



**Petya Gleridis, Bulgaria**

confetti in the hair

of the old cherry

nettle weaving swings in its skirts

konfeti u kosi

stare trešnje

u svojim suknjama kopriva tke ljuljačke

\*

gentle rain

touching the surface

love breathing upon the water

blaga kiša

dodiruje površinu

ljubav diše na vodi

\*

a serpent in the bosom

the wind rippling the lake

kissing the bank gently

zmija u njedrima

vjetar mreška jezero

ljubeći nježno obalu



HAIGA:

the rustling sea kimono

the wind fan

the sun on my lips

šuštavi kimono mora

lepeza vjetra

sunce na mojim usnama

\*

near the pond

crickets hopping

in tune with singing grass

pored ribnjaka

zrikavci skakuću

u skladu s pjevajućom travom

\*



HAIGA:

a flutter of wings

unleashes imagination

swallowing freedom

treptaj krila

oslobađa maštu

guta slobodu

\*

in fluffy captivity

my feet are

whispering dandelions

u paperjastom ropstvu

moja stopala

šapću maslačcima

\*

the curls of the sunset

tangled

orange blue

kovrče zalazećeg sunca

zapletene

narančasto plavo

\*



HAIGA

a salty cradle

gently rocking

the rocks

slana kolijevka

nježno ljulja

kamenje

\*

grasshopper feast and grass arrows

behind a moon shield

the summer’s declining days

gozba skakavaca i strelice travki

iza mjesečeva štita

sve kraći ljetni dani

\*



HAIGA:

on the threshold

between two worlds

barefooted

na pragu

između dva svijeta

bosonoga

PR

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