

ART

# MÒDRI GRÊB

Ive Kora

# THE BLUE GRAVE

trans. by Mirna Čudić Žgela

Kalôjte ôrgane  
ne želîn hi  
čût.  
Plăče mi se,  
dřćen  
ko prût....

Živòt  
ko klûko  
prèje,  
zênso môj.

Dôkle se  
ne odmoòto  
nè znoš  
za krôj.  
I ne pênsoš  
jê cilo  
il je břž  
retôj.

Mlôdi smo bìli.  
Jemāli  
u svè vîre,  
ma ni godišća  
nîsù  
za take  
penšîrè.

Pênsoi smo  
koi ċe bròd  
koi jîta,  
koi nas  
čekoju môra  
koi krôj  
svîta.

Silence the organ  
I do not want  
to hear it.  
I feel like crying,  
I shiver  
like a leaf ....

Life  
is like a ball  
of yarn,  
old mate.

Until it is  
unraveled  
you know nothing  
of the end.  
You do not wonder  
if it is whole  
or perchance  
a remnant .

Young were we.  
Full  
of faith,  
young age  
is not fit  
for such  
worries.

We thought  
what ship,  
what voyage,  
what seas  
lay ahead,  
what end of earth  
we were heading for.

Klādili  
smo se  
kojī će  
od nōs  
prvī pasàt  
Cobo de Hornos.

Dūšōn  
i tīlon  
čūtīn zēb....  
U nāšoj  
jubāvi  
prvēga  
vijāja  
nōšo si  
grēb.

We placed bets  
which  
of us  
would be the first  
to pass  
Cape Horn.

I feel chill  
in my soul  
and body.....  
In our  
love  
of the first  
voyage  
you found  
your grave.

## RJEČNIK

kalàt	skinuti
ôrgani	orgulje
klúko	klupko
prèja	pređa
pènsot	razmišljati
břž	možda
zēnso	imenjak
pasàt	proći, prepoloviti
retōj	ostatak nečega
vira	vjerovanje
penšīr	misli, misao
jīta	određeno putovanje
vijōj	putovanje
jē	je li
zēb	zebnja