

Muore

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Muore; bonaca.
Muore; maštrol.
Muore; vitar prid nevieru.
Muore; furtunol.
Raganj!

To vrije, dimi, huče, buče
val se kalo, po se penje
škrape mloti – riva stenje.

Priko kućih pinu zabacije
tamarise povije
grone lomi
stablo je palo...
onda, kako je počielo
tako je stalo.

I sve je to malo...

Sve je to malo jer...

Jer muore je...

Naše muore je...

Ma kad bi muore reko na mađarski
a ne bi jugo i daje morete kargovalo.
Kad bi muore reko na češki
a se muoren ne bi plovilo
u muoru kupalo.
Kad bi mongolski reko
a bi ga manje ostalo.

I kad bi ćirilicuon napiso muore,
ono bi se uvik, u sto kolurih sjalo.

The Sea

trans. by Mirna Čudić

The sea; a calm.
The sea; the mistral.
The sea; the wind announcing a tempest.
The sea; a seastorm.
A hurricane!

Boiling, smoking, howling, raging
the wave descending, and then ascending
beating against the rocks – the shore sobs.

It throws the foam over the houses
bending the tamarinds
crashing the boughs
a tree has fallen...
and then, just as it had begun
it ceased.

And none of it suffices...

None of it suffices because...

Because the sea is...

Our sea is...

Should one say 'sea' in Hungarian
wouldn't sirocco continue loading the waves?
Should one say 'sea' in Czech
wouldn't one still sail on it
and swim in it?
Should one express it in Mongolian
would it be any the less?

And should one write 'sea' in the Cyrillic characters,
it would always sparkle in hundreds of colours.

Gledot ga – nikad,
nikad me ne bi štufalo!

Muore bi uvik bilo slono
i bonaca – kad ne bi puhalo.

I kad bidu nos istiroli
niki tuji judi,
ča bidu oni s našin muoren činili?
Kako bidu brodili?
Na ribe hodili?
Kako bidu morsku spizu jili – a ne naučili?
Kako bidu jubov vodili?
Kakva bidu njin se dica rodili?

A mi,
diguod bili.
Mi bismo naše muore
u sarce nosili.
I svi bidu znali,
da smo se mi,
baš mi,
na muoru rodili.

To gaze at it – it would
never, ever bore me!

The sea would always be salty
and calm – if there were no wind.

And if we should be exiled
by some foreign people,
what would they do with our sea?
How would they sail?
How would they go fishing?
How would they eat sea food – and never learn?
How would they make love?
And the children born to them, what would they be like?

And we,
wherever we may be.
We would carry our sea
in our hearts.
And everyone would know,
that we,
and none other than us,
were born on the seashore.

RJEČNIK

muore	more	ćirilicuon	ćirilicom
bonaca	utiha	uvik	uvijek
maštrol	maestral, zmorac	u sto kolurih	u sto boja
neviera	nevrijeme, oluja	gledot'	gledati
furtunol	snažna oluja	štufalo	dosadilo
raganj	uragan	slono	slano
huče	huči	kad bidu	kad bi
buče	buči	nos	nas
se kalo	spušta se	istiroli	potjerali, prognali
mloti	mlati, tuče	niki	neki
riva	obala, šetalište uz more	tuji	tuđi, strani
priko	preko	judi	ljudi
kućih	kuća (G. mn.)	ča	što
pina	pjena	hodili	išli
grone	grane	spiza	hrana, jelo
počielo	počelo	jili	jeli
a ne bi	zar ne bi	jubov	ljubav
i daje	i dalje, još uvijek	dica	djeca
moreta	mareta, valovi	diguod	gdje god
kargovalo	nanosilo	sarce	srce