



Haibun:
Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Brijeg

Divovski jež sa stotinama bodlji od kolaca naslanja se na bijelu kuću. Iz vinograda čuje se pjesma, smijeh, veseli razgovor. Zeleno, zlatno i oker lišće; paučina, mirisno zrelo grožđe, sve sja jutarnjom rosom.

Podno kuće gega se žena pod teretom dviju košara prepunih hrane koja viri ispod bijele krpe. Probija se između alata, bačvi, prolazi ispod kôsa zataknutih pod gredu ispred još mirisnih, oguljenih kolaca akacije. Usporava na oštrom bridu vrha brijega. S brijega izniknuše muškarci s košarama na ramenima noseći zrele grozdove u klijet.

Berba –
iz krvavog znoja
zlatno vino.

The Hill

There is a giant hedgehog leaning over the white, big house with hundreds of tall prickles, the supports. From the vineyard I can hear singing along with laughter, joyful talk. Green, gold and ochre leaves, cobwebs, fragrant ripe grapes, all shine under the morning dew.

Below the house a woman is staggering under the weight of two wide baskets. She makes her way among the vats, the barrels and the hoes, under the eaves where two scythes hang. Beside the new, fragrant acacia stakes she slows down on the steep slope. She's carrying the food to the pickers.

From the hilltop men appear, with big baskets full of ripe grapes, carrying them towards the wine hut.

The vintage –
golden wine
from bloody sweat.

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