

ART

MLADOST MORU OSTAVILI

Elio Žuvela

YOUTH SACRIFICED TO THE SEA

trans. by Mirna Čudić

Di san ja, Bože, svoj život potрати
Po tujin morima – pod tujin vitrima
Tuje san brode krpi i jezike govori
I tujin se portima veseli.

A doma su dica bez oca resla
I žena je bez muža starila
A misto mene na posteju do sebe
Sliku je moju stavila.

A ja san ko mona za dva šolda više
Proša sve nevere i bure i kiše,
I mladost san svoju po moru satra
Od mora od soli ki starac osta.

A dica su bez oca naresla
I žena je bez muža ostarila,
I ona je uza me bidna
Mladost moru ostavila.

Where have I wasted my life, o Lord,
In foreign seas – to foreign winds
Foreign boats have I mended, and foreign languages have I spoken
Foreign ports have I been looking forward to and I rejoiced in.

While back at home the children were growing up fatherless
And my wife was growing old husbandless
And instead of me she kept my picture
In bed, next to her.

And I, as a fool, for two farthings more
Have endured all the storms, gales, and rains,
And I have squandered my youth at sea,
I let the sea and salt leave me rugged and beaten like an old man.

And my children grew up fatherless
And my wife grew old husbandless,
And she, wretched soul, along with me
sacrificed her youth to the sea.

RJEČNIK

porat	luka
mona	budala
šoldi	novac
nevera	oluja, nevrjeme