

JÔ, DA MI JE

Izvor Oreb

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

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

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

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

O HOW I WISH I COULD

trans. by Mirna Čudić Žgela

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

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

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

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

RJEČNIK

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