



Slava Blažeković, Koprivnica, Croatia

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Željka Vučinić Jambrešić, Croatia

sumrak
krik ptica selica
razderao tišinu

silent sunset
cry of migratory birds
tears it up

*

jesenja magla
u mokrom sivilu tiho dršću
stabljike kukuruza

the fog
the corn stalks tremble
in gray wetness

*

urušeni most
vukući se između stupova
magla prelazi rijeku

a collapsed bridge
mist drags among the pillars
crossing the river

*

ptice selice
na sivom nebu ispisuju
crne strelice

migrating birds
on a grey sky they draw
black arrows

*

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

Ptice selice...
na gorućem strništu
samo prazna gnijezda

*

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

Lastavičje gnijezdo
pod mostom
ispod bekućnici

*

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

*

Mist on old roof tops
Drips morning dark thoughts
Autumn's reflections

Magla na vrhu starih krovova
Jutrom kaplju tamne misli
Jesenje refleksije

*

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

Kroz maglu
Mule pod stablom rogača
Vidi se crveni traktor

*

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

ten years in exile...
even Lake Ontario holds
a wedge of snow geese

deset godina progonstva...
čak i jezero Ontario drži
klin snježnih gusaka

*

a long line of cars
behind the hearse
migrating snow geese



snježna guska/snow geese

http://1.bp.blogspot.com/_XROYJpTXoAM/S7EjHDwNKdI/AAAAAAAAAEzA/cexNhfsXsD0/s1600/Snow-Goose-IB.jpg

kolona vozila
iza mrtvačkih kola
migracija snježnih gusaka

*

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

*

the open door
of a foreclosed house
autumn mist



otvorena vrata
zatvorene kuće
jesenja magla

*

Valeria Simonova-Cecon, Italy

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

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

*

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

jesenja magla
s obje strane ceste
suhi štapovi kopriva

*

Darrell Lindsey, USA

shadows of bluebirds
on the trellis
autumn mist

sjene plavih ptica
na brajdi
jesenja magla

*

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

would have taken you
The League of Laboring Poets.

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

*

rolling through
autumn fog-
high pitch of a train's whistle

talasa se kroz
jesenju maglu –
visoki zvižduk vlaka

"rolling through" deals with the Doppler effect

*

Jagoda Bešlić, Split

stidljivi pupoljci
u kopreni jesenje magle
ne vide dan

shy buds
in the veil of autumn fog
can't see the day

*

jesenja magla
crno bijela slika

bez tona

autumn fog
a black-and-white picture
without sound

*

dugine boje
pokidane u bijele niti
jesenje magle

colours of rainbow
broken into white threads
of the autumn fog

*

i noć i dan
izgubljeni u jesenjoj magli
traže put

both night and day
lost in the autumn fog
in search of their way

*

Angela Terry, USA

autumn mist
the heron's stillness
engulfs him

jesenja magla
čaplja okružuje
njena tišina

*

wrapping itself
around autumn silence
early morning mist

omotala se
oko jesenje tišine
rana jutarnja magla

*

autumn mist
the deep stillness
between us

jesenja magla
duboka tišina
među nama

*

coloring a sodden sky
with promises
migrating geese

obojile razmočeno nebo
obećanjima
guske selice

*

a cool wind
and suddenly
no swallows

svjež vjetar
i iznenada
nema više lastavica

*

a field of snow geese
the whiteness
of winter light

polje snježnih gusaka
bjelina
zimskog svjetla

*

Natalia Kuznetsova, Russia

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

ribarica
polako tone u maglu,
uznemireni krici galebova

*

a weeping willow,
bending over the lake,
ducks' farewell cries

tužna vrba
naginje se nad jezero,
oproštajno kvakanje pataka

*

a bridge silhouette
gently rocking in the mist,
cranes' calls from nowhere

silueta mosta
nježno se ljulja u magli,
zov ždralova

*The 2008 "Genkissu! Spirits up! Worldwide Haiku Contest" - Honorable
Mention*

*

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

naš stari gusak
slabašno zamahuje svoja krila
poziv gusaka iz visina

Shiki Monthly Kukai, November 2010

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Zlatko Martinko, Medulin

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 predem prag
bit ću ptica selica ~
tražit ću svoj jug

*

*

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