

ART

E MORTE KAPITÔN

Ive Kora

AND THUS DIED THE CAPTAIN

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Kasil je
 tūji
i komūnski
 grêb
u zrōkú
 tamjôn
u dūši
 zêb.

Ūmro je
stōri Kapitôn.

Ćūtī je
da ga je žīvòt
obandunò.
Da nī ženê
ni ditèta,
da mu je
pod gòbu
tūjo kočèta.

Tūga je svè
inkrožāla
ko bršjôn.
Cêrti se rugāli
siromāhu
da je pjôn.

Dūša mu
ćūtila
vèli zvôn
dī ga zovè
 dīn

dôn

dôn.

The coffin
is someone else's
laid in the common grave.
Incense lingering
in the air
the soul filled with
anxiety and
chill.

The old Captain
is dead.

He felt
that life
had abandoned him.
That he was
wifeless
and childless,
that his body was laid
in someone else's bed.

The sorrow
pervades all
like ivy.
Some have mocked
the poor man
saying that he was drunk.

His soul
heard
the big bell
the death knell calling him
 ding

dong

dong.

Kojô je
môra vidit
kojê svè
krâje
a čêko je
nôjzlâje
da mu
prid noge
krîž i velèta
ko bandîra
na jôrbul ventulô
i nestâje
ko za krmôn
morèta.

What seas
he had seen,
what
lands!
and he had waited
with a happy anticipation
for a cross and a veil
at his feet
to be flying
like a flag on his mast
disappearing
as the furrow
behind
the stern.

RJEČNIK

obandunàt	napustiti
gèba	grba, leđa
kočèta	starinska postelja
inkrožât	prepletom učvristiti
bršjôn	bršljan
cèrti	neki, pojedini
pjôn	pijan
velèta	veo
bandîra	zastava
morèta	val od broad