

ART

NAŠI ŠKOJI

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OUR ISLANDS

trans. by Mirna Čudić Žgela

Ko da su veliški, usidreni brodi
Daleko od krâja na moru široken,
stojidu, mučidu naši škúri škoji,
a obloci gredu po nebu visoken.

Jedân do drugega usidreni škoji:
široki i úski, i mâli i veli,
a po njima legla pod bârdima místa
iz kojih se dvižu bili kampaneli.

Po kanálih rávnih dí i dí su jidra...
Pomâlo se miču od škoja do škoja,
priko svítlih pútih, iz vâle u vâlu,
po ravnica h pústih tega modreg poja.

Resembling great big ships,
Far away from the mainland, anchored in a wide, wide sea,
Our dark and gloomy islands stand silent and quiet,
While clouds are sailing across the high, high sky.

Next to one another, our islands are anchored:
Both wide and narrow, both small and big,
And on them, on slopes and beneath hills, lie our villages,
From which white church towers rise.

Across the wide channels, here and there sails emerge ...
Slowly moving from island to island,
Along bright paths, from bay to bay, from cove to cove,
Across the vast plains of this blue, blue field.