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DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

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Sjetimo se naših haiku prijatelja...
Remembering our haiku pals ...

**Zvonko Petrović
(1925-2009.)**

IZ STARE BILJEŽNICE

Vrapčić u letu...
i baš se napravio
na njen šeširić.

A young sparrow in flight...
and it had to do it
onto her nice hat

*

Izašla dama
s pudlicom na ulicu
do prvog stabla.

A lady with
a poodle only till
the first tree

*

Ukočen vojnik
u stavu mirno: muha
po nosu pecka.

A stiff soldier
at ease: a fly
pecking at his nose.

*

Svaka iglica
u boriku – zrikavac.
Sunce miriše.

Each needle
in the pine grove – a cricket.
Fragrance of the Sun.

*

U ljetnoj noći
preko livadnih trava
prema zvijezdama.

In the Summer night
over the meadow's grasses
towards the stars.

*

U šumi poslije
noćne kiše. O, kako
mirišu gljive!

In the forest after
a night rain. Oh, what
a mushroom fragrance!



Seosko groblje
i svježi dječji humak.
A trešnje zriju!

Village cemetery
and a fresh child's rake.
Yet the cherries ripen!

*

Bijeli i smeđi
leptir u letu: oba
postaju jedan.

White and brown
butterfly in flight: both
become a single one.

*

Sunce zalazi ...
Plodovi divljih ruža
-porumenjeli!

The sunset ...
The wild rose fruits
- blushed.

*

Ljetna ravnica
u valovima klasja
uspavljuje noć.

A summer plain
in the waves of corn
puts the night to sleep.

*

Mali, sitan mrav
hrva se sa šibicom,
ali je vuče!

A tiny, small ant
wrestling with a match,
but it pulls it!

*

Sjaji pun Mjesec-
da l' motrim ili slušam
zvuke cvrčaka?

Shining Harvest Moon –
do I gaze or listen
to the sounds of the crickets?



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