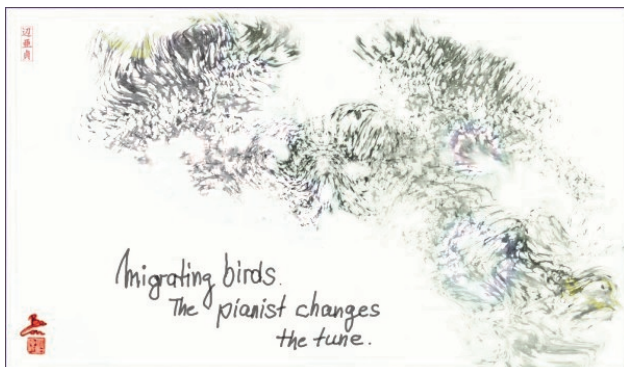
cold moon  
I seek its scent through  
the garden's flowers

**Beate Conrad, Germany/USA**

Dark and foggy–  
the Mississippi shapes  
in the captain's head.

Dunkel und neblig–  
Der Mississippi formt sich  
Im Kopf des Kapitns.

Tamno i maglovito–  
korito Misisipija  
u glavi kapetana.

**HAIGA: Beate Conrad**


Migrating birds  
the pianist changes  
the tune

Ptice selice  
pijanist promijenio  
pjesmu

**Pamela Cooper, Canada**

among the ashes  
 a tiny message barrel-  
 the war bird's remains

u pepelu  
 sitna poruka u spremniku-  
 ostaci ratne ptice

**Željka Čakan, Croatia**

Još jučer  
 – pahulje, sad lattice  
 prekrile put.

Yesterday  
 –snowflakes, now petals  
 covering the path.

**Amitava Dasgupta, USA**

twilight  
 I let my rejection letter  
 drifts with fallen leaves

večer  
 puštam odbijenicu s lišćem  
 niz vodenu struju

**Tracy Davidson, UK**

migrating birds  
 the long whistle  
 of a passing train

ptice selice  
 dugi zvižduk  
 vlaka u prolazu

**TANKA**

he smiles at me  
 the man in the cold moon  
 unfazed  
 by the careless footprints  
 of Apollo astronauts

smiješi mi se  
 čovjek na hladnom mjesecu  
 nimalo zbunjen  
 nemarnim tragovima stopa  
 astronaut s Appola

**Tatjana Debeljački, Serbia**

Park trešnjinog  
 drveća iza oblaka  
 uhvati vetar

A park of cherry trees  
 behind the cloud  
 caught by the wind

sa mesečevim  
 senkama i venera  
 na putovanju

with shadows  
 of moonlight, the Venus too  
 on a journey

krstarimo  
 mesečevim morima  
 vazduh slan

cruising  
 over the moon's seas  
 salty air

**Andrzej Dembonczyk, Silesia**

peach orchard –  
 I remind myself  
 "Dreams" by Kurosawa

Amidst the city throng  
 I can hear murmur of the brook  
 nowhere to be seen

breskvik–  
 podsjećam se na  
 Kurosawine "Snove"

Usred gradske verve  
 čujem žubor potoka  
 a nigde ga

**Janko Dimnjaković, Croatia**

pod mojim nogama  
 dok se kupam na terasi nebodera  
 cijeli grad

under my feet  
 while bathing on the skyscraper terrace  
 the whole city

*Translated by the author*

**HAIGA**

Haiku: Horst Ludwig

Haiga: Beate Conrad



*Sometimes wind strokes  
 gently across the young friend's  
 summer dress.*

*Haiku: Horst Ludwig*

*Haiga: Beate Conrad*

Sometimes wind strokes  
 gently across the young friend's  
 summer dress.

Povremeno vj etar  
 nježno pomiluje ljetnu haljinu  
 mlade prijateljice

**Ankica Dmejhal, Croatia**

Divlje se guske, u povratku,  
miješaju  
s hodočasticima.

Wild gees on return  
mixed with  
the pilgrims.

Dim  
Ocrtava  
prvo ovogodišnje jutro.

Smoke  
outlines  
the first morning.

**Ljubomir Dragović, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

Badem u kršu.  
Na baš sve me sjećaju  
ocvale grane.

An almond in the rocky field–  
blossoming branches remind me  
of just everything.

*Translated by Saša Važić*

**Dalibor Drekić, Serbia**

romori romor  
i niču po pučini  
arome mora

sound of murmur  
the offspring sprouting with  
fragrance of the sea

**Marina Drobnjaković, Serbia**

Modra zimska noć –  
Dah na prozorsko staklo  
vraća dva slova

Blue winter night–  
Breath on a window pane returns  
Two letters

**TANKA**

Ribicu  
upecali u mrežu  
dečji dlanovi.  
Voda nestala kroz prste.  
Ribica opet u reci.

Child's palms  
caught a fish  
into a net.  
Water disappeared through fingers.  
Tiny fish in the river again.

**Smajil Durmišević, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

behar na grani  
 behar na mojoj glavi  
 ljeto i jesen

blossoming branches  
 blossoms on my head  
 summer and autumn

na ljetnoj jari  
 pijući vodu, dječak  
 ne vidi sebilj

summer heat  
 drinking water a boy  
 doesn't see the fountain

**Branislav Đorđević, Serbia**

Iz zamrznute  
 barice, proviruje –  
 bledunjav mesec.

From a frozen  
 pond, peering–  
 a pale moon.

**Adina Enachescu, Romania**

Winter twilight–  
 at the Longing Gate  
 me and the moon

Zimski sumrak–  
 na vratima čežnje  
 ja i mjesec

**Selen Fargo, USA**

mist from the roof  
 how quickly  
 I forget

magla s krova  
 kako brzo  
 zaboravih

the icy air  
 sinks into my bones—  
 sickle moon

ledeni zrak  
 tone u moje kosti–  
 mladi mjesec

**Božena Filipan, Croatia**
**TANKA**

U sjeni cedra  
 i vitkih omorika  
 ljetna terasa  
 prijatelji srču čaj  
 iz glinenih šalica

In the shade of cheddar  
 and slim spruce trees  
 a summer terrace  
 friends having a tea  
 from the clay cups

**Nicollette Foreman, UK**

walking in snow-  
I see blazing stoves warmth  
through cottage windows

tranquil lake  
captures midnight moon  
Winter reflections

šetnja po snijegu-  
vidim toplinu gorućih peći  
kroz prozore koliba

mirno jezero  
zarobilo ponoćni mjesec  
zimski odrazi

**Veseljko Gajdašević Sljarkov, Serbia**

sijedom starcu  
preko umornih ruku  
behar slijece

u tami sobe  
plamičak vatre priča  
sa zidovima.

the flowery petals  
landing over gray haired man's  
tired hands

in the dark of room  
flame talking  
with the walls

**Anto Gardaš (1938-2004.), Croatia**

U barskom mulju  
čapljino pero. One  
visine... daljine...

In the mud of marsh  
a heron's feather. Those  
heights... distances...

*Anto Gardaš: Sjaj mjesečine, Osijek 2003*

**Anica Gečić, Croatia**

Dječji glasovi  
s jedrilica love se  
u magli.

Children's voices  
from sailing boats, catching each  
other in the fog.

*Anica Gečić: VEDRE STAZE/CHEERFUL TRAILS, haiku, Samobor, 2001.*

**Heike Gewi, Germany/Republik of Yemen**

autumn mist  
rising from the grove  
curls of ghosts

yellow leaves-  
floating into stillness  
the autumn mist

cold moon -  
the nude tree  
framed

jesenja magla  
dižu se sa šumarka  
koprče duhova

žuto lišće-  
splavari u tišinu  
jesenja magla

hladan mjesec -  
golo stablo  
uokvireno

**Petya Gleridis, Bulgaria**

frozen stars and sky  
 wind howling in the wolves' choir  
 the moon's hanging cold

smrznute zvijezde i nebo  
 vjetar zavija u vučjem zboru  
 visi hladan mjesec

**Ivanka Glogović Klarić, Croatia**

Kapljica mora.  
 Sunce poljupcem suši  
 nago tijelo.

A drop of sea.  
 With a kiss the sun  
 is drying the naked body.

*Translated by the author*

**Ivanka Gojtan Prodanović, Croatia**

gusta magla  
 po mokroj i sivoj ulici  
 odjekuju koraci

dense fog  
 over grey and wet street  
 echo of somebody's paces

u kutu peć  
 velika i lijepa  
 soba muzeja

furnace in the corner  
 large and nice  
 room in the museum

**Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, England**

still water  
 floating in reflection  
 cherry blossoms

mirna voda  
 splavare u odrazu  
 cvjetovi trešnje

**Slavica Grgurić Pajnić, Croatia**

potočići  
 isprali se obrazi  
 cvjetnih pupova

the creeks  
 washed are the faces  
 of flowery buds

zlatna livada–  
 vjetar ljulja  
 sunčev trag

a gold meadow–  
 the wind rocking  
 the solar track



**Jan Oskar Hansen, Norway**

On the outer field  
 A mass of birds congregate  
 Migrating southward

Na udaljenom polju  
 Okuplja se mnoštvo ptica  
 pred selidbu na jug

**Gail Ingram, New Zealand**

along the jagged coast; a line of shags flying south

uz nazubljenu obalu; crta morskih kormorana leti na jug

**Dan Iulian, Romania**

wireless network –  
 a spider weaves  
 the cold moon-rays

bežična mreža–  
 pauk plete  
 zrake hladnog mjeseca

in a lumber room–  
 only dusty light warms  
 the pot belly stove

u ropotarnici–  
 tek prašna svjetlost grije  
 gašpara

**Dubravko Ivančan (1931-1982.), Croatia**

Roda... zijeva  
 od neba  
 do zemlje!

Stork... it yawns  
 from the sky  
 to the Earth!



*Nada Žiljak, Croatia*

Raznobojne jegulje:  
 odrazi  
 jarbola u luci!

Variegated eels:  
 a reflection  
 of the masts in harbour.

Haiku: Dubravko Ivančan

**Nada Jačmenica, Croatia**

pjena slapova  
 raščešljava travke  
 u brzacima

foam from the waterfall  
 combing the grasses  
 in the rapids

nebo i more–  
 sljubljene crnine  
 pod zvijezdama

sky and the sea–  
 skin tight darkness  
 under the stars

**Marija Jelovečki, Croatia**

5.r./5th grade, OŠ Soblinec, PŠ Adamovec, the mentor: Ankica Dmjehal

U gustoj magli  
 o čemu li se to divikuje  
 brdo i šuma?

Amidst a dense fog  
 what are they shouting  
 the hill and the forest?

**Robert Kania, Poland**

gusty wind –  
 an apple blossom  
 on my apple pie

buran vjetar–  
 na mojoj piti od jabuke  
 cvijet jabuke

**Nada Kanižanec, Croatia**

U daljini šuma  
 pozlaćena izmaglicom  
 rane jeseni

Forest in distance  
 gilded by the mist  
 of an early autumn

Ostaci snijega  
 na dječjim cipelama  
 tope se uz peć

Remains of the snow  
 on the children's boots  
 melt by the furnace

**Radivoje Kastratović, Serbia**

zajedno sa mnom  
 ove morske stene  
 posmatraju beskraj

with me  
 these sea cliffs  
 gazing at infinity

morski suton–  
 ribar nečujno plovi  
 po zlatu

the sea sunset–  
 fisherman sailing silently  
 over the gold

### Vilma Knežević, Croatia

hladna noć  
 mjesec osvjetljava  
 smrznute stope

a cold night  
 the moon lights  
 frozen steps

### Milan Kojić, Serbia

Zaleđen prozor.  
 Ljudsko srce.  
 Hladnije.

Frozen window pane.  
 Human heart.  
 Colder.

### Krzysztof Kokot, Poland

spring rain –  
 vivid colours of flowers  
 on the old umbrella

proljetna kiša–  
 živahne boje cvijeća  
 na starom kišobranu

cold spring rain –  
 outside the butchers door  
 skinny dog

hladna proljetna kiša–  
 pred vratima mesnice  
 mršav pas

plaża nudystów–  
 dziadek nieustannie  
 szuka bursztynów

a nudist beach–  
 grandfather is constantly  
 looking for amber

nudistička plaža–  
 djed uporno traži  
 jantar

zmięty bilet–  
 na dnie walizki  
 ziarenko piasku

crumpled ticket–  
 on bottom of the suitcase  
 grain of sand

zgużvana karta–  
 na dnu kofera  
 zrno pijeska

### Sonja Kokotović, Croatia

Sretnik!  
 Behar u njenoj kosi  
 miluje vjetar

A lucky one!  
 Blossoming twig in her hair  
 caressed by the breeze

Prvi koraci  
 lati bijelog behara  
 donosi majci

The first steps  
 petals of white behar  
 he brings to his mother

Tek je 17 sati!  
 Dvanaesti mjesec  
 ukrao danu dan

Only 5 PM!  
 Dvanaesti mjesec  
 ukrao danu dan

**Ljubica Kolarić-Dumić, Croatia**

Vododerina  
 putove prokopala  
 snažna bujica

torrent  
 a strong stream digging  
 the ravines



*Slava Blažeković, Croatia*

zalazak sunca  
 rađa večernje sjene  
 vrane na strašilu  
 sjede u tišini  
 u potpunom miru

the setting sun  
 yields evening shadows  
 crows on the scarecrow  
 silently seated  
 in utter peace

TANKA by Dubravko Korbus

**Dubravko Korbus, Croatia**

nabujali potok  
 planina rađa  
 proljeće

swollen brook  
 mountain giving a birth  
 to the spring

jesenje nebo  
 mušice su ostale  
 bez lastavica

autumn sky  
 gnats now  
 without the swallows

magla što teče  
 proguta pa ispljune  
 siluetu strašila

flowing fog  
 swallowed then spit  
 by scarecrow's silhouette

povratak lasta  
 tko se još sjeća strašila  
 što ih je ispratilo

returning swallows  
 who remembers the scarecrow  
 that send them off

### Evica Kraljić, Croatia

sjena oblaka  
 iznad starog balkona–  
 plešu leptiri

shadow of a cloud  
 above an old balcony–  
 dancing butterflies

### Lavana Kray, Romania

casa arsă–  
 mai alb ca niciodată  
 cireșul negru

burnt house–  
 the black cherry tree  
 whiter than ever

spaljena kuća–  
 crno stablo trešnje  
 bjelje no ikada

### Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

summer vacation  
 the playground attains  
 full attendance

ljetni praznici  
 igralište postiglo  
 punu posjećenost

### Zdravko Kurnik (1933-2010), Croatia

Sunce još spava,  
 a brodica već plovi  
 u posjet ribama.

Sun still asleep,  
 yet the boat sails to visit  
 the fish already.

*Translated by the author*

### Yasuko Kurono, Japan

morning  
 slice of white winter moon  
 still be shone

jutro  
 kriška bijelog zimskog mjeseca  
 još sja

will that make me feel at home?  
 almond blossoms  
 sakura blossoms

hoću li se uz njih osjećati kod kuće?  
 cvjetovi badema  
 cvat trešnje

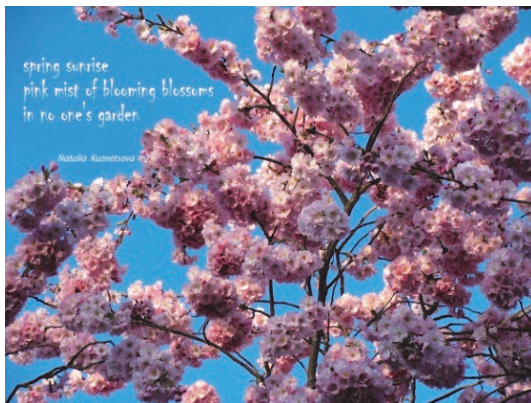
**Natalia Kuznetsova, Russia**

a fisherman's boat  
 slowly sinking in the fog,  
 seagulls' distress screams

winter moon  
 keeping all-night vigil...  
 insomnia

ribarica  
 polako tone u maglu,  
 uznemireni krici galebova

zimski mjesec  
 na cjelonoćnom bdijenju...  
 nesаница

**HAIGA**


spring sunrise  
 pink mist of blooming blossoms  
 in no one's garden

proljetno svitanje  
 ružičasta izmaglica rascvalih cvjetova  
 u ničijem vrtu

**Anne-Marie Labelle, Canada**

dans le ciel  
 les outardes s'en vont  
 toi, tu restes

in the sky  
 geese flying south  
 you, you stay

na nebu  
 guske lete na jug  
 ti, ti ostaješ

*Ma Lumière est une ombre / My Sunshine is a shadow, Labelle Édition, 2012, p. 36, Anne-Marie Labelle, traductrice Blanca Baquero.*

presqu'au sommet  
 caché par le brouillard  
 l'homme redescend

almost at the top  
 hidden by heavy fog  
 the man climbs down

gotovo na vrhu  
 skriven gustom maglom  
 spušta se čovjek

**Davorin Lenko, Slovenia**

fog—  
 bewildered flight  
 of birds nearby

magla—  
 zbunjen let  
 ptica u blizini

### Darrell Lindsey, USA

shadows of bluebirds  
 on the trellis  
 autumn mist

sjene plavih ptica  
 na odrini  
 jesenja magla

### Chen-ou Liu, Canada

hometown memories...  
 spring water  
 against my legs

sjećanje na rodni grad...  
 proljetna voda  
 pod nogama

autumn mist  
 a Bach fugue played  
 on the saw

jesenja magla  
 Bachova fuga svirana  
 na pili

autumn mist  
 out of sight  
 out of myself

jesenja magla  
 izvan vidokruga  
 izvan sebe

### TANKA

blooming fruit tree  
 where we carved our initials ...  
 alone at dawn  
 I stand in its shadow  
 dreaming our midsummer dream

cvatuća voćka  
 gdje smo urezali naše inicijale  
 sami u zoru...  
 stojim u njejoj sjeni  
 sanjareći naš ivanjski san

### Chen-ou Liu, Canada

#### HAIBUN: Here and Now

I wake up to watery sunlight filtering through the curtains. I had the same dream again.

A cave on the cliff of a high peak. Above it, there is a rusty plaque, on which "Barrier of Death" is inscribed. I walk inside the cave only to find a mossy statue: an old man, who looks like me, sits cross-legged.

Suddenly, a throaty voice, "bleached bones on my mind," brings me back to the daylight.

fruit trees blooming...  
 grain by grain, I eat  
 a bowl of rice



## Ovdje i sada

Budim se vodenastoj sunčanoj svjetlosti, filtriranoj zavjesama. Opet sam sanjao isti san.

Špilja u stijeni gorskog vrha. Iznad nje, zapuštena spomen ploča na kojoj je zapisano: “Zapreka smrti.” Koračam unutar špilje i pronalazim skulpturu obraslu mahovinom: starac koji me gleda, sjedi prekriženih nogu.

Neočekivano, grleni glas, “izbijeljene kosti u mojim mislima”\* vraća me danjem svjetlu.

voćke u cvatu...  
zrno po zrno objedujem  
rižu iz zdjelice

*Bleached bones*– Mardock  
(But it was your peeled bleached bones / That really blew my mind away)

## Tonka Lovrić, Croatia

Zarobljen  
u dahu jesenjeg vjetra  
miris dunje

captured  
in breath of the autumn wind  
fragrance of quinces

preletjela  
pjesma kosa  
prometnu ulicu

blackbird's song  
flew over  
a busy street

## Štefanija Ludvig, Croatia

nebeske duge  
piju vodu iz snijega  
proljeće dolazi

heavenly rainbows  
drink water from snow  
Spring is coming

*Translated by Vladimir Ludvig*

## Vladimir Ludvig, Croatia

prvi leptir  
žedan sletio na list  
ploveći vodom

the first butterfly  
thirstly landed on a leaf  
floating of water

na dimnjaku  
niz golubova–  
kamin na otvorenom

on the chimney  
niz golubova–  
fireplace on the open

*Translated by the author*

**Andrius Luneckas, Lithuania**

jump over  
and once again–  
spring creek

blossoming peach tree  
in the childhood courtyard  
unknown faces

snowing just stopped  
after charity evening  
more sky

preskačem  
i opet–  
proljetni potok

breskva u cvatu  
u dvorištu mog djetinjstva  
nepoznata lica

prestalo snježiti  
nakon dobrotvorne večeri  
više neba

**Mandeep Maan, India**

half moon  
now I see now I don't  
rustling leaves

mladi mjesec  
sada ga vidim pa ne vidim  
lišće šušti

**Aine MacAodha, North Ireland**

lonely sky  
evening moon–  
constant companion

usamljeno nebo  
večernji mjesec  
stalni drug

**John McDonald, Scotland**

a skein of geese–  
warmth  
on the hoe's handle

*Mainichi Daily News*

morning mist–  
between trees  
spider's ghostly bridge

jato gusaka–  
toplina  
na dršci motke

jutarnja magla–  
između stabala  
paukov sablasni most

**Vjera Majstrović, Croatia**

projuri auto  
rastjerana magla  
opet je tu

a car rushing by  
a sparse mist  
is back again

**Marija Maretić, Croatia**

proljetna kiša  
 pokupi snjegovića  
 ispred vrtića

spring rain  
 picked up a snowman  
 in front of the kindergarten

**Tomislav Maretić, Croatia**

trijem kućice–  
 u kupaćem kostimu  
 guli krumpire

*Marulić*

cottage porch–  
 she peels the potatoes  
 in her swimsuit

krcati za more –  
 djevojčica šverca lutku  
 iza sjedišta

*Marulić*

*Translations by the author*

packed for the seaside–  
 little girl smuggles a doll  
 behind her car seat

**Jacek Margolak, Poland**

first picnic–  
 even the sandwich smells  
 like cherry blossoms

prvi piknik–  
 čak i sendvič miriši  
 cvatom trešnjje

roadside orchard  
 so short in the rear view mirror  
 cherry blossoms

voćnjak uz cestu  
 tako kratko u retrovizoru  
 trešnjin cvat

spring thaw  
 the moonlight swims again  
 in a lake

proljetno otapanje  
 ponovno mjesec pliva  
 u jezeru

Christmas Eve–  
 I give her the moon  
 in a teacup

Badnje večje–  
 darujem joj mjesec  
 u šalici čaja

**Zlatko Martinko, Croatia**

otvorim vrata–  
 puteljkom pristiže  
 jesenja magla

as I open the door–  
 autumn mist arrives  
 over the path



**Zlatko Martinko: PRIJE JUGA (haibun)**

Ulice se ispraznile, brodice se tužno ljuljaju na vezu. Mir se uvlači u suncobrane, sklopljene van sezone. Iz sandučića vire reklame izleta u Veneciju, u Pariz, u Ibizu. Kraj ljeta.

gdje sam rođen  
 selo je bez zvonika ~  
 zmije na suncu

Eto ga, kraj ljeta.  
 Jato lastavica se skupilo po električnim žicama, jedna uz drugu stisnute kao riječi klapske pjesme, ispjevane tugom dalekih brodoloma. Naš je život ispunjen udovicama u crnom, maslinovim uljem, ribama na gradele i vinom. Mi smo mornari, putnici dalekih mora, mi smo vječne ptice selice. Tražimo našu sreću, naš jug.

ako pređem prag  
 bit ću ptica selica ~  
 tražit ću svoj jug

**Juich Masuda, Japan**

Fireplace  
 uncle's fairy tale  
 reindeer hearing on the wall

kamin–  
 stričevu bajku sluša  
 irvas na zidu

**Duško Matas, Croatia**

po hladanom mjesecu  
 jezercem jedno za drugim  
 plovi pačja obitelj

over a cold moon  
 sailing procession in the lake  
 –a duck family

tiha marina  
 zalazak sunca prekrila  
 šuma jarbola

silent marina  
 forest of the masts hiding  
 the sunset

*Duško Matas: Olovka i kist, 2010.*

**John McDonald, Scotland**

moonlight–  
cherry blossom  
sends it back

spring waters –  
the priest secretly  
dabs his rheumatism

summer journey  
between glittering columns  
of midges

summer vacation –  
candy-floss  
...clouds

mjesečina–  
trešnjin cvat  
vraća ju nebu

proljetne vode–  
svećenik potajno tapša  
reumatičnu bol

putovanje ljeti  
između sjajnih stupova  
mušica

ljetovanje –  
šećerna vata  
... oblaci

**Keith E. McInnis, Ireland**

For when a summers  
Rain falls, grief washes off  
Cold winter soul

I kada ljetne  
kiše padnu, ispire se tuga  
Hladna zimska duša

**Dušan Mijajlović Adski, Serbia**

Dosniva san  
u hladu belih breza–  
prosjak na klupi

Ending his dream  
in the shade of white birches–  
a beggar on the bench

**TANKA**

Iz sna  
zakoračih u baštu  
punu rose –  
ni slutio nisam  
kako jutro mirišu

From my sleep  
I step into the garden  
full of the dew–  
I couldn't have foreseen  
the fragrance of the mornings

**Vesna Milan, Croatia**

kreće bujica  
nizvodno zaplivala  
gumena čizma

a flash flood  
downstream floats  
an gumboot

inje na prozoru  
bakina peć miriše  
na domaći kruh

frosty window panes  
granny's stove smells  
with homemade bread

**Malvina Mileta, Croatia**

razmahao se kist  
 pod krošnjom behara  
 rasuta bjelina

došle su laste  
 bakinu su staju srušili  
 buldožeri

balkon susjeda  
 hlad mu čitavo jutro  
 blaženo cvate

prvi snijeg  
 pored tople peći  
 par dječjih čizmica

brandish brush  
 under blossoming tree  
 scattered whiteness

swallows returned  
 bulldozers demolished  
 granny's house

my neighbor's balcony  
 the shade on it blossoms  
 the whole morning

the first snow—  
 by a warm stove  
 a pair of child boots

**Vitomir Miletić-Witata, Serbia**

Skoro nevidljiv  
 među pahuljicama –  
 vojnik u rovu.

Almost invisible  
 among the snowflakes—  
 a soldier in the military trench

**Mirjana Miljković, Croatia**

Zatvorenih očiju  
 slušam glasne vjetroše.  
 Urbana priroda.

My eyes closed  
 listening to loud kestrels.  
 Urban nature.

Lovim pogledom  
 sa šesnaestoga kata  
 bučne vjetroše.

My gaze in search  
 of the kestrels  
 from the sixteenth floor.

**HAIGA: Mirjana Miljković**


Zagreb se budi  
 i podiže magličast  
 meki pokrivač

Zagreb wakes up  
 raising its misty  
 soft covering

Haiku by Mirjana Miljković

**Donce Mishovski, Macedonia**

žubori voda  
 priča na jeziku svom  
 svako ne čuje

murmuring water  
 in its own language  
 not everybody hears it

šaputaju mi  
 razgorele grančice  
 vruće je ovde

whispering to me  
 those burning twigs  
 hot in here

*Translated by the author*

**Vasile Moldovan, Romania**

Uncalled visitor  
 in the migrating birds' nest  
 a squirrel

Nepozvan posjetitelj  
 u gnijezdu ptice selice  
 vjeverica

Migration of birds...  
 in the burning stubble field  
 only empty nests

Selidba ptica...  
 na gorućem strništu  
 samo prazna gnijezda

The witching hour—  
 unappeasable heat in bed  
 the moon still cold

Gluho doba noći —  
 neublaživa vrućina u krevetu  
 mjesec ipak hladan

Lively verandah:  
 in my granma's arms  
 a purring kitten

Vesela veranda:  
 na bakinim rukama  
 prede mače

**Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu, Romania**

autumn winds—  
 a lost jackdaw  
 sways on the vane

jesenji vjetrovi —  
 izgubljena čavka  
 ljulja se na vjetrokazu

*Translated by the author*

**Ron Moss, Australia**

fireplace—  
 uncle's fairy tale  
 reindeer hearing on the wall

kamin—  
 stričevu bajku sluša  
 irvas na zidu

journey home  
 the glow of an ice moon  
 shattering stars

putovanje doma  
 sjaj ledenog mjeseca  
 raspršio zvijezde



### Milena Mrkela, Serbia

na starom bademu  
 sve grane suve–  
 jedna procvala

k`o da se nećka  
 zaostala za jatom  
 jedna čaplja

kroz hladno okno  
 mjesec dirnu tvoj osmjeh  
 uramljen na zidu

an old almond tree  
 all its boughs withered–  
 yet one in bloom

as if reluctant  
 a single heron lags  
 behind the flock

through a cold window pane  
 the moon touched your smile  
 framed on the wall

### Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia

teška magla  
 znakovi na auto cesti–  
 vise s neba

● skrivene tajne–  
 ● putna torba na putu  
 ● zaboravila vlasnika

heavy fog – the signs  
 above the motorway  
 hung from the sky

hidden secrets–  
 a travel bag on a journey  
 forgot its owner

### Hana Nestieva, Israel

по щиколотку в закате –  
 гремит ракушками  
 теплый прибой

ankle-deep sunset  
 the warm surf  
 rattles with shells

do gležnja u zalasku sunca  
 topli val  
 rumori sa školjkama

после отпуска  
 в магните с Чикагским "бобом"  
 отражается Иерусалим

after vacation  
 Jerusalem reflecting in the magnet  
 of Chicago Bean

nakon ljetovanja  
 Jeruzalem se odražava u magnetu  
 Chicago Bean-a

### Aida Nezirević, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Hladan mjesec  
 Popilo ga jutros  
 Toplo sunce naiskap

Cold moon  
 This morning hot sun drank her  
 by just one gulp

**Zoran Nikolić Mali, Serbia**

Prolećna kiša –  
 iz mog voćnjaka nestade  
 miris behara

Spring rain–  
 fragrance of *behar* in my orchard  
 disappeared

**Nancy Nitrio, USA**

abandoned orchard  
 apple trees blooming  
 ... still

napušten voćnjak  
 stabla jabuka cvatu  
 ... još uvijek

**TANKA**

I stand by  
 the open window–  
 shivering  
 in the glow  
 of the winter moon

stojim pored  
 otvorenog prozora–  
 drhteći  
 u sjaju  
 zimskog mjeseca

**Vesna Oborina, Montenegro**

Moj pogled zaustavljen  
 komadićima magle  
 Koliko je sati?

My view blocked  
 by patches of fog.  
 What time is it?

*Zvuci tišine/Sounds of silence, Beograd - Belgrade, 2009.*

ispod kopita  
 razigranog vranca  
 bljesnu varnica

from under the hoof  
 of playful horse  
 a spark flashes

jahač u sedlu–  
 vrancu na sapima  
 kapljice znoja

rider in the saddle–  
 a drop of sweat on the croup  
 of a black horse

*Translations by the author*

**Rita Odeh, Israel**

Death Valley-  
 the photographer adjusts  
 his camera brightness

Dolina Smrti–  
 fotograf prilagođava  
 svjetlost kamere

**Tugomir Orak, Croatia**

Ribič hvata,  
 sjenu oblaka,  
 i cvijet trešnje.

An angler catches  
 the shadow of a cloud  
 and cherry blossom.

**Oprica Padeanu, Romania**

blossomed apple trees  
 slower and slower  
 old man's walking

jabuke u cvatu  
 sve je sporiji korak  
 onog starca

Play of snowflakes—  
 nobody lit the fire  
 in the furnace

Igra pahulja —  
 nitko nije naložio  
 vatru u peći

**Miloš Panić, Croatia**

otpali cvat  
 mati mete dvorište  
 nedjeljno jutro

fallen blossoms  
 mother sweeps the yard  
 sunday morning

**John Parsons, England**

released over  
 clear waters the slow glitter  
 of lacewings

oslobođeni nad  
 bistrim vodama spori sjaj  
 mrežokrilaca

above clear waters  
 acrobatic wagtails  
 in love with light

nad bistrim vodama  
 akrobacije pastirica  
 zaljubljenih u svjetlost

**Short Cotswold Sequence**

that caterpillar of bare trees  
 and glimpse of road on hills  
 above close knit roofs  
 of the old mill town its narrow  
 stone faced streets held tight within

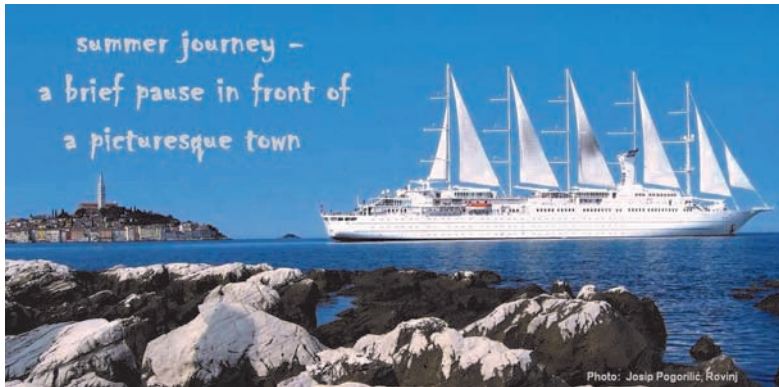
ta gusjenica golih stabala  
 i letimičan pogled cesta na brdima  
 iznad gusto natiskanih krovova  
 starog mlinskog grada mlinova njegove uske  
 kamenom popločene ulice koje je čvrsto drže skupa

where jackdaws perch drop twigs  
 and finches flock each orchard curve  
 of twisted limb pruned hard back  
 of histories held close lipped hushed  
 as calls of collared doves

*Translated by Verica Peacock*

gdje čavke se skupe, padaju grančice  
 i zebe se jate u svakoj oblini voćnjaka  
 od savinute grane strogo obrezivane  
 od više priča držane zatvorenim usnama ušutkane  
 kao gugutanje gugutki

HAIGA: Josip Pogorilić



putovanje ljeti-  
 kratak odmor ispred  
 pitoresknog grada

summer journey-  
 a brief pause in front of  
 a picturesque town

Haiku: Marija Pogorilić  
 Photo: Josip Pogorilić

**Toni Pavleski, Macedonia**

пролетен дожд  
 се дави на плочникот  
 осамен канделабр

spring rain  
 drowns over the pavement  
 lonesome candelabra

proljetni pljusak  
 utapa se na pločniku  
 usamljen kandelabar

ми ги донесе  
 овошните цветови  
 северецот луд

it had brought to me  
 the fruit blossoms  
 mad North wind

donio mi  
 cvijeće voćaka  
 pobješnjeli sjeverac

**Verica Peacock, England**

Starry summer night  
 standing on my balcony  
 I reach the stars!

Zvezdana ljetna noć  
 stojeći na balkonu  
 ja dosežem zvijezde!

Flying overhead  
 seagull spies breadcrumbs –  
 a bird's banquet!

Leteći mi nad glavom  
 galeb ugleda mrvice kruha–  
 ptičja gozba!

*Translated by the author*

**Nikola ČD Pešić, Niš**

Rano proleće–  
cvet drena u podnožju  
sneg na planini

Early spring–  
blooming cornel at its base  
snow on the mountain

**Predrag Pešić-Šera, Serbia**

Cvrkuće slavuj –  
iza žive ograde  
na procvalom kestenu

Nightingale chirping–  
behind a live fence  
on blossoming chestnut tree

**Sanja Petrov, Croatia**

plašljiva ptica  
na tren utišala  
žubor potoka

a timid bird  
hushed for a moment  
murmur of the brook

**Stanko Petrović, Croatia**

Pod moju strehu  
vratila se prva petica  
iz zemljopisa

Under the eaves  
return my first A,  
in Geography

Selidba  
tisuća pernatih članova  
bez prtljage...

Moving  
thousands of feathery members  
with no luggage

**Dunja Pezelj, Jurlin**

Kratka oluja.  
Na asfaltu proključao  
ljetni pljusak

A short storm.  
Summer drizzle boiling  
on the asphalt.

*Samoborski haiku susreti 1999*

Ljetni maestral.  
U uvali se ljeska  
zgužvano sunce.

Summer mistral.  
Wrinkled sea in the bay  
shining.

*Dunja Pezelj-Jurlin: Zlato u plavom – vl. Naklada 2007.*



HAIGA by Gillena Cox

drenched and jewelled  
the peacock ginger flower-



white clouds emerging

orošen draguljima  
cvijet đumbira  
izranjaju bijeli oblaci

Haiku by Gillena Cox

**Marija Pogorilić, Croatia**

nabujala Miljacka  
Sarajevom raznosi  
cvat behara

swollen Miljacka  
varying over Sarajevo  
behar blossoms

sezona lova  
kroz maglu izvitoperi  
lavež pasa

hunting time  
the fog distorting  
barking of a dog

novogodišnje jutro  
nad bjelinom snijega  
prvi pogled na mjesec

New Year's morning  
above whiteness of snow  
first gaze at the moon

**Patricia Prime, New Zealand**

balanced on a leaf  
drifting downriver  
a water beetle

uravnotežena na listu  
pluta niz rijeku  
vodena buba

cherry blossom  
each falling petal  
colours the path

trešnja u cvatu  
svaka lat što pada  
boji stazu

migrating geese  
a group of women admire  
the rhododendrons

selidba gusaka  
grupa žena divi se  
rodondendronima

**Vera Primorac, Croatia**

na pustom žalu  
galebovi srču  
noćnu tišinu

on a deserted beach  
the seagulls sipping  
silence of the night

*Kloštar Ivanić 2008., 1<sup>st</sup> Prize*

**Živko Prodanović, Croatia**

proljeće  
stara trešnja  
opet je mlada

springtime  
old cherry tree  
is young afresh

jutro od magle  
nestvarno trepere  
ljudi od magle

misty morning  
unreal quivering of  
the people made of fog

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2005.*

megla se vleče  
ni deda ni hitrejši  
jesen v jeseni

vuče se magla  
a ni djed nije brži  
jesen u jeseni

dragging fog  
the old man is not faster either  
autumn within autumn

*Kajkavian dialect, Zbornik 9. haiku dan Dubravko Ivančan, Krapina 2007., Translated by the author*

**Lilia Racheva, Bulgaria**

цветна приказка,  
в рисунка на дете  
цъфнало дърво

colour tale,  
kids drawing  
blossoming tree

cvjetna bajka  
djeca crtaju  
rasevalo stablo

*English translation Radosvet Aleksandrov*

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Croatia**

s trešnje u cvatu  
bigliše nevidljiv slavuj  
skoro cijelu noć

from blossoming cherry  
an invisible nightingale  
singing the whole night

kroz rebra  
olupine stare barke  
klizi hladan mjesec

through the ribs  
of an abandoned boat  
slides a cold moon

rijeka nosi  
sante – na svakoj djelić  
hladnog mjeseca

the river carrying  
icebergs—on each a piece  
of a cold moon



**Zoran Raonić, Montenegro**

Magla i dim  
nastavljaju zajedno  
put uz planinu.

Fog and smoke  
continue together  
up the mountain.

**Igor Rems, Montenegro**

po rebrima kobile  
u kasu, avgust spaljuje  
konjske tragove

over the mare's ribs  
while trotting, August burns  
the horse's traces

**Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia**

prolećno veče –  
stresam se od huka  
nadošle reke

spring evening–  
I shudder at the roar  
of the risen river

prolećno veče –  
u sumraku belasa  
samo još behar

spring twilight–  
a single blossom  
gleaming white

**TANKA**

otvaram vrata  
da sa balkona uđe  
miris behara  
gde osta onaj leptir  
sa nejasnom slobodom

i open the door  
to let the scent of  
blossoms in  
where is that butterfly  
of obscure liberty

miris behara  
sa uzdahom devojke –  
svet je običan  
nikad neće prestati  
moja inspiracija

the scent of blossoms  
with a girl's sigh–  
the world is simple  
my inspiration  
is ceaseless

*Translated by the author*



Samira Begman Karabeg

Samira Begman Karabeg

## Auf der Spur des Einhorns

### Tragom Jednoroga

Auf der Spur des Einhorns / Tragom Jednoroga



9 783906 108032

Ausgewählte Gedichte / Odabrane pjesme



Avery Thorn

Avery Thorn

Dorothea Turnherr ist eine erfolgreiche Karrierefrau und führt ein geregeltes Leben. Im Zug begegnet sie dem charmanten und gut aussehenden Damien. Dieser verhält sich ihr gegenüber wie ein wahrer Gentleman und ist immer für sie da. Doch schon bald fällt ihr auf, dass er ganz anders ist als andere Männer. Und allmählich entgleist ihr das ganze Leben. Mit allen Kräften versucht sie es in den Griff zu bekommen, doch sie sinkt immer tiefer. Als sie am Tiefpunkt angelangt, wo sie alles verloren hat, ergreift sie die Gelegenheit, um Damien näher zu kommen. Erst dann dämmert es ihr, wer dieser geheimnisvolle Mann an ihrer Seite in Wirklichkeit ist.

## Ferner Glanz

Ferner Glanz





Sabahudin Hadžialić

# Raskršće svijetova

I DIO

KUTIJA ŽIVOTA



MOSTART

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**Aalix Roake, New Zealand**

drifting autumn fog  
trees in feather cloaks

plutajuća jesenja magla  
lišće u pernatim ogrtačima



*Slava Blažeković, Croatia*

**Stjepan Rožić, Croatia**

iznenadni vietar  
nosi snježni oblak  
s trešnje u cvatu  
*3rd Prize, Kusamakura haiku contest 2000*

suddenly a wind  
carrying snowy cloud from  
the blossoming cherry-tree

uz malo okno  
trošne kućice  
magla dovlači jesen  
*Stjepan Rožić: Proletni vjetar/Spring Wind Ivanić Grad, 2005*

by a little window  
of the ruinous house  
fog drags the autumn

zaleđena okna  
cjepanica kraj kamina  
s pečatom žune  
*Stjepan Rožić: Biglisanje/Song of a Nightingale, 2010.*

icy window panes  
the log by the fireplace  
with woodpecker's seal



**Cynthia Rowe, Australia**

spring breeze  
bits of blue sky snagged  
in the cherry blossom

still water  
the red dragonfly's  
sudden click

proljetni lahor  
djelići modrog neba oteti  
u cvatu trešnjje

voda stajačica  
iznenadni klik  
crvenog vodomara

**HAIGA by Cynthia Rowe**


skin deep  
your siren song of broken  
promises

pličina  
tvoja pjesma sirene  
pogaženih obećanja

Haiku and haiga: Cynthia Rowe

**Francesco de Sabata, Italy**

quivering almond –  
buzzing amid the blossoms  
a single bee

the frozen moon  
vanishes in the white dawn  
–a whiter shade

nebbia – soltanto  
puntuti campanili  
vivono incerti

foggy morning–  
only the sharp bell towers  
dubious survive

maglovito jutro–  
tek oštri vrhovi zvonika  
dvojbena preživljavaju

treperi badem–  
zujni među cvjetovima  
jedna jedina pčela

promrzao mjesec  
nestaje u bijeloj zori  
–još bjelja sjena

### Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines

here we are  
 arriving on time—  
 spring waters

migrating birds—  
 my recollections  
 of a transient life

open fireplace  
 the heating efficiency  
 of your red lips

stigosmo  
 na vrijeme—  
 proljetne vode

ptice selice –  
 moja razmišljanja o  
 prolaznosti života

otvoren kamin  
 umješnost zagrijavanja  
 tvojih crvenih usana

### Zoe Savina, Greece

όμορφοι ήχοι!  
 βαδίζεται πλάι μου  
 το ποτάμι κι εσύ

beautiful sounds!  
 walking beside me  
 you and the river...

divni zvuci!  
 uz mene koračate  
 ti i rijeka

### Slavko J. Sedlar, (1932-2011.) Serbia

Pričekajte me  
 Lastavice, ni ja više  
 Nemam zimnicu

Wait for me, swallows,  
 nor do I have food for winter  
 any longer

*Slavko J. Sedlar: Takvost 3 /Suchness 3, Saša Važić, 2010.  
 Translated by Saša Važić*

### Borivoje Sekulić, Serbia

Na reci puca led—  
 uplašene ptice  
 uzleću.

Creaking ice on the river—  
 uplašene ptice  
 uzleću.

### Mirjanka R. Selcanec, Macedonia

ti si zamina  
 a proletni dozdovi  
 vrnat... buca-at...

you went away  
 but spring rains again  
 are roaring

otišao si  
 opet bučanje  
 proljetnih kiša

prolet e sega  
 vodite tecat, ecat  
 vo Bogomila

spring time is now  
 the torrents resound  
 in Bogumila

proljeće je  
 bujice odjekuju  
 u Bogumilu



**Keith A. Simmonds, France**

the scent of dawn  
 as lime blooms float in the air...  
 intoxication

a halo of mist  
 surrounds the rising sun ...  
 autumn morning

smoke signals rising  
 from snow-capped chimneys–  
 the scent of coffee

miris svitanja  
 dok cvat lipe lebdi u zraku...  
 opojnost

vijenac od magle  
 opkolio izlazeće sunce...  
 jesenje jutro

dimni signali  
 iz snijegom pokrivenih dimnjaka–  
 miris kave

**Valeria Simonova-Cecon, Italy**

autumn mist–  
 on the both sides of the road  
 dry nettle sticks

jesenja magla–  
 s obje strane ceste  
 suhi štapovi kopriva

**Violetta Solnikova, Bulgaria**

Herb pickers.  
 Solely the wind and the leaves  
 applaud them.

Skupljači ljekovitog bilja.  
 Samo im vjetar i lišće  
 plješću.

**Bee Smith, Republic of Ireland**

During the eclipse  
 Such stillness but for  
 The choral swarm of bee song

Tijekom pomračenja  
 Silna tišina osim zboru  
 Roja pčela

Bank Holiday Monday

TANKA

Neradni ponedjeljak

The pounding of rain  
 Doing rooftop tympani  
 A pillow poem  
 Grey sky and cloud cover  
 So undeserving of May

Lupanje kišnih kapi  
 Što bubnjaju po krovu  
 Pjesmu na jastuku  
 Sivo nebo i oblak zaklanjaju  
 Što ne dolikuje svibnju



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# DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA



## POETSKI MARATON

Sarajevo

11:00, 21.3.2013.-11:00, 22.3.2013.



XXIX Internacionalni  
 Festival Sarajevo  
 Sarajevska zima  
 07. februar  
 21. mart 2013

XXIX International  
 Festival Sarajevo  
 Sarajevo Winter  
 07 February  
 21th March 2013

# UMJETNOST DODIRA ART OF TOUCH

**Ružica Soldo, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

Oluja ljetna  
 u krošnje se gnijezdi  
 presahli bunari

Školjka na žalu  
 dječak tužno gleda  
 bisera trag

*Ružica Soldo: Svjetlost krijesnica*

Summer storm  
 nestling into the tree crowns  
 - dried wells

A shell on the shore  
 a boy gazing sadly  
 at the trace of a pearl

**John Soules, Canada**

spring rain  
 outside my window  
 returning geese

milkweed  
 geese gather  
 by the river

*White Lotus Aug. 2008*

proljetna kiša  
 iza mog prozora  
 povratak gusaka

mlječika  
 guske se okupljaju  
 uz rijeku

**TANKA**

heavy  
 with blossoms of snow  
 the branches  
 of the apple tree  
 bend to the ground

teške  
 pod cvijećem snijega  
 grančice  
 jabuke  
 pognute do zemlje

**Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia**

prolećne vode  
 ponovo nadolaze –  
 beskrajno dug put

ispod mosta  
 još ima kartonskih kuća.  
 hladan mesec

*Translated by Saša Važić*

spring waters  
 raising again–  
 an endless road

below the bridge  
 still some cardboard boxes–  
 cold moon

**Sherry Steiner, USA**

dancing by me oh  
 i can smell the river melt  
 i can taste the dew.

pleši uz mene, oh  
 osjećam miris rijeke što se topi  
 i okus rose.

**Dragan Stodić, Serbia**

Magla

 Magla nad gradom.  
 Kiša u oku rode  
 Pada niz oluk.

Fog

 Fog above the town.  
 Rain in the stork's eye  
 Falls down the gutter.

**Gabriela Stojanoska-Stanoeska, Macedonia**

 Тече во дланка  
 стопената планина.  
 Огледален сјaj.

 Melted mountain  
 flows on my palm.  
 A glow of mirror.

 Otopljena gora  
 teče na moj dlan.  
 Ogledalni sjaj.

**André Surridge, New Zealand**

 camouflaged  
 by cherry blossoms  
 bullfinch

 maskirana  
 među cvjetovima trešnje  
 zimovka

 ● flowering quince  
 she cuts a sprig to visit  
 ● a sick friend

 rascvala dunja  
 odrezala je mladicu za posjet  
 bolesnom prijatelju

 ● dinner party  
 the glow of the fireplace  
 in her earring

 svečana večera  
 sjaj kamina  
 na njenoj naušnici

**Bajram Šabanović, Montenegro**

 Naveliko  
 se kupuju peći–  
 stiže zima

 Buying stoves  
 at large–  
 winter coming

**Željko Špoljar, Croatia**

 jesenje jutro  
 u tihoj izmaglici  
 gubi se cesta

 autumn morning  
 the road disappears  
 in a noiseless mist

 diže se sunce  
 na vrhove stabala  
 penje se magla

 rising sun  
 the fog climbs  
 to the treetops

 sva u ranama  
 prkosi valovima  
 morska stijena

 covered with wounds  
 defying the waves  
 a sea cliff

**Ljubica Šporčić, Croatia**

probeharila  
 sunčevima poljupcima  
 gola krošnja

zimsko predvečerje  
 u rijeku klonuo  
 hladan mjesec

blossoming  
 with kisses of the sun  
 a bare treetop

winter dusk  
 cold moon drooped  
 into the river

**Eduard Tara, Romania**

Wild apple petals –  
 the path from the closed mill  
 whiter and whiter

Thawing river –  
 the first shooting star  
 from the Milky Way

Cold moon –  
 still looking for  
 my lucky coin

Lati divlje jabuke–  
 staza od zatvorenog mlina  
 sve bjelja i bjelja

Otapa se led na rijeci–  
 prva zvijezda padalica  
 s Mliječne staze

Hladan mjesec–  
 još tražim  
 sretni novčić

**TANKA**

Just for a moment  
 a falling lemon petal  
 settles in my palm –  
 the cold wind is taking back  
 everything I thought I have

Samo na trenutak  
 latica limuna što pada  
 smjestila se na moj dlan–  
 hladan vjetar uzima natrag  
 sve što sam mislio da imam

**Diana Teneva, Bulgaria**

lengthening days  
 the almond leaf buds  
 still hesitating

cold moon  
 fine rain droplets on  
 the rustling leaves

dulji dani  
 pupovi bademova lišća  
 još neodlučni

hladan mjesec  
 sitne kapi kiše na  
 lišću što šušti

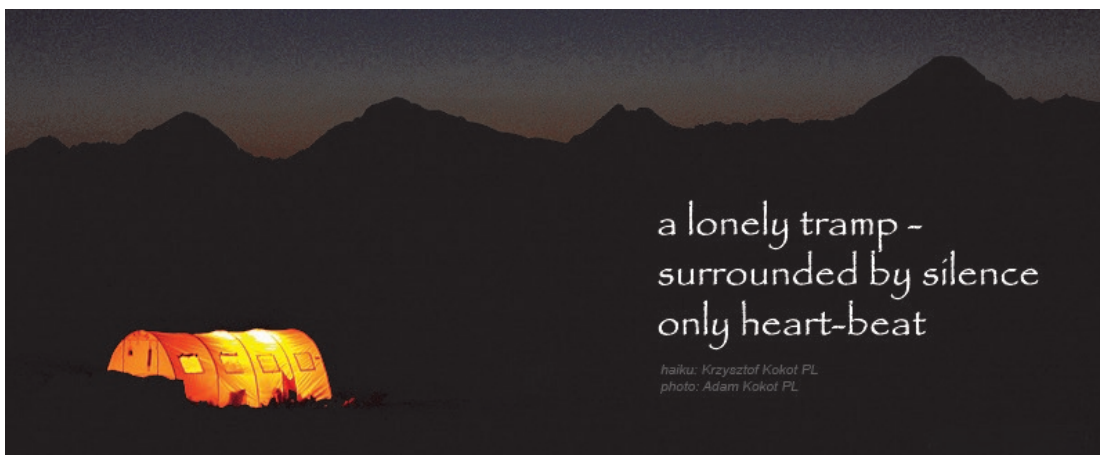
**Angela Terry, USA**

autumn mist  
 the heron's stillness  
 engulfs him

wrapping itself  
 around autumn silence  
 early morning mist

jesenja magla  
 čaplju okružuje  
 njena tišina

omotala se  
 oko jesenje tišine  
 rana jutarnja magla

**HAIGA**


*Haiku: Krzysztof Kokot*

*Photo: Adam Kokot*

**Frans Terryn, Belgium**

Alle zwaluwen  
 vertrokken naar hun thuisland -  
 hoe stil nu de schuur.

All the swallows  
 departed to their homeland—  
 the stillness of the barn.

Sve su laste  
 otputovale svojoj domovini—  
 tišina staje.

**Maria Tirescu, Romania**

a flock of swallows  
 on the outskirts of village —  
 the corn leaves rustle

jato lastavica  
 na rubu sela—  
 šušti lišće kukuruza

between sky and sea  
 only the mist—  
 winter moon

između neba i mora  
 samo magla—  
 zimski mjesec

**Vesna G.Todevska, Macedonia**

Just wave on sky  
swans have gone  
with wind

Tek val na nebu  
labudovi otišli  
s vjetrom

**Silva Trstenjak, Croatia**

kišni travanj:  
jedna duga uvijek  
na kalendaru

rainy April:  
a rainbow all the time  
on the calendar

peć iza kuće  
iz dimnjaka u nebo  
poleti kos

stove behind the house  
a blackbird takes off  
from the chimney

svih je boja  
osmjeh od sladoleda  
na dječjem licu

all the colours  
of an ice cream smile  
on the child's cheeks

**Charles Trumbull, USA**

she hides the henna  
flowers painted on her hands —  
February thaw

ona krije naslikane  
cvjetove kane na rukama—  
otapanje u veljači

**Mirko Varga, Croatia**

Suho korito —  
tražim izvor koji nikad  
ne presušuje

*Translated by the author*

Dry river bed—  
I'm in search of the source  
that will never run dry

**Saša Važić, Serbia**

hello . . .  
blossoming orchard, disappearing  
in the scented fog

zdravo...  
rasevali voćnjak nestaje  
u mirisnoj magli

the sputter of  
grandma's porcelain figures—  
a cold fireplace

pucketanje  
bakinih porcelanskih figurica—  
hladno ognjište

*Translated by the author*

**Judit Vihar, Hungary**

E szív alakú szigeten  
virít már a  
zsenge szerelem!

*Translated by Anatoly Kudryavitsky*

This heart-shaped island  
already in bloom...  
young love

Taj srcoliki otok  
već u cvatu...  
mlada ljubav

Szikrázik a víz  
sugár lövel magasba –  
pillanat szökell

The water is sparking  
a jet towards the sky–  
utekao trenutak

Pjenušavi mlaz  
vode prema nebu–  
the moment escaped

**Christine L. Villa, USA**

opening my arms  
to a slice of peach moon  
winter tree

širim ruke  
krišci mjeseca boje breskve  
zimsko stablo

koi pond  
my shadow shivers  
with the frost moon

jezerce s ribicama koi  
moja sjena drhti  
s mraznim mjesecom

**Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania**

Wind bells  
A cherry branch in bloom  
Swinging the Moon

Kineska zvonca  
Grančica trešnje u cvatu  
Ljulja mjesec

Snow Moon  
Flying with snowflakes  
My red scarf

Snježni Mjesec  
Leti s pahuljama  
Moj crveni šal

**Branka Vojinović-Jegdić, Montenegro**

juče je snijeg  
prekrivao voćnjak–  
a danas behar

yesterday the snow  
covered orchard–  
today it blooms

umjesto ptica  
treperi žuto lišće–  
u mom voćnjaku

instead of the birds  
yellow leaves fluttering–  
in my orchard

gazim pijesak!  
o, kako bole  
zrnca u papuči

stepping on the sand!  
such pain from a grain  
in my sandal



**HAIGA: Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu, Romania**


heart flutter  
 only one crane  
 returns home

podrhtavanje srca  
 samo se jedan ždral  
 vraća kući

Haiku by Christina-Monica Moldoveanu, Romania

**Jadranka Vučak, Croatia**

Kroz proljetnu maglu  
 netko tjera ptice  
 s mosta

U bistrini  
 nabujale rijeke  
 čisti se čaplja

U tišini jutra  
 šaptačica vatri  
 pali staru peč

Through spring mist  
 someone drives away birds  
 from the bridge

In the clearness  
 of the swollen river  
 the heron is preening itself

In the silent morning  
 the fire whisperer  
 lights the old stove

*Translated by Zoran Buktenica*

**Željka Vučinić Jambrešić, Croatia**

rascvala marelica,  
 u rupi među granama  
 pun mjesec

urušeni most  
 vukući se između stupova  
 magla prelazi rijeku

blossoming apricot,  
 in a hole among the boughs  
 a full moon

a collapsed bridge  
 mist drags among the pillars  
 crossing the river

**Neal Whitman, USA**

a boulder  
 tumbled down the hillside  
 waters of spring

the vista opened  
 swollen crabapple buds  
 red and purple

invisible  
 in the sea fog  
 crying gulls

the hillside  
 wearing a veil  
 cold moon

stijena  
 survala se niz padinu  
 vode proljeća

otvorio se vidik  
 otečeni pupoljci divlje jabuke  
 crveni i ljubičasti

nevidljivi  
 u morskoj magli  
 kriješteći galebovi

padina  
 odjenula veo  
 hladan mjesec

**Tad Wojnicki, US/Taiwan**

beach bar  
 fog engulfs  
 each stool

fog lifts –  
 the sun strokes  
 naked slopes

bar na plaži  
 magla okružuje  
 svaki stolac

diže se magla –  
 sunce gladi  
 gole padine

**Jack Wood, New Zealand**

Fog shrouds village sleep  
 Smokers cough submerges dreams  
 Wind wheezes sunlight

Magla omotala uspavano selo  
 Kašalj pušača potapa snove  
 Vjetar dahće na sunce

**Božena Zernec, Croatia**

oblak behara  
 spustio se na proplanak  
 mirišu dvorišta

memljiva magla  
 puni usidreni čun–  
 postaje nevidljiv

u hlad planine  
 zavlaci se brežuljak  
 klonulo žito

a cloud of flowering tree  
 landed at the clearing  
 yard in sweet scent

damp autumn mist  
 filling an anchored boat–  
 it becomes invisible

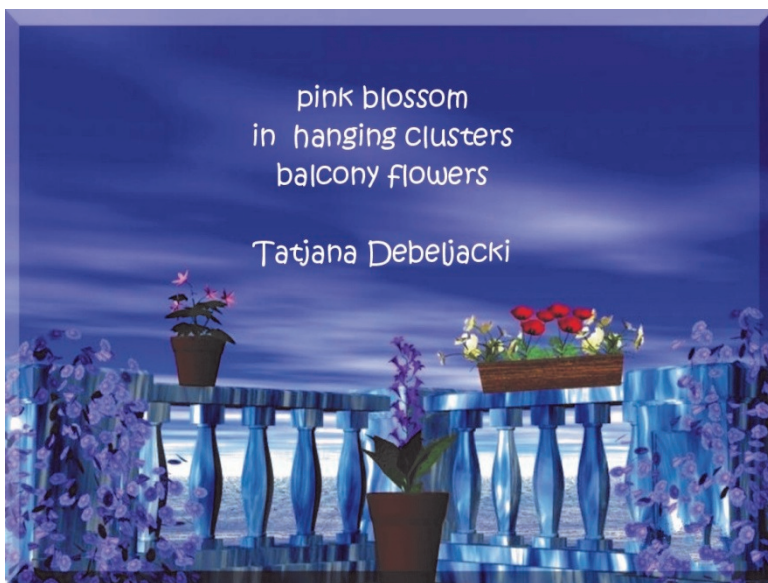
a hill retreats  
 into the mountain's shade  
 drooped corn

**Verica Živković, Serbia**

ponoćni hladan mesec—  
 iza sjaktave sante leda  
 napušten brod

*Translated by the author*

the midnight cold moon —  
 behind a shining ice floe  
 the abandoned ship

**HAIGA: Tatjana Debeljački**


cveta ružičasto  
 u visećim cvetovima  
 balkonsko cveće

blooming pink  
 hanging flowers  
 on the balcony

Haiku by Tatjana Debeljački



Đurđa Vukelić-Rozić

**HAIKU JAPAN / HAIKU JAPAN**

**Sayumi Kamakura, Japan**

Scorching sun:  
 from out of my own shadow  
 the sound of wings

Užareno sunce:  
 iz moje sjene  
 zvuk krila

My temples  
 flooded in loneliness:  
 O kiss them, please

Moje sljepoočnice  
 poplavljene u samoći;  
 Oh, ljubite ih, molim

Hearing that lake-bottom mud  
 sounds  
 like a murmurous song

Čuvši taj mulj s dna jezera  
 zvuči  
 kao šumna pjesma

From the wintry Milky Way  
 a voice says:  
 “welcome Home”

Sa zimske Mliječne staze  
 glas kaže:  
 “dobrodošla kući”

He carried blue  
 into the heavens  
 and never returned

Nosio je plavetnilo  
 u nebesa  
 i nikada se nije vratio

Fly away birds  
 migrate before  
 the lights grow bitter

Poletite ptice  
 odselite se prije  
 no što svjetla postanu gorka

We shall cross water  
 and pass the mountains  
 until we reach “hope”

Prijeći ćemo vodu  
 i proći planine  
 sve dok ne dohvatimo “nadu”


**Kuniharu Shimizu, Japan**

Saturated blue,  
even tourists wear  
the color of sky

Beach wind,  
occasionally visible  
in her long hair

Late-night café...  
ceiling lights illuminate  
her solitude

Still life in the sun,  
only the shadows  
silently move

Leap of faith –  
she lingers on the edge  
just a while longer

Zasićena plava,  
čak i turisti nose  
boju neba

Vjetar na plaži,  
povremeno vidljiv  
u njejoj dugoj kosi

Kafić kasno noću...  
svjetla sa stropa obasjavaju  
njenu samoću

Mrtva priroda na suncu,  
tek sjene  
tiho kreću se

Pomanjkanje pouzdanja–  
ona oklijeva na rubu  
tek nešto dulje

<http://seehaikuhere.blogspot.jp/>

<https://sites.google.com/site/graceguts/haiga/haiga-with-kuniharu-shimizu>

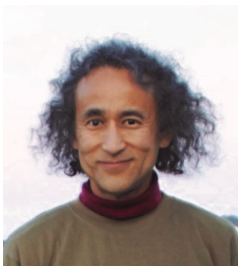
Tumbling, stumbling –  
with budding Sakura  
reconstruction proceeds

の  
た  
う  
つ  
て  
蕾  
さ  
く  
ら  
の  
復  
興  
へ



haiku: Utsuyoshi Endo artwork: Kuniharu Shimizu

Haiga by Kuniharu Shimizu, Japan


**Takenami Akira, Japan**

A song of bird  
might be mixed with  
sorrow of love

A paper crane has  
warmth of fingers and  
fragrance of lily

Chosen by lightning,  
a tree becomes  
a column of fire

In your pupils,  
snow disappears  
not getting dirty

Winter cherry blossom,  
Buddha lives in the mountain  
with no temple

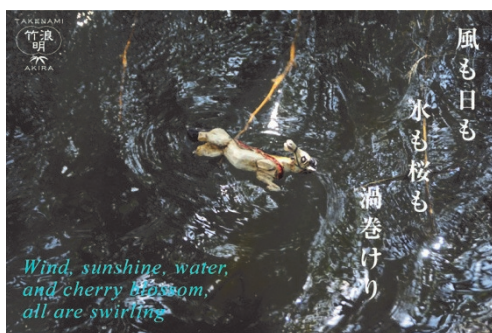
Pjesma ptice  
mogla bi biti isprepletana  
s tugom ljubavi

Ždral od papira ima  
toplinu prstiju i  
miris ljiljana

Odabrano munjom  
stablo postaje  
vatreni stup

U tvojim zjenicama,  
snijeg nestaje  
a da se ne uprlja

Zimski cvat trešnje,  
buda živi u planini  
bez hrama.



HAIGA:

"Water Horse, Fire Rabbit, Wind Lion" which is a story about 11th March 2011 disaster in northeast Japan and horse is one of casts. You can see preview on YouTube.

... [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j\\_-RRexA10A](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j_-RRexA10A)

„Konj vode, zec vatre, lav vjetra“ priča o katastrofi u sjeveroistočnom Japanu 11. ožujka 2011., gdje je konj ima jednu od uloga.

Akira Takenami: <http://takenamiakira.jp>

**Wind, sunshine, water,  
and cherry blossom,  
all are swirling**

**Vjetar, sunčeva svjetlost, voda,  
cvat trešnje,  
sve se kovitla**


**Ban'ya Natsuishi, Japan**
**Flower of Sorrow / Cvijet tuge**

An email  
 from a nerve  
 severed by an earthquake

Elektronsku poruku  
 iz živca  
 prekinuo potres

Hot and black  
 head waves  
 from a beaten guitar

Vrući i crni  
 udarni valovi  
 iz udarane gitare

Outside Japan  
 my right ear  
 flying with the pope

Izvan Japana  
 moje desno uho  
 leti s papom

A fish sleeping  
 while swimming:  
 a flower of sorrow

Riba spava  
 dok pliva:  
 cvijet tuge

Pilgrimage:  
 the breath of a demon  
 deeply from a tube

Hodočašće:  
 dah demona duboko iz  
 cijevi bambusa

The sound of water is bottomless  
 so boundless  
 the desert of life

Zvuk vode je neizmjeran  
 i tako bezgranična  
 pustinja života

*English translations by Ban'ya Natsuishi & Jack Galmitz*




**Patrick Sweeney, Japan**

rainy season  
 the black coffee  
 of the six realms

kišovito razdoblje  
 crna kava  
 šest svjetova

on the bowed bench  
 finishing a cigarette  
 the last man

na nagnutoj klupi  
 cigaretu dovršava  
 posljednji čovjek

autumn dusk  
 inviting myself  
 in

jesenji sumrak  
 pozivam se  
 unutra

one heart  
 in the boy  
 who crushed worms

jedno srce  
 u dječaka  
 koji je drobio crve

snowflake  
 no matter what  
 they say

snježna pahulja  
 bez obzira na to  
 što kažu

my atheist sister untangling his rosary

moja sestra ateist raspeljava njegovu krunicu

sweltering  
 the deeper blue  
 of my only good shirt

sparina  
 dublje plavetnilo  
 moje jedine dobre košulje





Yasuko Kurono, Japan

madly scared dog  
 barks at  
 its white breath

veoma uplašen plas  
 laje na  
 svoj bijeli dah

*The 7th Mainichi Haiku Contest International Section ,2nd Award (2003)*

then she stayed where she was  
 winter wasp  
 in the corner of the room

te osta gdje je i bila  
 zimska osa  
 u uglu sobe

*The 10th Mainichi Haiku Contest International Section Honorable Mention (2006)*

lunar new year  
 i secretly  
 make a pilgrimage to the past

lunarna Nova godina  
 potajno  
 hodočastim u prošlost

to catch balmy breeze  
 in my arms,  
 I tuck both long sleeves up

kako bih uhvatila mek lahor  
 u svoje ruke,  
 podvrćem duge rukave

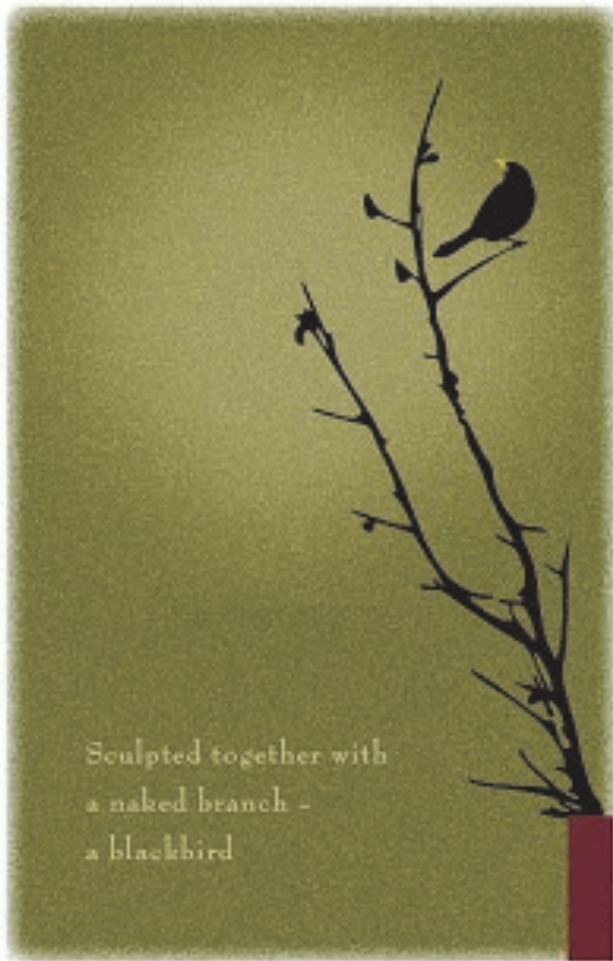
granulated snow is falling  
 any day is  
 your belated birthday

zrnati snijeg sipi  
 svaki da je  
 tvoj zakašnjeli rođendan

longing for spring  
 indescribable coldness  
 in that woman

čežnja za proljećem  
 neopisiva hladnoća  
 u toj ženi

HAIGA by Kuniharu Shimitzu, Japan



Sculpted together with  
a naked branch -  
a blackbird

Sculpted together with  
a naked branch-  
a blackbird

Oblikovani zajedno  
gola grančica  
i kos

haiku and artwork by Kuniharu Shimizu

Haiku by Kuniharu Shimitzu

<http://seehaikuhere.blogspot.com/2013/01/haiga-998-blackbird-3.html>

DIOGEN pro kultura magazin / **DIOGEN pro culture magazine**

**GODIŠNJAK Br 3. / ANNUAL No 3.**

**Mart/Ožujak/March 2012. - Mart / Ožujak / March 2013**

**I DIO / PART (280 pages / stranica)**      **II DIO / PART ( 194 pages / stranica)**

"I thought I had forgotten, but nothing seems to be forgotten, everything is coming back from locked compartments, from the darkness of alleged oblivion, and all belongs to of us what we thought that belongs to nobody, and we do not need it, and stands in front of us as, flashing with its former existence, reminding and wounding us. And through the reverse for Diogenes, it's late, memories, vain to answer, unless are your weak consolation and reminder on what could be, because who have not been, it could not be. And always looks nice what did not happen. You are a delusion that generates dissatisfaction, delusion which I can not and I do not want to send away, because it disturbs me and with quiet sadness defend from suffering."  
Miroslav Štefanec, *Diogenes and the Dog*



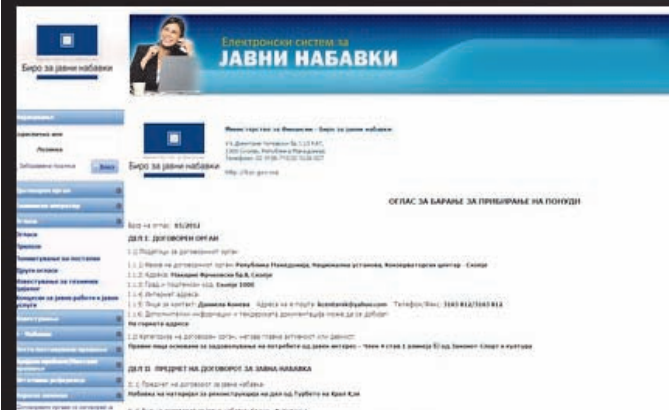
5.11.2012.

**Our appeal made success in Macedonia / Naš apel je imao uspjeha u Makedoniji**  
**Tender je raspisan /**  
**Contract notice for simplified competitive procedre has been announced**

**Upravo nas je taksista iz našeg apela/eseja informisao o navedenom**  
**Taxi driver from our essay has informed us about that**

**LAST BOSNIAN PRINCESS**

**Makedonski jezik /Macedonian language...Engleski jezik /English language**



**Više / More: <http://www.diogenpro.com/posljednja-bosanska-princeza.html#/>**



27.4.2012.

**SUMRAK BOSANSKOHERCEGOVAČKOG  
SJEĆANJA**
**THE DUSK  
OF BH MEMORIES**

*Za općinu/opštinu Bugojno i njenu vlast ne  
postoji najstariji pisani spomenik u BiH!*



Bugojno, Bosna i Hercegovina



Bugojno, Bosna i Hercegovina

sa njima je istorija/historija/povijest  
počela...prije njih ništa bilo nije  
Bugojno, Bosna i Hercegovina -  
kao alternativa nadanju

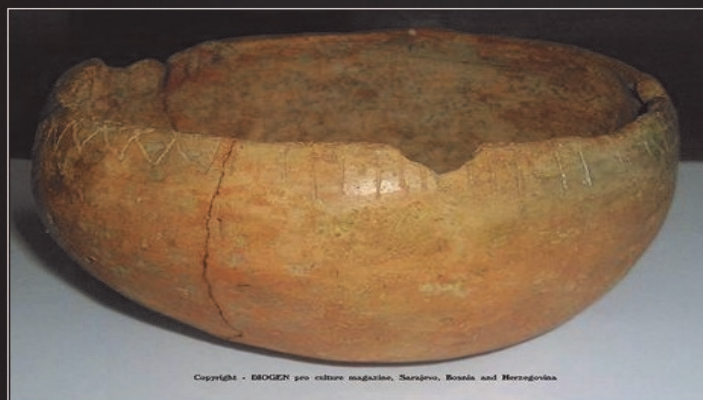
history has started with them...  
before them nothing existed...  
Bugojno, Bosnia and Herzegovina -  
as alternative to the hope

20. maj/svibanj je Dan općine/opštine Bugojno...Da li će ispraviti grešku?  
20.5.2012. is the Municipality Day of Bugojno...Will they correct their mistake?

21.5.2012.

Greška nije ispravljena 20.maja/svibnja a kada će, ne zna se, no i lavina je na samom početku  
pahuljom bila!

Mistake has not been corrected on May 20th, and when it will be, nobody knows,  
but avalanche has been snowflake at the beginning.



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Foto, oktobar/listopad 2011., Zemaljski muzej Sarajevo...Photo, October 2011....The National Museum of Bosnia and Herzegovina

Više / More: <http://www.diogenpro.com/sumrak-bosanskohercegovačkog-sjećanja.html>



**"Živimo u vremenima strahovite zbrke.**

**Zaboravlja se ono što treba znati, a zna se ono što se treba zaboraviti."**

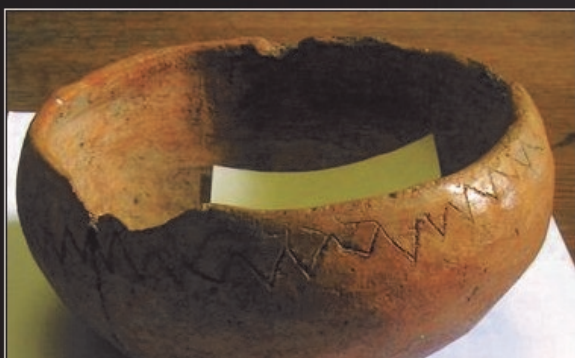
Viktor Igo "Jadnici", I dio, str.162., Izdavač "Obradović", Beograd, Srbija, 2008.

## Zašto?

Odgovor je jednostavan. Nijedna vlast na ovim prostorima, od stare Jugoslavije i sve do našijeh dana nije vodila računa o najstarijem pisanom spomeniku na prostoru Bosne i Hercegovine. Sve do danas, 27.4.2012.g. kada DIOGEN pro kultura magazin apelira na javnost Bosne i Hercegovine. Apeliramo da zaustavimo kulturocid u gradu koji nema markirane lokacije spomenika, billboarda na ulazu u grad, suvenira, razglednice, WWW stranice, pjesme, priče, filmskog zapisa, brošure, flajera, postera, kao ni fotografije u prostorima općine/opštine o...

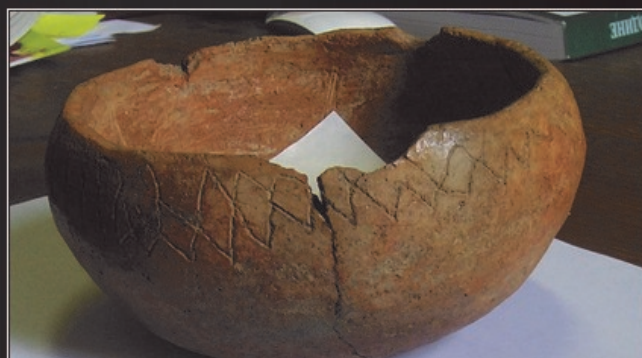
## Why?

The answer is simple. No government and/or power since old Yugoslavia and until today did not take care about the oldest written monument on the area of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Until today, April 27th, 2012 when DIOGEN pro culture magazine appeal on public of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Appeal to stop culturecide in town where is no marked location of the monument, billboard on entering the city, souvenir, postcard, WWW page, poem, story, movie, flyer, poster, and no photo within the area of municipality about...



Iz knjige „Pisana riječ u Bosni i Hercegovini“, odgovorni urednici Alija Isaković i Milosav Popadić (Veselin Masleša, 1982.g. Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina):

«Najstariji pisani spomenik na teritoriju Bosne i Hercegovine otkriven je na gradini Pod kod Bugojna, a urezan je u svježijem rub zemljane posude. Natpis na etrusko-umbrijskom jeziku, sadrži riječi posвете bogovima Janu i Juturni, a kao darovatelj je potpisan neki «tergilio» trgovac ili poslenik... datiran je približno u VI stoljeće prije nove ere\* .»



From the book "Written word in Bosnia and Herzegovina", editors: Alija Isakovic and Milosav Popadic (Publisher: Veselin Maslesha, 1982., Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina):

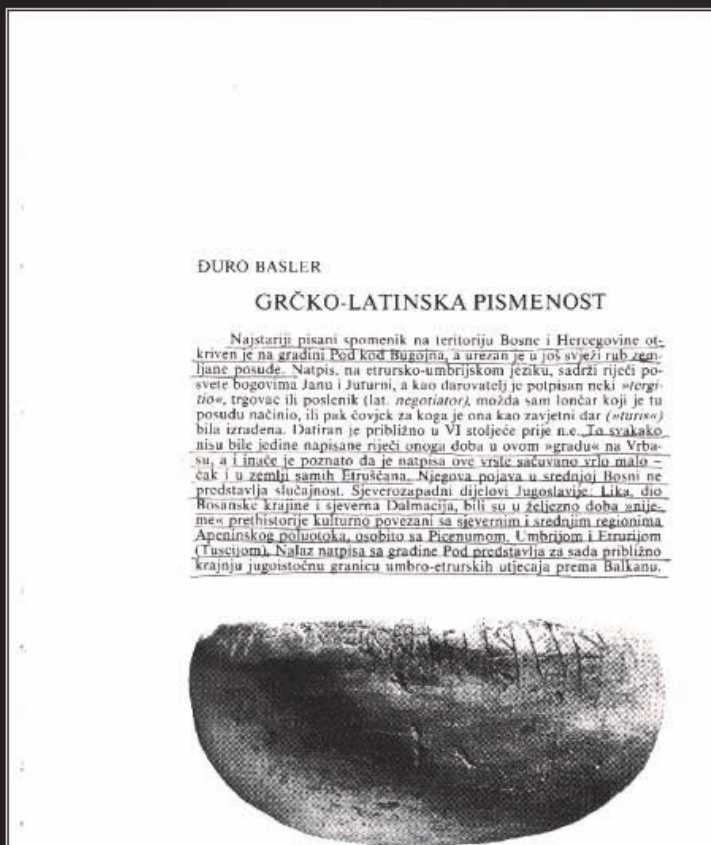
*"The most oldest written document/cenotaph on the territory of Bosnia and Herzegovina has been discovered on the small hill near by Bugojno (West-Middle Bosnia), and it is carved on the fresh breezy edge of the clay vessel. inscription on the Etruria-Umbriel language, and is comprised of the words of dedication to the Gods: Jan and Jute, and as the donor was signed some "tergilio", vendor or "worker"...it is dated closely into the VI century B.C\*."*

"Nisu problem oni koji mnogo znaju, kao ni oni koji ništa ne znaju.

Problem su oni koji malo znaju".

Sabahudin Hadžialić

Iz pomenute knjige...From the mentioned book



Na molbu gl. i odg. urednika DIOGEN pro kultura magazina, Sabahudin Hadžialića, iz depoa Zemaljskog muzeja (Sarajevo, BiH) je predočen najstariji pisani spomenik sa tla Bosne i Hercegovine...

On request Editor on chief of DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Sabahudin Hadžialić, from depot of The National Museum of Bosnia and Herzegovina (Sarajevo, BiH) has been brought the oldest written monument from the soil of Bosnia and Herzegovina...



Sabahudin Hadžialić, književnik i freelance novinar, gl. i odg. urednik DIOGEN pro kultura magazina



Andrijana Pravidur, arheolog za bronzu i željezo - kustos Zemaljskog muzeja, Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina

Više / More: <http://www.diogenpro.com/sumrak-bosanskohercegovačkog-sjećanja.html>





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Sabahudin Hadzialic i Ratko Orozovic, filmski režiser i književnik

Pišite na ovaj E-mail: [bugojno@bih.net.ba](mailto:bugojno@bih.net.ba) (Općina/Opština Bugojno) i apelirajte...budite sjećanja  
Write on this E-mail: [bugojno@bih.net.ba](mailto:bugojno@bih.net.ba) (Municipality of Bugojno) and appeal...wake up memories

Magazin sa stavom i bez bilo kakve političke (ideološke, nacionalne, partijske) kontrole i/ili podrške - DIOGEN pro kultura magazin...

***MI samo želimo stvarati budućnost na osnovu pozitivne prošlosti Jugoistočne Evrope***

Magazine with the point of view and without any political (ideological, national, party kind) control and/or support - DIOGEN pro culture magazine

***We just want to create the future based on the positive past of the South-East Europe***

**DIOGEN pro kultura magazin je u posjedu sljedećih informacija, iako je i "negativna reklama, ipak reklama":**

1. U jednom privatnom (ugostiteljskom, privrednom?) objektu u gradu/općini/opštini se nalazi uokvirena fotografija najstarijeg pisanog spomenika na tlu Bosne i Hercegovine (privatna inicijativa).
2. Adina Kero, umjetnik (likovni umjetnik-vajar iz Donjeg Vakufa) je autorica logoa 1. Internacionalne likovne kolonije, Bugojno 2012. na kojem se nalazi crtež najstarijeg pisanog spomenika u Bosni i Hercegovini (inicijativa Udruženja građana).
3. Područje - lokalitet gdje je pronađen spomenik je proglašen:

**Pod, prahistorijsko gradinsko naselje, arheološko područje**

**Nacionalni spomenik**

Objavljeno u "Službenom glasniku BiH", broj 75/08.

Povjerenstvo za očuvanje nacionalnih spomenika, na temelju članka V. stavak 4. Aneksa 8. Općeg okvirnog sporazuma za mir u Bosni i Hercegovini i članka 39. stavak 1. Poslovnika o radu Povjerenstva za očuvanje nacionalnih spomenika, na sjednici održanoj od 27. lipnja do 5. srpnja 2005. godine, donijelo je

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine has the following information, although "negative advert is, after all, the advert":**

1. In one private (restaurant, shop, economy kind?) building in town/municipality there is framed photo of the oldest written monument on the soil of Bosnia and Herzegovina (private initiative).
2. Adina Kero, artist (sculptor from Donji Vakuf) is an author of the logo of the 1st International artist colony, Bugojno 2012 on which is the drawing of the oldest written monument in Bosnia and Herzegovina (initiative of the Association of the citizens).

Area where the monument was found has been declared as national monument and published in the Official gazette of BiH, No 75/08. All info about this on:



**On the session back in 2005 decision has been made?!  
The news travel from Sarajevo to Bugojno seven years?**

**Which Anno domini is now?**

**And, what is the following?**



ODLUKU

Arheološko područje – Pod, prapovijesno gradinsko naselje u Bugojnu, proglašava se nacionalnim spomenikom Bosne i Hercegovine (u daljnjem tekstu: nacionalni spomenik).

NASTAVAK...KLIK..

U Sarajevu je, na sjednici 2005.g. donesena odluka?! Sedam godina putuje vijest iz Sarajeva do Bugojna?

Koja je Anno domini sada?

I, šta dalje...?

Na ovoj WWW stranici ništa nećete pronaci: <http://www.opcina-bugojno.ba/ba/>.

Ovo je klasičan način kontrole plasiranih informacija, upravo na zvaničnoj stranici općine/opštine Bugojno.

Šta mi to navodimo?

No, prije odgovora, pogledajte na stranici koju smo uspjeli "sačuvati", ako se u međuvremenu desi promjena (voljeli bi, zaista...). Morate tražiti informaciju da bi saznali šta se dešava u Bugojnu i oko njega jer, osim suhoparnih, šturih, očito "biranim" riječima ispisanih informacija nemate ništa o značajnim istorijskim lokalitetima spomenika...Na ovoj WWW stranici je transparentna samo mogućnost da tražite informaciju...i ništa više...odgovor ispod fotkice dole i desno...Zaista, ova WWW stranica pokazuje da je veoma malo istorije/historije/povijesti u ovome gradu, pardon općini/opštini.

On this WWW you will not find anything:

<http://www.opcina-bugojno.ba/ba/>

This is a clasiical way of controlling information, just on the official WWW site of the municipality.

What we are talking about?

But, before the answer, please, check out, on the page which we have succeed to save, if some changes happens meantime (we would like that, really...).

You have to ask for information to find out what is going on in Bugojno and around Bugojno, because, besides dried out, poor, obviously in "chosen" words written information, there is nothing about significant location of the monuments...On this WWW page is transparent only possibility to ask for information...and nothing more...the answer is under the photo below...Really, this WWW page shows that there is very little history in this town, excuse us, municipality.



OVDJE SE U OPĆE/UPŠTE NE POMINJE POSTOJANJE LOKALITETA GDJE SE NALAZI NAJSTARIJI PISANI SPOMENIK U BOSNI I HERCEGOVINI – ČAK SE UOPĆE/UPŠTE NE NAVODI NI SAM SPOMENIK!

Here was not even mentioned the existence of the location where is the oldest written monument in Bosnia and Herzegovina - not even mentioning the monument at all!



Umjesto odgovora pogledajte WWW stranice općina/opština koje su kilometrima blizu, ali miljama daleko...

1. Jablanica
2. Prozor-Rama
3. Vitez
4. Jajce
5. Konjic
6. Kupres
7. Gornji Vakuf-Uskoplje
8. Busovača
9. Kreševo
10. Fojnica

i "Sve će vam se samo kazati"- kako još davno napisa Jovan Jovanović Zmaj, dječiji pisac sa prostora Jugoistočne Evrope

Instead the answer, just check out WWW pages of the municipalities which are kilometers close/near by, but miles away...

1. Jablanica
2. Prozor-Rama
3. Vitez
4. Jajce
5. Konjic
6. Kupres
7. Gornji Vakuf-Uskoplje
8. Busovača
9. Kreševo
10. Fojnica

and "Everything will be told to you by itself"- as long time ago was written by Jovan Jovanović Zmaj, children's writer from the area of South-East Europe

**"Nije najveća budala onaj koji ne umije da čita,  
nego onaj ko misli da je sve što pročita istina."**

*Ivo Andrić, Travnička hronika, Prosveta, Beograd, SFRJ, 1961., str.298.*

Na WWW stranici Turističke zajednice SBK/KSB je čak pogrešno vremenski datirano vrijeme pronalaska najstarijeg pisanog spomenika na tlu Bosne i Hercegovine (O, tempora, o mores!)...nadajmo se da će ispraviti ovu grešku koja je vidljiva sve do 29.4.2012.

On the WWW site of Touristic community of Middle Bosnia Canton is even wrongly dated the time of founding of the oldest written monument on the soil of Bosnia and Herzegovina (O, tempora, o mores!)...lets hope that they will correct this mistake which is visible until 29.4.2012.

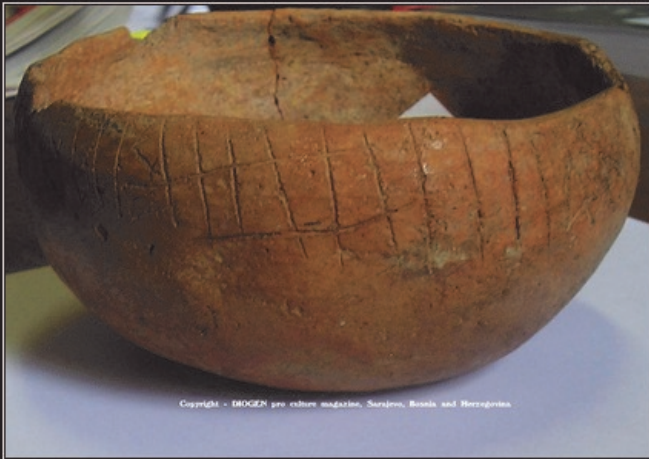


**Turistička zajednica**  
Srednjobosanskog kantona / Kantona Središnja Bosna

#### KULTURNO-HISTORIJSKA OBILJEŽJA

Grad Bugojno je svoj najznačajniji ekonomski i društveni razvoj ostvario nakon II sv. rata, a posebno u posljednje dvije decenije kada se svrstalo u red najrazvijenijih općina BiH. Najraniji pronalasci, koji svjedoče o postojanju neke vrste naseља u ovim krajevima datiraju čak do 3000 godine prije nove ere. Pronađeni su ostaci naseља Ilirskog plemena Sardeti na Gomilama kod sela Karadže. "Ad Matricem" je Rimski naziv vojničke utvrde koju su oni utvrdili na ovim prostorima kako bi zaštitili jednu od važnijih raskrsnica rimskih puteva, koji su vodili iz Dalmacije i Hercegovine za Srednju Bosnu i Panoniju. Ostaci starih rimskih puteva se mogu i danas vidjeti. Očuvana kaldrma, dio puta sa Kupreške visoravni prema Prensi (Pruscu) je jedan od takvih puteva. Ostaci keramike, stakla i metalurgije Rimskog vremena mogu se naći na Gradini, pored sela Sultanovići u blizini Bugojna. Iz perioda tursko-osmanlijske uprave najznačajniji spomenici su Sultan-Ahmedova džamija, Rustempašića kula Sulejmanpašića kula. Iz austrougarskog perioda, značajne su katolička Crkva sv. Ante Padovanskog, Crkva sv. Ilje Proroka i Crkva prečisto srce Marijino. Na području Poda je pronađeno više desetina raznih predmeta i zdjela, gdje je pronađena također, zdjela sa najstarijim natpisom, koja potiče iz IV stoljeća prije naše ere. Bitno je spomenuti i srednjovjekovni grad Susid se nalazi na području između sela Gračanice i Kordića.





Copyright - DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina.



Copyright - DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

*"Pokažite mi jednu misao koja međusobno povezuje današnje čovječanstvo, koja ima makar polovinu one snage kao u onim vjekovima. I usudite se da kažete, poslije svega toga da nisu oslabjeli, niti se pomutili životni izvori pod tom "zvijezdom", pod tom mrežom koja je sputala ljude. I ne plašite me svojim blagostanjem, svojim bogatstvima, rijetkom gladi i brzinom saobraćaja! Bogatstva ima više, ali je snage manje; nema više misli koja povezuje; sve je omlitavjelo, sve je uvenulo, i svi su uvenuli."*

**Fjodor M. Dostojevski**

## Reakcije



**"Umjesto društva koje kao svoju stalnu obavezu postavlja *praktikovanje slobode*, tj. iskušavanje racionalnih i humanih mogućnosti, osuđeni smo da živimo u društvu u kome je vladajući interes proglasio sebe jedino razumnom i mogućom alternativom."**

**Đuro Šušnjar "RIBARI LJUDSKIH DUŠA",  
str.149., Čigoja štampa Beograd, sedmo izdanje, 2008.g.**

**Komentar uredništva DIOGEN pro kultura magazina: bez obzira bile to "lijeve" i/ili "desne" opcije *vladajućeg interesa*.**

**NAŠI PREKOMORSKI PRIJATELJI / PREKO BARE / OUR OVERSEAS HAIKU PALS**



**Richard Krawiec, USA**

watching the blizzard  
 of flower petals  
 April tea

in the roji  
 thoughts of father rise  
 with the mist

son's notebook  
 the pain  
 of his pain

reading a little Goethe, hoping  
 too much

promatram mećavu  
 cvjetnih latica  
 travanjski čaj

u čajani  
 misli na oca izviru  
 s maglicom

sinov notes  
 patnja  
 njegove patnje

malo čitam Getea, očekujući  
 previše



**Julie Bloss Kelsey, USA: JUST BEFORE SLEEP**

his booming voice  
 from under the bed  
 little giggles

*Four and Twenty, Four and Twenty of the Week (November 9, 2010)*

a week of vertigo:  
 one crooked nap  
 slides into another

*Notes from the Gean 3:4 (2012)*

insistent knocking - I run to answer - the woodpecker

*Seven by Twenty (May 28, 2010)*

njegov živahan glas  
 ispod kreveta  
 kratko hihotanje

tjedan vrtoglavice:  
 jedan kratki drijemež  
 klizi u slijedeći

uporno kucanje – žurim otvoriti - žuna


**Chen-ou Liu, Canada**

riverbank in moonlight  
will my shadow flow  
into the Pacific?

autumn dusk...  
I cast the first stone  
at my shadow

first homecoming  
an excavated statue  
with a misplaced head

obala rijeke na mjesecini  
hoće li moja sjena utjeći  
u Pacifik?

jesenji sumrak...  
bacam prvi kamen  
na svoju sjenu

prvi povratak kući  
iskopani kip  
zagubljene glave


**Nathalie Buckland, Australia**

black cockatoos  
head for the hills  
storm clouds

*Presence #44, UK*

open-air concert ...

the soprano upstaged  
by kookaburras

*Shamrock #18, Irish Haiku Society, 2011*

driftwood  
ants struggle from sand  
back to sand

流木に往きつ戻りつ砂の蟻 (飯島武久審査員長訳)

nanosi drva / mravi vode borbu iz pijeska / natrag u pijeak

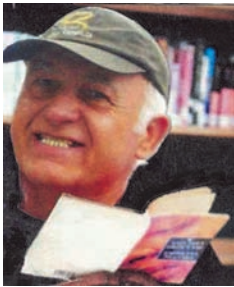
*Distinguished Work Prize, 3<sup>rd</sup> Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku Competition 2011*

crni kakadui  
odlaze u brda  
olujni oblaci

koncert na otvorenom...

soprano zasjenio  
smijeh kukabura




**Tad Wojnicki, US/Taiwan**

dry heat  
the slosh, slosh  
of the coconut

*FreeXpresSions 6, June 10, 2010*

valley shadows  
the sun rises  
slope by slope

*Haiku Pix Review 2, Summer 2011*

corner cafe  
enjoying every sip  
of traffic noise

*Akita Intl Haiku Nk, May 20, 2010*

suha toplina  
buć, buć  
kokosovog oraha

sjene u dolini  
sunce sviće  
padinu po padinu

café na uglu  
uživam u svakom gutljaju  
prometne buke

## HAIGA BY ORIGA



old woman-  
in every wrinkle  
sunshine

starica-  
u svakoj bori  
sunčev sjaj

Haiku by Origa

*Live Journal Kankodori in October 2008; Facebook in 2011;*


**Scott Mason, USA**

through the arbor  
 three white moths  
 braiding air

kroz luku  
 tri bijela moljca  
 isprepliću zrak

inchworm . . .  
 how long it took to return  
 to wonder

larva moljca...  
 koliko dugo je trajao povratak  
 u čudo

old growth tree stump  
 a millipede runs  
 out of time

panj u prašumi  
 stonogi ponestaje  
 vremena


**Ramesh Anand, India**

rice fields . . .  
 bent woman reaping  
 gossip

polja riže...  
 pognuta žena žanje  
 trač

*Simply Haiku, Spring 2011.*

spring dream  
 a rooster stirs the stillness  
 into dawn

proljetni san  
 pijetao pokreće tišinu  
 u svitanje

*ACORN, Fall 2011.*

autumn dawn –  
 she sees a white hair  
 in my mustache

jesensko svitanje–  
 ona opaža bijelu dlaku  
 u mom brku

*Magnapoets, 2012.*


**Cynthia Rowe, Australia**

spring equinox  
 two pines leaning  
 into each other

proljetni ekvinocij  
 par borova naginje se  
 jedan na drugog

*(Highly Commended IHS International Haiku Competition 2009, published Shamrock Haiku Journal Issue #12 2009)*


**Mirjana D.H.Smolić, Croatia**

tidal flats  
 the white-faced heron wades  
 into a rainbow

obala za oseke  
 siva čaplja prelazi  
 u dugu

**1st Prize, Polish International Haiku Competition**

winter solstice  
 the barbed wire fence  
 furry with frost

zimski solsticij  
 ograda od bodljikave žice  
 u krznu mraza

*Highly Commended IHS International Haiku Competition 2010, published Shamrock #16 December 2010*


**Earl R. Keener, USA**

first day of spring  
 a purple pinwheel  
 revs it up

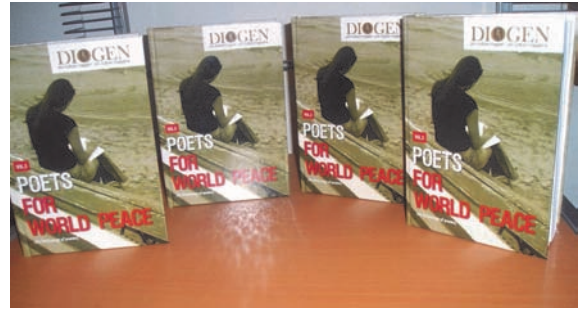
*Finalist, Ito En Tea 2011*

autumn twilight  
 the river turns  
 my face to water

*3rd prize, 16th Kusamakura*

Autumn sunset  
 a field mouse nibbles  
 at my shadow's heart

*2nd Vladimir Devide Award, Osaka 2012*



prvi proljetni dan  
 ljubičasta vjetrenjača od papira  
 daje puni gas

jesensko povećerje  
 rijeka skreće  
 moje lice vodi

jesenji suton  
 poljski miš gricka  
 srce moje sjene


**Nancy Nitrio, USA**

the weight  
 of a peony ...  
 summer rain

*Shamrock, Number 16, 2010*

gardenia blossom  
 even my breath ...  
 leaves a bruise

*The Mainichi Daily News, June 2008*

rustling leaves  
 the scent of gardenia  
 on my cat's fur

*The Heron's Nest, Volume IX Number 3*

težina  
 božura...  
 ljetna kiša

cvijet gardenije  
 čak i moj dah...  
 ostavlja modricu

šušti lišće  
 miris gardenije  
 na krznu moje mačke


**Ferris Gilli, USA**

house lights reflecting  
all around the lake . . .  
egrets at roost

the dream again  
this time the ducklings  
hatch

an ex-lover calls—  
the loaf of stale bread  
tossed to birds

svjetla kuća odražavaju se  
svugdje oko jezera...  
bijejele čaplje zanoćile

opet san  
ovaj puta legu se  
pačići

bivši ljubavnik me zove—  
štruca starog kruha  
bačena pticama


**André Surridge, New Zealand**

butterfly house  
our voices float  
in whispers

*The Heron's Nest Vol.X No.4*

lavender stalk  
the weight of one  
white butterfly

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb Award 2007*

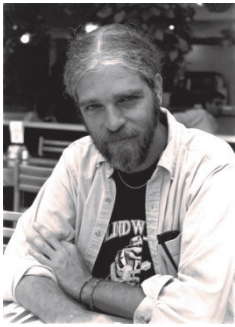
reading to my grandson  
the warmth from his head  
on my neck

*Valley Micropress Vol.10 Issue 3*

kuća leptira  
naši glasovi lebde  
u šaputanje

stapka lavande  
težina jednog  
bijelog leptira

čitam unuku  
toplina s njegove glave  
na mom vratu

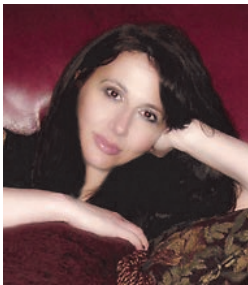

**Don Wentworth, USA**

Stop counting syllables,  
start counting the dead.

You want  
a time frame –  
now.

Focus group –  
the sky, the mountains,  
the sea.

Mistake after mistake  
after mistake, adding up  
to just the right thing.


**Aurora Antonovic, Canada**

in hospital  
scattered on my dressing gown . . .  
cherry blossoms!

crackling logs  
the old gossip  
rehearses another tale

Rubik's cube  
the only one who understood me  
is dead

Prestanice brojiti slogove,  
brojite mrtve.

Ti želiš  
vremenski okvir–  
sada.

Fokus grupa–  
nebo, planine,  
More.

Greška za greškom  
nakon greške, zbrajajući  
do prave stvari.

u bolnici  
rasute po mojoj kućnoj haljini...  
latice trešnje!

pucketaju cjepanice  
stari trač uvježbava  
novu pripovjetku

rubikova kocka  
jedina osoba koja me razumjela  
mrtva je



**Origa**

dark garden -  
white belly of the moth  
taps on the window

тёмный сад –  
белым животом в стекло  
бьётся мотылёк

vr̄t u tami–  
bijeli trbuh moljca  
lupka o staklo prozora

*Honourable Mention, the Basho Festival, 2007:*

home late  
nose marks on the window  
moon

домой за полночь  
отпечатки носов на оконной  
луне

kasni povratak kući  
tragovi nosa na prozoru  
mjesec

tundra village  
the voice of a bell pierces  
the gnat-filled air

таёжное село  
пронизывает тучи мошкары  
колокольный звон

selo u tundri  
zvuk zvona probada  
zrak pun mušica

*Among Best Haiku 2010 in Mainichi selection*

**Brett Brady, Hawaii, USA**

foggy autumn lake...  
an occasional ripple  
to break the silence

maglovito jesenje jezero ...  
povremeno mreškanje  
da se prekine tišina

near the end  
then the beginning...  
wind in the pages

pred kraj  
pa na početku...  
vjetar u stranicama

magpies  
rising from the willows  
into twilight

svrake  
dižu se s vrba  
u sumrak


**Pravat Kumar Padhy, India**

deep dark space  
 many cosmic townships  
 with their own light

*The Mainichi Daily News, 23 March 2012*

early moon rise  
 cranes shift whiteness  
 to an old banyan tree

*Honourable Mention, Haiku Reality / Haiku Stvarnost, Vol..8, No.15 , Dec 2011*

dense forest—  
 there is still light  
 between shadows

duboki tamni svemir  
 mnoge kozmičke općine  
 sa svojom vlastitom rasvjetom

rani mjesec  
 ždralovi premjestili bjelinu  
 na staro banjan stablo

gusta šuma—  
 još uvijek svjetlost  
 između sjena


**Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines**

autumn—  
 I paint  
 transient emotion

taglagas—  
 nagpipinta ako  
 ng pansamantalang damdamin

jesen—  
 slikam  
 prolazni osjećaj

dark moon  
 the game of hide-and-peek  
 much more exciting

madilim na buwan  
 ang larong taguan  
 mas kapanapanabik

taman mjesec  
 igra skrivača  
 daleko uzbudljivija

night rain—  
 a broken umbrella  
 in Buddha's temple

gabing ulan—  
 isang sirang payong  
 sa templo ng Buda

noćna kiša—  
 slomljen kišobran  
 u Budinu hramu


**Anne-Marie Labelle, Canada**

tremblement de terre  
 extirper les corps enfouis  
 puis les enterrer

earthquake  
 removing buried bodies  
 bury them again

zemljotres  
 odstranjivanje zatrpanih tijela  
 i ponovni pokop

*Voyage au fond d'une mère, éditeur Christian Feuillet, Montréal, 2006*

samare séché  
 un bourdon au ras du sol  
 le soulève

dried samara  
 a bumblebee flush to the ground  
 airs it

suha krilata sjemenka  
 bumbarovo slijetanje na tlo  
 podiže je u zrak

le cri des oisillons  
 dans le tuyau de la sécheuse  
 plus fort ce matin

in the dryer's pipes  
 high-pitched chirps of nestlings  
 louder this morning

u cijevima sušila  
 piskutanje poletaraca  
 jutros glasnije



**NAŠE EUROPSKO SUSJEDSTVO / NAŠ EVROPSKI KOMŠILUK  
 OUR EUROPEAN NEIGHBORHOOD**

**Klaus-Dieter Wirth, Germany**

Obstgarten  
 zwei angelehnte Leitern  
 Hochsommerzeit

orchard  
 two ladders leaning  
 height of summer

voćnjak  
 dvoje ljestve naslonjene  
 vrhunac ljeta

*3<sup>rd</sup> Prize/3. Nagrada, International Kusamakura Haiku Competition 2007*

Hundstage  
 im Glas  
 ein Gebiß

dog days  
 in the jar  
 his dentures

ljetna žega  
 u vrču  
 njegovo zubalo

*Modern Haiku 39.2 Summer 2008*

im Anblick der See  
 die unendliche Geduld  
 der Angelruten

facing the sea  
 the infinite patience  
 of fishing rods

s pogledom na more  
 beskrajna ustrajnost  
 štapova za pecanje

*English translation by the author*


**Krzysztof Kokot, Poland**

środek Europy  
 w podcieniu meczetu  
 buty - buty – buty

centre of Europe  
 in the arcades of mosque  
 shoes – shoes – shoes

središte Europe  
 pod arkadama džamije  
 cipele – cipele – cipele

nocna burza–  
 co chwila zakwitają  
 białe jaśminy

the night summer storm;  
 jasmine blossoms in the garden  
 again and again

ljetna oluja;  
 u vrtu opet i nanovo  
 cvjetovi jasmína

twarz prezydenta-  
 na pozółkłej kopercie  
 jednocentowy znaczek

presidnet's face–  
 on the yellowed envelope  
 one-cent stamp

lice predsjednika–  
 na požutjelój kuverti  
 marka od jednog centa

*Comendation, The First Vladimir Devide Haiku Award, Osaka 2011*

*English translation by the author*


**John Parsons, England**

decorating shelves  
 our wedding china  
 no longer a set

old church yard  
 a tree of heaven  
 leans over the wall

return home  
 overhead slowly  
 rook with a notched wing

za / for Rick Fransen 1945-2010

uređivanje polica  
 porculan s vjenčanja  
 više nije kompletan

dvorište stare crkve  
 rusovina  
 nagnuta preko zida

povratak domu  
 nad glavom spora vrana  
 sa slomljenim krilom

*Prijevod / Translated by Verica Peacock*


**Mike J Gallagher, Ireland**

his first month  
 a learning curve  
 steep for all

fingers meet  
 found  
 the sense of touch

for him  
 shaking leaves  
 are still shadows

njegov prvi mjesec  
 krivulja učenja  
 strma za sve

susret prstiju  
 otkrio  
 osjećaj dodira

za njega  
 treperavo lišće  
 još su sjene

### Daniel Gahnertz, Sweden

Last snowball  
in spring dusk ...  
roe deer's tail

Posljednja gruda  
u proljetnom sumraku...  
rep srne

taking photos  
of tourists  
taking photos

fotografiram  
turiste koji  
fotografiraju

after his stroke  
the old drunkard  
only old

nakon moždanog udara  
stari pijanac  
samo star



### Vasile Moldovan, Romania

Fereastră deschisă–  
o floare răsărind din senin  
nu mai sunt singur

Open window–  
a flower rising on the blue  
I'm alone no more

Otvoren prozor–  
cvijet se uzdiže na plavetnilu  
više nisam sam

madohiraki aozorami hana okite kodoku

*translated into Japanese by Hiromi Inoue; Haigaonline, Issue 6, spring/summer 2005*

Nici țipenie...  
tot albastrul cerului  
într-un bob de rouă

Not a living soul...  
all the blue of the sky  
in a dew droplet

Nigdje nikoga...  
svo plavetnilo neba  
u kapljici rose

*Ambrosia, Journal of Fine Haiku, Issue 4, Summer 2009*

La vamă  
soarele asfințește  
în altă țară

At the costumes house  
the sun setting  
in another country

Na carinarnici  
sunce zalazi  
u drugoj zemlji

*Vasile Moldovan: Întro-o de vară.../On a summer day...Verus București 2010*



**Stefano Grotti, Italy**

summer breeze  
 moves a small cloud  
 –uncovered sun

morning dew –  
 fragrance of the grass and birdsong  
 waking the day

summer zephyr  
 ruffled the lake  
 sailing swans

ljetni vjetrić  
 pomiče oblačak  
 –otkriva sunce

jutarnja rosa –  
 miris trave, pjev ptica  
 razbuđuju dan

ljetni lahor  
 namreškao jezero  
 jedre labudovi

*Translated by Duško Matas*


**Ludmila Balabanova, Bulgaria**

слънчогледова нива  
 слънцето е пуснало  
 корени в небето

sunflower field  
 the sun rooted  
 in the sky

polje suncokreta  
 sunce pustilo korijenje  
 u nebo

*From one sky to another, Haiku anthology of the European Union, 2006*

пада здрач...  
 неговият глас  
 е тъмно виолетов

twilight...  
 his voice  
 deep purple

sumrak...  
 njegov glas  
 tamno ljubičast

*dust of summer. The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku, 2007*

вечерен ветрец...  
 дъх на треве  
 от другия бряг на реката

evening wind...  
 scent of grass  
 from the other bank of the river

večernji vjetar...  
 miris trave s  
 s druge obale rijeke

*Award, Basho's 360<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Web Contest, Mie Times, 2004.*

**Aurica Văceanu - Laura, Romania**

Hiroshima – 2006; Haiku sequence

 Fantome și fum,  
 de sub ruinele arzând  
 ale Hiroșimei

 Phantoms and smoke,  
 under the burning ruins  
 of Hiroshima

 Fantomi i dim,  
 pod spaljenim ruševinama  
 Hirošime

 August fierbinte–  
 ploaia cenușie  
 topește și umbre

 Hot August–  
 the gray rain  
 melts shadows too

 Vruć kolovoz–  
 siva kiša  
 otapa i sjene

 Muntele ciupercă,  
 rostogolește în timp  
 valuri de cenușă

 The mushroom mountain,  
 roll in time  
 waves of ash

 Planina od gljive  
 umotani u vrijeme  
 valovi pepela

*Albatross haiku magazine of the Constantza Haiku Society Romania 2006, no.2*  
*English translation by the author*


**Georges Friedenkraft, France**

 Je m'inclinerai  
 devant les ruses du vent  
 mais non sous le joug

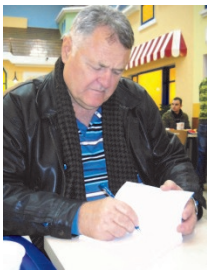
 I may yield beneath  
 the wiles of the cunning wind  
 but never the yoke

 Mogu se pokloniti  
 pred smicalicama lukavog vjetra  
 ali nikada jarmu

 Tu allais volage  
 j'avais l'humeur vagabonde :  
 nous voilà plantés !

 Flighty, fickle you  
 in such restless spirits:  
 lost and thwarted we!

 Vi tako prevrtljivi  
 među nemirnim dušama  
 mi smo izgubljeni!


**Valentin Nicolitov, Romania**

Vacanța mare.  
În curtea goal-a școlii  
Doar un șotron.

Summer vacation.  
In the neighbouring schoolyard  
only the hopscotch.

Ljetni odmor.  
U obližnjem školskom dvorištu  
samo loptica skočica.

Toamnă pe plajă.  
Vântul rostogolește  
un ziar umed.

Autumn on the beach.  
The wind rolling about  
a wet newspaper.

Jesen na plaži.  
Vjetar kotrlja  
mokre novine.

Noapte de iarnă.  
Felinarul din stradă  
clatină umbre...

Nighttime in winter.  
The lamp hanging on the road  
rocking the shadows.

Zimska noć.  
Svjetiljka iznad ceste  
ljulja sjene.

*English translation by the author*


**Martin Berner, Germany**

ach Hunde  
soviel Lärm  
um einen traurigen Wanderer

ah, you dogs—  
such a lot of noise about  
a sad passer-by

oh, vi psi —  
toliko buke oko jednog  
tužnog prolaznika

noch eine Rostspur  
macht der Schlitten  
den Hang hinauf

still a trace of rust  
scribbled by the toboggan  
up the slope

još uvijek tragovi hrđe  
urezani sanjkama  
uz padinu

zwei Igelstacheln  
kleben noch  
am rechten Vorderrad

two hedgehog prickles  
still stuck to  
my right front wheel

dvije bodlje ježa  
još uvijek zabodene  
u moj desni prvi kotač

**Erika Novodomska, Czech Republik**

December coming.  
 While it snows, in the house  
 fragrance of lavender.

Dolazi prosinac.  
 Dok sniježi u kući  
 miriše lavanda.

Tea on the table.  
 Sun and sea brings  
 a tiny mint leaf.

Na stolu čaj.  
 Sunce i more donosi  
 listić metvice.

Writing a letter.  
 Smelling basil while  
 it rains.

Pišem pismo.  
 Mirišem bosiljak dok  
 pada kiša.


**Petar Tchouhov, Bulgaria**

вечерни камбани  
 до снежния човек  
 снежен ангел

evening bells  
 a snow angel beside  
 the snowman

večernja zvona  
 anđeo u snijegu pored  
 snjegovića

*Chrysanthemum, № 6, October 2009*

опожарена къща  
 сред телата  
 оловен войник

burnt down house  
 among the bodies  
 a toy soldier

spaljena kuća  
 među tijelima  
 olovni vojnik

*The 40 A-Bomb Memorial Day Haiku Meeting 2006, Commended haiku*

мъглива утрин  
 никой не вижда  
 падащото листо

morning fog  
 nobody sees  
 the falling leaf

jutarnja magla  
 nitko ne vidi  
 list što pada

*Mainichi Daily News, January 2010*


*Božena Zernec, Croatia*

**Casimiro de Brito, Portugal**

Bebo um chá raro –  
a boca no rio, o nariz  
no ar da montanha

Je bois un thé rare –  
la bouche dans le fleuve, le nez  
dans l' air des montagnes

Olho para a mulher  
como se tivesse sido cego  
a vida inteira

Je regarde la femme  
comme si j' avais été aveugle  
la vie entière

Uma cidade! Um grão  
de areia! Fragmentos  
da Via Láctea

Une cité ! Un grain  
de sable ! Des fragments  
de la Voie lactée

Drinking a rare tea–  
the mouth in the river, the nose  
in the mouuntain air

Pijem dragocjen čaj–  
usta u rijeci, nos  
na planinskom zraku

I look at the woman  
as if I have been blind  
all my life

Promatram ženu  
kao da sam bio slijep  
cio život

A city! A grain  
of sand! Fragments  
of the Milky Way

Grad! Zrno  
pijeska! Djelići  
Mliječne staze


**Petya Gleridis, Bulgaria**

in fluffy captivity  
my feet are  
whispering dandelions

the curls of the sunset  
tangled  
orange blue

grasshopper feast and grass arrows  
behind a moon shield  
the summer's declining days

u paperjastom ropstvu  
moja stopala su  
šaptači maslačcima

kovrče zalazećeg sunca  
zapletene  
narančasto plavo

gozba skakavaca i strelice travki  
iza mjesečeva štita  
sve kraći ljetni dani


**Phil Madden, Wales**

hawk soothes  
and perches on  
a point of air....

no one is listening  
to the cafe pianist.  
bird in deep forest...

it's turning blue!  
the white page  
is pregnant...

sokol se smiruje  
i lebdi na jednoj  
točki u zraku

nitko ne sluša  
pijanista u baru.  
ptica u duboj šumi...

poplavila je!  
bijela stranica  
trudna je...



### Jean Antonini, France

Septembar/Septembre/Rujan

En offrant des haïkus  
on regrette quelque fois  
les fleurs d'automne

Offering haikus  
we sometimes forget  
the autumn flowers

Nudeći haiku  
ponekad zaboravimo  
jesensko cvijeće

October/ Octobre/Listopad

Hier à la gare  
voyant ses lacets défaits  
j'ai pensé à la mort

At the station yesterday  
seeing his shoelaces undone  
I thought of death

Jučer na kolodvoru  
opazivši njegove razvezane vezice  
mislih o smrti

Un jeune garçon brun  
penché à la fenêtre  
regarde la lumière

A young brown haired boy  
leaning out of the window  
looks at the light

Smedokosi dječak  
što viri kroz prozor  
promatra svjetlost

*from Mon poème favori (My favorite poem), Aléas, 2007. Prevela s francuskog / Translated by Vera Primorac*

### Frances Angela, England

visiting my sister  
her rosary beads  
in the room i use

u posjeti sestri  
njena krunica u sobi  
u kojoj odsjedam

*Blithe Spirit 12:4 and: edge of light The Red Moon, Anthology of English Language Haiku, 2003*

garden party  
light rain falling  
into my mother's gin

vrtna zabava  
sitna kišica sipi  
u majčin džin

*Mayfly, issue 37, and: tug of the current, The Red Moon, Anthology of English Language Haiku, 2004*

august heat the carpet fitter re-braids her hair

kolovoška vrućina usisavač raspliće njenu kosu

*Blithe Spirit 18:2, and: white lies The Red Moon Anthology of English Language*



**Toni Piccini, Italy**

In nessun cielo  
 è rinchiuso il volo  
 di un gabbiano

どんな空にも  
 おさまらない  
 鷗の飛行

No sky  
 limits the flight  
 of a seagull

Ni nebo  
 ne postavlja granice  
 jednom galebu

*Toni Piccini: "Haiku Apocrifi \ Apocryphal Haiku" (Italian and English), Ed. Albalibri, Milano, 2007*

Cerchi invano  
 la schiena della morte.  
 E lei sorride.

死の背中は  
 探しても無駄。  
 そうして死はほほえむのだ

You look in vain  
 on the back of the Death.  
 And it smiles.

Uzalud gledaš  
 smrti u leđa.  
 Ona se smiješi.

*The Anthology of the Tokyo Poetry Festival, 2008*

Tramonto,  
 il sole è un fiore  
 dei miei ricordi

日暮れ、  
 太陽は  
 わたしの思い出の花

Sunset,  
 the sun is a flower  
 on my memories.

Zalazak sunca,  
 sunce je cvijet  
 na mom sjećanju

*"Ayush", International Literary Journal, India, January 2009*


**Eduard ȚARĂ, Romania**

grădină de pompier –  
bătrânul udă calm  
roșul daliilor

fireman's garden  
an old man is watering  
the red dahlias

vrt vatrogasca  
starac zalijeva  
crvene dalije

stea căzătoare –  
o clipă de tăcere  
între doi greieri

shooting star from dark –  
a momento of deep silence  
between the crickets

zvijezda padalica iz tame –  
trenutak duboke tișine  
među zrikavcima

lumină prin gard –  
spre casa bunicilor  
scară-n zăpadă

moonlight through the fence –  
another staircase towards  
the grandparent's house

mjesečina kroz ogradu –  
još jedno stubište  
k djedovoj kući

**Aleksandar Prokopiev, Macedonia**

Се скрива зад сидот  
сенката на мајка ми  
cé уште млада.

Behind the wall  
my mother's shadow  
still young.

Skrita za zidom  
sjena moje matere  
i dalje mlada

Дали е можно?  
Црвено со зелено?  
Да! Гладиоли.

Is it possible?  
Red with green?  
Yes! Gladioli.

Je li moguće?  
Crveno sa zelenim?  
Da! Gladiole.

*Translations by Boris Nazansky*


**Dorota Pyra, Poland**

przeciągający się chłód  
wahadło zegara oddziela  
dźwięk od dźwięku

lingering cold  
the clock's pendulum sunders  
sound from sound

dugotrajna hladnoća  
njihalo sata rastavlja  
zvuk od zvuka

jesienny wiatr  
zza wydmy  
strzępki słów

autumn wind  
from behind the dune  
shreds of words

jesenji vjetar  
iza dine čuju se  
djelići riječi

ogród zimowy  
cień płotu oddziela  
biel od bieli

winter garden  
the fence shadow sunders  
white from white

zimski vrt  
sjena ograde razdvaja  
bijelo od bijelog

stara kwitnąca wiśnia  
moja matka znów opowiada  
o swej młodości

old cherry tree in bloom  
my mother telling again  
about her youth

stara trešnja u cvatu  
majka mi ponovno priča  
o svojoj mladosti

*English translations by the author*


**Alain Kervern, France**

Sur le pont glissant  
le jus noir de la nuit  
et le chien du patron.

On a slippery bridge  
dense night mist  
and master's dog.

Na klizavom mostu  
gusta noćna magla  
i gospodarov pas.

D'une rive a l'autre  
entre blanc et noir  
mille métamorphoses.

From one shore to other  
between light and darkness  
a thousand transformations.

S jedne na drugu obalu  
između svjetlosti i tame  
tisuću preobrazbi.

Eclaboussé de sel  
je suis plus vivant  
à bord qu'à terre.

Edge of shore  
I feel alive  
sprayed with salt.

Na rubu žala  
osjećam se živim  
poprskan solju.

*French/Croatian translation Vera Primorac; Translated into English by Đ.V. Rožić*


**Jacek Margolak, Kielce, Poland**

pusty peron -  
mój cień wydłuża się  
czekając na ciebie

empty platform—  
my shadow grows longer  
waiting for you

prazan peron—  
moja sjena sve je dulja  
dok te čekam

*The Heron's Nest; Volume VIII, Number 2: June, 2006*

deszcz meteorów  
dryfuję od życzenia  
do życzenia

meteor shower  
I drift  
from wish to wish

kiša meteora  
ja plutam  
od želje do želje

*The Mainichi Daily News Nov. 12, 2008*


**Olivier Walter, France**

moineau observe  
la loi de gravitation –  
chardons sous la neige

a sparrow looks at  
the law of gravitation—  
awns under the snow

vrabac promatra  
zakon gravitacije—  
bodljike pod snijegom

Roi sur un toit  
bâillant face au Gange un singe  
chasse une corneille

King on a roof  
facing the Ganga a monkey yawns  
chassing the crow

Kralj na krovu  
majmun zijeva nasuprot Gangeu  
i tjera vranu

Porteurs d'espace  
ha ! ces papillons blancs –  
désert du Thar

Bearers of space  
ha! These white butterflies—  
the Thar desert

Ha! Ti bijeli leptiri  
nositelji prostora  
pustinja Thar

*French/Croatian translation Vera Primorac, translated into English by Đ.V.R.*

**Dietmar Tauchner, Austria**

ein neues Jahr  
die Fußspuren  
zwischen Gräbern

a new year  
the footprints  
between graves

Nova Godina  
tragovi  
između grobova

*KO, autumn/winter 2004 & Red Moon Anthology "tug of the current", 2004*

alte Bahnstation  
der geheime Zeitplan  
der Insekten

abandoned station  
the secret schedule  
of insects

napušteno stajalište  
tajni raspored  
insekata

*White Lotus 6 & Red Moon Anthology "white lies", 2008*


**Sam yada CANNAROZZI, France**

le pivert essaie  
de sculpter le printemps dans  
l'hiver - mais échoue

the woodpecker trying  
to sculpt spring in winter-  
without succes

djetlić pokušava  
zimi oblikovati  
proljeće – ali ne uspijeva

trois vaches dans un pré  
chacune des strophe du haïku  
ruminant le calme

three cows in a field  
each haiku verse  
chewed clamly

tri krave na livadi  
svaki stih haikua  
mirno žvaču

seulement 4 tulipes  
plantées dans un petit bac -  
c'est toute la Hollande !

only 4 tulips  
planted in a little pot  
all Holland is there!

samo 4 tulipana  
zasađena u posudici-  
cijela je to Nizozemska!

*French/Croatian Translation Vera Primorac, Translated into English by Đ.V.Rožić*




**Rudi Stopar, Slovenia**

kriki  
 megleni zidovi  
 ptiče požro

tori no sakebigoe  
 kiri no kabe ga  
 toritachi o nomikomu

vroč dan  
 nič se ne dogaja  
 molk ptic

● atsui hi  
 ● nani mo okoranai kyō wa  
 ● chibnoku no toritachi

ubito okno  
 rokavičasti pajek  
 za nit obešen

kowareta mado ni  
 tebukuro no gotoki kumo  
 ito ni burasagarite

screams  
 walls of fog  
 devour the birds

krici  
 zidovi magle  
 gutaju ptice

a hot day  
 nothing happens today  
 silence of the birds

žega  
 ništa se ne događa  
 šutnja ptica

broken window  
 a glove like spider  
 jangling on a thread

razbijen prozor  
 pauk poput rukavice  
 obješen o nit

*Iz zajedničke zbirke OLOVKA I KIST/ SVINČNIK IN ČOPIĆ/PENCIL AND PAINTBURSH, Nakladnik: Duško Matas, Zagreb 2010  
 ISBN 978-953-97766-3-1*

*Translated by the author*



“ Welcome ”

21.3.2013. 3. Poetry marathon - Round table\_Communicative discorse of modern poetry- Introductory word by Sabahudin Hadzialic...<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html> Participating poets within discussion: Katlin Kaldmaa, Giuseppe Napolitano, Ali F. Bilir, Nihad Mesic River, Krystyna Lenkowska and all others...

RATING ★★★★★



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RATING ★★★★★



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### Natalia Kuznetsova, Russia

starlit skies –  
 coming from nowhere  
 cello's voice

<http://www.ict.ne.jp/~basho-bp/eigo10.html>

zvjezdano nebo–  
 od nigdje dolazi  
 zvuk violončela

a vernal sketch–  
 dotting of freckles  
 over her face

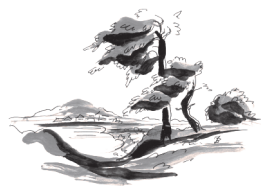
<http://mainichi.jp/english/english/features/news/20120327p2g00m0fe148000c.html>

proljetna skica–  
 točke pjegica  
 po njenom licu

roaring stream–  
 a spray of cherry blossom  
 caught in the whirlpool

<http://www.vcbf.ca/haiku/2011-winning-haiku>

rika bujice–  
 raspršeni cvjetovi trešnje  
 uhvaćeni u viru



*Božena Zernec, Croatia*

### Aleksandar Popovski, Macedonia

Се спушта ноќта.  
 Планинските гребени на запад  
 на темни чунови се слични

The night is falling.  
 Mountain cliffs in the west  
 resemble dark boats.

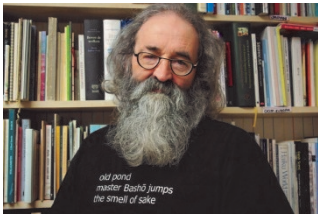
Spušta se noć. Na  
 zapadu gorski vršci  
 ko tamni čamci.

Врз морето притиска ноќта.  
 Под боси стапалки  
 ситен кикот на бранови.

The night pressing upon the sea.  
 Under bare feet  
 giggling of the waves.

Noć tišti more.  
 Pod bosim stopalima  
 hihot valova.

*Translatons by Boris Nazansky*


**Geert Verbeke, Belgium**

April shower  
 the smell of mild rain  
 and young chive

a she-wolf statue  
 Romulus and Remus  
 sucking in the snow

don't you think  
 the joker laughs at you  
 evening for cards

being the victims  
 of Hurricane Katrina  
 longlasting fear

travanjski pljusak  
 miris mlake kiše  
 i mladog vlasca

statuu vučice  
 Romul i Rem  
 sišu u snijegu

misliš li  
 da se džoker tebi smije  
 večer za kartanje

jednom žrtve  
 uragana Katrina  
 uvijek u strahu

Geert Verbeke, dichter zonder meer. <http://www.haikugeert.skynet.be>;  
 English books: <http://www.haikugeert.net/index.html>

**Dimitar Argakijev, Macedonia**

планински врв -  
 и кога седам  
 јас сум во небо

оди девојката -  
 на пета од чизмата  
 лист од костен

mountain peak—  
 and when I sit  
 I am in the sky

a girl walks—  
 on a heel of the boot  
 a chestnut leaf

planinski vrh—  
 i kada sjednem  
 na nebu sam

ide djevojka—  
 na peti čizmice  
 kestenov list

*Translated by Boris Nazansky*




**Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Ireland**

aspen in the rain  
 each leaf dripping with  
 the sound of autumn

*Shamrock No 10*

jasika na kiši  
 svaki list kaplje  
 zvukom jeseni

frosty evening—  
 inside the church, stillness  
 and melting wax

*World Haiku Review Vol. 6, Issue 3, May 2008*

mrazna večer—  
 u crkvi, tišina  
 i vosak što se topi

searchlight at the border  
 two halves of the  
 autumn sky

*Mainichi Daily News Haiku Contest 2009, Runner-up*

reflektor na granici  
 dvije polovice  
 jesenjeg neba


**Lilia Racheva, Bulgaria**

Пролетен пожар,  
 дърветата догарят  
 в черешов цвят

Spring fires,  
 trees burn  
 in cherry blossom.

Proljetni požari,  
 stabla gore  
 cvijećem trešnje.

Нощта е няма  
 Луната и звездите  
 търсят сродница

Silent night.  
 Moon and stars  
 looking for a soul mate.

Tiha noć.  
 Mjesec i zvijezde  
 traže srodnu dušu.

Облаци от пух,  
 глухарчето  
 надбягва ветровете

Clouds of fluff,  
 the dandelion  
 races the winds.

Oblaci pahulja,  
 maslačak  
 utrkuje se s vjetrovima.

*English translation by Radosvet Aleksandrov*


**Damien Gabriels, France**

retour de la plage -  
un grain de sable crisse  
entre mes dents

back from the beach—  
a grain of sand crunches  
between my teeth

povratak s plaže—  
zrno pijeska škripi mi  
među zubima

quelques pas  
dans la nuit glacée -  
la vapeur de mes mots

a few steps  
in the icy night—  
the haze of my words

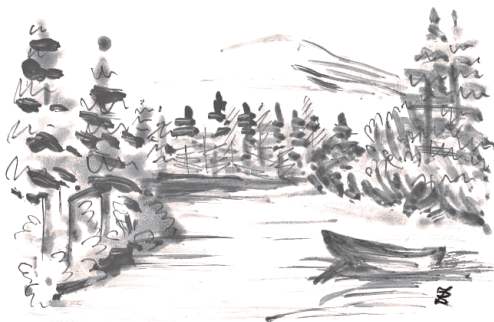
nekoliko koraka  
u hladnoj noći—  
maglica mojih riječi

assis sur le seuil  
je partage le silence  
du laurier rouge

sitting on the threshold  
I share the silence  
of the red laurel

sjedim na pragu  
dijelim tišinu  
crvenog lovora

Site "Haikus au fil des jours" : <http://haikus-au-fil-des-jours.wifeo.com/>  
 Blog "Carnets d'un haïjin" : <http://carnets-haijin.blogspot.com/>


*Božena Zernec, Croatia*




**Mark Wollacott, England**

Misty mountain tops,  
Wet hair and cotton socks,  
A falling sun lost.

Amidst the grey,  
I wonder where all the  
Wildlife went.

Big dent in the wall  
It's rather human shaped,  
A little like me.

Planinski vrhovi u magli,  
Mokra kosa i pamučne čarape,  
Izgubljeno zalazeće sunce.

Usred sivila,  
Pitam se gdje su nestale  
Divlje životinje.

Veliko udubljenje u zidu  
Kao da ima oblik čovjeka,  
Možda malo poput mene.


**Frank Dullaghan, UK**

social networking -  
one bottle  
and one glass

rounding the corner  
laughter becomes  
a small pink dress

resting  
under the tree's shadow –  
my own

umreženo društvo–  
jedna boca  
i jedna čaša

iza ugla  
smijeh postaje  
mala ružičasta haljina

odmara  
pod sjenom stabla–  
moja sjena


**Arturas Silankas, Lithuania**

orphanage window  
just can't have enough  
of the spring sky

*A prize, Genkissu! Spirits Up! World Wide Hekinan Haiku Contest (Japan, 2009)*

base for skyscraper  
fresh concrete is mixed  
with cherry petals

*Honorable Mention, 13th Mainichi Haiku Contest (Japan, 2009)*

autumn drizzle  
stares at the ocean  
dead whale's eye

*Second Prize, 11th Mainichi Haiku Contest (Japan, 2007)*

prozor sirotišta  
nikad dosta  
proljećnog neba

temelj nebodera  
u svježem betonu  
latice trešnje

jesenja kišica  
zuri u ocean  
oko mrtvog kita


**John McDonald, Scotland**

'another soldier dead' –  
they blow cool breezes  
across their tea-cups

among black swans  
one white one  
moon and clouds

the blind man  
reading the braille  
of his opened flowers

“još jedan mrtav vojnik” –  
dahom rashlađuju zrak  
nad šalicama čaja

među crnim labudovima  
jedan bijeli jedan  
mjesec i oblaci

slijep čovjek  
čita braile  
otvorenog cvijeća


**Andrea Cecon, Italy**

piccola mosca  
scavalca una nuvola  
su una finestra

a little fly  
steps over clouds  
on a window pane

mala muha  
korača oblacima  
poprozorskom staklu

*Ulitka#1, Russia*

giorno di primavera  
per un momento  
le nostre ombre si fondono

spring day  
for a moment  
our shadows melt

proljetni dan  
na trenutak  
stapaju se naše sjene

*Honourable Mention, 15th Mainichi Haiku Contest 2011*

vecchia ciminiera  
su pile di mattoni  
altri mattoni

old smokestack  
on a pile of bricks  
other bricks

stari dimnjak  
na hrpi opeke  
druge opeke


**Helen Buckingham, England**

the police helicopter  
chases  
its own thunder

der Polizeihubschrauber  
jagt  
dem eignen Donner nach

policijski helikopter  
lovi  
vlastitu grmljavinu

*Chrysanthemum 10*

power cut–  
the grown-ups play  
"twenty questions"

Stromausfall–  
die Erwachsenen spielen  
"zwanzig Fragen"

nestanak struje–  
odrasli igraju  
"dvadeset pitanja"

*Chrysanthemum 10*

turning back the clocks–  
his job  
still

Das Zurückstellen der Uhren–  
seine Arbeit  
immer noch

vraćanje sata  
njegov posao  
još traje

*Chrysanthemum 8*

*All haiku translated into German by "Chrysanthemum" editorial team*


 \* **Stella Pierides, Germany/United Kingdom**

summer breeze over the mountain the lightness of being

ljetna svježina na planini lakoća postojanja

eating alone –  
I measure the distance  
to the moon

*Multiverses 1.1*

večeram sama–  
mjerim udaljenost  
do mjeseca

longing to be free all those stars

čeznu za slobodom sve te zvijezde

*In Aubrie Cox's PDF Collection "Things with Wings" (p 61); website: <http://stellapierides.com/blog>*



*Pedro Iribe*

**Virginie Colline, France**

### Paris Haiku

the taciturn man  
stares back at Mona Lisa  
inner smile

šutljiv čovjek  
ne skreće pogled s Mona Lise  
unutarnji osmijeh

an iron giraffe  
in the grey savanna  
Eiffel Tower!

željezna žirafa  
u sivoj savani  
Ajfelov toranj

*First appeared in Misfits' Miscellany, September 2012*

Shakespeare & Co  
the red pony  
in a fallen stack of books

Šekspir d.d.  
crveni poni  
u hrpi srušenih knjiga


**Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Denmark**
*haiku about us / haiku om os*

følsom hud  
adskilt fra ikke-væren  
et nøgent træ

sensitive skin  
apart from non-being  
a naked tree

osjetljiva koža  
osim što nije  
golo stablo

sløret syn  
jeg ku' fortælle dig om  
det indfangede hav

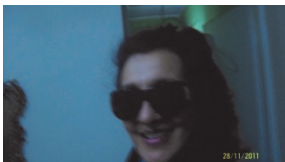
blurred vision  
I could tell you about  
the captured sea

zamagljen vid  
mogao bih ti pričati  
o zarobljenom moru

orange vande  
resten af luftspejlingen  
ryster endnu

orange waters  
the rest of the mirage  
shivering still

narančaste vode  
ostatak optičke varke  
još uvijek drhti


**Eftichia Kapardeli, Greece**
**Summer**

Summertime, white birds  
sculptured beaches, oracles of love

Ljetno doba, bijele ptice  
oblikovane plaže, proricanje ljubavi

Wave of the sea wave multiply  
salt shivering die out in the Sun Fire

Umnožilo se lelujanje morskih vala  
sol drhteći umire na vatri sunca

Sensual bodies, lost in the arms  
the day that does not die out

Putena tijela, zagubljena u naručjima  
dan koji ne odumire

In red nets on the sand of summer  
prisoner, a shooting star

U crvenim gnijezdima ljetnog pijeska  
zatvorenik, zvijezda padalica


**John Kinory, Oxfordshire, England**

after the pictures  
 snow flakes on the park bench  
 where you smiled

*Blithe Spirit, 15:3, 2005*

spring rain–  
 the smudged red-and-blue  
 of the lambs' markings

*Envoi, 147:2007*

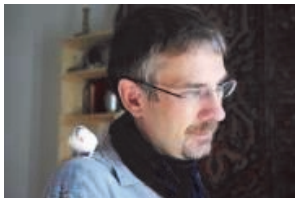
a ring around the moon . . .  
 another argument  
 about nothing

*Frogpond, 34:1, 2011*

nakon snimanja  
 snježne pahulje na klupi u parku  
 gdje si se smiješila

proljetna kiša–  
 zamrljana crvena i plava boja  
 na janjadi

prsten oko mjeseca . . .  
 još jedan argument  
 oko ničega


**Paul De Maricourt , France**

grue de chantier –  
 le vol d'une tôle

construction crane -  
 the flight of a metal sheet

građevinska dizalica  
 let metalne ploče

train de banlieue -  
 la bouche ouverte  
 d'une poupée

suburban train–  
 the open mouth  
 of a doll

vlak u predgrađu–  
 otvorena usta  
 lutke

ils sautent au dessus  
 du faisceau de projecteur  
 –les enfants libres

they jump above  
 the beam of the spotlight  
 –free kids

oni skaču iznad  
 svjetlosnog snopa reflektora  
 –slobodna djeca




**Florentina Loredana Dalian, Romania (Lori Dalian)**

	Fără vreo vină Savrșena	Without any fault
sub talpa plugarului – firul de iarbă	under the ploughman's sole– a blade of grass	pod đonom orača– travka
Sans être coupable, sous la semelle du laboureur – le brin d'herbe		völlig unschuldig unter der Sohle des Pflügers – der frische Grashalm

Dincolo de geam magnolia-nmugurită- las baltă cititul	Magnolia in bud on the other side of the window– I give up reading	Propupala magnolija s onu stranu prozora– odustajem od čitanja
---	--	--

O glastră goală – doi ghiocei rebegesc uitați sub nea	An empty bowl– forgotten under the snow two shrunken snowdrops	Prazna zdjela– zaboravljene pod snijegom dvije smežurane visibabe
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Un vase vide – deux perce-neiges périssent oubliés sous la neige		leere Blumenvase– zwei Schneeglöckchen frieren vergessen im Schnee
--	--	--

*English translation by the author; French translation: Radu Claudiu Popa; German translation: Ioana Dinescu*



*Božena Zernec, Croatia*


**Andrzej Dembonczyk, Poland**

autumn –  
 leaves has fallen  
 from the bonsai

*Asahi 30.10.2009*

bus stop –  
 between our glances  
 snowflakes

### HAIGA:

autumn afternoon  
 on a park bench only  
 yellow leaves

jesen–  
 otpalo lišće  
 s bonsaia

stajalište autobusa–  
 između naših pogleda  
 pahulje snijega

jesensko poslijepodne  
 na klupi u parku  
 samo žuto lišće



*Haiku: Andrzej Dembonczyk; Pencil drawing: Renia Olszowska*


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 samo žuto lišće



*Haiku: Andrzej Dembonczyk; Pencil drawing: Renia Olszowska*

**POZDRAV IZ BELGIJE / REGARDS FROM BELGIUM**
**STEPPING ON COBBLE-STONES / KORAČAJUĆI KALDRMOM**

 Photo: *Andrea Lovrić, Croatia*
**A selection of haiku**

Willy Cuvelier, Frans Terryn, Guy Vanden Broeck (red.), *Al stappend op kasseien. Haiku's, senryu's en tanka's. (Rond De Fluweelboom 5 –Lustrumbundel 2004-2009)*. Antwerpen, HKA, 2009, 104 pp.

Website: [www.haikukringdefluweelboom.be](http://www.haikukringdefluweelboom.be)

Contact: [guy.vanden.broeck@pandora.be](mailto:guy.vanden.broeck@pandora.be)

(Translation from Dutch into English by Frans Terryn  
 If not stated otherwise, translated into Croatian by Dj.V.R.)

**Augustyn Odette (+ 2010)**

Op de stoep  
 verraden verloren takjes  
 de bouw van een nest.

On the pavement  
 lost twigs betray  
 the building of a nest.

Na pločniku  
 zagubljene grančice iznevjerile  
 gradnju gnijezda.

Winteravond,  
 een cd beluisteren  
 met vogelgezang.

Winter evening,  
 listening to a CD  
 With birdsong.

Zimsko večer,  
 slušam CD  
 s pticama pjevicama.





Photo: Andrea Lovrić, Croatia

### Colpaert Ann

In het roggeveld:  
enkel aan de zijkant  
kleine klaprozen.

In the rye field:  
only on the side  
small poppies.

U polju raži  
samo postrani  
sitni makovi.

Eerste schooldag–  
achter moeke's rok  
wordt de juf begluurd.

First day at school–  
from behind mammy's skirt  
peeping at the teacher.

Prvi školski dan–  
iza majčine suknje  
viri na učitelja.

### Cuvelier Willy

Een witte wolk  
drijft boven een kudde schapen –  
kerselaars in bloei.

A white cloud  
drifting above a flock of sheep–  
cherry trees in bloom.

bijeli oblak  
klizi iznad stada ovaca–  
trešnje u cvatu.

De blindenstok  
streelt de lage takken -  
een geur van bloesems.

The white cane  
caresses the low branches–  
a smell of blossoms.

Bijeli štap  
miluje niske grančice–  
miris cvjetova.

### De Clerck Maurice

niemand in de tuin  
een pauw zwaait zijn staart open  
schreeuwt dan scherp en luid

nobody in the garden  
a peacock sways its tail open  
then screeches shrilly and loud

nitko u vrtu  
paun zaljulja i otvori rep  
te kriješti oštro i glasno

meeuwen traag zwevend  
boven kantoorgebouwen  
winter in stad

gulls floating slowly  
over office buildings  
winter in town

sporo klize galebovi  
iznad zgrada s uredima  
zima u gradu

### Decorte Henri

Paarse kleuren  
fleuren de laatzomertuin -  
herfsttijlozen.

Purple colours  
brighten the late summer garden-  
meadow saffrons.

Ljubičaste boje  
osvijetlile vrt u kasno ljeto-  
poljski šafrani.

De lange treinreis.  
Haar hoofd rust op zijn schouder,  
zijn hand op haar buikje.

Long train journey.  
Her head resting on his shoulder,  
his hand on her belly.

Dugo putovanje vlakom.  
Glava joj počivana na njegovu ramenu  
njegova ruka na njenom trbuhu.

### De Splenter Hubert

Op vingervleugels  
een kraai die rustig nadert -  
en zo zwart, zo zwart.

On finger wings  
a crow approaching quietly-  
and so black, so black.

Na vršcima krila  
tiho prilazi vrana-  
tako crna, tako crna.

*Croatian translation by Verica Peacock*

Ze vroeg het zich af:  
hebben waterjuffers ook  
een hartje dat klopt?

She was wondering:  
dragon-flies do they also have  
a beating heart?

Pitala se:  
vilin konjici, imaju li oni  
srce što tuče?

### De Zitter Marthe (+ 2005)

Vadertjesdag:  
al stappend op kasseien  
streef ik zijn hand.

Father's Day:  
stepping on cobble-stones  
I caress his hand

Dan očeva:  
hodajući po kaldrmi  
milujem mu ruku

Vogelromance:  
elk takje dat hij aanbrengt,  
vlecht zij aan hun nest.

Bird romance:  
she weaves into their nest  
each spring he brings along.

Ptičja romanca:  
ona upliće u njihovo gnijezdo  
svako proljeće koje on donosi.





### Dumon Leo

De merel fluit  
nu ik je leer kennen  
een heel ander lied.

The blackbird warbles  
quite a different song  
now I come to know you.

Kos pjeva  
nekako drugačiju pjesmu  
sada te prepoznajem.

Alleen met de klok  
en het bestek vol kaarslichtjes.  
Oma wacht.

Alone with the clock  
And the candlelit dinner-set.  
Grandma waiting.

Sama sa satom  
I upaljenim svijećama za stolom.  
Baka čeka.

### Ferfers Fabienne

guirlandes fluitenkruid  
versieren het fietspad -  
ik rijd wat trager

garlands of cow parsley  
embellish the bicycle track -  
I slow down a bit

vijenci stolisnika  
ukrasili biciklističku stazu -  
usporavam

langs de vloedlijn  
aquarelleert de zee  
het droge zand

along the tide-line  
the sea painting the dry sand  
in water colours

u dosegu plime  
more boji suhi pijesak  
vodenim bojama



*Photo: Andrea Lovrić, Croatia*

### Leune Roland

Op de stoep een kind  
met diepe ernst verzonken  
in zijn spelletje.

On the pavement  
in full earnest a child  
lost in its game.

Na pločniku  
zaokupljeno dijete  
izgubljeno u svojoj igri.

Het ouderlijk huis  
nu, zonder zijn bewoners -  
zomaar een huis.

The parental home  
now, without its occupants -  
just a house

Roditeljski dom  
sada, bez svojih stanara -  
tek kuća

### Lievens Régine

avondrood -  
speelse poesjes bemiddelen  
een burenruzie

sunset glow—  
playful kittens mediating  
a neighbourhood quarrel

sjaj sunca na zalazu—  
zaigrani mačići meditiraju  
svađa u susjedstvu

het oudje wiegt  
op een pandabeer  
en glundert van plezier

the old woman  
rocking on a panda  
beams with fun

stara žena  
njišući se na pandi  
zrači srećom

*Croatian translation by Verica Peacock*

### Terryn Frans

Wiegendood—  
een glimp van de lentemaan  
op zijn gezichtje.

Cot death—  
a glimpse of the spring moon  
on its face.

Smrt bebe u snu—  
sjaj proljetnog mjeseca  
na lišću.

*Croatian translation by Verica Peacock*

Avondrood –  
de koe likt het babykalfje  
met haar grote tong.

Afterglow—  
a cow licks the newborn calf  
with its large tongue.

Večernje rumenilo—  
krava liže tek rođeno tele  
velikim jezikom.

### Vanden Broeck Guy

Klasreünie –  
in een hoek op de speelplaats  
dode bladeren.

Class reunion—  
in a corner of the playground  
fallen leaves.

Godišnjica mature—  
u uglu igrališta  
palo lišće.

Lang na middernacht  
haar lippen nog zichtbaar  
op het wijnglas.

Long after midnight  
her lips still visible  
on the wine-glass.

Dugo nakon ponoći  
još su vidljive njene usne  
na vinskoj čaši.

### Van Schaik Cor

Het zachte inslapen,  
het monter wakker worden  
bij de geliefde.

Falling asleep quietly,  
awakening cheerfully  
with the beloved.

Zaspah tiho,  
budim se radostan  
uz voljenu osobu.

De pauwen vliegen  
in overnachtingsbomen,  
zij pronken niet meer.

The peacocks fly  
into overnight trees,  
they are no longer in their pride.

Paunovi lete  
na noćenje u stabla,  
više nisu tako bahati.

### Van Wesemael Dirk

In lichte spreidstand  
snijdt ze bomen tot mootjes  
met haar kettingzaag.

Straddling slightly  
she cuts trees to bits and pieces  
with her chain saw.

Malo raskrečena  
ona siječe stabla u komadiće  
sa motornom pilom.

Ze is virtuoos:  
met haar tien vingers  
bespeelt ze harten.

She is virtuosic:  
with her ten fingers  
playing on hearts.

Ona je virtuoza:  
sa svojih deset prstiju  
svira po srcima.

### Verlee Mieke

De akker is leeg,  
maar op de zwarte kluiten  
honderden meeuwen.

The field is empty,  
but on the black clods  
hundreds of gulls.

Prazno polje,  
no na crnom grumenju  
stotine galebova.

De stilte suizelt  
in mijn vermoeide oren,  
te hoge bloeddruk?

Silence is singing  
in my weary ears,  
too high blood pressure?

Tišina pjeva  
u mojim iscrpljenim ušima,  
visoki tlak?

### Vyncke Paul

De jaren korten,  
zelfs al lengen de dagen,  
na tachtig lentes.

The years are shortening,  
even if the days are lengthening,  
after eighty summers.

Godine sve kraće,  
mada se dani produljuju  
nakon osamdeset ljeta.

Een witte handschoen  
verstrooit zigzaggend de as,  
een mens dwarrelt weg.

A white glove  
zigzagging scatters the ashes,  
a man is whirling away.

Bijela rukavica  
prosipa pepeo cik-cak,  
odvrtložen čovjek.

*Croatian translation by Verica Peacock*



*Photo: Andrea Lovrić, Croatia*

**Werrebrouck Jean-Marie**

Oma's bonsaibos,  
door een afgeweken bal  
in één klap gerood.

Granny's bonsai bush  
grubbed at one stroke  
by a deviated ball.

Bakin bonsai grm  
sreden jednim udarcem  
odbjegle lopte.

De laatste spreker  
begint toch af te ronden  
en af te ronden.

The last speaker  
finally begins to wind up  
and to wind up.

Posljednji govornik  
konačno počinje završavati  
i završavati.

**H A I B U N / T R A V E L H A I B U N**
**Horst Ludwig: WECHSEL**

Es ist schon eigenartig, trotz fast ein halbes Jahrhundert langen Lebens in einem anderen Land dort nicht eigentlich zu Hause zu sein. Das spürt man besonders an großen Festen gleichen Namens, deren Feier man aus der Jugend eben anders in Erinnerung hat. So ist selbst die Sonntagsheiligung hier eine andere, und man erlebt sie manchmal sogar als gar keine.

Um wegen der vorausgesagten verkehrgefährdenden Wetterbedingungen alles Nötige im Haus zu haben, fahre ich noch schnell trotz der Dunkelheit die zehn Meilen in die Stadt, vor allem wegen Milch, aber auch um einige andere Sachen für vielleicht sogar ein paar Tage einzukaufen.  
Der Mond spiegelt  
auf der verharschten Prairie.  
Neujahrsball in Wien.

Klasse der Klang im neuen A6!

Chrysanthemum Vol. 11.1, 2011

**CHANGES**

It is quite strange that after living for almost half a century in another country you still are really not quite at home there. You feel this especially on great holidays with the same name when you remember their celebration quite differently from the days of your youth. Even Sunday sanctification is different here; sometimes you experience it as none at all. When weather conditions endangering the traffic are forecast, you have to have all essentials at your house. Thus I take a quick ten mile drive to town, especially for milk, but also to buy a few things for possibly a few days.

The moon mirroring  
on the ice-crusted prairie  
New Year's ball in Vienna

Excellent the sound in the new A6!

## PROMJENE

Pomalo neobično je da čovjek i nakon gotovo pola stoljeća življenja u drugoj zemlji osjeća da još uvijek zapravo nije kod kuće. Taj je osjećaj naglašen u vrijeme praznika koji nose isto ime, a kada je način slavljenja drugačiji od svečanosti iz mladosti. Čak je i nedjeljno posvećivanje drugačije ovdje; ponekad zapravo nedoživljeno. Kada su najavljene vremenske prilike koje bi mogle ugroziti promet, trebate imati sve osnovne potrepštine kod kuće. U tom slučaju, treba se odvesti deset milja u grad, posebno po mlijeko, ali također i nabaviti nekoliko stvari za nekoliko dana.

Mjesec se ogleda  
na ledom pokrivenoj preriji  
novogodišnji ples u Beču

Odličan zvuk novog A6!

## Dunja Pezelj: RANI AUTOBUS

Od trenutka kad zazvoni sat, svaka sekunda je isprogramirana. Ako napravim makar i jedan nepredviđeni korak, ne sluša li me kosa ili ne daj bože, na čarapi pukne očica, kasnim na autobus. U polumraku, da ne razbudim ukućane, kopam po torbi tražeći ključ, misleći pri tom kako je mojoj torbici hitno potrebna jedna dobra inventura.

Vani fortunal juga s kišom, kišobran mi odmah postane jedro, a potom, beskorisna krpa na štapu. Mokri reful zasuo me je od glave do pete.

Sada sam mokra ali i potpuno budna. Čista inicijacija.

Kiša s vjetrom  
prevrnuti kišobran,  
postao jedro.

Na postaji kao ni na ulici, nikoga. Lupaju škure, valja se limena kanta za smeće, a u borovima riče jugo. Neravnim asfaltom, čisteći ulicu, krivuda netom stvorena rječica.

Potmulu tutanj i eto autobusa iza ugla.

"Ugrijalo me je sunce kad sam vas ugledala", našalim se s vozačem. "Po ovakvom vremenu?" tobože začuđeno, smiješeći se upita on. "Upravo zbog toga" odgovorim, smještajući se na prvo prazno sjedalo. Čujem vozača gdje pjevuši. Izgleda da je moja šala preokrenula njegov uobičajeni misaoni tok za ovo doba dana. Prouzročila je odmak od svakodnevnne jednoličnosti, istosti.

Brišem zamagljeno prozorsko staklo i gledam ulicu.

Razlijeva se,  
po zamagljenom oknu  
nečije ime.

Automobili jure preko crnih lokvi, po kojima svjetlucaju mrlje od nafte. Rezignirani prolaznici niti se ne pokušavaju odmaknuti. Već su ionako mokri. Smrknutih lica, nastavljaju se razdirati unutarnjim dijalozima, bez svijesti o sebi i onom oko sebe.

Glava starice  
 pokrivena vrećom.  
 Noge u lokvi.

Na velikom reklamnom panou, dva plakata. Na svakom po jedna ljepotica obnaženih grudi. Jedna s ponosom pokazuje svoju jedrost poput Lilit, a na licu joj izraz Eve, dok druga s djetetom na prsima treba prikazati Evu, a u njoj se prepoznaje Lilit.

Izgleda da svatko želi biti netko drugi ili nešto drugo.

Lilit je neodoljiva *donna fatale*, za koju je postojanje čista radost, a svijet njena igračka, dok Eva, ekvilibrirajući između nametnutih uloga supruge, majke, kućanice i zaposlene žene, niti ne primjećuje kako joj dani, neživljeni klize ispod nogu, ostavljajući je praznom, neostvarenom, ispranom.

Ali što god žena izabrala, biti Eva ili Lilit, jednako će pogriješiti, jednako će ne pogriješiti. Ishod je isti.

Prene me škripa kočnica. U autobus ulazi. mladi par. Po odjeći cijenim, vraćaju se s maturalne zabave. On visok, mršav u odijelu s kravatom. Na njoj haljina boje muranskog stakla, slijepljena, prozirna. Duga mokra kosa pokriva joj obraze.

● Proljetna kiša;  
 ● djevojčine obraze  
 ● natapa kosa.

Gledam i ne mogu se odlučiti gdje bih je smjestila. Je li to živa djevojka, Ondina vladarica Voda, ili možda Princeza Pehara netom skliznula s Tarot karte?

Nisu ispustili ni glasa, ali njihova tijela govore.

Na njegovom licu smjenjuju se izrazi zanesenosti, zbunjenosti i ponosa. Toliko je stvari noćas napravio prvi put. Prvi put je obukao odijelo s kravatom, prvi put je plesao po utvrđenim pravilima, a po zaštitničkom pogledu upućenom njoj, kao da je ove noći otišao nešto dalje od ukradenog poljupca.

Ona, moja Ondina, upijena u njegov zagrljaj, sa zagonetnim i lagano podrugljivim smiješkom poručuje: "eto, sada sam i ja ponešto odškrinula vrata tajni vas odraslih". Stoje tako, sa svojim mislima upućenim onom drugom, omamljeni, zaneseni. S njih se voda cijedi u lokvicu pod njihovim nogama.

Autobus stane uz škripu kočnica, a dvoje mladih odlaze u kišu, zagrljeni. Koračaju polako, kao da se boje da bi brži koraci mogli raspršiti čaroliju. Pogledom ih pratim do kišne zavjese, iza koje nestaju. Odjednom, padne mi na pamet davno pročitana molitva Elementa Vode iz nekog prastarog grimoara (magijskog spisa):

"O, silni Kralju Mora  
 Kralju Potopa i Proljetnih kiša  
 O Oceanu beskrajnih savršenstava



Učini nas dostojnim  
 Da možemo ponuditi Tebi  
 Vodu, Krv i Suze  
 za oprost grijeha.  
 Oglasi nam se, Molimo Te."

"O Bože Svega", nastavih ja, "Ne dozvoli da ova silina vodenog Elementa ispere iz njih ovu blaženu začaranost. Pomozi im, o Bože, da saberu, sačuvaju i pospreme u džepove sjećanja ovu noć. Možda jednoga dana, kada budu unucima pričali priče, izdvoje ovu epizodicu, kao nešto najljepše što im se dogodilo.

Blagi osmijeh, što će se u tom trenutku pojaviti na njihovim licima, bit će dostojna naknada za sumor svakodnevice.

Amen, Amen i Amen !!!"

Žamor. Iznenadena, shvatim da je autobus prepun. Prepun žena. Kada se budu vraćale s posla, ruke će im otežati od vrećica s hranom. Njihovi muževi doći će kući automobilima. Smjenjuju se mirisi znoja, jutarnje rakijice i ustajalog češnjaka. Napokon, evo i mog odredišta.

Pogledamo se s razumijevanjem, vozač i ja.

Ponovo sam na kiši.

Rani autobus;  
 Gledaju put nigdje  
 pospana lica.

## THE EARLY BUS

From the moment the clock starts to ring, every second is programmed. If I make even one unexpected move, I am late for the bus. In semi-darkness (I do not want to wake up the others) I try to find the keys in my purse, thinking at the same time that it urgently need a good sorting out.

Outside, there is a strong southerly wind and rain. My umbrella has instantly become a sail, and soon after a useless rag on a stick. Now I am wet, but completely awake. Pure initiation.

The rain with the wind.  
 overturned umbrella  
 becomes sail

There is nobody at the bus stop, nor in the street. Window shutters are banging, a trash bin is rolling, and a small stream, just arisen, is turning and twisting and cleaning the street. A muffled rumble and the bus appears from round the corner. "The sun warmed me up when I saw you", I tried to joke with the driver. "In weather like this" faking astonishment, smiling at his remark. "Just because of that", I reply taking the first empty seat. I hear the driver singing. It seems that my joke has altered his usual train of thoughts for this time of day. It has taken him away from his daily monotony.

I wipe the steamy window and watch the street.

Spreading,  
 on a foggy window  
 someone's name.

Cars are rushing through black puddles gleaming with split oil. Resigned passers-by are not even trying to move away. They are wet anyway. With their serious faces, they carry on with their indoor dialogues, unconscious of them selves or the world.

Old lady's head  
covered with plastic bag.  
Feet in a paddle.

On a big billboard, there are two posters. Each of them show a beauty with naked breasts. One of them is proudly showing her pithiness like Lillith with expression of Eve on her face, while the other, with a baby on her breasts, is supposed to represent Eve, but watching her you can recognise Lillith. It seems that everyone wants to be someone else or something else.

Lillith is the irresistible *donna fatale*. Existence is a pure joy for her and the world toy, meanwhile, Eve is balancing between imposed roles: wife, mother, housewife and working woman. She doesn't even notice that days are slipping away under her feet, leaving her empty, washed out, unfulfilled. But whatever a woman chooses, to be either Eve or Lillith, she'll make the same mistake, she won't make the same mistake. The result is the same.

Suddenly I'm brought back by the screeching of brakes. A young couple is getting on the bus. Judging by their clothes, I guess they are coming from their graduation party. He is tall, thin, wearing a suit and tie. She is wearing a dress in muran-glass colour, it is transparent. Long, wet hair corers her cheeks.

Spring rain;  
Girl's cheeks  
Soaked by her hear.

I'm watching her and I can't make up my mind where I would put her. Is she a real living girl, Ondina queen of Water, or maybe the Princess of Cups who has just slipped off a Tarot card.

They don't talk, but their bodies do.

On his face alternate expressions of ecstasy, confusion, and pride. Tonight he did so many things for the first time. He wore a suit and tie for the first time, he danced according to well known rules for the first time, and judging from his protecting look towards her, it seems that tonight he took one step beyond a stolen kiss.

She, my Ondina, safe in his arms, with a mysteriously and slightly mocking smile says: "Well, now I have just opened the secret door of to hood."

There they are, with their thoughts about each other, dazed, carried away.

The bus has stopped, I could hear the noise made by brakes, and the young couple get off, going out into the rain tin each other's arms. They are walking slowly; it seems that they are afraid to walk faster in case it destroys their magic. My look follows them to the rain curtain where they disappear.

Suddenly I remembered a prayer from Grimoire (an old magic script) I read a long time ago:

"Oh, You mighty King of the sea  
King of the Great Flood and Spring rains

# DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

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Year IV - Issue Broj 32

Special edition February 2013



**International Poetry competition 2012**

**“Seeking for a poem”**

**(La stanza del poeta, Italy &**

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Bosnia and Herzegovina)**



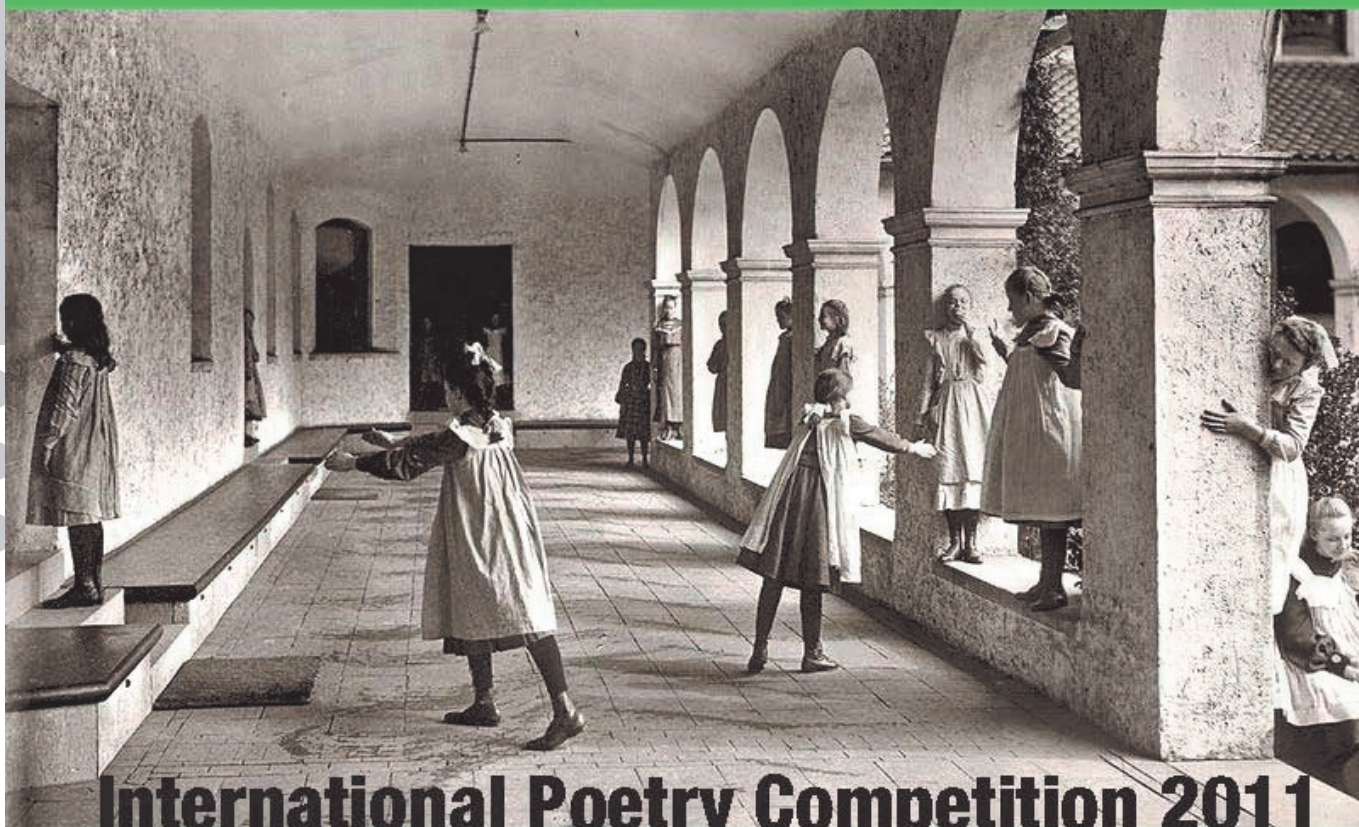
# DIOGEN

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[www.diogen.weebly.com](http://www.diogen.weebly.com)

Issue No 19. Broj 19

February 2012



## International Poetry Competition 2011

**"Seeking for a poem"**

*(La stanza del poeta, Italy & DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Bosnia and Herzegovina)*

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...  
 a month for DIOGEN artist ...  
 and you ...**

All 133 poets and poetess within 202 pages of the special edition of DIOGEN pro art magazine:

<http://diogen.weebly.com/seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2011.html>

Oh Ocean of endless perfection  
 Make us worth  
 So that we can give You  
 Water, Blood and Tears  
 for remission if sins.  
 Give us a sing, we Beg You. "

"Oh Mighty God", I carried on, "Don't let this Mighty water Element wash this blessed magic out of them. Help them, of God to preserve and store this night in their pocket of memories. Maybe some day, when they tell stories to their grandchildren, they'll chose this episode as the most beautiful thing that ever happened to them.

The gentle smile that will show up on their faces will be decent compensation for gloomy every-day living.

Amen, Amen and Amen!!!".

Surprised, I notice that the bus is crowded. Crowded with women. When they return home from work, they will be carrying heavy bags of food. And their husbands will be driving home by car.

Various are ell of sweat; morning brandy and stale garlic are competing with one another. Finally, my stop arrives. I exchange a glance with the driver, and we understand each other. I'm in the rain again.

The early bus.

Watching nowhere,  
 sleepy faces.

Prijevod/Translated by Jagoda Copic

**Matej Markoč, 6.b,** OŠ Poliklinike SUVAG, Zagreb, Hrvatska:

## PRIVJESAK ČAHURA

S mamom sam krenuo na put u Vukovar. Zašto? Moju mamu je uhvatila želja da vidi taj grad, a ja sam htio ići s njom. Samo sam do sada slušao o tom gradu pa sam ga poželio i vidjeti. S velikom znatiželjom sam krenuo na taj put.

Put u Vukovar -  
 u gaju stado srna  
 usred ravnice

Stigli smo oko 10 sati. Prvo sam primijetio puno kuća izbušenih od metaka. Sve je tamo drukčije.

U Vukovarskoj bolnici sam gledao video o ratu. Ti ljudi su svašta proživjeli. U bolnici sam vidio lutke u prirodnoj veličini koje su predstavljale umrle ljude. Čuo sam da je u bolnici umrlo puno djece. Bio sam i na Ovčari. Unutra je bilo mračno, na zidovima slike poginulih, a u kutu ispod stakla na slami stvari nestalih i umrlih. Na podu su čahure metaka koje se do pola vide jer su u betonu. U suvenirnici sam kupio čahuru kao privjesak za uspomenu. Malo dalje od Ovčare je velika grobnica gdje smo zapalili svijeću i pomolili se za poginule.

Kasnije sam vidio što sam želio, a to je vodotoranj. Čudio sam se kako još stoji od tolikih granata i metaka. Blizu vodotoranja je restoran na Dunavu i tu smo ručali. Stajao sam na obali velike rijeke.

Široki Dunav -  
jedan usamljen čamac  
pluta kraj patke

Nakon ručka smo posjetili crkvu u Aljmašu, a na samom kraju smo otišli u Ilok. Tamo sam vidio pravi vinski podrum i kako se pravi vino. Ilok je jako lijepo mjesto i bilo mi ježao što nije bio dan da ga još bolje vidim.

Iz Iloka smo krenuli u Zagreb puni dojmova. To je bio moj nezaboravan izlet s mamom.

Povratak kući –  
moje misli još  
u Vukovaru

*Objavljeno u Zborniku kloštraskih haiku susreta 2010.g.*



**Verica Peacock, Harlow, England:**

#### THE ARBORETUM AT TRSTENO, CROATIA

A leisurely stroll through the shaded Arboretum, situated at the seaside hamlet of Trsteno, only 30 km from Dubrovnik, was an unexpected joy. From the moment I entered, its beauty but, above all, its tranquillity, conquered my senses.

This botanical garden, which covers an area of 63 acres, contains more than 300 species of trees and plants from around the world, as well as architecture from the Gothic-Renaissance period, thus making it one of the finest gardens in this part of Europe. In 1950 it was donated to the Academy of Sciences and Arts of Croatia.

The Arboretum was established in the fifteenth century by the Croatian noble family Gučetić. Due to the continuous five-century long development of this unique park, it was declared a natural rarity in 1948 and in 1962 it was registered in the list of protected natural monuments as a monument of landscape architecture.

Turtle, out of its  
depth, enjoys the beauty of  
renaissance fountain.



The pride of the Arboretum are two oriental plane trees, located in the central market place at Trsteno, whose height is 60m and trunk circumference 5m, but what made a special impression on me was the wonderful cascading fountain, with Greek statues and the aqueduct, which was constructed in the fifteenth century, at the same time as the Arboretum was established, in order to irrigate the gardens.

The crickets' choir  
entertains ancient statues  
near the aqueduct.

If you find the call of the sea irresistible, when viewed from the gardens, you can go down to the small bay beneath for a cooling swim.

Sadly, during the latest Balkan war in 1990s, the Serbian Army launched a series of gunboat and air attacks, setting the Arboretum ablaze, destroying a great deal by fire.

Fortunately, the summer residence and the oldest part of the Arboretum were only partially damaged and there appears no evidence of this. It was further damaged by a forest fire in 2000, but in the spirit of renewal, it is open to appreciative visitors again. The only caveat for visiting the Arboretum is the number of midges around and I would advise visitors to wear long trousers and long sleeves. I wish someone had told me that before my visit!

Overlooking deep  
blue sea, the aged trees guard  
their inheritance.

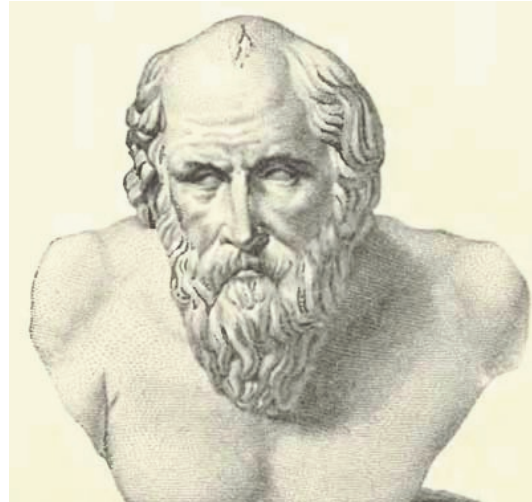
### **TRSTENO ARBORETUM, HRVATSKA**

Šetnja, bez žurbe, kroz hladovinu arboretuma, na obalnom naselju Trsteno, samo 30 km od Dubrovnika bilo je neočekivano veselje. Od trenutka kad sam unišla, njegova ljepota i, nadviše toga, spokojstvo, osvojilo je moja osjetila.

Ovaj botanički vrt, površine 28 hektra, sadrži više od 300 vrsta stabala i biljaka iz cijelog svijeta, te arhitekturu gotičko-renesansnog stila, što znači da je ovo jedan od najljepših vrtova u ovom dijelu Evrope. U 1950. godini, arboretum je bio darovan Akademiji znanosti i umjetnosti Hrvatske.

Hrvatska plemenita familija Gučetić ustanovila je arboretum u petnaestom stoljeću. Kako je ovaj jedinstveni park sada imao neprekidan razvoj kroz pet stoljeća, zaštićen je kao spomenik vrtne aritekture.

Kornjača izvan svoje  
dubine, uživa u ljepoti  
renesansne fontane.



Ponos ovog arboretuma su dvije orijentalne platane, visoke 60 m s deblom od 5 m obujma. Posebno me se dojmila slapovita fontana, sa Grčkim kipovima i aquadukt za navodnjavanje, koji je bio građen u petnaestom stoljeću kao i Arboretum.

Zbor zirkavaca  
 zabavlja stare kipove  
 blizu akvadukta.

Sretnete li šum mora a koje se vidi iz vrta, možete se spustiti do malog zaljeva na osvježenje plivanjem.

Nažalost, u vrijeme Domovinskog rata u Hrvatskoj, 1991-95, ovo područje napadano je s mora i iz zraka, zapaljen je bio cijeli arboretum te je veći dio vrta bio razoren plamenom. Srećom, ljetna rezidencija i najstariji dio arboretuma su bili samo djelomično oštećeni i sada nema vidljivog traga stradanju. Vrt je bio oštećen i u šumskom požaru 2000. g., ali u duhu renovacije, opet je otvoren posjetiteljima koji ga poštuju. Jedini savjet za posjetitelje arboretuma je broj komarca koji se tamo nalaze; ja bih savjetovala svim posjetiteljima da nose duge hlače i duge rukave. Da je makar netko to meni rekao prije nego sam tamo išla!



Nadgledajući duboko,  
 modro more, stara stabla  
 čuvaju svoje nasljedstvo

[http://www.guia-dubrovnik.net/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/arboretum\\_trsteno\\_aleja\\_palmi\\_20100817\\_1506131127.jpg](http://www.guia-dubrovnik.net/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/arboretum_trsteno_aleja_palmi_20100817_1506131127.jpg)



**Borivoj Bukva, Rijeka, Croatia:**

## ŽURKOVO

U Kostreni, nadomak križanju putova i prometu, vrevi ljudi koji stalno nekamo žure, za samo desetak minuta strmom cesticom i skalinama spuštamo se do mora i lučice Žurkovo. Miris i svježina mora, šum valova koji oplakuju obalu, kliktaji galeba prate ribarske brodice i čamce koji uplovljavaju u luku remeteći mir i usnulost doživljenog kao u čaroliji. Žamor djece, igra s mačkom i psićem, žene s torbama, svi čekaju na svoj dio plijena. Iznad luke nadvila se Marina, duša koja diše i pulsira srcem ribara, već od ranih jutarnjih sati pa do kasno u noć. Čuje se udar sjekire i bata, zvuk pile, vide se svjetla letlampe, pokoja psovka, onda opet mir i tišina, na trenutak, a čini se vječnost! Čamac je izvučen na suho, razgovor uz pivo i cigaretu, odmor. Stari ribar preplanula lica diže se i nestaje među barkama ...

Barke u luci  
vitkim jarbolima  
paraju nebo

## ŽURKOVO

In Kostrena, nearby the crossing of the roads and traffic, crowds of people who are rushing somewhere most of the time, after a ten minute walk over a path on a steep slope and the steps, we are descending towards the sea and a small harbour Žurkovo. The fragrance and the coolness of the sea, the murmur of the seawaves washing the shore, screams of the gulls following the fishing ships and the boats sailing into the harbour all of it disturbing the calm and the sleepiness of experienced, as if in sorcery. The children's din, a game with the cat and the dog, women with the bags, everybody's waiting for his part of the prey.

Above the little harbour is Marina, a soul breathing and pulsing by the heart of the fisherman. In the early morning until late at night. The strokes of the hatchet and the mallet and sound of the saw are heard; the light of welding blowpipe, a curse here and there, then calm and silence again, for a moment, yet as if eternity! The boat has been pulled to the shore, conversation by beer and the cigarette goes on, the rest. The old fisherman with tanned face raises and disappears among the boats.

The boats in the harbour  
rips the sky by  
the slim masts.


**Antonija Pedišić (1941-2010.), Croatia**
**BRODINA TOM**

Polagano nas vozi *TOM TT Line* po pučini do Švedske.

U plavetnilu  
 Srebrni se odsjaj sunca  
 Svjetlo u moru

Na sedmoj palubi šećem sama u mnoštvu. Divan ljetni dan. Ja u vjetrovki a na Jadranu gori.

Suša i vjetar  
 Razdražili  
 Piromane

Daleko od tih problema, problema djece i prijatelja, ostvaruje mi se davna želja i sni za skitnjom za mene nepoznatim sjeverom Europe. Pet sati traje prijelaz s jedne obale Europe na drugu, iz Rostocka do Trelleborga. Ne čitam ništa iz bijelog papira samo iz plavetnila neba i mora. Vjetar mi lista misli i emocije. Odjednom na plavoj palubi nešto zablista: Gle! Poklon! Zlatnik! Jedan euro od čokolade! Izgubio ga sigurno u trku neki mali gusar. Sad je moj!

Slatko blago  
 Rastapa se u ustima  
 Ništa nije vječno

Udišem zrak pun kapljica mora s beskrajnog modrog oceana.

Na nama jedre  
 Sve krpice i kosa  
 Hihotanje djece

Pasem prazninu svemira i slušam kako stenje brodina Tom. Pa nije ni čudo. U utrobi mu mnoštvo autobusa, kamiona, najrazličitijih većih i manjih vozila ...

Na palubi  
 Seoba putnika iz  
 Hlada na sunce

Kako je prostrano nebo a pticama ni traga.  
 Kako se beskrajno more danas doima tako nevino.

## A SHIP TOM

Slowly, the ship Tom TT Line navigates, taking us over the open sea to Sweden.

In the blue  
 A silvery reflection of the sun  
 a light in the sea

On the seventh deck I'm walking alone in the crowd. A beautiful Summer day. I'm in a wind-proof jacket and the Adriatic is on fire.

Drought and the wind  
 Irritated  
 The pyromaniacs

Far away from these problems, the troubles of the children and friends, I have my old wish fulfilled, the dreams about wandering over North Europe, unknown to me yet. The crossing from one shore of Europe to the other, from Rostock to Trellerborg lasts five hours. I'm not reading anything from the white paper, but from the blueness of the sky and sea only! The wind lists my thoughts and emotions. Suddenly, on a blue deck something shining: Look! A present! A gold coin! 1 Euro made of chocolate! Some small pirate must have lost it while running about the deck. Now it belongs to me!

- A sweet treasure  
 Melting in my mouth
- Nothing lasts forever

- I inhale the air full of the sea drops from the endless blue ocean.

Sailing on us  
 All the clothing and the hair  
 Children's laughter

I gaze at the emptiness of the space and listen to the Ship Tom's squawking. Nothing to wonder about, at all. In its interior are many coaches, lorries, different kinds of large or smaller vehicles...

On the deck  
 The move of the passengers from  
 The shade into the sun

How spacious is the sky yet without a sign of birds.  
 How the boundless sea appears so innocent today.


**Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić:**

EGIDA: PUTOPIS: Drugi put u Albaniji

Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić, hrvatski književnik, vratio se iz Albanije gdje je predstavio svoju svjetski poznatu haiku-zbirku *Velebit*

### SUNČEVA SVJETLOST OD ZADRA DO ELBASANA

Gotovo tisuću godina Albanija je bila ili porobljena, ili zatvorena i izolirana, što se danas ne može osjetiti u ljudima. Albanci su kao i njihove planine, simboli vječne nade. Ovdje ako čovjek i pati, on to ne pokazuje kao ni njegova rodna stijena. Kao da se božanski val snage zaustavio na ovome mjestu, u planinama izdignutim iznad Jadranskog, Jonskog i Egejskog mora. Ovdje nikad ne treba kompas, čovjek se uvijek kreće prema suncu. To i jest ono što me opet vuče u Albaniju – putovanje u svjetlost!

Dug, dug, dug je put.

Sunčeva svjetlost seže  
do Elbasana.

Prošloga puta u Skadru mi se učinilo kako svjetlo ne dolazi od Sunca već od vode nad čijim ponorom lebdi orao koji je u trenutku moga ulaska preko mosta u grad poletio iz svoga gnijezda, iz utvrde koja je nekad bila prijestolnica ilirskih vladara i utvrda plemena Labeata. U Tirani, sklonjen pod sjenom tornja sa satom, gledao sam kako svjetlo s katoličkog tornja poput elektriciteta prelazi na minaret susjedne džamije, a odatle pada na sablju Juraja Kastriotića, kneza i vojskovođe, glasovitoga Skenderbega, koji je siječe tako da se svjetlost pretvara u latice krizantema što se dižu k nebu postajući pod njim zvijezde. U Elbasanu je svjetlost bila uznemirena šarama maslina, njihovim crnim plodovima punim zemaljskoga žara. U Draču je bljesnulo more. Svjetlost je poput Mojsija rastvarala more kako bih vidio dolazak Grka s Krfa i Korinta, kako udaraju temelje Epidamnosu, bacajući u vodeni ponor kamenje što se nadimlje i pišti poput užarenog ugljeglja. A sad u Skadru voda stremlje k nebu, brda se tuku s oblacima, samo se djeca prestala međusobno čupati dok se mi krećemo mostom između kućeraka u obliku ležećih ljudi.

Dok prelazim most  
pozdravljaju me djeca  
tražeći novčić.

Odavde iz skadarske oblasti na zadarsko područje, barski, pa zadarski nadbiskup Vicko Zmajević, doveo je Arbanase čiju je prvu povijest napisao don Mijo Ćurković, gorljivi hrvatski pravaš, glazbenik, pjevač i svećenik. Slučaj ili ne, htio je da nekada staro prapovijesno naselje na području današnjih Arbanasa sudjeluje u formiranju ilirskoga Zadra, kao što su kasnije Arbanasi gradili i branili hrvatski Zadar.



Već svibnja 1726. godine u Zemunik stižu prvi Arbanasi. U prvoj velikoj seobi stigao je i moj daleki predak po majci. Po rodu Paleka, po nazivu Đoka. I on je kao i svaka arbanaška obitelj u Zemuniku dobio tri odjelita veća kompleksa zemlje; podvornicu s kućom, oranicu na putu koji od zemuničke crkve vodi u Hambar i oranicu pokraj ceste koja od zemuničkog kaštela vodi u Zadar, između dvaju bunara zvanih Smrdelj. Prošloga sam se puta i zaustavio u Skadru kako bih upoznao jednoga od Paleka, a sada u žurbi nemam vremena ni da ga pozdravim.

Samo oblaci  
sjećaju na prolaznost  
dok se žurimo.

Nemam vremena ni za Kruju, biskupsko sjedište još iz devetog stoljeća, za koje mnogi Albanci i danas vjeruju da je sveto mjesto napučeno bogovima. Dvorac na visini od 548 metara stradao u zemljotresu, danas je Skenderbegov muzej. Juraj Kastriotić ovdje je vodio svoje presudne bitke za slobodu kršćanske Albanije. Ali dvorac pamti i bizantsku i osmanlijsku vlast. Pri brzini većoj od stotinu kilometara na sat, stopivši se s putom, ja sam iz zemlje čuo kako kuca veliko srce albanske borbe za nezavisnost, srce patnje zatrpano zemljotresom. Kruja je i danas srce Albanije, ono srce koje se uvijek otkriva u novom i drukčijem doživljaju. Sunce koje je krenulo k zapadu bacilo je na dvorac paučina-stu izmaglicu poput Kumove slame što se dizala iznad obližnjega močvarnog područja. Oblaci u ružičastom svjetlu postali su najednom mrki i nemirni poput šišmiša. Dvorac se u poslijepodnevnim parama nazirao na istoku kao tamni portal nadolazeće večeri.

Hrabre ratnike  
zaklanjaju zidovi  
u oblacima.

Zaustavila nas je samo žeđ. Pivo – zaista lijepa riječ. Konobar se neprestance vrti oko nas s pladnjem punim čaša piva. U svadbenoj sali lokala i nema nikog osim mene, Viktora, moga pratitelja i konobara. Čutili su se prvi znaci večeri, a s njima kao da su se u daljini naslućivali i svi oni gosti koji će nahrupiti ovamo s prvom tamom dana. Na takvu pomisao navode me i suviše rano upaljeni lampioni kojima je lokal okićen poput novogodišnjega drvca. Poslije doslovnog mraka u totalitarnome sustavu, Albanci se poput djece oduševljavaju električnim svjetiljkama, koje su posvud improvizirano postavljene. Kada se noću upale stvaraju nekakav istočnjački ugođaj, gotovo festivalski dojam, pjene se poput dobrog albanskog piva s imenom *Tirana*. Pijući čašu za čašom, gaseći žeđ gotovo osam stotina kilometara prevaljenog puta, pomislio sam kako ću već prije Tirane imati problema s utvrđivanjem vlastitog identiteta. Radost što ću se uskoro sresti s prijateljima, kolegama pjesnicima, pijući pivo prešla je u opuštenost, a sljedećom čašom već u melenkoliju.

Cijelo polje  
i cijela rijeka  
u jednoj čaši.

Tirana je danas pravo gradilište, sva je raskopana, puna vreve i žamora, kao da za nju još i nije prestala bitka skadarskih paša i lokalnih begova, započeta negdje početkom devetnaestog stoljeća. Ovaj grad nekada zvan i Teheran, tek će 1920. godine postati glavnim gradom Albanije. Sve do demokratskog osvita devedesetih godina grad je savladavao sve svoje neprijatelje, jednog po jednog, tako što se nije mijenjao, što je njegovo vrijeme putovalo samo kroz sebe, tako da se i nije micalo s mjesta, a onda je na Tiranu navalio njen najljući neprijatelj – ona sama. U svakoj njezinoj točki danas ključa promet, trgovina i izgradnja. Mir više nije njezin kontinuum, kontinuum je dinamika, kao da se u svakom trenutku pokušava prestići budućnost. Samo monumentalni Skenderbegov spomenik mirno gleda mravinjak, ne dajući da mu se itko približi preko njegove davno postavljene demarkacijske crte.

Pod gradskim svjetlom  
 miran, na crnom konju  
 čeka Skenderbeg.

U kavani *Europa* u Tirani već trideset godina za istim stolom sjedi moj prijatelj, veliki albanski pjesnik Xhevahir Spahiu. Donedavna predsjednik Saveza pisaca i umjetnika Albanije, a potom savjetnik za kulturu Predsjednika Republike. Sjedi Xhevahir i misli na svoja putovanja, a kako je mudar, to uopće i ne mora činiti. “Osedlat ću oblak” - kaže – “i projahati planine”. Čovjek je to bez uzda i orme, čovjek s izgledom vjetra. Sjedi on, čeka me i prevodi svoju rijeku: “Težak prijevod / Od čiste vode”. Znam da sada misli s kime može popričati dok me čeka, s kojeg telefona? On čeka mene, ali bi razgovarao i s Halleyjevim kometom. Čita moj *Velebit* na albanskom, a misli na svoj Tomorr, na planinu koju ne može smetnuti s uma ma ni u jednom razgovoru.

Planinske ruže  
 prijatelju cvjetaju  
 sad u očima.

Xhevahir me grli i ja u šuštanju zagrljaja čujem kako “još od Adamova vremena/romone rijeke;/romone pčele i oblaci/na hrptu planina”. On je danas u velikom intervjuu u središnjim albanskim novinama *Shqip* govorio i o mom *Velebitu*. Pita me da mu govorim o Velebitu, o velebitskim vilama, o Zoraniću; pita je li nad Velebitom nebo “sazdano od zraka” ili od kamena. Njegova pitanja nemaju strpljenja, pa i ne čekaju odgovor. Iz njegovih ruku, iz očiju kao i s njegovih usana samo izlaze i ulaze pitanja, a iz tih valova rađaju se lijepe riječi kao “sve boje beskrajna svemira”. Prozvao me Xhevahir Spahiu tako danas u svom novinskom razgovoru “princem hrvatskog haikua”. I eto, to mi pokazuje kao svoju dobrodošlicu.

Gle, i kraljevi  
 znaju biti ponizni  
 u prijateljstvu.

Pristiže i prijatelj Arian Leka, poznati pjesnik, prozaik, glazbenik, prevoditelj, likovni kritičar i nakladnik, urednik *Poeteke*, časopisa koji istodobno izlazi u Engleskoj, Francuskoj, Albaniji, Rumunjskoj i Grčkoj. Arianovo je lice kao puna svibanjska mjesečina, blago, nježno i svježe.

Rođen u Draču, na moru, on zna kako “postoji jedno more za život i jedno nebo za smrt”. Kao primorac Arian zna da “ništa nije kako vidiš/kad imaš sve a nemaš prijatelja” da s njim podijeliš “dvije čaše vina duboka”. Pruža mi desnu, a u lijevoj drži butelju zaštićenoga dračkog rizlinga.

Večernju maglu  
kao vjetar rastjera  
pružena ruka.

Počeli smo piti vino, meni je izgledalo tako dobro da mi se činilo kako ću popiti cijelu mješinu. Kad mi je Arian kazao kako će već ovih dana u tjedniku “Albanija” biti objavljen izbor pjesama iz moje zbirke *Tigar za piće* sam imao još i više razloga. Čita mi svoju bilješku uz moje pjesme. On kaže kako moj “tigar nastavlja živjeti, bez obzira što je riječ o jednoj od najugroženijih životinjskih vrsta, jer TMB nanovo oživljuje pjesničkog tigra, poeziju kakvu su započeli Blake, Yeats, Tagore, Emerson, Pound, Borges”. U strahu od spomenutih imena potežem još jednu čašu. Arian se čudi koliko knjiga nosi moje ime na svojim koricama. Najednom mi kaže TMB, to je tvoj zaštitni znak. Gledam ga i mislim, otkud mu to što su još tako davno primijetili Tomislav Ladan i Igor Mandić. A poslije njih i Alojz Majetić. A potom opet prelazi na priču o *Tigru*. Za mene je velika obveza čuti ga kako mi nazdravlja jući recitira Williama Blakea – “*Tiger! Tiger! burning bright/In the forests of the night*”, a potom odmah govori moga *Tigra* na albanskom – “*Tigri takon macen egjiptiane*”.

O Tigre, Tigre  
tvoje zube sakriva  
prenježna koža.

Noću smo se uputili preko planine Qaf Krrab, što bi u slobodnom prijevodu značilo Uvrnuti vrat. Strmo je i klizavo, a mi smo već i popili priličnu količinu piva i vina, ali i albanske rakije, bez koje se ovdje ne može. Pa ipak siguran sam, nije me strah ni imena planine. Već sam je jednom prešao. Znam da sve ono u što počnemo sumnjati, ili čega se počnemo bojati, kao i ono u što počnemo vjerovati, s vremenom raste, buja, razvija se, dotle da nam konačno dođe glave, ili nas izbavi iz opasnosti i muka. Zato se ja držim zvijezda, držim se ljepote, pokušavam se vlastitim prepuštanjem vinuti do božanskog poslanja ovoga puta i ove planine.

U mraku, pod lampionskom rasvjetom restorana koji svojim preprekama na svakome zavoju priječe mogućnost iskliznuća u provaliju, gledam kako niz cestu teče voda, koja se po rubovima puta cijedi s planine.

Dok se penjemo  
strminom, u dolinu  
silazi voda.

Konačno, evo me u trbuhu Albanije, na samom njezinom pupku – u Elbasanu. Koje lijepo ime, kao Labrador ili Senegal. Svejedno je kako ove prostore doživljavate, kao mlade ili kao stare, hladne ili tople, jer oni su i jedno i drugo. Oni svoju dugovječnost stječu obnavljanjem, ponekad i obnavljanjem sitnica, baš kao i moj Zadar. Takva sitnica, koja Elbasanu daje dobar duh stalne svjetlosti, jesu drvoredi naranača puni zrelih plodova uz široke gradske ulice. Ono što im daje stalnu životnu boju upravo je ta njihova feniksovska sjena koja neprestance lebdi između dobrog i zlog duha.

Baš kao što već ranom zorom u ovo sušno siječanjsko doba nad Elbasanom lebdi prašina, nekakav magleni smog koji prekriva cijelu kotlinu Shkumbin u kojoj leži grad. Meni sad to ne izgleda ni kao dim, ni kao smog cementne industrije, bliske rafinerije, ili nekad najvećega metalurškog kombinata, većega i od samoga grada, već mi se čini kako to nad gradom lebdi njegova orošena duša.

Jutarnja rosa  
zaprljala naranču  
i osvježila.

U hotelu *Četiri godišnja doba* čeka me prijatelj Milianov Kallupi, predsjednik Saveza književnika Albanije, ogranak Elbasan i predsjednik Haiku-kluba Albanije, haiku-pjesnik, urednik u *Egnatie* koja je objavila moju haiku-knjigu *Velebit*. Tu je i Kujtim Agalliu, prevoditelj *Velebita*. Pristižu i drage kolegice, haiku-pjesnikinje Mariana Meta Hushi i Lida Lazaj, tu je i Ferit Rama i Nexhip Bashllari. Iz Makedonije je pristigao književnik Mustafa Spahiu, kojega sam zadnji put sreo prije točno dvadeset i četiri godine. Buket prijatelja, baš kako i dolikuje u Elbasanu, valjda jedinome gradu na svijetu koji slavi Dan cvijeća.

U daleki grad  
prepun cvjetnih buketa  
donio cvijet.

Milianov Kallupi i ja čestitamo jedan drugome rođendan. Oba smo rođeni istoga dana, 18. siječnja, i jedan i drugi u zoru. Milianov mi za rođendan daje rukopis svoje nove haiku-knjige. Pogled mi je zastao na haikuu koji govori o mrazu na staklu. Samo jedan prst je dovoljan da se na njemu razbudi cvijeće. Tako nježan dodir topline. Dah. Pčelinji dodir jagodicom kažiprsta na zaleđeno staklo dovoljan je za promjenu svijeta. Mislim, je li to onaj dah koji smo s prvim plačem ispustili dalekoga siječnja 1947. godine, kada su naše majke gledale kako se mraz na prozoru preobražava u razbuđeno cvijeće?

Istu zvijezdu  
gledaju naše majke  
daleko, noću.

U središnju Gradsku knjižnicu Elbasana gdje će Milianov proslaviti svoju šezdesetu godišnjicu života, a gdje me pozvao da mu se i ja pridružim, dolaze uzvanici. Stiže i gradonačelnik Elbasana, poslanici u Parlamentu, književnici, umjetnici, slikari, pjevači, glazbenici, učenici i studenti. Čuvši da sam u Elbasanu, čak iz Tetova je stigao Šefki Aliu, vlasnik slastičarnice *Donat* u Zadru. Ovdje su mnogi koje sam upoznao prije dvije godine, a sada mi nije nimalo lako sjetiti se svih imena. Dolazi i Zyhdi Morava, predsjednik albanskih pisaca. Toliko ih je da ih ne mogu sve ni pozdraviti.

I bez riječi  
nama je dobro, dobro,  
dok se gledamo.

Na svečanosti u Elbasanu proglašen sam počasnim članom Saveza književnika Albanije, ogranak Elbasan i Haiku-kluba Albanije. Moja članska iskaznica nosi redni broj 1. Albanski časopis *Haiku* broj 5 iz 2007. godine, koji izlazi u Elbasanu, što se esejističkog i kritičarskog dijela tiče, u cijelosti je posvećen mojoj zbirci "Velebit", koja je ovdje i inače u medijima i javnosti dočekaana s velikom pažnjom. Pažnjom sam okružen i ovaj put, čekaju me razgovori za radio, televiziju, već sutra u novinama izlaze moje pjesme iz zbirke *Tigar* koju su u cijelosti preveli Jehona i Mustafa Spahiu.

Sad me veseli  
to što će me rastužiti  
pri odlasku.

Na odlasku iz Elbasana, moj vjerni pratitelj i prevoditelj Viktor Perfundi, inače pokretač ove hrvatsko-albanske književne veze, i sam pomalo pjesnik, pokazuje mi svoj Librazhd. Drago mi je da čovjek nema predrasuda o svome mjestu daleko gore u planinama. I ja sam njega najprije poveo u Zemunik. Svaki pojedinac koji se želi otvoriti svijetu i uklopiti u njega, ponajprije mora krenuti od svoga izvora, od mjesta koje krije naš duh, dušu, naš san i naše vjerovanje, našu dobru volju, naš svjetonazor, pa ako hoćete i našu uskogrudnost, našu isključivost, naše krive predodžbe, sve ono što držimo dobrim i zlim, pravednim i nepravednim. Iza Librazhda vidim planinu Shebenik (Šibenik) i mislim kako nije samo priroda ta koja je uvijek spremna popuniti praznine u prostoru kojim se krećemo, praznine još bolje popunjava jezik koji nam pruža maštu da možemo svojom voljom zamisliti i imenovati ono što je pružila priroda.

Za tren pomislim:  
nisam tako daleko  
dok gledam nebo.

Putujemo u Drač; čim sam ugledao Jadransko more sjetio sam se puta za Casablancu. Gledao sam tada čeznutljivo Drač, njegove antičke, bizantske i venecijanske zidine koje su se nazirale već na samom rubu obale, ali obali ni blizu nismo smjeli. Bilo je takvo vrijeme, vrijeme Envera Hoxhe. A danas u Draču kupujem novine *Albanija*, na čijoj se prvoj stranici nalazi i moja i Hoxhina fotografija. Najzanimljivije je to da i jedna i druga fotografija najavljuju naše tekstove, moju poeziju i Hoxhina pisma Amerikancima. Čudno, Enver je pisao zašto Albanci ne vole Amerikance, a danas je gotovo za svakog Albanca jedina uzdanica Amerika. Kako li je tek nedavnu prošlost prekrilo more, mogu misliti što je onda s onom pradavnom.

Jadransko more  
proteglo se od neba  
pa sve do zemlje.

Prije nego li sam krenuo domu, prema Hrvatskoj, u najgledanijem programu albanske televizije *Arbria* u jutarnjoj emisiji *Kapučino* ugostila me prelijepa voditeljica, glumica Juli Xhokaxhi. Više je gledam nego li slušam dok glasom vile Ilirkinje čita moje haikue iz zbirke *Velebit*. Samo jedan trenutak, samo nekoliko riječi, i njezin mi je glas u studio donio cijeli Velebit.

I ovdje Vile  
donose mi jabuke  
s Velebita.

I dok se s večeri vozimo prema albanskoj granici, spremni na cjelonoćno putovanje, slušamo prvi program Radio Tirane. U najavi čujem meni poznati i dragi glas voditelja emisije *Na početku bijaše riječ*, albanskog pjesnika Demira Gjergja. Čitavih sat vremena Viktor i ja nismo više progovorili ni riječi, slušali smo na radiju razgovor sa mnom i Viktorov prijevod. Kako je to maestralno vodio Gjergj, čovjek koji je u ovoj emisiji, do moje malenkosti, ugostio mnoge poznate albanske, europske i svjetske pjesnike. Za ovaj moj nastup u ovoj emisiji zaslužan je Gazmend Agaj, mladi i popularni novinar, kao i pjesnik, pripovjedač i radijski novinar Jaho Margjeka. Slušam ga kako lijepo izgovara moje ime i čita haiku o Zoraniću.

Petsto godina  
 put putuje Zoranić  
 noseć Velebit.



<http://www.eurotravelling.net/albania/elbasan/elbasan.htm>

## EGIDA: IN ALBANIA FOR THE SECOND TIME

Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić, a Croatian writer and haiku poet recently returned from Albania where he introduced his world known haiku collection *Velebit*

The sunshine from Zadar to Elbasan  
 (haibun)

Almost for a thousand years Albania was either enslaved, closed or isolated, but this cannot be seen on people whatsoever. The Albanians are, just like their mountains, the symbols of everlasting hope. Here even if someone is suffering it is not seen, just like the rocks. As if a godly wave of strength stopped on this place, in the mountains rising above the Adriatic, Ionian and Aegean Seas. Here man needs not a compass, he moves according to the Sun. And this is what draws me back to Albania – travelling into the light.

Long, long, long is the way.  
 The sunshine reaches  
 To Elbasan.



Last time in Skadar, it appeared to me the light does not come from the sun but the water, with an eagle gliding above it that, after had taken off from its nest on the tower, at the moment I was entering the town crossing the bridge. This tower had been a capital of the Ilyric rulers and the fortress of the Labeata tribe. In Tirana, hid in the shadow of the tower with the clock, I was watching the light from the Catholic church belfry shining like electricity, moving over to the mosque's minaret in the neighbourhood, then falling onto the sword of St. George Kastriotić, prince and an army leader, well known Skenderbeg, who cuts the light so it becomes the petals of chrysanthemums rising towards the sky, thus becoming the stars under it. In Elbasan the light was disturbed by the shades of olive trees, their black fruits full of an earthly glow. In Drač the sea glittered. The light, just like Moses had, opened the sea thus enabling me to watch the entrance of the Greeks from Crete and Corinth, their founding of Epidamnos, throwing stones into the abyss, the stones swelling and hissing like glowing coal. And now in Skadar the water aspires towards the sky, the hills are battling with the clouds, only the children do not scruffle while we are moving over the bridge, among little houses that look like people lying down.

Whilst crossing the bridge  
 The children greet me  
 Begging a coin.

Zadar's archbishop Vicko Zmajević, brought the Albanians from this Skadar county (Albania) to Zadar and its vicinity in Croatia and pater Mijo Ćukrović, an enthusiastic Croatian politician, a member of *Croatian law society*, a musician, singer and the priest, wrote their first history. Accidentaly or not, he wanted the old prehistorical settlements on the location of today's Arbanas to take part in forming Ilyrian Zadar, just like the Albanians had built and defended Croatian Zadar. The first Albanians came to Zemunik during May of 1726. In this first big migration my distant ancestor on my mother's side came to Zemunik, too. His last name was Paleka, his first name Đoka. Him too, as every Albanian family in Zemunik, was given three large pieces of land; a yard and a garden around the house, a field by the road leading from Zemunik's church and a field by the road which goes from the Zemunik's citadel to Zadar, between two wells called Smrdelj. Last time I stopped in Skadar in order to meet one of the Paleks, and now in a hurry, I have no time to greet him.

Only the clouds  
 Remind me of the transience  
 While we hurry on.

I don't have enough time to stop at Kruj, the bishops's residence from the ninth century. Many Albanians believe it is a holy place with gods residing there, even today. The castle, 548 meter above the sea level, that suffered damage in an earthquake, today is the Skenderbeg's museum. Juraj Kastriorić fought his most important battles for the freedom of Christian Albania. But, the castle remembers the Byzantine and Turkish rule. At a hundred kilometers per hour ride, blending into the road, I heard the heartbeat of the great Albanian battle for independence, the suffering hearts covered by the earthquake. Kruj is the heart of Albania, today as well, the heart that discloses itself in a new and different experience, each time.

The sun started towards the west throwing a spider's web-like mist, rising from the nearby marsh, the Milky way alike, over the castle. The clouds became dark and uneasy, bat like. The castle could hardly be seen in the afternoon steam in the East, a dark portal of the evening about to come.

Courageous warriors  
 Hidden by the walls  
 In the clouds.

We were stopped by our thirst. Beer – such a nice word. The waiter keeps on circling around us with a tray full of glasses with beer. In the wedding reception room of the inn there is nobody but I, Viktor, my escort and the waiter. The first signs of the evening could be felt in the air and with them I had a presentiment, all the guests would dash into the inn with the first dusk. Such a thought was brought to me by the too early lighted lanterns, the inn being adorned with them as if a Xmas tree. After the literal darkness in the totalitarian system, the Albanians like children are elated with the electrical fairy lamps which have been hung in an improvised way everywhere. Once lit at night, they give some eastern atmosphere, almost the feeling a festival; they are foaming like the good Albanian beer under the name of 'Tirana'. Drinking glass after glass, quenching the thirst of the eight hundred kilometers of travelling, I thought I'd have a problem with my own identification even before entering Tirana. The joy of expecting another meeting with friends, colleagues and poets, drinking the beer became a relaxation and with the next glass, turned into melancholy.

The whole field  
 And the whole river  
 In one glass.

Today, Tirana is a real building site, being all dug up. Full of crowds and murmur, as if the battle of Skadar's pashas and the local beys had not ended yet, started at the beginning of the 19th century. This town, once called Teheran as well, became the capital of Albania in 1920. Until the democratic commencement during the nineties, this town had been conquering all its enemies, one after another, in the manner of not making any changes, taking its time to travel through itself, that way not moving from the place. And then on to conquering Tirana went its strongest enemy- Tirana itself. At every point today boils the traffic, commerce and construction. Peace is no longer the constant, it is now dynamics, as if trying to surpass its future. Only the large Skenderbeg's monument watches the Tirana-anthill calmly, not letting anybody come too close over his fixed boundary line, set long ago.

Under the town's light  
 Calm, on a black horse  
 Skenderbeg waiting.

In the coffee shop 'Europa' in Tirana, my friend has been sitting by the same table for thirty years now, the eminent Albanian Poet, Xhevahir Spahiu. Until recently the president of the Albanian Association of writers and artists, then Councillor for Culture of the President of the Albanian Republic. So sits Xhevahir thinking about his travels, and being wise, he does not have to travel at all. 'I'll ride a cloud' – says he – 'and ride over the mountains'. He is a man without restraint and harness, with appearance of the wind itself.

He is sitting there, waiting for me and translating his 'river': 'Difficult translation / From clean water' I know he is thinking with whom to speak while waiting for me, from which phone? He waits for me but would like to talk even with *Hayles' comet*. He reads my *Velebit* in Albanian, and thinks of his Tomorr, the mountain he cannot take his mind off in any single conversation.

The mountain roses  
Flowering now  
In a friend's eyes.

Xhevahir embraces me and in the rustle of this embrace I hear *Since Adam's time / the rivers whisper;/ rustle the honey-bees and the clouds / on the ridge of the mountains*. Today he spoke about my haiku collection *Velebit* in the central Albanian newspaper *Shqip*. He asks me to talk about *Velebit*, about its fairies, about Zoranić; he wonders if the sky above *Velebit* is *built from the air or the rocks*. His questions have no patience, not waiting for the answers. From his hands, his eyes and his lips as well exit and enter the questions, and beautiful words are born from these waves, like *colours from endless space*. In his interview he called me 'the prince of Croatian haiku'. So, he shows me the interview as a welcoming greeting.

Look, the kings  
Know how to be humble  
In friendship.

Another friend arrives, Arian Lika, a well known poet, prosaic, musician and translator, art critic and publisher, the editor of *Poeteke*, a journal published simultaneously in England, France, Albania, Romania and Greece. Arian's face is just like full moonlight in May, tender and calm. Born in Drač, at the seaside, he knows the *existence of one sea for life/ and one sky for death*. As a man from the coast he knows *nothing is as seen / when you have everything but a friend* to share with him *two long, tall glasses of wine*. He extends his right hand, holding a bottle of protected Drač's wine 'Rizling' in his left hand.

Outstretched hand  
Dispersing evening mist  
As if the wind.

We started to drink the wine, it tasted so good and it appeared to me I could have drunk the

whole goatskin of it. After Arian told me about my poems from the collection *Tigar* to be published in the weekly publication *Albania* very soon, I had even more reasons for a toast with the fine wine.

He reads to me his reviews concerning my poems. He says my '*Tigar*' continues to live, no matter if the theme is one among the most jeopardized animal species, because TMB (Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić) enlivens the poetical tiger, the poetry once started by Blake, Yeats, Tagore, Emerson, Pound, Borges'. In fear of the mentioned names I drink another glass. Arian wonders about the number of books bearing my name. Suddenly he tells me, TMB it is your trademark. I'm, looking at him thinking, how come he arrives at a conclusion so long ago noticed by Tomislav Ladan and Igor Mandić. And later, Alojz Majetić. Then he returns to the story about the tiger.

For me, it is a big responsibility to listen to his toast whilst reciting William Blake – *Tiger! Tiger! Burning bright / In the forests of the night*, then reciting my *Tigar* in albanian *Tigri takon macen e-jiptiane*.

Oh, tiger, tiger  
 Hiding your teeth  
 Under a too tender skin.

Overnight we started our trip over the mountain Qaf Krrab, in free translation meaning the Inverted Neck. The road being steep and slippery, we drank a substantial quantity of the beer and wine, but the Albanian brandy as well, without which it would be impossible to live here. Yet, I'm, certain I have no fear of either the name or the mountain itself. I've been over this mountain before. I know, things we suspect or fear, and those we start to believe in, grow and burst as time goes on, and it might cost us our own lives, or on the other hand save us trouble and danger. That's why I cling to the stars, the beauty, I try to soar up yielding myself to a god-like mission by own to this road and this mountain. In the dark, under the lantern lit restaurant with its constructed supporting walls preventing the possibility of it sliding into an abyss, I watch the water flowing down the road over the edges, leaking from the mountatin itself.

While we climb  
 the steep slope, the water  
 Descends to the valley

Finally I'm in the belly of Albania, in its navel – in Elbasan. Such a nice name, like Labrador or Senegal. It's all the same how you see the regions, as young or as old, cold or warm, they are both. Their long living has been gained by renewal, sometimes even by a renewal of small things, just like my Zadar. These small matters, giving Elbasan a good spirit of everlasting light are the rows of orange trees, full of ripe fruit, along side of the city streets. Giving them everlasting living colour is the shadow of the Phoenix soaring all the time between a good and evil spirit. And just like at dawn, in this January time, above Elbasan glides the dust, some kind of a misty smog covering the whole ravine Shkumbin where the city of Elbasan lies. It does not seem to be the smog from the cement industry, the refinery close by or times ago the biggest metallurgical industry on an area bigger even than the town itself, but it appears to be the town's dewy soul.

Morning dew  
 Staining an orange  
 And refreshed it.

In the hotel 'Four Seasonsof the Year' my friend Milianov Kallupi waits for me; the president of the Association of Albania's writers, the Elbasan branch and the president of the Haiku Club of Albania, a haiku poet, an editor in the publishing house 'Egnatie' which published my book *Velebit*. With him is Kujtim Agalliu, the translator of *Velebit*. Arriving are ma dear colleagues, the poetess Mariana Meta Hushi and Lida Lazaj, here is Ferit Rama and Nexhip Bashllari, and the writer Mustafa Shapiu, whom I met 24 years ago, he comes from Macedonia.

Just a bunch of friends, as it is proper in Elbasan, perhaps the only town in the world where we celebrate the Flower Day.

In a distant town  
 Full of spring flower bunches  
 He brought a flower

Milianov Kallupi and I greet each other on the occasion of our birthdays, both of us having a birthday on same day, January 18, both born at dawn. He presents me with a manuscript of this new haiku collection. My gaze stopped on the haiku about hoar frost in the window pane. Only one finger is enough to wake the flowers on it. A tender touch of warmth. The breath. A honey-bee like a touch of the finger-tip on the frozen glass pane is enough to make a change in the world. Is it the very first cry we let out on long ago in January of 1947, whilst our mothers watched the hoar frost in the window pane becoming awakened flowers?

Our mothers  
 Watching the same star  
 Far away, at night.

The guests are arriving at the Elbasan Central City Library, where Milianov celebrates his 60th birthday, inviting me as well. The Mayor of Elbasan arrives, too, the senators from Parliament, writers, artists, painters, singers, musicians, pupils and students. On learning that I'm in Elbasan, Šefki Aliu had come even from Tetovo (Macedonia), he is the owner of the pastry shop 'Donat' in Zadar. Here are many people I had met two years ago and it is not easy to remember all the names. Here is Zyhdi Morava, the president of the Albania' writers. So many of them, I cannot greet them all.

Even without words  
 We are fine, just fine  
 While we look at each other.

At the celebration in Elbasan I was pronounced a honorary member of the Albania's Association of Writers, the Elbasan branch and the Haiku Club of Albania. My membership card carries number 1. The Albanian journal for haiku poetry, *Haiku* No. 5 from 2007 Published in Elbasan, is dedicated to my haiku collection *Velebit*, which was accepted with great attention by the public. It is the same attention I have been encircled with this time, as well. There are interviews for radio and TV waiting for me, in tomorrow's newspaper will be my poems from the poetry collection '*Tigar*' printed, the whole book being translated by Jehona i Mustafa Spahiu.

Now I'm happy  
 For the same reasons I'll be sad  
 At the farewell.

While leaving Elbasan, my faithful guide and translator, Viktor Perfundu, the originator of this Croatian-Albanian connection, a poet himself, shows me his Librazhd. It is nice to know a man who has not prejudice about his dwelling, far away in the mountains.

At the time of his visiting me, at first I showed him Zemunik. Every man, who wishes to open to the world and become a part of it, must start from his own spring; the place that hides our soul, our dreams and our goodwill, our vision of the world; and if you like even our narrow mindedness, exclusivism, our wrong conceptions, everything we take as good and evil, honest and wrongful. Behind Librazhd I see the mountain Shebenik (Šibenik – name of a town in Croatia), thinking it is not only nature ready to fill the emptiness in the area wherein we move, the emptinesses are even better filled with language giving us the power of imagination so we can, of our own will think of and name all given by nature.

For a moment I think  
 I'm not far away from home  
 Looking at the sky.

We travel towards Drač: as soon as I lay my eyes on the Adriatic sea, I remmebered my trip to Casablanca. I was gazing at Drač in yearning; at its antique, Byzantinian and Venetian walls which were visible along the edge of the coast which we were forbidden to visit. It was that kind of times, the time of Enver Hoxhe. And today, in Drač, I'm buying the newspaper *Albani*; on its first there's a photography of me and Enver Hoxha. The most interesting is the part is our photograph announcing our texts, my poetry and his letters to the Americans. Strange, Enver wrote why Albanians do not like Americans, and today, America is the only mainstay to every Albanian. The recent past has been covered with the sea, I can imagine what happened to the historical times here.

The Adriatic sea  
 Stretched from the sky  
 All the way to the Earth.



[http://farm2.static.flickr.com/1047/1397644518\\_e41e660c2f\\_o.jpg](http://farm2.static.flickr.com/1047/1397644518_e41e660c2f_o.jpg)

Before my returning home, to Croatia, I was a guest of a beautiful interviewer on TV, the actress Juli Xhokaxhi on the Albanian television 'Arbria' in the morning show 'Cappucino'. I'm looking at her more than listening while she, with the voice of an Ilyrian fairy recites haiku from my collection *Velebit*. Only one moment, only several words and her voice brings the whole of Velebit into the studio.



Here too, the fairies  
 Bring the apples to me  
 From Velebit.

While we drive towards the Albanian border in the evening, ready for a whole night's trip, we listen to Radio Tirana, the first channel. During an announcement I recognize the well known voice of the radio anouncer of the show 'In the beginning there was a word', the Albanian poet Demir Gjergja. Driving, for an hour Viktor and I did not say a word at all, we were listening to Demir's interview with me and Viktor's translation. Gjergj lead this interview very nicely and highly professionally and indeed, this man whose guests were well known Albanian, European and world poets. This interview I owe to Gazmend Agaj, a young and popular journalist, and the poet, story-teller and radio journalist Jaho Margjek. I listen to his correct pronunciation of my name and his reading of haiku about Zoranić.

Five hundred years  
 Zoranić travels the ways  
 Carrying Velebit.

**Ivica Smolec, Velika Gorica, Hrvatska**  
**KARPATSKA VODOPIJA**



<http://www.ivica.info/haiku.html>

Moram propješačiti tim putem da se čim prije vratim. Preda mnom je barem sat vožnje preko Karpata a zatim još nekoliko sati do mađarske granice, po lošim cestama. Zanimela me ljepota ovih planina, predaleko sam odlutao. A ovaj put je prašan i neravan. Sjedam u travu sa strane da odmorim bolne noge i vadim cigaretu. Pored mene vižljast grmić korova, nekoliko plavih cvjetova gleda me.

Plavi, beskrajno nebesko svijetloplavi, cvjetovi gledaju me nježno! Jesam li dobio sunčanicu? Kažu da je sunce u planinama jako.

Kraj ceste biser -  
vodopija u cvatu.  
Sestrica moja!

Vjetrić diže prašinu s puta i lijepi je na moje znojno lice. Dim rumunjske cigarete i prašina ulaze mi u oči. Brišem oči, skidam poklopac s objektiva, hvatam biljku u tražilo. Ne valja, sunce je s krive strane. Dižem se i obilazim ju, pazim da na nju ne padne moja sjena. Sad je sve u redu, slika bi bila savršena – kad bi na filmu bilo još mjesta! Imam rezervni film u autu ali auto je u Sinajji a ja sam na planini. Žao mi je, malena, samo ja ću te pamti. Pričat ću o tebi.

Prolazi traktor, nizbrdo. Vuče prikolicu punu drva. Nasmiješeno, tamnoputo lice, pozdrav i nekoliko toplih riječi koje nisam razumio pa odgovaram osmijehom. Oblak prašine prekriva mene i vodopiju.

Prašina se razišla, vodopija i ja opet dišemo. Toliko sam prašan da ću se morati dobro umiti i promijeniti majicu čim se vratim do auta. I biljka je prašna, stabalce, grančice, lišće – sve osim cvjetova koji me i dalje gledaju i, čini mi se, smiješe se, još čišći, još neviniji, još ljepši!

Hej, vodopijo,  
najskromniji cvijete,  
plavi dragulju!

Pozdravljam ju, na hrvatskom, i odlazim. Dugi put me čeka, bit ću kod kuće poslije ponoći. Sunce me prži dok silazim u civilizaciju.

U Mađarskoj vozim kroz pljusak, počela me boljeti glava. Na hrvatskom autoputu, kod Kutine, kroz maglu vidim rotirajuća plava svjetla. Začudo, prva asocijacija u mom mozgu je grmić vodopije kraj prašnog puta u Karpatima.

Bila je to najduža i najnapornija vožnja u mom životu. Više od tisuću dvjesto kilometara, u devetnaest sati, kroz tri države. Ulazim u stan, ljubim obitelj, odjeven padam potrbuške na krevet. Ludi mozak još je budan...

U Karpatima  
jedna vodopija  
sanja o meni.

### **Nediljko Boban, Hrvatska** **BANAUE (PHILIPPINES)**

Kao prozor u drugi dio Svijesti putujem starim automobilom prema sjeveru, i sve sjevernije i sjevernije. Vidim dječicu sa njihovim velikim očima kako se smiješe i mašu, kako bježe, kako se igraju u ovom svijetu gdje su se zatekli. Toliko djece. Kao nigdje na svijetu. Tu gdje ih zakonski ne ubijaju. Toliko puno nasmiješene djece. I još sjevernije ...

Brat i sestra.  
Ponad trošne kolibe  
svjetluca zvijezda.

A u svitanje, dolje u kotlini filipinski gradić Banaue proširio se po terasastim rižinim poljima.

Sja vodama na terasama riže dok starci dlanovima oblikuju rubnike terasa koje su stvorila stoljeća. Pripadnica plemena Ifugao, odjevena u plemensku nošnju poklanja isti osmijeh kao i sva djeca u ovom gradu gdje ih ima toliko puno. Više djece nego starijih. To je teško vidjeti u Europi, bilo gdje.

Poklonjen novčić  
od dječaka izmamio  
iskreni osmijeh.

I stvarno, svjetluca taj gradić na rubnicima Svijesti dok se opet vraćamo prastarim vozilom prema Manili. Tamo negdje gore još je čovjek sjedinjen sa sobom. I djeca koja trče za turistima, u hrani sa zemlje, u riži koju eto ostavljaju na cesti dok se vodeni bivol uvalio u blato.

I tako i mi, uvaljani u blato ponekad izvirimo i opet se uljuljkamo u podnevno drijemanje. Tako i mi dok sja ovo sunce. Sunce koje dariva.

Vodeni bivol  
suši blatne rogove  
uz rižina polja.

### **KRABI (THAILAND)**

Izmjena plime i oseke; ta blagost Azije ukorijenjena u preobrazbu jednog bljeska dok se smiješi vozač čamca koji vozi turiste s jedne obale na drugu.

Skidamo cipele i po žalu ulazimo u drveni čamac koji od modernog ima samo odviše bučni motor.

Motor čamca  
probija tišinu sunca.  
Osjenčani turisti.

I dok se čuju dozivanja na tom tako nerazgovijetnom jeziku domaćih, azijskih ljudi (rekao bih da kao da razgovaraju cvrčci) iz blata koji je ostao nakon oseke dominiraju uzdignuta kamenja u negdašnjem moru nalik malim planinama.

To je Krabi. More pod utjecajem plime i oseke odlazi i vraća se u samo jednom danu a za njim golo, morsko dno ostaje ispunjeno školjkama i drugim morskim životinjama.

Volim šetati tuda. Bosih nogu. Dalek. Slobodan.

Jedna djevojka smiješi se dok lovi rakove koje spremaju za objed u obližnjem restoranu.

Na kraju Svijeta. Stvarno na kraju svijeta.

Andamansko more  
školjkama oplakuje  
Obalu Azije.

I zatim...  
Krabi.  
Beskrajna modrina želje  
Na Izvoru Čovjeka.

**PREDSTAVLJAMO NOVE I ZBIRKE HAIKU POEZIJE I TANKI  
 PRESENTING NEW HAIKU AND TANKA COLLECTIONS**
**Krzysztof Kokot, Poland**

**HAIKU TIME**

 Zbirka haikua na 14 jezika (42 prevoditelja)/ Haiku collection in 14 languages (42 translators)  
 Novy Targ- Poznan 2012; ISBN 978-83-62564-26-2

uwertura – jedno miejsce na widowni jeszcze wolne	the orchestra tunes– just one seat still free	ugađanje orkestra– tek jedno mjesto joř slobodno
<i>The Mainichi Daily News, 2010 / The best 2010, Japan</i>		
puste krzesło– międy kartkami książki zasuszony lić	the empty chair– between book pages dried leaf	prazan stolac– među stranicama knjige osuřen list
<i>Magazine of Romanian Japanese Relationship, No. 43/2010</i>		
koniec linii życia – kółko za kółkiem z mojej fajki	end of the life line– smoke ring by smoke ring from burning pipe	kraj linije života– krug za krugom dima iz moje upaljene lule
<i>13th Mainichi Haiku Contest 2009, Honourable Mention</i>		
środek Europy w podcieniu meczetu buty buty buty	centre of Europe in the arcades of mosque shoes – shoes– shoes	središte Europe pod arkadama džamije cipele–cipele –cipele
<i>Diogen pro kultura magazin 2012, Sarajevo Bosnia and Herzegovina</i>		
jesienny wiatr dmucha – międy tobą a mną cisza	an autumn wind blows– between you and me the silence	puše jesenji vjetar– između tebe i mene tišina
<i>The Asahi Shimbun Haikuist Network, 2009</i>		
jesienny las – złota farba na pejzażu jeszcze nie wyschła	autumn forest; gold paint on the landscape yet not dry	šuma u jesen– zlatna boja na krajoliku joř se nije osušila
<i>SKETCHBOOK, September/October 2009; The Mainichi, The Best 2009</i>		
zachodni brzeg Jordanu – szmaciana lalka z jedną nogą	Jordan's West Bank– rag doll without one leg	zapadna obala Jordana– krpena lutka bez jedne noge
<i>“A little Haiku Contest“, Haiku Magazine IRIS, Croatia 2010</i>		

*Slavica Čilaš, Solin, Croatia*

**SVJETIONIK NA OTOKU / THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE ISLAND**

Gradska knjižnica Solin, prosinac 2011.

ISBN 978-953-98487-9-6

Recenzent: Srećko Listeš

Ilustratorica: Ela Gašperov

 Jablan kraj rijeke.  
 Samo ga ptice  
 vide svega.

 The poplar by the river.  
 Only the birds  
 see it entirely.

 Nebeska plavet  
 zrcali se u kapima  
 jutarnje rose.

 Celestial blue  
 mirrors in the drops  
 of morning dew.

 Patke u rijeci.  
 Šire krila plivajući  
 uzvodno.

 Ducks in the river  
 spread their wings  
 swimming upstream.

 Pogled na zvonik  
 –sa svake strane  
 je drukciji.

 The view of the belfry  
 –from each side  
 it looks different.

 Opet smo zajedno  
 –moja sjena i ja.  
 Suncano.

 Together again  
 –my shadow and I.  
 Sunny weather.

 Blažene oči  
 ispunjene zelenilom  
 Gospine livade.

 Blissful eyes  
 filled with the green  
 of Out Lady's meadow.

 Schweizerische Eidgenossenschaft  
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Bundesverwaltung admin.ch

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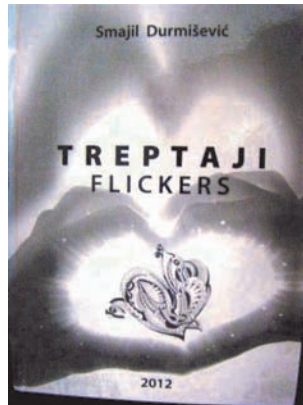
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Expertensuche

Das Schweizer Buch

Mobilversion

*Smajil Durmišević, Zenica, Bosnia and Herzegovina*

**TREPTAJI / FLICKERS**

„Naša riječ“ Zenica, 2012.

ISBN 978-9958-715-39-6

Recenzenti: Nijaz Alispahić, Željko Grahovac, Jadran Zalokar

English translations: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić; Ilustrator: Alija Kulenović

● Vlasi u srebru  
 ● čežnja u sjeti spava  
 ● bliži se veče

● O, sretno Sunce  
 miluje ružu žutu,  
 tako daleku

Neki ga zovu  
 Daunov sindrom. A ja –  
 mjerom za ljubav

Prao nam guzu  
 i grick'o hapu. A Herz –  
 k'o kuća stâra!

Što sam ja, reci!  
 Vatreći Zmaj – ili tek,  
 uplakan dječak...

Silvery hair,  
 longing dreams in melancholy–  
 the dusk comes near

You, lucky Sun  
 caressing a yellow rose  
 so far away

Some call it  
 Down's sindrom–to me  
 it's a measure for love

He washed our buttocks  
 while munching our baby food–  
 his heart big as an old house!

What am I, tell me!  
 A fiery dragon or  
 a weeping boy, only?



***Paul Miller, United States***

***few days north days few***

Red Moon Press, 2011.  
 ISBN 978-1-936848-06-5

ringed moon  
 rustle of the mouse  
 near the trap

zaokružen mjesec  
 šuškanje miša  
 pored mišolovke

receding sun  
 gnats and I  
 chasing my breath

zalazeće sunce  
 mušice i ja  
 jurimo moj dah

childless...  
 I stand with the others  
 by the river

bez djece...  
 stojim s ostalima  
 pored rijeke

ancient moon  
 an outgoing wave  
 reveals sand crab holes

prastari mjesec  
 val što se povlači otkriva  
 rupe rakovica u pijesku

talk of dying  
 the mention of family land  
 I have never seen

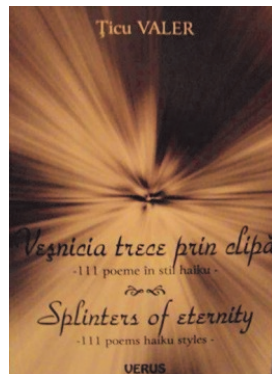
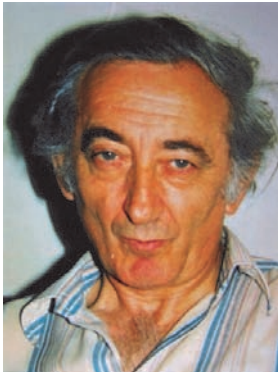
razgovor o smrti  
 spominje se obiteljska zemlja  
 koju ne vidjeh nikada

a cactus indoors  
 all winter  
 all summer

kaktus u kući  
 svu zimu  
 cijelo ljeto

migratory goose  
 both our reflections  
 in the pond

guska selica  
 oba naša odraza  
 u ribnjaku

**Țicu Valer, Romania**

**Veșnicia trece prin clipă**

**Splinters of Eternity (Iverice vječnosti);** 111 poeme în stil haiku / 111 poems haiku styles  
 București, Verus, 2011; ISBN 978-973-7754-99-8

Fără sandale  
 fug de zgomotul lumii...  
 îmi sap grădina

Without sandals  
 I flee from the world noise...  
 I hoe the garden

Bez sandala  
 bježim od buke svijeta...  
 kopam u vrtu

Vreau un sunet pur,  
 s-aud căzând înapă  
 floarea de cireș

I want a pure sound,  
 to hear the cherry blossoms  
 falling in the water

Želim čist zvuk,  
 čuti cvjetove trešnje  
 pri padu u vodu

Vecinătate –  
 peste gardul meu rupt  
 liliacul tău alb

Neighborhood–  
 over my broken fence  
 your white lilac

Susjedstvo–  
 na mom polomljenom plotu  
 tvoj bijeli jorgovan

Luna lui Cuptor –  
 pe ulița pustie  
 îmi caut umbra

Dog days–  
 I look for my shadow  
 on an empty street

Ljetna žega–  
 na praznoj ulici tražim  
 svoju sjenu

Din pridvor privesc  
 petecul meu de cer...  
 A cui e însă vrabia?

On the veranda I look  
 at my own piece of sky...  
 But whose is the sparrow?

S verande promatram  
 svoj komadić neba...  
 No, čiji je vrabac?

Chitara tace  
 în greierul tomnatic –  
 Câtă liniște!

The guitar stops singing  
 in the autumnal cricket–  
 How much silence!

Utihnula gitara  
 jesenjeg cvrčka–  
 Koliko tišine!

Dintr-un calendar  
 precum frunzele toamnei  
 zilele se duc

From a calendar  
 the days come out  
 like the autumn leaves

S kalendara  
 dani padaju  
 kao jesenje lišće

**HAIKU SOLIDARITY SOLIDARITATE / PRIN HAIKU / HAIKU DE RANTAI**

International Haiku-haiga anthology, dedicated to 11th March Fukushima event-Japan;  
90 years of diplomatic relationship between Romania and Japan

Anthologist: Aurica Văceanu

ISBN 978-606-598-136.2; (Na 149 stranica, oko 250 autora / 149 pages, 250 authors)



**Izbor haikua / Choice of haiku:**

**Laura Văceanu, Romania**

Civilizație milenară  
învinsă de secunde –  
cutremur de primăvară

Milenar civilizațion  
conquered by seconds–  
Spring earthquake

Tisucljetna civilizacija  
osvojena u sekundama–  
proljetni potres

**Octavian Mareș, Romania**

Iarși tsunami-  
vor înfori cireșii  
in valul topit

Again tsunami–  
cherry-trees will blossom  
in the melbed wave

Opet tsunami–  
treșnje će cvasti  
u otopljenom valu

**Judit Vihar, Hungary**

Március 11.  
Cseresznyevirágra hulló  
vérzo könnycsepp

11th March–  
bleeding teardrop is falling  
on cherry blossom

11. ožujka–  
krvava suza je pala  
na cvijet trešnje

**Danièle Duteil, France**

Recueillement –  
la minute de silence  
le merle s'en moque

Meditation–  
blackbird ignoring  
the minute of silence

Meditație–  
minutul de tăcere  
ignorat de mierlă

Meditacija–  
kos ignorira  
minutu šutnje

### **Diane Descôteaux, Canada**

Tsunami in mind –  
 catch it in  
 an origami

Tsunami în minte –  
 Păstrează-l  
 Într-un origami

Tsunami u mislima–  
 uhvatiti ga  
 u origami

### **Ingo Cesaro, Germany**

Ungewissheit schlimm.  
 Keine Handy-Verbindung –  
 Nach dem Tsunami.

Rough uncertainty  
 all lines are disconnected–  
 after Tsunami.

Cruntă incertitudine  
 toate linile  
 deconectate după tsunami.

Surova neizvjesnost  
 sve veze prekinute  
 nakon tsunamija.

### **Gordana Radovanović, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

Čađ po plaveti.  
 Kako ptice prežive  
 Muk nakon bure?

Soot over blueness  
 how do birds survive  
 still after black squall?

Peste albastru  
 cum pot păsările supraviețui  
 dupa vijelie?

### **John Hawkhead, UK**

After the storm,  
 water circles into a drain  
 round a single shoe

După furtună  
 Cercuri de apă  
 În jurul unui panfot

Nakon oluje  
 kružeći oko jedne cipele  
 voda odlazi u odvod

### **Dan Norea, Romania**

Străinii pleacă-  
 abia acum aş merge  
 la Fuji-yama

The foreigners leave –  
 I wish to go  
 to Fuji-yama

Stranci odlaze –  
 ja želim otputovati  
 u Fuji-yamu


**Katsushika Hokusai** (葛飾 北斎?, 1760 -1849)

[http://www.britishmuseum.org/explore/highlights/highlight\\_image.aspx?image=hokusai.jpg&retpage=16638](http://www.britishmuseum.org/explore/highlights/highlight_image.aspx?image=hokusai.jpg&retpage=16638)

**Vera Primorac, Croatia**

Zemljotres prestao  
nad gomilom kamenja cvile  
čovjek i pas

End of earthquake  
above a pile of stones whinning  
man and a dog

sfârșit de cutremur  
deasupra unei falii de piatră  
un om și-un câine

**Dejan Bogojević, Serbia**

A disaster –  
Strange sounds  
Of underwater world.

Un dezastru –  
sunete ciudate  
dintr-o lume odâncă.

Katastrofa–  
čudni zvukovi  
podvodnog svijeta.

**Malvina Mileta, Croatia**

pod ruševinama –  
lutka što plače otvorila  
vrata djetetu

under the ruins  
a crying doll opened  
the door to a child

Pe sub ruine  
o păpușă țipând a deschis  
ușa unui copil

**Sonia Coman, Romania**

Lăsată deschisă  
o carte cu povești-  
vântul dă paginile

Left open  
a fairy tale book –  
the wind browses its pages

Ostavljenă otvorena  
knjiga bajki –  
vjetar lista njene stranice

**Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia**

brodovi  
lete kao ždralovi  
od papira

the ships  
flying  
paper cranes!

nave–  
cocori de hârtie  
zburând

**Marius Chelaru, Romania**

Copil pe plajă  
 Arată palmele la soare –  
 Zi de după cutremur

Child on the shore  
 shows his hands to the sun –  
 day after earthquake

Dijete na obali  
 pokazuje ručice suncu –  
 dan nakon potresa

**Jože Štucin, Slovenia**

Pri meni doma,  
 mestu med gorami, je  
 cunami – obstal.

At my home,  
 in a towm amodst the mouontains  
 the Tsunami-came to rest.

Kraj mog doma  
 u gradu među planinama  
 Tsunami-zaustavljen.

**Dubravko Korbus, Ivanić Grad, Croatia**

**ZAPISI STAROG STRAŠILA**
**CHRONICLES OF THE OLD SCARECROW**

Vlastita naklada/Self published 2011

Illustrated by Dubravko, Ivan and Kristijan Korbus; Naslovnica / Cover by Zlatko Mikloš

English translations by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

ISBN 978-953-56995-0-7

proljetna večer  
 rosa u ljiljanima  
 mjesec u rosi

*9<sup>th</sup> HIA Haiku Contest 2007, Japan*

a spring evenig  
 dew in the lilies  
 the moon in the dew

trešnja  
 i moj djed  
 puni su latica

*Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival 2010, Canada*

cherry tree  
 and my grandpa  
 full of petals

prolazim livadom  
 k'o da mi je klimnulo glavom  
 staro strašilo

*Anthology of Walking Haiku, Great Britain 2011*

through the meadow  
 as if nodding to me  
 the old scarecrow

Tišina  
 i moje tijelo postaje  
 trešnja u cvatu

*Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival 2009, Canada*

silence  
 my body too  
 a blossoming cherry



stara jabuka  
kroz prozor pruža granu  
punu proljeća

an old apple tree  
handing a bough full of spring  
through the window

*Award, Ludbreg Haiku Calendar 2008, Croatia*

jesenji sumrak  
nebo se tiho spušta  
na leđa vrane

silent autumn dusk  
the sky descending calmly  
onto the crow's back

*Genkissu! Spirits Up! Hekinan World Wide Haiku Contest 2010, Japan*

prve pahulje  
pritišću pogrbljena  
leđa strašila

the first snowflakes  
press down the bowed back of  
the scarecrow

*12<sup>th</sup> HIA Haiku contest 2010, Japan*

## TANKA

jutarnje sunce  
tek nježno dodiruje  
smrznutu livadu  
pazeći da ne rastopi  
krhke cvjetove mraza

morning sun  
touching a frozen meadow  
tenderly  
taking care not to melt down  
brittle rimed flowers

raste tišina  
jato vrana razdire  
mirisno ruho magle  
prva jesenja zvijezda  
tinja na mjesečini

growing silence  
before the swooping dusk  
darkening sky  
fragrant vesture of the mist  
glistens in the moonlight

kasna noć  
obuzet svetim mirom  
osjećam kako  
duboka je tišina  
ovdje među zvijezdama

late at night  
overwhelmed by a sacred calm  
I feel how deep  
silence is  
here among the stars

*Predrag Pešić, Smederovo, Serbia*

**SENKE BEZ LIŠĆA/ LEAFLESS SHADOWS**

Nakladnik: Udruženje „ART MREŽA“

Uredio: Dejan Bogojević; Prijevod /English translation by Danijela Bogojević

Naslovnica: Milivoj Kostić

ISBN 978-86-89059-00-7

Pored ptice  
crveni se divna  
ruža na ogradi.

Next to a bird  
a lovely red rose  
on the fence.

Savi se grana.  
Ugledah pticu  
između zavesa.

A bough has bent.  
I noticed a bird  
between the curtains.

Leže u perju  
dve vrste jaja ...  
Kukavičje gnezdo.

Two kinds of eggs  
lying on feathers...  
A nest of a cuckoo.

Odlete vrana.  
Grana ostade  
bez jedne senke.

A crow flew away.  
The bough is missing  
a shadow.

Cvrkut ptice.  
Bešumno postalo  
lišće trešnje.

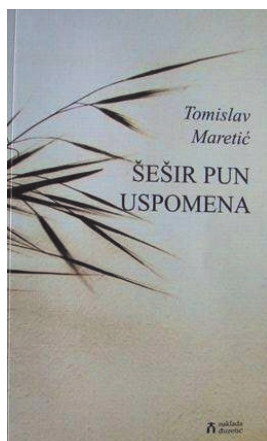
A bird's twitter.  
Leaves of a cherry tree  
becomes soundless.

Guske u hladu –  
ptice sa grana  
gledaju dole.

Geese in the shade –  
birds from the boughs  
staring downstairs.

Gledam na plaži  
između njenih nogu  
veliki brod.

On the beach  
I'm watching a big ship  
through her legs.

**Tomislav Maretić, Croatia**

**ŠEŠIR PUN USPOMENA**

ISBN 978-953-56675-6-8

Biblioteka Posebna izdanja“, Knjiga 5, Prvo izdanje 2012.

Nakladnik : Vlastita naklada Đuretić, Zagreb

 povratak brodom-  
 šešir pun uspomena  
 odnosi vjetar

 ● trešnja u cvatu  
 ● nad jezerom ... lati se  
 ● sastaju na vodi

 Cigančić puši  
 zavaljen u fotelju –  
 glomazni otpad

 odleti vrana-  
 orahova grana stresa  
 šareno lišće

posljednji dan / dotiče prvi– prasak / vatrometa!

 pauk križar  
 mrežom strpljivo lovi  
 lepršav maestral

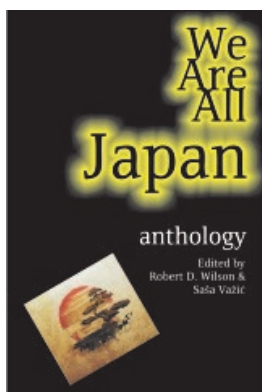
 kamenčić bačen  
 u jezero ... valići  
 gustih latica

 Isus na križu  
 sred krčme, nasluša se  
 ljudskih nevolja

 noćna tišina –  
 roj pahulja pod svakom  
 lampom na cesti

**WE ARE ALL JAPAN (Svi smo mi Japan)**

Anthology; Edited by Robert D. Wilson &amp; Saša Važić



Alley cat books, Ltd, Serbia/Philippines

ISBN 1475073356

Cover painting: Sonja Smolec

**Rajna Begović, Belgrade, Serbia**

tsunami  
 a bite in the throat hardly  
 passes through

**Tatjana Stefanović, Belgrade, Serbia**

Wind whistling  
 The wave throws the whole quart  
 Into its belly

**Vid Vukasović, Belgrade, Serbia**

calm sea  
 a dolphin jumps straight  
 towards the sun

**Tomislav Maretić, Zagreb, Croatia**

a seagull  
 over Fukushima...  
 in its safe world

**Saša Važić, Belgrade, Serbia**

stop the planet...  
 the lesson I was thought  
 long before

**Ivica Jembrih Cobovički, Gregurovec, Croatia**

before the dawn  
 above Fukushima  
 bleeding heavens

**Duško Matas, Zagreb, Croatia**

a calm man  
 clung to the floating roof  
 waiting...

**Verica Živković, Starčevo, Serbia**

after the tsunami  
 the spring moon reflected  
 on a floating window

**Željko Funda, Varaždin, Croatia**

collective burial  
 words keep falling  
 into the graves

**Branislav Brzaković, Niš, Serbia**

nuclear reactor  
 cherry tree blossoming  
 for nameless heroes

**Jovanka Božić, Valjevo, Serbia**

a thousand  
 cherry trees from Japan ...  
 in Serbian garden

**Malvina Mileta, Labin, Croatia**

this painful moan...  
 a nest of people's souls  
 swallow a black wave

**Rajka Anđelić Maslovarić, Biograd na Moru, Croatia**

hundreds  
 of houses and ...  
 a rake

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Zagreb, Croatia**

Japan  
Hokusai's wave on  
an old screen

**Durđa Vukelić-Rožić, Ivanić Grad, Croatia**

death march ...  
no one and everyone  
mine

**Dina Franin, Zagreb, Croatia**

I loved the sea  
but not this kind –  
dreadful and black



*Nada Jačmenica, Croatia*



**Ljudmila Milena Mršić, Croatia**

**MALO VJETRA U KOSI / A BREEZE IN MY HAIR**

Vlastita naklada / Self published, 2012.; Illustrated by Božena Zernec and Antonela Kauzlarić  
 Cover: Ljudmila Milena Mršić, English Translations by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić  
 ISBN 978-953-57205-0-8

uz potok  
 djeca beru i gaze  
 visibabe

by the brook  
 children pick and squash  
 the snowdrops

gledaju se  
 dječak i žabica –  
 začuđene oči

they gaze at each other  
 a boy and the tree frog –  
 astonished eyes

na mokrom asfaltu  
 u punoj brzini  
 golači na cesti

on wet asphalt  
 at full speed  
 slugs on the road

proljetna večer  
 povratak kući s malo  
 vjetra u kosi

spring evening  
 returning home with a little  
 breeze in my hair

jutro –  
 leptir nastavlja život  
 gusjenice

morning –  
 a butterfly carries on  
 the caterpillar's life

urodila  
 žabljim očima  
 leća na vodi

the duckweed  
 giving rise to  
 the frog's eyes

nebo u rijeci  
 orao  
 leti uzvodno

sky in the river  
 an eagle  
 flying upstream

***Oprica Pădeanu, Romania***

**JOCUL LIBELULEI / DRAGONFLY'S PLAY**

Verus, București, 2009

ISBN 978-973-7754-58-5

Primii fluturi  
alunecă prin lumină...  
parcă ar ninge

The first butterflies  
slide through the light...  
seemingly it is snowing

Prvi leptiri  
klize kroz svjetlost...  
naizgled sniježi

Lumină cernută  
prin burniță-  
cireșul în floare

Light sifted  
through the drizzle-  
cherry tree in blossom

Svjetlo se prosijava  
kroz rominjanje kiše-  
trešnja u cvatu

Zări sângerii-  
învăluit în amurg  
câmpul de maci

Purple horizon-  
wrapped in the twilight  
the field of poppies

Ljubičasti obzor-  
umotano u sumrak  
polje makova

Mare secetă-  
în ochii lebedelor  
dansează lacul

Big drought-  
in the swan's eyes  
the lake dancing

Velika suša-  
u očima labuda  
pleše jezero

Amiază de vară-  
porumbel colorat de  
lumica vitraliului

Summer noon-  
a pigeon coloured by  
the stained-glass window

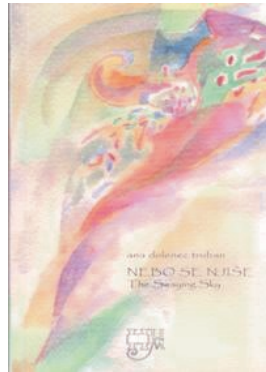
Ljetno podne-  
golub obojen  
vitrajem

Răsărit de soare-  
umbra pescărușului  
frântă de valuri

Summer sunrise-  
the seagull's shadow  
broken by the waves

Ljetno svitanje-  
sjenu galeba razbili  
valovi

*Ana Dolenc Truban, Zagreb, Croatia*



Hum naklada d.o.o. Zagreb, 2012.  
 English Translations: Đurđa Vukelić Rožić  
 ISBN 978-953-6954-63-6

**NEBO SE NJIŠE / THE SWAYING SKY**

u vjedro s vodom  
 zagrabi na bunaru  
 latice trešnje

from the well I fetched  
 some cherry's petals with  
 the bucket of water

noćni ribolov  
 dječacić pokraj oca  
 peca zvjezdice

night angling  
 a boy nearby his father  
 fishing the stars

sjenica  
 sletjela na grančicu  
 njiše se nebo

a tit  
 landed on the twig  
 a swaying sky

poljski vrapčići  
 u košarici nosim  
 raženi kruh

the field sparrows  
 in my basket  
 a rye bread

mirno korito  
 kotrlja se i pjeni  
 nemirna rijeka

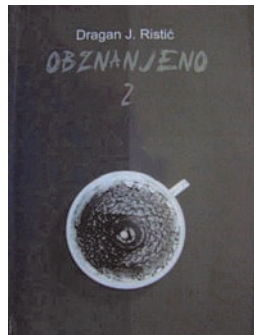
a calm river-bed  
 rolling and foaming  
 this restless river

stari portret –  
 osluškuje na zidu  
 otkucaj sata

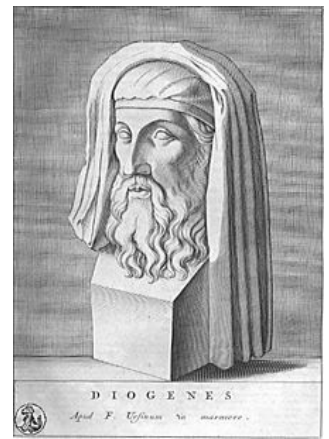
an old portrait–  
 on the wall it listens to  
 the clock's ticking

gdje je sjedila  
 stara gospođa s psom  
 prazna klupa

where the old lady  
 with the dog used to sit  
 an empty bench

**Dragan J. Ristić, Niš, Serbia**

**OBZNAJENJE 2**

2007-2011.. Haiku, senryu, tanka (waka); Sven, Niš 2012.  
 ISBN 978-86-7746-333-5



selim se u nov stan  
 –pauk u ćošku  
 već je tamo

I'm moving to a new flat  
 –a spider in the corner  
 already there

obično jutro–  
 na podvrnutoj kragni  
 tanak sloj snega

usual morning–  
 on the upturned collar  
 a thin snow layer

njiva obrana –  
 posejano stotine  
 veselih vrabaca

harvested field–  
 sown hundreds  
 of merry sparrows

veče na reci  
 zadovoljstvo delimo  
 sa komarcima

der Abend am Fluß-  
 wir teilen Zufriedenheit  
 mit den Moskitos

evening by the river  
 the pleasure we share  
 with the mosquitos

jutarnja zvona  
 sneg tiho pokriva  
 jučerašnji sneg

Die Morgenglocken –  
 Schnee bedeckt in der Stille  
 den gestrigen Schnee

morning bells  
 the snow covering silently  
 yesterday's snow

u dvorištu  
 moj vršnjak lipa cveta–  
 ja ostareo

dans ma cour  
 le tilleul de mon age fleurit–  
 mei j'ai dejadevenu vieux

in the yard  
 the linden, my coeval in blossom  
 I've drown old

cvet maslačka  
 za trenutak potamne–  
 senka lastavice

Löwenzahnblume  
 Wurde im Moment dunkler–  
 ein Schwalbenschatten

dandelion flower  
 darkened for a moment –  
 swallows shadow

## TANKA

prolećno veče–  
 prolazim tom ulicom  
 da gasim nemir  
     kroz laku izmaglicu  
     bljesne tračak prošlosti

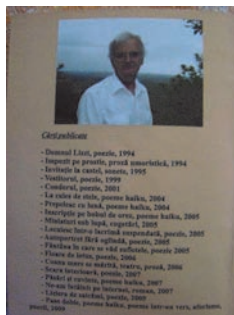
vedro je nebo  
 u odrazu reke –  
 da otputujemo  
     kažeš mi šaljivo  
     a mislimo na isto

a spring evening–  
 I'm going down that street  
 to extinguish my unrest  
     through light mist  
     flashes a ray of past

clear sky  
 mirrored in the river–  
 shall we take a journey  
     you say it joking  
     yet we think the same



Nada Jačmenica, Croatia

**ion untaru, Romania**

**poeme cu ochii înguști / poems with narrow eyes  
 CASA DE EDITURĂ „AMURG SENTIMENTAL“ Buchurești 2012  
 Na rumunjskom, engleskom, francuskom i srpskom jeziku  
 ISBN 978-973-678-529-0**

puii de la  
incubator toți albi:  
parcă vin din fabrică!

incubator chickens  
all white, like they come from  
an assembly line!

pilići iz inkubatora  
svi beli: kao da su  
iz fabrike!

escadrila  
de pescăruși ka înălțime;  
liniște pe țărm!

a squadron of seagulls  
flying high above;  
peace on shore!

u visinama  
eskadrila galebova;  
na obali, tišina!

ajuns lângă transistor,  
melcul îl ocolește  
precaut

approching the transistor,  
a snail cautiously  
avoids it

prilazeći tranzistoru,  
puž ga oprezno  
zaobilazi

un greier cercetează  
chitara goală  
pe dinăuntru

a cricket  
rummages through  
the hollow guitar

cvrčak  
ispituje unutrašnjost  
šuplje gitare

după gripa aviară  
în toată curtea,  
singur cocoșul

after bird flu,  
a whole yard and  
a solitary rooster

ptičji grip,  
usamljen petao  
u mom dvorištu

roiuri de muște  
câinele bolnav  
nu le mai ia în seamă

swarms of flies;  
the sick dog takes no more  
into account

rojevi muva;  
bolestan pas se više  
ne obazire

*Serbian translation by Saša Važić*



*Helen Buckingham, England*



**ARMADILLO BASKET**

Waterloo Press, ISBN 978-1-906-742-37-9

dawn chorus  
 the first long haul  
 traffic...  
 I reset my sat-nav  
 for Narnia

Dad's shed  
 sorting through the drill bits  
 in the armadillo basket

●  
 ●  
 ●  
 cleaving through  
 the blue expanse  
 crossing an imaginary border...  
 he train tannoy assures us  
 there be dragons

mackerel sky  
 I dream  
 of galleons

Day—  
 forked lightning—  
 that last yellow rose  
 hinged by a thorn  
 the moon a remnant  
 of its former self

Visiting  
 her diary  
 left open

radio off...rain  
 without  
 interference

listening to The World Service  
 I tell myself  
 it's not as good as it was  
 —or perhaps that's just  
 The World

that point of white before christ muscles in

## Damir Janjalija, Montenegro



### OTISCI SNOVA / IMPRINTS OF DREAMS

Collection of haiku in Serbian, English and Japanese

English translation by Saša Važić, Japanese translation by Ikuyo Yoshimura

ISBN 978-86-87683-02-0

Pejzaž utisnut  
u belinu papira.  
Prvo svanuće.

a landscape imprinted  
in the whiteness of paper  
first sunrise

Stope u snegu.  
Neke vode na zapad,  
neke na istok.

footprints in the snow  
some lead westward,  
some eastward

● Japanski vrt.  
● Na hiljade opalo  
● trešnjinih lati.

Japanese garden  
a thousand cherry petals  
fallen on the ground

*Posvećeno žrtvama katastrofalnog zemljotresa koji je pogodio Japan 2011. godine / Dedicated to the victims of the disastrous earthquake that hit Japan in 2011.*

Tišina neba.  
Na tren je nadglasao  
cvrkut slavuja.

the still sky  
for a moment outshouted by  
the nightingale

Kratkodnevnicu.  
Međ blatom i oblakom  
lutaju snovi.

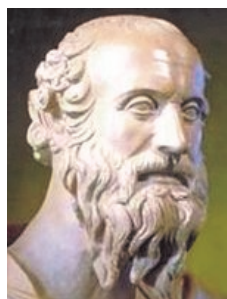
solstice...  
between mud and cloud  
wandering dreams

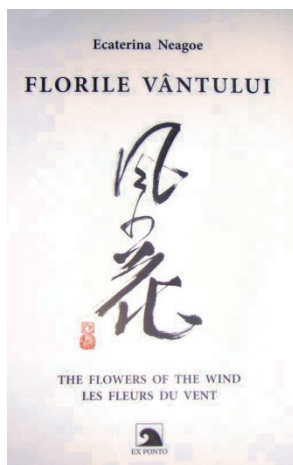
Prvi tajfun.  
Na kipu amida Bude  
sklopljene oči.

first typhoon...  
on the statue of Amida Buddha  
closed eyes

U ćeliji sa  
šest ubica, dnevni mir  
remeti muva.

in a prison cell,  
six murders, the day stillness  
disturbed by a fly



***Ecaterina Neagoe, Romania***


**FLORILE VÂNTULUI / THE FLOWERS OF THE WIND / LES FLEURS DU VENT**  
 (CVIJEĆE VJETRA); Cover, calligraphy, haiga: Ion Codrescu, EX PONTO Constanta -2012  
 ISBN 978-606-598-200-0

Calea vântului  
 stiută doar de ele-  
 rândunelele

The way of the wind  
 only by them known-  
 the swallows

Hirondelles-  
 elles seules connaissent  
 le chemin du vent

Smjer vjetra  
 znan samo  
 lastavicama

Plin cu semințe,  
 țin în căușul palmei  
 grădina de flori

Full of seeds,  
 I keep in the cup of my hand  
 a garden of flowers

Empli de semences,  
 je tiens au creux de ma main  
 un jardin de fleurs

Punog sjemenki,  
 u kaležu svojih dlanova  
 držim cvjetnjak

Nici o sulfare-  
 soarele topindu-se  
 în lanul cu maci

The sun is melting  
 in the field with poppies-  
 not a breath

Le seleil se fond  
 dans le champ de coquelicots-  
 pas un souffle

Otapa se sunce  
 u polju makova-  
 ni daha

Vuietul mării-  
percep ușor curbura  
orizontului

Grondement de la mer-  
je distingue à peine la courbure  
de l'horizon

Valuri de argint-  
luna geamnă spartă  
pe țărmul pustiu

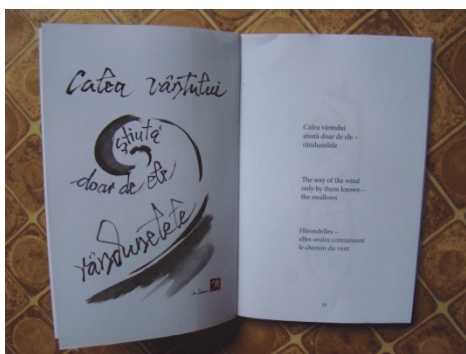
Vagues d'argent-  
la lune jumelle se brise  
sur le rivage désert

Roar of the sea-  
I lightly perceive the arch  
of the horizon

Tutnjava mora-  
jedva primjećujem luk  
horizonta

Waves of silver-  
twin moon broken  
on the desert shore

Valovi srebra-  
blizanac mjeseca razbijen  
o obalu pustinje



\*

Din Carul Mare  
pelerini spre Carul Mic –  
singuri pe prispă

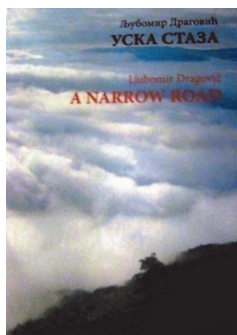
Depuis la Grande Ourse  
pèlerins vers la Petite Ourse –  
seuls sous le porche

*French translation: Nicole Pottier*  
*English translation: Ecaterina Neagoe*  
*Croatian translation: Dj.V.Rozić*

**Ljubomir Dragović, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

From Ursa Major  
pilgrims to Ursa Minor-  
alone on the porch

S Velikog medvjeda  
hodočasnici na Mali medvjed-  
sama na veradni


**USKA STAZA / A NARROW ROAD**

Biblioteka Svetlucanja, Beograd, 2011

ISBN 978-86-6133-055-1

Prijevod/English translation by Saša Važić

Zatvorih oči.  
 U mraku zasja  
 drevna svjetlost.

I close my eyes—  
 an old light shines  
 in the darkness.

Bijeli oblaci.  
 Mislina uobličujem  
 svježinu dana.

White clouds.  
 My thoughts shape  
 the day's freshness

Duboka jesen.  
 Sjenke brda i oblaka  
 u pokretu.

Deep fall—  
 shadows of hills and clouds  
 set in motion

Jesenje nebo.  
 Galebovi se klate  
 kroz kapi kiše.

Autumn sky—  
 gulls waver through  
 the raindrops

Jutro na školju.  
 Jež čeka da ga  
 talas pokrene.

Morning on the reef.  
 An urchin waits for  
 a wave to move it.

Osluškujem:  
 iz dubine školjke  
 dubinu mora.

Listening:  
 from the depth of a shell,  
 the dept of the sea.

Ljetna trava.  
 Uz rogove bika  
 rogovu puža.

Summer grass—  
 by the bull's horns  
 the horns of a snail.

**Joint haiku collection: Smiljka Bilankov and Maja Rijavec**
**HAIKU UZ HAIKU**

Published by Gradska knjižnica Dugo Selo, 2011.

ISBN 978-953-7737-02-3


**Smiljka Bilankov, Zagreb, Croatia**

Za jatom ptica  
skrenuh u drugu ulicu  
i dođoh kući.

Jedan crveni mak  
među tračnicama  
zaustavlja vlakove.

Usnuli kamenčić  
potražio u školjki  
skrovište.

Stara platana  
polako ljušti koru  
do čiste bjeline.

Dva stara hrasta  
udružila se  
u jednu krošnjju.

Rujansko veče  
dan je kraći  
za jednu planinu.

Ležim na žalu  
u jednom uhu cvrčci  
u drugom šum mora.

Following the birds  
I turned into another street  
and came home.

A red poppy  
between the rails  
stops the trains.

Dreaming little stone  
has found a shelter  
in the shell.

An old plane tree  
slowly peeling off its bark  
to pure whiteness.

Two old oak trees  
united  
into one crown.

September evening  
the day is shorter  
for a mountain.

Lying on the beach  
in one ear the crickets  
in the other murmur of the sea.





*Maja Rijavec, Dugo Selo, Croatia*

Cvrkut i trzaj  
oprez lijevo-desno,  
ode gladni ptič.

A chirp and a jerk,  
right and left on the alert,  
the hungry bird is gone.

Bijele sjene–  
na bijelom polju tek obris  
krilatog krika vrane.

Snow white shadows–  
on white field just the outline of  
crow's winged cry.

I puče vidik –  
srebrnomodri ushit  
prije imena

A sudden sight–  
silvery-blue rapture  
before the name.

Proljetno jutro–  
nad izmaglicom lebde  
duhovi voćaka.

Early spring morning–  
phantoms of blossoming fruit trees  
float above the haze.

Vlat: drhturi  
granica lijevog i desnog  
plavetnila.

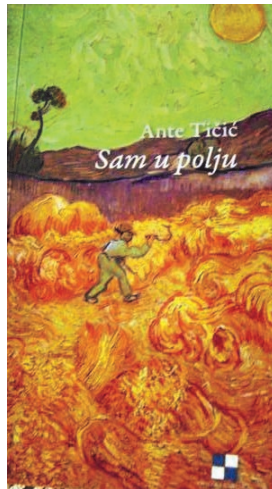
A blade of grass.  
The shivering border between  
left and right skies.

Jučer smo plijevili–  
kraj hrpe mrtvog korova  
zasjao neven!

Morning after weeding–  
new marigold blossoms shine  
by heaps of dead plants.

Malen i zbunjen  
moj javor stoji gol na  
raskošnom sagu.

Small and confused  
my maple-tree naked  
on its gorgeous carpet.

*Ante Tičić, Zadar, Croatia*

**SAM U POLJU**

Gradska knjižnica Zadar, 2012  
 ISBN 978-953-7204-43-3

Gle, koliko je  
 na oranici trave  
 iz ničeg iznikle.

Okrugli sjaj –  
 dobro se nazire  
 sunce u magli.

Gavran u letu –  
 koliko li stoljeća  
 krilima nosi.

Ljetna žega.  
 Na raspukloj zemlji  
 osušen korov.

Susret sa Suncem:  
 iznikao stolisnik  
 na asfaltu.

Proletno bujanje:  
 dinja sebi peteljkom  
 zaplela list.

Iznenadni pljusak.  
 Utovarivači djeteline  
 pod prikolicom.

Look, such abundant  
 grasses in the field  
 sprouting from nothing.

A round shine–  
 the Sun looms  
 through the fog.

A raven in flight–  
 how many centuries  
 does it carry on its wings?

Summer heat.  
 Over cracked earth  
 dried weed.

Meeting the Sun:  
 a yarrow grows  
 from the asphalt.

Spring overgrowth:  
 a melon entangled its leaf  
 by its own pedicle.

Sudden rainfall.  
 Loaders of the clover  
 under the sidecar.

**Clare McCotter, Kilrea, Co. Derry. North Ireland**  
**BLACK HORSE RUNNING**

Alba Publishing, 2012  
 ISBN 978-0955125461



HAIBUN

horse dream

chestnut mare you carried me to this land where cities are coloured viridian and all our roads are water  
 - cool opulent ovals under *apah* animate lustral lapping baptising perfectly russet hocks your forehead's crooked star sinking over my unfolded palm a salfay of serafina and siberian blue smooth on your sovereign tongue

summer dusk  
 a horse's soft mouth  
 feeding hands

capall bán carbon-heart and forest-veins a deep-draped hawthorn mane we were at the fort when hammond gave you to me finest cob ever to cut hooves on connemara rock you stood sixteen hands in a night whose amethyst soul we crossed the reins luminous with insight even when you bolted on that northern headland - lead iron splitting the ground simpatico until you rose above a field of green stars a laughing hallelujah my outstretched arms

the still earth  
 mingling with mine  
 a horse's breath

capaillín ársa was there a dream before words pendent on lemon branch like doleful white-faced mares in the ortolan's golden orchard? before lips gleamed with a brattle of broken bit with a silver insouciant *fuck it?* claretcoloured night - fingers opaline in an avalanche of mane our only rudder raddled with moonshine

rain on summer sand  
 a child writes  
 the dead pony's name

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**MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI / WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES**

## driftwood horse

through dune grass and distance a mandolin moon lights the breast of a wild swan turning as space  
closes in to wave washed bark launched from some well drained rooted place by axe or gale onto  
sea's high altar where nude heartwood was not sick for lack of land or for brine once beached or now  
for wind scudded sand as its soul shape shifts under a zinc roof plumed with rust and smoke one star  
still in the sky as his hands guide a mare from storm torn star bleached oak

piebald pony  
tethered beside old rail tracks  
silver sickle

\*

black horse running rolling away the stone

clouds in a mare's eye the fracture beyond repair

night frayed behind the purple pines a horse's call

the horses are gone  
tonight in the far fields  
a single silver moth

starlight  
though none are here  
the scent of horses

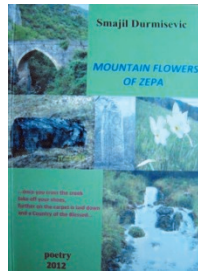
narrow lapis lake  
deeper than sky  
pupil of a horse's eye

geranium sunset  
through trailing mane  
an old caravan

it is not the storm  
in this black november night  
that spooks the horses

the mare's eye  
still water  
stillborn prayer

white mare looming  
in weed trees  
old moon's shadow

**Smajil Durmišević, Zenica, Bosnia and Herzegovina**

**ŽEPSKI GOROCVIJETI / MOUNTAIN FLOWERS OF ŽEPA**

Zbrika poezije i haikua; Nakladnik/Publisher: „Meligrafprint“ d.o.o., Zenica

Translated by Đ.V.Rožić, ISBN 978-9958-677-09-0

Džamija nova  
 A ljudi nema. Ipak,  
 Bije šest lula.

A mosque all new  
 but no people. And yet,  
 water gushes from the six spouts

Ljepota boli  
 Nišani žive sami  
 Divljina buja

Painful is this beauty  
 The tombstones live alone  
 The Wild things flourish

Joha u kući  
 I stado tuđe u vrtu  
 Kako si, komšo!

Young trees growing through the house  
 And somebody else's sheep in the garden  
 Hey, how are you doin', my neighbour!

I pade Čovjek  
 Seljak na njivi. Greškom  
 Tek čovjek manje

So, a Man fell down  
 A farmer on his field. By mistake  
 and thus—one man less

Sa strane šuma  
 U srcu polja, dokle  
 ti pogled seže

On two sides—forests  
 In the middle and in the heart, fields  
 as far as you can see

Lijepa kuća  
 Miriše drvo. I selo  
 Svi živi. Ma san.

A beautiful house. The woods  
 smell nicely. And the village—  
 all are alive. Only a dream

U Bosni selo  
 U selu sela nema...  
 Sjeta i čežnja!

A village in Bosnia,  
 In it there is no village...  
 Melancholy and yearning!

*Ljubomir Radovančević, Zagreb, Croatia*



### NA STRATIŠTU RATA

Nakladnik: Tiskara Rihtarić, Koprivnica; Priredio i uredio: Mladen Pavković  
 Ilustracije: Ljubomir Radovančević  
 ISBN: 978-953-99450-1-3

Iščašenje mozga  
 desilo se važnom  
 političaru.

Twisted brain—  
 it happened to an important  
 politician.

Nacistički šljem  
 na dugoj motki.  
 Čišćenje septičke jame.

Nazi helmet  
 on a long pole.  
 Cleaning the septic tanks.

Ljut kao leptir  
 okomio se na  
 oporbu.

Angry like a butterfly  
 he cracked down onto  
 the opposition.

Svaka figura – i crne  
 i bijele – na svom mjestu.  
 Rat može početi.

Every figure—both black  
 and white—in place.  
 The war may begin.

Već polaskom na front  
 mnogi su nosily  
 bijele križeve.

Leaving for war  
 many carried  
 the white crosses already.

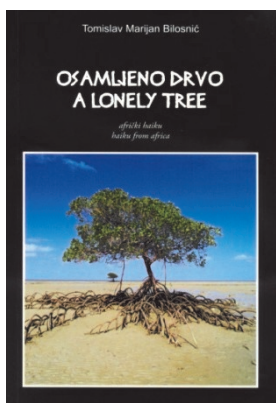
Nad humkom  
 neznana junaka  
 procvjetala trešnja.

Above the grave  
 of an unknown hero  
 cherry tree in blossom.

Bijeli križ  
 bezimen – a vojnik je  
 i mao ime.

A nameless  
 white cross—yet the soldier  
 had his name.



*Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić, Zadar, Croatia*

**OSAMLJENO DRVO / A LONELY TREE**

Krdo slonova  
u oblaku prašine  
postaje brdo.

A herd of elephants  
in a cloud of dust  
becomes a hill.

Sjever, pa jugo!  
Vjetar pomeo vjetar  
usred pustinje.

North wind then South wind!  
The wind swept the wind  
amidst a desert.

Olujna kiša.  
Samo je poljsko stablo  
nesakriveno.

Torrential rain.  
A lone tree in the field  
visible only.

Sunce se cijedi  
s vrha baobaba  
u mravinjak.

The sun leaks  
from the top of the baobab  
into an ant hill.

Na proljetnoj kiši  
najednom prolistala  
koliba od šiblja.

Spring rain—  
a hut of wattles  
in leaf...

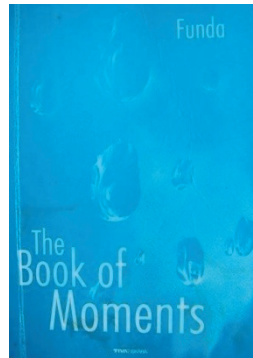
Visoke trave.  
Dok prolazimo kroz njih  
nudimo im strah.

Tall grasses.  
While passing through them  
we offer them fear.

Ni jedno drvo  
ne zadržava vjetar  
kad se osami.

Not a single tree  
holds the wind  
while isolated.

*Željko Funda, Varaždin, Croatia*



**KNJIGA TRENUTAKA / THE BOOK OF MOMENTS**

Tiva Tiskara, Varaždin, 2012.

ISBN 978-953-333-002-0

puše vjetar  
latice i smeće  
lete zajedno

windy  
petals and litter  
flying together

jasna noć  
krila vjetrenjače  
sijeku mjesec

a clear sky  
the fans of the windmill  
chopping the moon

miran dan  
na konopcu za rublje-  
kišne kapi

a quiet day  
on the laundry line-  
raindrops

vruće podne  
stari gradski centar  
miriše po luku

a hot midday  
the old city centre  
smells of onion

ležim na plaži  
sunce na zalasku i guzica  
jednako okrugli

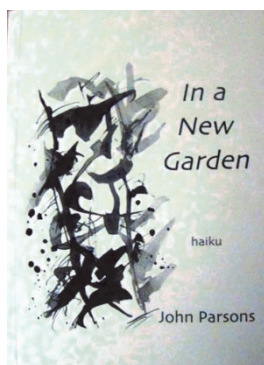
lying on the beach  
the sun setting and her butt  
equally round

povremeno  
vjetar travi donese  
kapi s fontane

occasionally  
from the fountain the wind brings  
some drops for the grass

jasna noć  
novčići u fontani  
blješte sa zv'ezdama

a clear night  
the coins in the fountain  
glitter with the stars

***John Parsons, England***


Published by Alba Publishing, Uxbridge, 2012  
 Illustrated by the author  
 ISBN: 978-0-9572592-6-3

sense of belonging  
 snowdrops open  
 in a new garden

pigeons clap wings  
 white plum blossom falls  
 across Buddha

deep in forests  
 of sedge and reed moist black  
 eruptions of moles

still morning  
 down the lavender path  
 spring of bees

her theory  
 garden birds see me  
 as a horse

summer's end  
 old heron circles  
 the dry pond

**IN A NEW GARDEN**

osjećaj pripadnosti  
 visibabe se otvaraju  
 u novom vrtu

golubovi lupaju krilima  
 bijeli cvjetovi šljivi padaju  
 po Budi

duboko u šumama  
 šaša i trske vlažno crne  
 erupcije krtičnjaka

mirno jutro  
 niz stazu lavande  
 naviru pčele

njena teorija  
 vrtne ptice u meni vide  
 konja

kraj ljeta  
 stara čaplja kruži iznad  
 presušene bare

**Blagoje Vujsić, Montenegro**

**CVJETANJE ZVIJEZDA**

Predgovor /Preview: Zoran Raonić  
 Prijepolje, Crna Gora / Montenegro, 2012  
 ISBN 978-86-89323-00-9

Navrh planine  
 vrh bora se pozlati.  
 Sa snom se rastah.

Gilded top of pine  
 on the top of the mountain.  
 Farewell to my dream.

Sječa šume.  
 Vidim peć užarenu  
 i vijavicu.

Deforestation.  
 I can see a glowing stove  
 and the snowstorm.

Noć pod mjesecom  
 zrikavac otkucava  
 umjesto sata.

Night under the moon  
 the cricket is ticking  
 instead of a clock.

Ždralova nema.  
 Hoće li proljet doći  
 Il' ostat s njima?

There are no cranes.  
 Will the spring arrive  
 or stay with them?

Moj pas i sjenku  
 će mi preći, uvijek  
 za mnom idući.

My dog will go over  
 even my shadow, always  
 following me.

Nebom nada mnom  
 mećava golubova  
 prohuja brzo.

In the sky above me  
 a storm of pigeons  
 in a quick rush.

Pljuskovi kiše  
 svakog na suvo otjerali.  
 Golub u bari.

The downpours  
 repelled all onto dry.  
 A pigeon in the puddle.



SVI DRUGI SU DOBRI, MI SMO DRUGAČIJI!



ALL OTHERS ARE GOOD, WE ARE DIFFERENT!

# MAXMINUS

 MAGAZIN SVIJETA I ILI CEJELOG SVIJETA  
 drugi prvoga magazina ZA satiru, humor, karikaturu i strip

 Godina IV—Broj 50/ Year IV -Issue No 50. Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina - 01.09.2013. WWW: <http://www.maxminus.com>

Sa vama od 2.9.2010... Pedeseti broj... Četvrta godina

With you since 2.9.2010... Issue number 50... Fourth year

Maxminusijada & Satirična  
 pozornica  
 Međunarodni konkurs za  
 aforizam, priču, karikaturu i  
 strip  
 Grand prix  
 "MaxMinus"

"Maxminusijada & Satirical stage  
 International Aphorism, Story,  
 Comic and Cartoon Contest  
 Grand Prix  
 "MaxMinus"

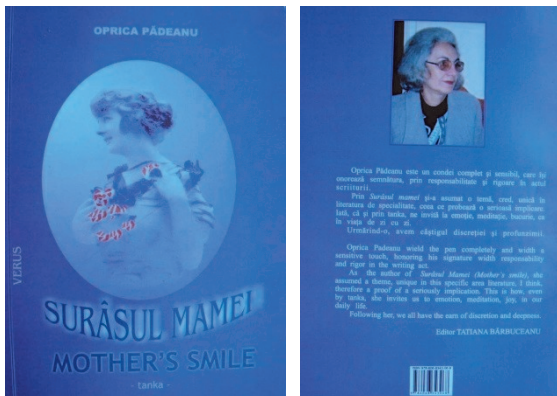


Novi autori / New authors:

Ekrem Borazan (Turkey), Deana Sailović i Zoran Mihailović Zochu (Serbia), Dubovsky Alexander (Ukraine), Osman Yavuz (Turkey), Đurđa Vukelić Rožoč (Croatia), Sedina Brkić (Bosnia and Herzegovina) uz ostale naše autore sa svih kontinenata/with other our authors from all Continents.

Poklanjamo vam roman "Pagan", autora Eldina Eminovića povodom našeg jubileja - 50-og broja.

<http://www.maxminus.com>

**Oprica Padeanu, Romania**

**SURÂSUL MAMEI / MOTHER'S SMILE**

-tanka-

English translation by Magdalena Dale; *Verus*, Buchuresti, 2012

ISBN 978-606-8343-06-8

De dimineațăpe

Pe un ram greu de muguri

pășăruke în tril,

toate sunt pereche

door eu stau stingheră

At dawn

on a branch loaded by buds

the singing birds

all are pairs only

I'm always alone

Zorom

na grani pod pupoljcima

ptice pjevice

sve su u parovima

ja sam uvijek sama

Zămbetul mamei

la vama trecerii,

ram înverzit...

sunt ultimul ei vlăstar

odunând curvubeie

Mother's smile

at the border crossing,

greened branch

I am her last scion

gathering rainbows

Majčin osmijeh

na graničnom prijelazu,

ozelenjela grančica...

ja sam njen posljednji potomak

koji skuplja duge

Privirea mamei

pusă la păstrare

în amintire...

crâmpeiul meu de cer

de odinioară

I kept

my mother's eye in

remembrance...

a piece of my sky

from the old days

Sačuvala sam

majčino oko

u sjećanju

djelić mog neba

iz davnih dana

Sub luna plină

greieri și licurici

vechi nostalgii...

liniile din palmă

pătate de cerneală

Under the full moon

crickets and fireflies

an old nostalgia...

the lines on my palm

ink stained

Pod punim mjesecom

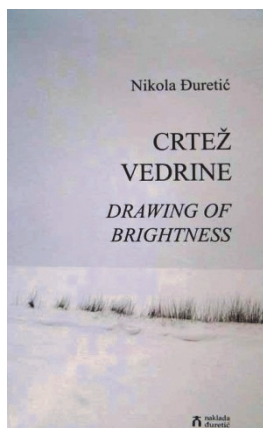
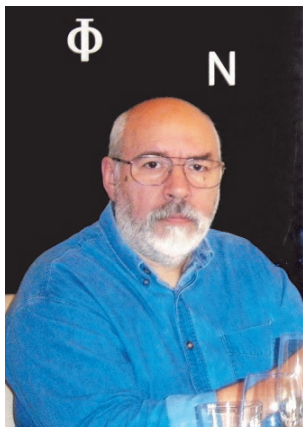
cvrčci i krijesnice

stara nostalgija...

linije mog dlana

umrljane tintom



*Nikola Đuretić, Croatia*

**CRTEŽ VEDRINE / DRAWINGS OF BRIGHTNESS**

Naklada Đuretić

 Biblioteka "Posebna izdanja"/Special Edition, Prvo izdanje, 2011; Knjiga 3/Book 3  
 ISBN 978-953-56675-2-0

● Na stablu trešnje  
 pjesma utihla. Pod njim  
 igra mačića.

● Utihnule ptice  
 u nepomičnu zraku.  
 ● Sad će pljusak!

U smiraj dana  
 utihli su magarci.  
 Pjesma popaca.

Sa ljetnim pljuskom  
 kalama se razlio  
 miris timjana.

Podnevna jara!  
 U duši i misao  
 usahnula.

Nalet lahora  
 otkri u šašu noge  
 sive čaplje.

Kroz trsku vjetar.  
 Naježilo se jezero  
 u srh zore.

Birdsong died down.  
 Kittens playing under  
 a cherry tree.

Still air—  
 birdsong died down.  
 Storm approaching!

Close of the day.  
 Donkeys went quiet.  
 Crickets singing.

The scent of thyme  
 overflowing the streets—  
 Summer downpour.

Midday scorcher!  
 Even the thought  
 shriveled up.

Sudden breeze—  
 gray heron's legs  
 in the sedges.

Shudder of dawn—  
 lake got goose pimples.  
 Wind in the sedges.

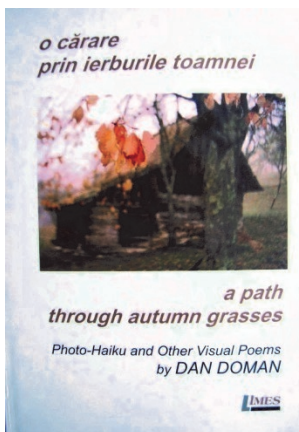
**Dan Doman, Romania**

**o cărare prin ierburile toamnei / a path through autumn grasses (staza kroz jesenje trave)**

Photo-haiku and Other Visual Poems; Editura LIMES, Cluj-Napoca, 2012

ISBN 978-973-726-673-6

 cu ruscacu-n spate  
 și-primăvara asta–  
 bogat ca melcul

 with my backpack on,  
 this spring, too–  
 I'm as rich as a snail

 s ruksasom na leđima,  
 i ovog proljeća–  
 bogat sam kao puž

 fulgi de plop în zbor  
 monoton și insistent  
 cântecul cerșetoarei

 poplar fluff in flight–  
 monotonous and insistent,  
 the beggar's song

 pahulje topole u letu–  
 monotona i uporna,  
 pjesma prosjaka

 nostalgia primăverii–  
 mirosul ierbii strivite  
 sub jocure de copii

 spring nostalgia–  
 the smell of crushed grass  
 under the kids' games

 proljetna nostalgija–  
 miris izgažene trave  
 pod dječjom igrom

 zile toride–  
 umbra muntelui  
 miroase a rășină

 dog days–  
 the mountain's shadow  
 smells of resin

 ljetna žega–  
 sjena planine  
 miriși po smoli

 prima ninsoare  
 talanga vacii se-oprește  
 pentru o clipă

 first snow  
 the cow's bell stops  
 for an instant

 prvi snijeg  
 na trenutak utihnulo  
 zvono krave

## TANKA

cu buzunarul  
plin de mere roșii,  
regăsești în iarbă  
vechiul drum spre dealul  
după care-apune luna

pockets full  
of red apples,  
you find again in grass  
the old path to the hill  
where the moon sets

puni džepovi  
crvenih jabuka,  
opet nalaziš u travi  
staru stazu na brijeg  
gdje zalazi mjesec

Codrul Vlăsiei—  
deasupra crîngului  
bătrînul stejar  
cu frunzele-nverzite  
ca prin miracol încă un an

Vlăsial Woods—  
above the grove, the old oak's  
green leaves  
a miracle  
for one more year

Vlaške šume—  
iznad gaja, zeleno lišće  
starog stabla  
čudo  
još jednu godinu

*Ban'ya Natsuishi, Japan***KONCENTRIČNI KRUGOVI**

Punta, Niš 2009; ISBN 978-86-7990-046-3

Srpski i njemački jezik prijevod Dragan J. Ristić

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Prijevod na bugarski jezik: Denko Rangelov

Kraj čistog izvora  
stoji usamljeno stablo –  
buka testere

Bei klarer Quelle  
Steht ein einsamer Baum-  
das Sägegetöse

Može li reč Hirošima  
da bude teža  
od samog leptira?

Kann das Wort  
Hiroshima schwerer sein  
als Schmetterling selbst?

Preci i nada,  
pa i naši tajfuni  
dolaze s otvorenog mora.

Vorfahren und Hoffnung,  
sogar unsere Taifune kommen  
von der offenen See.

Sa svojim detetom  
sestra mi dođe kući-  
breskva u cvatu.

Ljudi odoše  
a krečnjačka dvorana  
i dalje je tu.

Oblak menja svoj oblik  
–mi sigurno gubimo  
svoje sećanje.

Ruže se bore–  
bore se među sobom:  
kraljeva bašta.

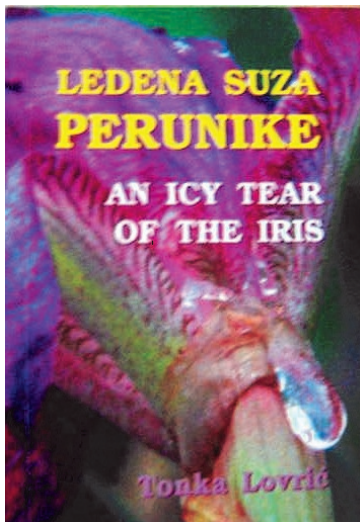
Mit ihrem Kind  
kam meine Schwester heim-  
Pfersichbaum in Blüte.

Die Menschen gingen  
und der Kalksteinsaal  
ist noch immer da.

Die Wolke ändert ihre Form  
–wir verlieren bestimmt  
unsere Erinnerungen.

Die Rosen kämpfen–  
sie kämpfen miteinander:  
der Königsgarten.

*Tonka Lovrić, Croatia*



**LEDENA SUZA PERUNIKE**

**AN ICY TEAR OF THE IRIS**

ISBN 978-953-97809-4-2

Uredio/Edited by Dubravko Korbus

Prijevod/Translated by Đ.V.Rožić

list do lista  
i svaki u sjeni  
onog drugog

leaf next to leaf  
and each in the shade  
of another one

nestala crta horizonta  
 nebo je postalo more  
 more je nebo

erased horizon line  
 the sky became the sea  
 the sea is the sky

kroz mrežu  
 pobjeglo je  
 more moru

through the net  
 it ran away  
 the sea to the sea

stog sijena  
 na četiri noge  
 magarca

a haystack  
 on the four legs  
 of a jackass



*Utagawa Hiroshige (1797-1858)*



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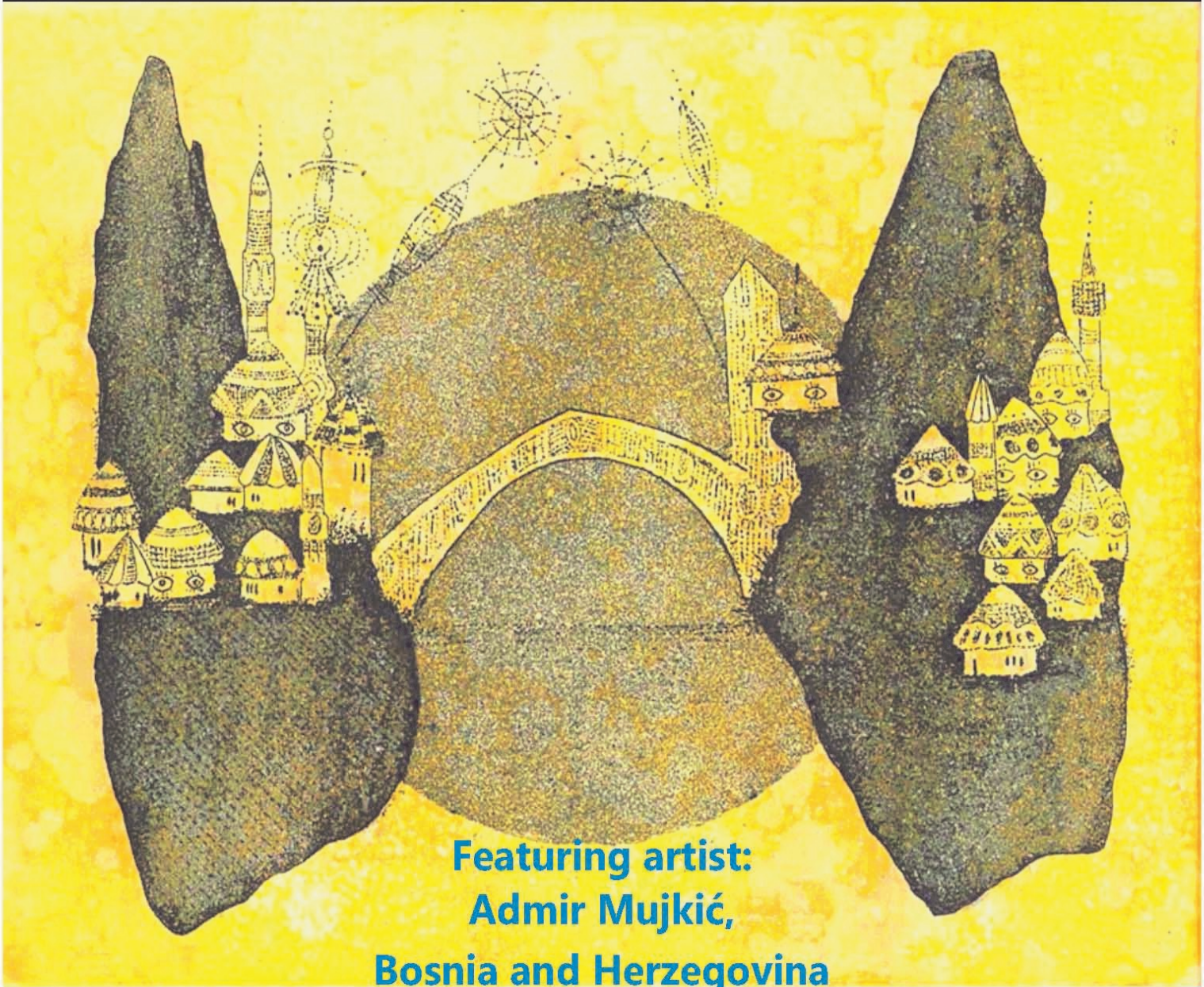
# DIOGEN



pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

[www.diogenpro.com](http://www.diogenpro.com)

Year IV - Issue Broj 34 April 2013



Featuring artist:  
**Admir Mujkić,**  
Bosnia and Herzegovina

**DIOGEN** pro culture magazine ...  
a month for **DIOGEN** artist ...  
and you ...



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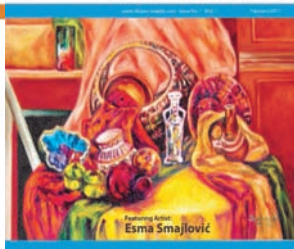


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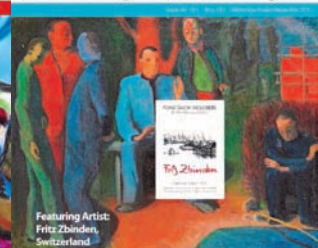
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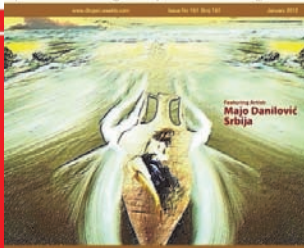
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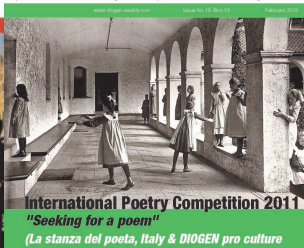
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International Poetry Competition 2011  
"Seeking for a poem"  
(La stanza del poeta, Italy & DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Bosnia and Herzegovina)





Адамов