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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, klinktaji 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 neb



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.





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