

**Haiku zbornik - Ludbreg 2025.**



**Ludbreg 2025.**

**Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.**  
**Haiku Almanac Ludbreg 2025**

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**Boris Nazansky**

## Šira slika

Hrvatske oaze haikua danas su, abecednim redom, Delnice, Ludbreg, Oroslavje i Samobor. Haiku se, međutim, kao i prije tridesetak godina (najstariji hrvatski haiku-susreti, oni u Samoboru, koji danas nose ime Darka Plažanina, pretprošle su godine obilježili puna tri desetljeća!) i još više, u Hrvatskoj piše posvuda, a okupljališta su (nekad) bila i u Zagrebu, Milni na Braču, Krapini, Ivanić-Gradu, Obrovcu, Rijeci ... dok danas zamjećujemo i bilježimo zametke haiku-kružoka u Puli i Gospiću. Nema baš nikakve sumnje da jesmo haiku-nacija, a nesumnjivo je također da nas takvima vide i uvažavaju na svjetskoj karti haikua.

Već spomenuti najstariji haiku-susreti u Samoboru nazvani su imenom jednog od svojih osnivača, Darka Plažanina (1957-2009), odmah nakon njegove smrti početkom 2009. i nose to ime od svoga 17. izdanja već punih 17 godina. U *centru svijeta* osnivaču Ludbreških haiku-susreta odužili smo se nazvavši njegovim pridjevkom (*Gavran*) natječaj za haiku koji ove godine bilježi petoljetni jubilej. Je li tom prigodom vrijedno razmisliti i o tome da nam susreti ponesu ime *Zdenko Oreč* te tako uspomenu na prvo ime ludbreškoga haikua, ali i ovdašnjega ekoaktivizma, pčelarstva, aforistike, zagonetaštva, vjerojatno i još ponečega, (sa)čuvaju trajno i potpuno?

Zanimljiv je pogled na strukturu ovogodišnjega zbornika koju su kreirali prinosi suradnika iz svih krajeva svijeta. Čak četrdeset troje autora iz prošlogodišnjega zbornika ove godine nije poslalo radove, no ukupan broj pristiglih priloga ipak je veći nego prošle godine. Nešto manje je hrvatskih autora, ali je više inozemnih, iz više različitih zemalja nego ranije. Više je autora kojima nismo mogli objaviti niti jedan haiku, ali je i više onih kojima zasluženno objavljujemo sve poslanske haikue. Sve to govori nam o neupitnom interesu za haiku, prije svega u našoj haiku-zajednici i u haiku-zajednicama

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naših najbližih susjeda. Na širem pak planu valja znati da je broj haiku-natječaja, kao i mogućnosti za objavljivanje (dobrih) haikua diljem svijeta, toliko velik da bi međunarodno pozicioniranje Ludbrega i natječaja *Gavran* zahtijevalo vrlo složenu analizu i vrednovanje.

Ipak, može se i bez toga zaključiti da ako je itko u svijetu čuo i zna za Ludbreg, onda su to prije svih pjesnici haikua.

**Boris Nazansky**

## **The Bigger Picture**

The Croatian oases of haiku today are, in alphabetical order, Delnice, Ludbreg, Oroslavje and Samobor. However, haiku is written everywhere in Croatia, just like it was thirty years ago (the oldest Croatian haiku meetings, those in Samobor, which today bear the name of Darko Plažanin, celebrated a full three decades the year before last!) and even more so, and gathering places (once) existed in Zagreb, Milna on Brač, Krapina, Ivanić-Grad, Obrovac, Rijeka... while today we notice and record the beginnings of haiku circles in Pula and Gospić. There is absolutely no doubt that we are a haiku nation, and there is also no doubt that we are seen and respected as such on the world map of haiku.

The already mentioned oldest haiku gatherings in Samobor were named after one of their founders, Darko Plažanin (1957-2009), immediately after his death in early 2009, and have carried that name since their 17th edition for 17 years now. At the *Center of the world*, we paid tribute to the founder of the Ludbreg haiku meetings by naming the haiku competition, which celebrates its fifth anniversary this year, after him (*Raven* was his nickname). Is it worth considering on this occasion that the meetings too should bear the name of Zdenko Oreč and thus permanently and completely preserve the memory of the first name of Ludbreg haiku, but also of local eco-activism, beekeeping, aphorisms, riddles, and probably a few other things?

It is interesting to look at the structure of this year's almanac, which was created by contributions from authors from all over the world. As many as forty-three authors from last year's collection did not submit works this year, but the total number of contributions received is still higher than last year. There are slightly fewer Croatian authors, but there are more foreign authors,

from more different countries than before. There are more authors whose haiku poems we were unable to publish, but there are also more authors who deserved to have all submitted haiku published. All of this tells us about the unquestionable interest in haiku, primarily in our haiku community and in the haiku communities of our closest neighbors. On a broader scale, it is worth knowing that the number of haiku competitions, as well as the opportunities for publishing (good) haiku around the world, is so great that the international positioning of Ludbreg and the *Raven* competition would require a very complex analysis and evaluation.

However, it can be concluded without that effort that if anyone in the world has heard of and knows about Ludbreg, then it is primarily haiku poets.

Z  
B  
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K

**Mirta Abramović**

Umotano u tišinu  
spava selo.  
Dimnjak živi.

Wrapped in silence,  
the village sleeps.  
One chimney lives.

Ruka u ruci  
sporim koracima  
u tamu.

Hand in hand,  
slowly walking  
into the darkness.

**Billy Antonio (Filipini/Philippines)**

u skladu  
s monsunskom kišom  
majčina uspavanka

harmonizing  
with the monsoon rain  
mother's lullaby

ljetna noć  
razgovor isprekidan  
zvijezdama

summer night  
conversation punctuated  
by stars

11-i rođendan  
nježnost  
izdanka

11th birthday  
the tenderness  
of a sapling

sunčev izlazak nagovještaj majke u svima nama  
sunrise sky a hint of mother in all of us

iznenadni pljusak  
prodavač kišobrana  
dobro raspoložen

sudden downpour  
the umbrella vendor  
in high spirits

dugotrajni poljubac  
za godišnjicu  
proljetna kiša

lingering  
anniversary kiss  
spring rain

Translated by the author

## **Katica Badovinac**

zvjezdovita noć –  
bijela jela sakuplja  
zvijezde u krošnji

truli stari panj  
mahovina ga grli  
u hladnoj šumi

clear night–  
the crown of a silver fir  
full of stars

cold forest  
the moss hugs  
a rotten stump

Translated by the author

**Davor Bakač**

Drvo kakija  
u susjedovom vrtu  
daleki Japan

Kaki tree  
in the neighbour's garden  
distant Japan

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**Danica Bartulović**

nije se nikom  
dala pripitomiti  
divlja kruška

it did not allow  
to be domesticated by anyone  
that wild pear

**Marina Bellini (Italija/Italy)**

čaj se ohladio  
mačka se sklopčala uz mene  
dok polako sniježi

tea went cold  
the cat curls up near me  
as snow slowly falls

novi grad, novi prijatelji  
stari plišani medvjedić  
na jastuku

new town, new friends  
the old teddy bear  
on the pillow

u rupi  
lotosova lista  
savršeno okrugla kišna kap

in the hollow  
of the lotus leaf  
a perfectly round raindrop

prvi božur ružičasto cvate poslije kiše puževi na stazi  
the first peony rose blooms after the rain snails on the path

travanj 25.  
note "Bella ciao"  
posvuda makovi

April 25th  
notes of "Bella ciao"  
everywhere poppies

Translated by the author

**Jasna Berger**

kapljice kiše  
kroz suzne oči gledam  
klize sa grane

glava me boli  
izlazim iz košmara  
nastaje pjesma

slavim trenutak  
pretvaram se u brojke  
za haiku

raindrops...  
through my tearful eyes  
they slide down the branch

my head is aching  
escaping delirium  
I create a poem

praising the moment  
I turn into numbers  
for a haiku

Translated by Silvija Pošta

**Smiljka Bilankov**

sunce kroz čempres  
traži put  
do mog oka

through the cypress  
the sun is looking for the way  
to my eye

nakon mise  
prekrižio svetom vodom  
svoju djevojku

after the mass  
he crosses his girlfriend  
with holy water

božja ovčica  
s ruže na grobu  
poletjela k nebu

a lady bird  
from the rose on the grave  
flies up into the sky

Translated by the author

## **Dejan Bogojević (Srbija/Serbia)**

kap po kap –  
tako se razliva nebo  
na mojoj ruci

drop after drop–  
the sky spills  
over my arm

pričest –  
duboki vulkani  
u mojoj duši

communion–  
deep volcanoes  
in my soul

svanuće –  
između železničkih pragova  
cvetovi jagorčevine

dawn–  
primrose flowers  
between railway sleepers

sve tamnija noć –  
rascvetane ruže  
u gipsanim posudama

night gets darker–  
blooming flowers  
in plaster pots

Translated by Danijela Bogojević

**Zlata Bogović**

Preko asfalta  
provlači se stari puž ...  
i nova cesta.

An old snail  
creeps over the asphalt...  
so does a new street.

Vlak juri kroz noć –  
pruga sva u snijegu  
i šef stanice.

A train runs through the night–  
the rails and stationmaster  
covered in snow.

Praznom ulicom  
odzvanjaju koraci  
noćnog šetača.

Down an empty street  
the echo of steps–  
a night stroller.

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Jovanka Božić**

ostao je sam –  
pljusak spira nadošle  
želje za šetnjom

od jakog vetra  
breza se raspukla –  
izlaze mravi

he was left alone–  
a shower washes away  
his desire for walk

in the strong wind  
the birch tree has cracked  
ants come out

**Mirela Brailean (Rumunjska/Romania)**

poplavljena rijeka  
u dubokoj meditaciji  
kameni Buda

flooded river  
deep in meditation  
a stone Buddha

protuzračna paljba  
na prvoj crti bojišta  
magnolije pupaju

ack ack fire  
on the front line magnolias  
full of buds

proljetna ravnodnevice  
vojnici isprobava  
svoju protezu

spring equinox  
the soldier trying on his  
prosthetic leg

dvorište sirotišta  
mačka doji  
tek izlegle mačiće

orphanage yard  
a cat is breastfeeding  
the newborn kittens

cijeli jedan život  
u zakrpi neba  
prikovan uz krevet

a whole life  
in a patch of sky  
bedridden

pismo djedu Božićnjaku  
u crtežu djevojčice  
njezin tata – vojnik

letter for Santa  
in the little girl's drawing  
her dad soldier

Translated by the author

**Ed Bremson (SAD/USA)**

na tržnici  
kupujem ptice od prodavača  
i puštam ih

at the market  
buying birds from vendors,  
setting them free

proljetna oluja...  
ptić leti  
u nebo

spring storm...  
a baby bird flies  
to heaven

godišnjica,  
kupujem cvijeće  
za njezin grob

anniversary,  
I buy flowers  
for her grave

bombardirana kuća...  
na prednjem trijemu  
čeka pas

bombed house...  
on the front porch  
a dog waiting

**Zdenka Brlek**

miriše jesen  
polja zelenih buča  
odjednom požute

smells of autumn  
fields of green pumpkins  
suddenly turn yellow

**Branislav Brzaković (Srbija/Serbia)**

Staro ogledalo –  
nove bore  
na mom licu

Old mirror–  
new wrinkles  
on my face

Mrtvačnica –  
mlad leš  
sunderom okupan

Morgue–  
a young corpse  
washed with a sponge

**Silvija Butković**

Nevera će.  
Nona zatvara škure,  
nono barku.

Prazni tanjuri  
na kuhinjskom stolu.  
Pune oči suza.

Translated by the author

The storm will come.  
Grandmother closes the windows,  
grandfather boat.

Empty plates  
on the kitchen table.  
Eyes full of tears.

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**Dragiša Cetić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

samo je spokoj  
savio mjesječev šiljak  
bezbrižni snovi

only the serenity  
has bent the crescent moon  
carefree dreams

**Marta Chocilowska (Poljska/Poland)**

fenski vjetar  
zvuk žuborenja vode  
u planini

foehn wind  
the sound of rushing water  
in the mountains

drevni dom  
čempres u dvorištu  
u punom sjaju

an age-old home  
the cypress in the yard  
in its prime

uskrсна večer  
kod Svetog groba  
bdjenje do zore

Easter Eve  
at the Holy Sepulcher  
all-night vigil

na klupi  
starica se smiješi  
hortenzijama

on a bench  
an old woman smiles  
at hydrangeas

perunike  
plavetnilo s obje  
strane ograde

irises  
the blue on both sides  
of the fence

udari vjetra  
kao da imaju krila  
javorove sjemenke

gusts of wind  
as if they had wings  
maple seeds

Translated by the author

**Tom Clausen (SAD/USA)**

sljedim  
otapanje snijega  
niz stazu

following  
the snowmelt  
down the path

mjesečina  
na svježem snijegu  
zec i sjena

moonlight  
on fresh snow  
a rabbit and shadow

dnevni mjesec  
vlak istresa sol  
izvan rudnika

day moon  
salt train empties  
outside the mine

prije zore  
rana pjevica  
ponavlja pjev

predawn  
an early bird  
repeats its song

šeće baš pokraj  
jučer ponjušene  
kore banane

he walks right by  
the banana peel  
he sniffed yesterday

iza  
starog domaćinstva  
opet narcisi

beyond  
the old homestead  
daffodils again

**Rosa Clement (Brazil/Brasil)**

djedovo nasljedstvo  
crveni grmovi bobica  
idu malim pticama

grandpa's inheritance  
the red berry bushes go  
to the little birds

neočekivana poplava  
blatnjava voda ulazi  
u bolnicu

unexpected flood  
the muddy water enters  
the hospital

ograđena stabla  
auti prolaze opet i opet  
preko njihovih sjena

fenced trees  
the cars pass over and over  
their shadows

osa leti  
u svačije lice  
na meni je red

a wasp flies  
in everyone's face  
it's my turn

rupa u plodu guave  
završi večeru  
pametna ptico

guava hole  
finish your dinner  
clever bird

Translated by the author

**Žana Coven (Italija/BiH; Italy/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

na prozoru  
grančica jorgovana  
majke nema

on the window  
small branch of lilac  
no mother anymore

još hladna večer  
pod jorganom  
ruka u ruci

cold evening  
under the quilt  
hand in hand

Translated by the author

**Gillena Cox (Trinidad i Tobago/Trinidad and Tobago)**

otvaranje prozora –  
rezervoar kišnih kapi  
na lišću

opening windows–  
a reservoir of raindrops  
on leaves

blistavi osmijesi –  
uskrsna ekstravagancija\*  
blještavih šešira

radiating smiles–  
the Easter extravagance  
of flashy bonnets

kao da *poui*\*\*  
koji cvjeta u travnju  
nije dovoljan  
jutarnji oblaci

as if the Poui  
blooming in April  
were not enough  
morning clouds

ruževi za usne ...  
škrabotine haiku bilješki  
u torbici s perlicama

lipstick pencils...  
the scribble of haiku notes  
in a beaded purse

još siva zora  
čujem te, *kiskadee*\*\*\*  
koja najavljuješ dan

yet grey the dawn  
I hear you Kiskadee  
announcing day

prije zore  
zvuk anđela lebdi  
nad snom

pre dawn  
the sound of angels hover  
over sleep

\**Easter bonnet* je stara tradicija, posebno u engleskome govornom području (Velika Britanija, SAD, Karibi poput Trinidada), gdje žene i djevojčice za Uskrs nose posebne šešire ukrašene proljetnim motivima.

\*\**Poui* je lokalni naziv na Trinidadu za nekoliko vrsta drveća iz roda *Tabebuia* (posebno *Tabebuia rosea* i *Tabebuia pallida*). U travnju, ta stabla cvjetaju prekrasnim cvatom ružičastih, žutih ili bijelih cvjetova, često stvarajući cijele aleje pune boje. Cvjetanje *pouija* je pravi spektakl prirode na otoku, gotovo poput "proljetnog festivala" boja! Zato Gillena u haikuu spominje *poui* – jer je već sam prizor toga cvjetanja nevjerojatno raskošan, pa su *jutarnji oblaci* dodatna "čarolija" na nebu.

\*\*\**Kiskadee* (punim imenom *Great Kiskadee*, znanstveno *Pitangus sulphuratus*) je živahna, glasna ptica iz tropskih krajeva Amerike, uključujući Trinidad. Prepoznatljiva je po jarkim bojama – ima žuti trbuh, smeđa krila i bijelu prugu preko glave. Dobila je ime po svome karakterističnom, glasnom pozivu koji zvuči otprilike kao *kis-ka-dee!*

U Trinidadu, *kiskadee* je vrlo poznata i simbolična ptica, osobito jer svojim pjevanjem često "najavljuje" novi dan – baš kao u ovome haikuu.

**Stjepan Crnić**

Na soncu blješči  
rascvetena jabuka.  
Dišiju štrukli.

Apple tree in bloom  
shines in the sun.  
Cakes smell.

Proljetna noć.  
Šišmiši love mušice  
na mjesečini.

Spring night.  
Bats hunt flies  
in the moonlight.

Proljetna kiša.  
Između dviju lokvica  
glista i puž.

Spring rain.  
Between two puddles  
earthworm and snail.

Translated by the author

## **Mihovila Čeperić-Biljan**

večernja zvona  
na vrhu cedra  
pojačava kos

evening bells  
boosted by the blackbird from  
the top of cedar tree

rašeljka  
miris odvodi misli  
u rodni grad

St Lucie cherry  
it's scent guiding my thoughts  
to my childhood town

pogled kroz prozor  
oblak poprima boju  
jesenjeg lišća

a view through the window  
cloud absorbs the colors  
of the autumn leaves

gradska vrata  
lastavica na žici  
unosí živost

the town doorways  
house martin on the wire  
brings liveliness

tratinčica  
do klupe Velog Jože –  
eto bajke

a daisy  
next to the Veli Jože's\* bench–  
another fairy tale

kraj godišnjeg –  
mijenjanje baterije  
na ručnom satu

end of vacation–  
I'm changing batteries  
on my wristwatch

\* A friendly and good-hearted giant, from a novel by the Croatian author Vladimir Nator published in 1908.

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Miroslav Čopa (Srbija/Serbia)**

Sa lišćem  
odlaze laste. Kuda  
da idem danas?

Swallows are leaving  
with the leaves. Where  
should I go today?

Palim lampu  
da odmorim svica  
u kolibi.

I light a lamp  
to give the firefly  
a rest in the hut.

Padaju kesteni.  
Prestiče me kosa  
neke devojke.

Falling chestnuts.  
A girl's hair  
overtakes me.

Ledena magla.  
Neko reče da smo  
prešli reku.

Icy fog.  
Someone says  
we've crossed the river.

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**Radoslav Čugalj (Srbija/Serbia)**

Oblak na zemlji  
Cvijet trešnjev u travnju  
Miriše štrudla

Cloud on the ground  
Cherry blossoms in April  
Aroma of strudel

Translated by the author

**Luka Čulajević (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

Praznik rada  
pred veterinarskom klinikom  
sjede golubovi

Labour day  
pigeons are sitting in front  
of the vet clinic

Nenadno kočenje  
cvjetovi uz cestu  
u nijansi crvene

A sudden car brake  
flowers by the road  
in the shade of red

Snježna livada  
krtičnjak izviruje  
iz tišine

Snowy meadow  
a molehill is piercing  
through silence

**Zoran Ćatić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

huk sive sove  
vjetar nosi kroz šumu  
zvjezdano nebo

a hoot of a grey owl  
wind carries through the forest  
the starry sky

limun još zelen  
vjetar mu grane lomi  
ljetna oluja

lemon is still green  
wind breaks its branches  
a summer storm

**Luka Ćirić (Srbija/Serbia)**

Drvo mre  
na staroj furuni  
kipi kafa

Dying wood  
on the old stove  
coffee bubbles

Kuća u ledu  
oko starog šporeta šake  
unuka i prabake

Freezing old home  
round the old stove the hands  
of two generations

U stare krpe  
skuplja jednu po jednu  
divlju jagodu

One by one  
she picks wild strawberries  
into old rags

Translated by the author

## **Ana Dabac**

Proljetni piknik,  
mrav dodaje mravu  
mrvicu kruha.

Spring picnic,  
ant gives an ant  
a crumb of bread.

Na šumskom putu,  
vjetar prebire miris  
zrelih vrganja.

On a forest path,  
the wind picks up the scent  
of ripe penny buns.

Ljetna sparina  
u otvorenom kljunu  
gradskog goluba.

Summer heat  
in the open beak  
of a city pigeon

Prohladno jutro.  
Vrh nijemog gnijezda roda  
samuje magla.

Cold morning.  
On top of a silent stork's nest  
the fog alone.

**Amra Dedić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

igra se vjetar  
pored drveta, uz put  
mirisom boje

along with the tree  
the wind plays with  
its scent of colour

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**Refika Dedić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

kapi kiše  
u duši nemir –  
nepozvani gost

drops of rain  
restlessness in the soul–  
an uninvited guest

Translated by the author

**Zoran Doderović (Srbija/Serbia)**

bakina metla  
samuje u šupi –  
pada list po list

grandma's broom  
alone in the shed–  
leaf by leaf falling

lomi se, škripi  
u sleđenim cipelama –  
tišina jutra

breaks and creaks  
in my frozen shoes–  
the morning silence

nepomična sova –  
pun mesec  
pomera senke

motionless owl–  
full moon  
moves the shadows

Translated by the author

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

## **Sanja Domenuš**

Na livadi  
gavran kraj crne vrane  
čisti perje

On a meadow  
the raven next to the black crow  
cleans feathers

Translated by Lidija Hlebec

**Tamara Dragić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

igra nagosti  
lebdi kroz tamu noći  
dok gore sjene

nudity game  
it floats through the darkness of night  
while the shadows burn

Translated by Predrag Dragić

## **Ljubomir Dragović**

pored slapova  
o nekoj nježnosti pjeva  
slavuj s Krke

borova šuma  
šišarke su lampioni  
koji ne svijetle

njiše se vidik  
na Van Goghova žita  
slijeću vrane

jezero Prukljan –  
otržem se od sjenke  
lagano ljuljane

krov stare kuće  
roda na jednoj nozi  
obasjana suncem

Krka waterfalls–  
a nightingale sings  
of something gentle

pine grove–  
the cones are lanterns  
with no light

the view sways  
Van Gogh's wheatfields  
with crows

Prukljan Lake–  
I pull myself away  
from a gently rocking shadow

roof of an old house–  
a stork on one leg  
lit by sunlight

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

**Grozdana Drašković**

Miholjsko ljeto  
još uvijek ima posla  
muholovka

pretopli studeni  
na grobni aranžman  
slijeće pčela

Indian summer  
the fly catcher still has  
some work to do

too warm November  
a bee lands  
on a grave arrangement

**Michael Dudley (Kanada/Canada)**

šume u jesen  
gdje se susreću dva puta  
par pohabanih stolica

autumn woods  
where two paths meet  
a well-worn pair of chairs

čišćenje snijega  
brzo se zagrijavam  
za zadatak

shovelling snow  
I quickly warm up  
to the task

okovan&zaključan  
za kolohvat na pločniku  
kotač obložen susnježicom

chained&locked  
to the sidewalk bike stand  
a sleet-coated wheel

bdjenje sa svijećama  
magnolija iz njena vrta  
prije cvata

candlelight vigil  
her front yard magnolia  
about to unfurl

večernji snijeg  
očeve čizme i štap  
prave morzeove znakove

evening snow  
Dad's boots and cane  
make morse code tracks

tamni oblaci ~  
iz utičnice izvlačim  
iskru

darkening clouds~  
from the socket I pull out  
spark

**Maja Đukanović-Osmančević (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

Štapić cimeta  
na mom stolu vruć je čaj,  
slikanje zime.

A cinnamon stick  
hot tea on the table,  
painting the winter

Translated by Natalija Dramlić

## **Nikola Đuretić**

Sivo zimsko jutro –  
i sebi samom posve nestvaran.

Grey winter morn–  
I'm utterly unreal even to myself.

Koliko će još  
putovati ove  
stare kosti?

How much more  
will journey on  
these old bones?

Proljetna luna  
klizi prozorom u svakoj  
kišnoj kapi.

Spring moon  
sliding down the window pane  
in every rain drop.

Hoću li  
u svijetu onkraj  
biti leptir?

In the world beyond  
will I be  
a butterfly?

Grakću vrane  
premda ih baš nitko  
ne sluša.

Crows cawing  
though no one at all  
is listening.

Stiglo proljeće  
minice posvuda  
– hvala ti, Bože!

Spring has begun  
mini-skirts everywhere  
– thank you, God!

Translated by the author

## **Darko Foder**

Dah grmljavine  
obasjava šumarak.  
Drhte krošnje.

Dah germljavine  
posvetljava hosticu.  
Drgeču kruašnje.

Put posred polja  
sprječava sukob  
pšenice i raži.

Pot sriedi njive  
sprečava triegmunje  
šenice i herži.

Pjesnik u žitu.  
Mirisi, zvuci, boje  
hrane stihove.

Stihaklepec v žitu.  
Duhe, zvoki, farbe  
rone stihe.

Breath of thunderstorm  
illuminates the grove.  
The treetops tremble.

A path through fields  
prevents the conflict  
between wheat and rye.

A poet in the wheat.  
Smells, sounds, colours  
nourish the verses.

Drveni krevet.  
ležeći na trbuhu,  
brojim godove.

Drvena poastelja.  
Ležečki na trbuhu  
broajim goade.

Wooden bed.  
Lying on my stomach,  
I count the rings.

**Sanja Domenuš**

Nema oblaka  
na vrhu platane  
grakće vrana

There are no clouds  
on top of the plane tree  
crow crows

U predvečerje  
kupačice na molu  
čekaju kišu

In the evening  
bathers on the pier  
waiting for rain

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

## **Danijela Grbelja**

iščezao običaj...  
u pričama starice  
njegov život vječni

abandoned tradition  
in the old woman's stories  
its eternal life

kozmetički salon –  
gusjenica  
na prozoru

beauty salon–  
a caterpillar  
on the window

plava za dječaka  
roza za djevojčicu –  
grm hortenzije

blue for a boy  
pink for a girl–  
a hydrangea bush

**Slavica Grgurić Pajnić**

Kapljica rose –  
biser u noći  
do svitanja

Grane vrbe  
majčinski dodiruju  
mirnu rijeku

Drop of dew–  
a pearl in the night  
till dawn

Willow branches  
maternally touching  
the calm river

## **Melita Gruber**

proljetna oluja –  
u kućici za ptice  
gladni kljunovi

jesenska kiša –  
voda odnosi lišće  
i dječju loptu

spring storm–  
in the bird feeder  
hungry beaks

autumn rain–  
water takes away the leaves  
and a children's ball

**Darko Habazin (Srbija/Serbia)**

reklamacija –  
strasnu noć ne izdrža  
kupljeni čaršav

the complaint–  
a purchased sheet has not withstood  
the passionate night

**Šejla Haseljić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

Kraj poglavlja.

Pauza – gutljaj crnog čaja.

Sljedeće poglavlje.

Zadubljena u knjigu  
ne primjećujem spori  
izlazak sunca.

Translated by the author

Chapter ends.

Break – a sip of black tea.

Next chapter.

Engrossed in my book,  
I fail to notice  
the slow rise of the sun.

**Ana Horvat**

Pokisli vrabac  
i ja na klupi parka  
skupljamo mrve

A wet sparrow  
and I on a park bench  
collecting crumbs

Val je u boci  
doplavio do nogu  
praznu stranicu

A wave has washed up  
a blank paper in the bottle  
to my feet

Orao lebdi  
grleći svakim perom  
pramenje vjetra

An eagle hovers  
embracing with every feather  
the wisps of wind

Kad bih bila kap  
bih li se zaledila  
u oblik srca

If I were a drop  
would I freeze  
into the shape of a heart

Sva zagrljena  
vrba umire sretna  
bršljan je voli

All embraced  
a willow dies happy  
the ivy loves her

## **Dragutin Hrženjak**

mraz po granama –  
pokorica prekrila  
odraz na vodi

frost on the branches–  
the ice crust has covered  
reflection on the water

na brdu plamte  
maleni krijesovi  
procvale breskve

small bonfires  
on the hill  
peach trees in bloom

sa vrha krova  
gledaju me zajedno  
mačka i mjesec

from the rooftop  
the cat and the moon  
looking at me

**Ivan Ivančan**

Oči starca.  
U njima još počiva –  
naga djevojka.

An old man's eyes.  
Still resting in them –  
a naked girl.

Srp mjeseca.  
Isjekao je oblake  
na komade.

Sickle of the moon.  
It cut the clouds  
into pieces.

Trešnjino stablo.  
Umorno od ljepote  
rasulo cvat.

Cherry tree.  
Tired of beauty  
it scattered the bloom.

Bonaca.  
Privezani za nebo –  
čamci u luci.

The calm.  
Boats in the harbour  
tied to the sky.

Pokraj bare  
pjevaju ptice... žabe  
katkad uzvrate.

Birds sing  
by the pond... Frogs  
sometimes reply.

Umro je urar.  
U njegovoj radnji  
kucaju satovi.

A watchmaker died.  
The clocks in his shop  
keep ticking.

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

## Nada Jačmenica

plima –  
tiho mi nestaje  
svaki trag

the flow–  
all my traces gone  
quietly

sjenokoša –  
sjene polijegale  
u nepovrat

cutting hay–  
the shadows laid down  
without return

vjetar –  
u krošnji jasena  
harfa

the wind–  
in the ash-tree crown  
a harp

cvrkut –  
ispod krošnje  
kiša latica

bird chirping–  
under the canopy  
*Hana no Ame\**

\*cvjetna kiša / flower rain (jap.)

prvijenac –  
fotografija putuje  
preko oceana

my firstborn–  
its snapshot travels  
across the ocean

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Damir Janjalija (Srbija/Serbia)**

Jesenje nebo  
menja svoje tonove  
Strah od promaje

Autumn sky  
is changing its colours  
Fear of the draught

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

## **Dražen Jergović**

Drhtaj tijela.  
Na klupici pod lipom  
udišem zoru.

Trembling body.  
On a bench under the linden tree  
I breathe in the dawn.

**Irena Jovanović (Srbija/Serbia)**

Poj češljugara  
i prhut crvendaća –  
krošnja je puna

A goldfinch's song  
and a robin's flapping–  
the canopy is full

**Zlata Jovanović (Srbija/Serbia)**

na livadi –  
prostirku od maslačka  
gužvaju dvoje

in the meadow–  
a couple crumples  
the blanket of dandelions

**Zoran M. Jovanović (Srbija/Serbia)**

tela u vatri  
po glatkoj koži plešu –  
žuljave ruke

bodies on fire  
callused hands dance  
on smooth skin

Translated by Branka Cukrov-Belak

## **Zvonko Jurčević**

ljulja se barka  
more je pridržava  
modrim rukama

the sea is holding  
a swinging boat  
with its blue hands

vjetra niotkud –  
oživio proplanak  
letom leptira

wind from nowhere–  
with the flight of a butterfly  
revived the glade

limeni bubanj –  
olukom odzvanjaju  
kapljice kiše

a tin drum–  
echoing through the gutter  
rain drops

Translated by Leopold Jurčević

**Ante Juretić**

Stara cipela  
odbačena u jarku  
čeka stanara.

An old shoe  
dumped in the ditch waiting  
for a new tenant.

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Jim Kacian (SAD/USA)**

ponoćna grmljavina  
sat  
počinje iznova

midnight thunder  
the clock  
starts over

proljetni lahor –  
pas trči  
u snu

spring breeze–  
the dog runs  
in its dream

na koncertu  
solist violinist  
i njegove sjene

in concert  
the violin soloist  
and his shadows

baš sada  
kad moj život luduje  
forzicija

just now  
as my life turns crazy  
forsythia

oprostajni zagrljaji –  
sva mjesta  
gdje se dotičemo

goodbye hugs–  
all the places  
where we touch

dugi, spori zavoj –  
prolazimo iznova  
ispod gusaka

long, slow curve–  
passing again  
beneath the geese

**Elmedin Kadrić (Švedska/Sweden)**

proljeće  
dugačko pismo  
od zatvorske ptičice

spring  
a long letter  
from the jailbird

zvonjelica  
vjetar je  
na mjestu

chimes  
the wind  
in place

na svaki  
način  
zima

by all  
means  
winter

ne ni na koji način snijeg

no by no means snow

lisičja crkotina  
koristim  
štap za sebić

fox carcass  
I use  
the selfie stick

jedna vjetrenjača nije dosta jutarnji slakovi

one windmill not enough morning glories

Translated by the author

## **Amir Kapetanović**

U knjizi bake  
koštica lubenice.  
Žeđ iz davnine.

Vjetar zapuše.  
Trošan drveni bunar  
opet škriputa.

Pod strehom veže  
sklupčano mokro pseto.  
Pljusak jenjava.

Translated by Jeremy White

In grandmother's book  
a dry watermelon seed.  
Thirst from days long past.

A gust of wind blows.  
The ramshackle wooden well  
is creaking again.

A wet dog huddles  
under the front door awning.  
The thunderstorm fades.

**Filip Karačić**

treći dan kiši  
paukova je mreža  
i dalje prazna

third rainy day  
the spider's web  
is still empty

brdski puteljčić  
u polučučnju stane  
sjena dječaka

in the uphill pathway  
a half-squatting stop  
of the boy's shadow

igra mikada –  
žute se pod nogama  
iglice bora

mikado game–  
the yellow under our feet  
pine needles

noćni oblaci  
otupjela oštrica  
mladog mjeseca

night clouds  
a dull blade  
of the new moon

srce u kavi  
konobar namigne  
starijoj dami

heart shape in the coffee  
waiter winks at  
the elderly lady

Translated by Tena Jurišić Karačić

## **Vito Katić**

Velebit lijep  
u dubinama gleda  
odraz svog lika

gledam pod morem  
dok sunce na dnu plete  
blistavu mrežu

sam u sobici  
jedina svijetla točka  
pogled kroz prozor

the majestic Velebit  
is looking at its reflection  
in the sea depths

I gaze under the sea  
while the sun at the bottom weaves  
a shining net

alone in a small room  
the only bright spot  
a view through the window

Translated by Iva Lukić-Ćuže

**Sanja Kefelja**

Na stolu kruške  
Plešu ose i pčele  
Zalazak sunca

Pears on the table  
Wasps and bees dance  
The sun sets

Slasne jagode  
Svako jutro utrka  
Protiv puževa

Delicious strawberries  
Every morning a race  
Against the snails

Zrele kupine  
Berem plodove gore  
Kokice dolje

Ripe blackberries  
I pick the fruits at the top  
Hens those on the ground

**Enes Kišević**

na krovu kuće  
prenoćio bijel oblak –  
roda u gnijezdu

on the house roof  
a white cloud spent the night –  
a stork in the nest

**Leposava Klačnja (Srbija/Serbia)**

Iz guste krošnje  
prhnu ptica. Zimzelen  
dotiče nebo.

A bird flutters  
from the dense treetop. Conifer  
touches the sky.

Večernji dremež.  
Mačak lenjo proteže  
crne nožice.

Evening nap.  
The cat stretches lazily  
its black legs.

## **Vilma Knežević**

kosac  
za sobom ostavio  
miris trave

the mower gone  
yet behind him remains  
the scent of grass

vedrina dana  
otvorila horizont  
planine rastu

a clear day  
opened the horizon  
the mountains rise

procvjetala trešnja  
stara sam ali još čujem  
zujanje pčela

sakura...  
I'm old but can still hear  
the bees' buzzing

blaga padina  
goli čokoti čekaju  
novo proljeće

a gentle slope  
bare vineyard stakes  
wait for another spring

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Jasuomi Koganei/Yasuomi Koganei (Japan)**

puni mjesec –  
latice trešnje što padaju  
upijaju suze izbjeglica

full moon–  
falling cherry petals absorbing  
tears of refugees

Translated by the author

## **Krzysztof Kokot (Poljska/Poland)**

crvena vjeverica –  
na slici moja majka  
pred pola stoljeća

red squirrel–  
in the photo my mother  
half a century ago

vrtna zabava –  
od kineskog porculana  
vrabac

the garden party–  
from Chinese porcelain  
a sparrow

miris kruha – razdanjuje se

the smell of bread – the day rises

ratno groblje –  
daj znak za marš  
mali bubnjaru

war cemetery–  
give the signal to march  
drummer boy

dvostruka ovojnica  
novi život  
započinje

double helix  
new life  
begins

stara pošta –  
još ti nisam poslao  
pismo

old post office–  
I still haven't sent a letter  
to you

Translated by the author

**Sonja Kokotović**

austrijska sela  
zveckajući hod krava  
preko TV-a

Austrian villages  
the clanking of cowbells  
on TV

očev alat  
na propuhu se njiše  
paukova mreža

father's tool  
swinging in the draft  
a spider's web

osmijeh unuka  
sve boljetice dana  
izbrisane

grandson's smile  
all pains of the day  
erased

## **Ljubica Kolarić-Dumić**

želja djeteta  
poštar svetog Nikole  
juri oblakom

child's wish  
the postman of Santa Claus  
rushes on the cloud

nova vremena  
poštanska torba zalud  
čeka na pismo

modern times  
the postal bag in vain  
waits for a letter

poštari i psi  
pisma zaboravljena  
ostao mjesec

postmen and dogs  
forgotten letters  
only the moon remains

**Sonja Koranter (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

Izlet u Rim,  
obilazak Koloseja ...  
mišem po ekranu

Trip to Rome,  
tour of the Colosseum...  
with the mouse on the screen

Vrane grakću  
na smrznutom polju  
ima još do proljeća

Crows are crowing  
on a frozen field  
spring is still far away

Zatrpali su bunar  
preorali zemlju –  
raste neboder

They've covered the well  
the land has been plowed–  
a high building rises

S mačem u ruci  
razgovaraju o miru –  
ranjeni golubi lete

With a sword in hand  
they talk about peace–  
wounded pigeons flutter

U snovima grlim  
vedute svoga grada –  
k'o da su stabla

In my dreams  
I hug the city vedute–  
as if they were trees

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

## **Ivanka Kostantino (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

ovijena maglom  
u duši melankolija  
kasne jeseni

shrouded in fog  
in the soul melancholy  
of late autumn

mrak među drvećem  
u lokvi na putu  
sjaji se nebo

darkness in the forest  
in a puddle on the cart track  
the shiny sky

Valentino  
s golih grana matineja  
ptičjega zbora

Valentine's Day  
from bare branches the matinee  
of bird chorus

slika muginje  
na naslovnici knjige  
na livadi panj

on the book cover  
the picture of a whitebeam  
a trunk on the meadow

noćna oluja  
svi strahovi nestaju  
u praskozorje

night storm  
all fears disappear  
in the early dawn

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

**Marinko Kovačević**

Na zalasku,  
u sunce leti i crni se  
bijeli galeb.

At sunset,  
white seagull flies into the sun  
and turns black.

Ruža ...  
Pridignem je prstom,  
ona klone.

Rose...  
I lift it with my finger,  
but it droops.

Naša mala ulica.  
Crni mačak gazi  
mjesečinu.

Our little street.  
A black tomcat steps  
on the moonlight.

Zatoplilo ...  
Bose nožice družu se  
s tratinčicama.

It warmed up...  
Bare feet hang out  
with daisies.

Umjesto u zoo-vrt  
dido vodi djecu da vide  
domaću guštericu.

Instead to the zoo  
grandfather takes the children  
to see a pet lizard.

Kroz metež  
ulice, pronosim  
svoju tišinu.

Through the commotion  
of the street, I carry  
my silence.

Translated by Boris Nazansky

## **Nina Kovačić**

jesenji smiraj  
starica osluškuje  
šapat pučine

autumn sunset  
a crone eavesdrops on  
the whispering offing

zvjezdano nebo –  
beskućnik se grije  
uz svoga psa

starry sky–  
a homeless man snuggling up  
against his dog

zalaz kraj rijeke  
sunce tone u rumeni  
roj mušica

sunset river  
the sun sinks into a scarlet  
swarm of midges

Silvestrovo  
malo finog mraka  
na kraju grada

St. Sylvester's Day  
a bit of fine darkness  
at the town's outskirts

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Evica Kraljić**

orači  
tutnje traktorima  
kroz tišinu

večeras  
listam zvijezde  
jednu po jednu

bez mjeseca –  
svi seoski plotovi  
kao strašila

ploughmen  
the tractors roar  
through the silence

tonight  
I'm leafing through the stars  
one by one

moonless night–  
all the village fences  
like scarecrows

## **Marina Krivošić**

Ledena kiša  
Topli trbuh autobusa  
Mislim na tebe

Freezing rain  
Warm belly of the bus  
I am thinking of you

Djetelina  
S četiri lista  
U knjizi od sto

Four-leaf clover  
In the book  
Of hundred pages

U prepunom vlaku  
Miris svježeg kave *to go*  
Upio je znoj

Crowded train  
The smell of fresh coffee “to go”  
Soaked up the sweat

Na kombinezonu  
Automehaničara  
Mrlje života

On the overalls  
Of the car mechanic  
The blurs of lifetime

Translated by the author

**Josip Kuharić Kastro**

staračke noge  
gaze prašnjavim putem  
lupkanje štapa

elderly feet walk  
down a long dusty road  
the tapping of a cane

## **Veselinka Kulaš (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

noć i nas dvoje  
haljina na stolici  
luna u oknu

night and the two of us  
my dress on the chair  
moon in the window

nakon ljubavi  
posteljina zgužvana  
pjesma stišana

after the love  
the bed linen is wrinkled  
the song is muted

spuštaš roletne  
spuštaš moje bretele  
noć klizi dalje

lowering the blinds  
lowering my shoulder straps  
night slipping away

Translated by the author

**Gordana Kurtović**

proljetni lahor  
pleše dugokosa breza  
pored rijeke

spring breeze—  
long-haired birch dances  
by the river

Translated by the author

**Mile Lisica (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

na mesečini –  
u sobu uđe miris  
sa senkom grane

in the moonlight–  
a smell enters the room  
with the shadow of a branch

pesma prosjaka –  
između pahuljica  
mnogo novčića

beggar's song–  
among the snowflakes  
many coins

Translated by the author

**Nina Lučev**

zvijezde na nebu  
i još dvije u krošnji  
sova na stablu

stars in the sky  
and two more in the canopy  
an owl on the branch

jutarnja bonaca  
uz obalu u moru  
zaigran glamac

morning calm  
along the coast in the sea  
a playful goby

gluho doba noći  
u tami sobe tražim  
izgubljen san

dead of the night  
in the room darkness I search  
for the lost sleep

na blijedom licu  
suza klizi bez glasa  
progutana bol

down the pale face  
a tear slides silently  
a swallowed pain

## **Štefanija Ludvig**

golo drvo –  
cvjetove magnolije  
ukrao ljuti vjetar

bare tree–  
magnolia flowers  
stolen by the angry wind

otvaram knjigu  
iz šuplje sredine  
prhne moljac

opening a book  
from the hollow center  
a moth pops out

pad strasti  
ljubavni par traži  
parkirno mjesto

lust fades  
a loving couple looking for  
a parking place

Translated by Vladimir Ludvig

**Vladimir Ludvig**

noćna ribičija –  
uz tri ribe  
tisuću uboda

night fishing–  
with three fish  
a thousand stings

požar –  
u jurnjavi vatrogasci  
ugasili srnu

fire–  
rushing firefighters  
put out a deer

krtičnjak po krtičnjak –  
vježba mog strpljenja  
u vrtu

molehill by molehill–  
exercising my patience  
in the garden

Translated by the author

**Tamara Lujak (Srbija/Serbia)**

poput kapi kiše  
reči padaju po meni –  
rapsodija

like drops of rain  
the words fall on me–  
a rhapsody

stari most  
i dalje vodi  
u snove

the old bridge  
still leads  
to dreams

**Brigita Lukina**

zadnje pitanje –  
kako to živimo dalje  
nakon smrti?

last question–  
how do we live on  
after death?

Translated by the author

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

## **Glorija Lukina**

iza vinove loze  
proviruje ruža –  
igra skrivača

behind the vine  
a rose peeks out–  
play hide and seek

Translated by the author

**Milena Lutovac (Srbija/Serbia)**

mačiji krici –  
iz susedne sobe  
ljubavni uzdah

cat's cries–  
from the next room  
a love sigh

vođenje ljubavi –  
tiha kiša nastavlja  
i posle ponoći

making love–  
the soft rain continues  
even after midnight

**Carole MacRury (SAD/USA)**

pjesma rijeke  
oboje skidamo  
slušalice

riversong...  
we both remove  
our earbuds

konac dana ...  
pijem boje  
sunčeva zalaska

day's end...  
I drink the colors  
of the sunset

snijeg preko noći –  
šaptom se vraćamo  
u postelju

overnight snow–  
we whisper ourselves  
back to bed

panj –  
na trenutak, vrana  
ima podij

tree stump–  
for a moment, crow  
has the podium

oseka –  
plavo-crne dagnje otvorene  
galebovu kljunu

low tide–  
blue-black mussels open  
to the gull's beak

**Ivanka Mador Milivojša (Srbija/Serbia)**

prve ljubičice –  
golub uporno slijedi  
golubicu

first violets–  
a pigeon persistently  
follows his mate

zelen lug –  
s vremena na vrijeme  
oglasi se cvrkut

grove has just turned green  
from time to time  
a chirping sound

crna mačka  
sporo prelazi put –  
ubrzhah korak

a black cat  
slowly crosses the road–  
I quicken my pace

burna noć –  
sitan sjaj zvijezda  
u pogledu

passionate night  
a tiny glimmer of stars  
in the gaze

Translated by the author

**Anica Marčelić**

bebin osmijeh  
otkriva malu tajnu –  
prvi zubić

sušno ljeto –  
zemlja se raspucala  
kao ruke seljaka

Translated by the author

baby's smile  
reveals a little secret–  
the first tooth

dry summer–  
the earth cracked like  
a farmer's hands

**Marija Maretić**

maraton mrava  
unio nemir  
u bakinu sobu

an ant marathon  
brought restlessness  
to the crone's room

u mračnoj noći  
bljeskovi munja  
otvaraju nebo

in a dark night  
the flashes of lightning  
unclose the sky

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

## **Tomislav Maretić**

maraton jenjava  
pješaci pretrčavaju  
preko zebre

thinning marathon  
pedestrians sprint over  
the crosswalk

čekajući let  
mirišem parfem  
na nadlakticama

airport gate  
the scent of perfume  
on bare arms

kamena staza –  
slamnati se šepiri  
pozdravljaju

stone path–  
straw hats  
greeting each other

ronilac –  
djeca se skupila  
oko hobotnice

diver–  
children gather  
around the octopus

snježna livada –  
poljski vrapci slijeću  
na stapke korova

snowy meadow–  
field sparrows land  
on weed stalks

noćno kupanje zvijezde se vrtlože

night swim stars swirl around

Translated by the author

**Anna Maris (Švedska/Sweden)**

zrake sunca  
nad tihom pustinjom  
uzlijeću baloni

first rays of sun  
over the silent desert  
balloons rising

planine Atlas  
drvo za drvetom  
duž grebena

Atlas mountains  
one tree after another  
along the ridge

put  
tvoja sjena naslanja se  
na moju

the way  
your shadow leans  
into mine

otapa se led  
unutar jezera  
jezero

melting ice  
within the lake  
a lake

politika  
raspravljam o tome  
sa stablom banane

politics  
I take it up with  
my banana plant

Translated by the author

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

**Anja Marjanović (Srbija/Švedska; Serbia/Sweden)**

sumrak proleća  
kroz prozor tutnji vetar  
ježe se leđa

spring twilight  
wind roars through the window  
goosebumps on the back

**Ružica Marušić-Vasilić**

Umjesto sunca  
Polja je požutila  
Uljana repica

Instead of the sun  
The fields gilded  
With rapeseed

## **Silvana Medač**

jutarnja rosa...  
na izvoru jelen  
pognute glave

morning dew...  
at the spring a deer  
with lowered head

tišina...  
kapi rose  
na krizantemi

silence...  
dew drops  
on a chrysanthemum

šum valova ...  
u sjeni tamarisa  
sanja dijete

sound of waves...  
in the shade of a tamarisk  
the dreaming child

Translated by the author

**Zlata Memišević (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

prljava voda  
sliva se niz pločice  
tijelo blista

dirty water  
is spilling over the tiles  
the body shines

**Snježana Mihajlović**

dragi prijatelji  
postaju stranci –  
Alzheimer

dear friends  
become strangers–  
Alzheimer's

paška čipka  
u bakinom ormaru  
vrijedan suvenir

Pag lace  
in grandma's closet  
a valuable souvenir

goblen  
baka popunjava  
svoje vrijeme

needlepoint  
grandma fills the void  
of her age

Translated by the author

**Dušan Mijajlović Adski (Srbija/Serbia)**

Pozna jesen –  
magla na prozoru  
k'o da želi u sobu

Late autumn–  
fog on the window  
as if it wants to enter the room

Napuštena kuća –  
u dvorištu jorgovani  
još uvek cvetaju

Abandoned house–  
lilacs in the yard  
are still blooming

Slika puna jeze –  
stado ovaca pase kraj  
razapetih koža

Scene full of anger–  
a flock of sheep grazes next to  
the stretched skins

**Daniela Misso (Italija/Italy)**

kasno zimsko sunce  
na prozorskoj dasci  
požutjela knjiga

late winter sun  
a yellowed book  
on the windowsill

sjeverni vjetar  
otpuhuje lišće  
prošla je godina

the north wind  
blows away the leaves...  
a year gone by

vedro jutro  
draguljasti kornjaš  
miruje na listu

bright morning—  
a jewel beetle rests  
on a leaf

mjesec kroz kišu  
vodena svijeća  
na mom stolu

rainy moon  
a water candle  
on my desk

daleka mećava  
narcise procvale  
kraj kuće

distant snowstorm—  
narcissus are blooming  
near home

ptičje gnijezdo  
ruke djeteta  
na mojim

bird's nest  
the hands of a baby  
on mine

Translated by the author

**Zdenka Mlinar**

zanosni ples  
leptira i sjene  
dječji osmijeh

the enchanting dance  
of the butterfly and shadow  
a child's smile

rode  
u praznom selu  
klepet

storks  
in the empty village  
clatter

male mace  
mama lualica  
dariva proljeće

little kittens  
the wandering mother  
gives spring

Translated by the author

**Jasminka Nadaškić Đorđević (Srbija/Serbia)**

prolećni pljusak –  
pod naramkom veša  
trčim kući

spring shower–  
under a pile of laundry  
I run into the house

prvi zimski dan –  
od jutros oko kuće  
kavez od vetra

first day of winter–  
wind makes a cold cage  
all around the house

graja pataka –  
posle pucnja na ševar pade  
mrtva tišina

ducks cow–  
after shot on shrubbery  
falls a dead silence

seoski put –  
belasa se u sumrak  
perje gusaka

dusty country road–  
whitish goose feathers  
at the dusk

Translated by the author

**Boris Nazansky**

proljetni uzduh  
puni se povjetarcem  
i pjesmom kosa

spring air  
it's filling with the breeze  
and a blackbird's song

trešnjin prvi cvat  
puž prolaznik okrzne  
svježu laticu

first cherry blossom  
passing by, the snail grazes  
a fresh petal

život u gradu  
božja ovčica slijeće  
na beskrajan zid

city life  
a ladybird lands  
on the endless wall

ne mari za nju  
prosjak u haustoru  
ljetna kišica

he doesn't care about it  
a beggar at the doorway  
summer drizzle

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

**Milad Obrenović (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

Na stolu flaša  
i dvije prazne čaše.  
Pod tušem ljubav.

A bottle on the table  
and two empty glasses.  
Love under the shower.

Translated by Edin Halilović

**Franjo Ordanić**

kopni mraz –  
na vrh bora sletio  
orao

frost melting–  
on a pine's peak  
an eagle landed

proljetno jutro –  
iznad šoping-centra  
roda praznog kljuna

spring morning–  
above the shopping centre  
a stork with an empty beak

proljetni popust –  
magnolije krase  
okućnicu

spring sale–  
new magnolia trees  
in my driveway

poslije kiše –  
po stablu se penje  
kolona mrava

after rain–  
a line of ants climbing  
up the tree

mladi vinograd –  
cjepovi graševine  
uz stare kolce

new vineyard–  
young vines next to  
old stakes

mjesečina –  
u visokoj travi  
frkće jež

moonlight–  
in the tall grass  
a hedgehog snorts

Translated by Martina Mirt-Ordanić

**Dinko Osmančević (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

Cvrkut dječice  
Odzvanjaju ulice,  
Zimsko ferije.

The chirping of children  
The streets echo,  
Winter holidays.

Kuća miriše  
Trpeza je prepuna,  
Praznični dani.

The house smells  
The table is full,  
Festive days.

**Teodora Ostojić (Srbija/Serbia)**

Hladan džin i tonik.  
Led udara o čašu –  
Pogledi vrelj.

Cold gin and tonic.  
Ice strikes against the glass rim–  
Eyes locked in desire.

Translated by the author

## **Marija Pavelić**

zimski noć  
svijetle oči  
susjedovog psa

winter night  
the bright eyes  
of the neighbour's dog

proljeće jutro  
mačak liže  
rosu

spring morning  
tomcat licks  
the dew

Translated by Boris Nazansky

**Dejan Pavlinović**

tugovanje  
utjeha šuštanja  
zimskog lišća

grieving  
the comfort of rustling  
winter leaves

stjenovita obala  
povijest svijeta  
u valovima

rugged coastline  
the history of the world  
in waves

truleći galeb  
oblaci  
gdje je nekoć letio

rotten seagull  
the clouds  
where it used to fly

Translated by the author

## **Meher Pestonji (Indija/India)**

Suh pijesak, grob  
za ribe koje nisu bile  
brže od valova

Dry sand, a grave  
for fish who failed  
to fly faster than waves

Polumjesec  
osmijeh na licu  
bez kontura

Crescent moon  
a smile on a face  
without contours

Jutarnje sunce  
na trijeske izrezano  
zidovima zatvora

Rising sun  
sliced to slivers  
by prison walls

**Franjo Pijanec**

studenno jutro –  
ptica pod olukom  
razbarušeno perje

pčele u klupku –  
zajednica slabi  
studen jača

cold morning–  
a bird's ruffled feathers  
under the eaves

bees in a ball–  
the community weakens  
cold is getting stronger

**Vlasta Pirker**

zasjalo sunce –  
u kapljicama vode  
odraz šišmiša

the sun begins to shine–  
in the drops of water  
reflection of a bat

kroz mahovinu  
provirio korijen –  
pjesma slavuja

through the moss  
a sprouting root–  
the nightingale's song

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Stanoja Plavšić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

pred cvijetom trešnje –  
zaboravih  
da sam sâm

before the cherry blossom–  
I forgot  
that I was alone

nebo je  
prepuno krika  
zalutalih gusaka

the sky  
filled with cries  
of lost geese

stari zvonik –  
nema kraja  
gomilanju oblaka

old bell tower–  
the endless piling  
of clouds

otvorih prozor  
Mjesec mi reče –  
dobro došao u moju samoću

I opened the window  
the Moon said to me–  
welcome to my loneliness

pukotina u oblaku -  
bolesno mače  
ne dolazi više u kuću

a crack in the cloud–  
the sick kitten  
no longer comes home

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

## **Živko Prodanović**

ponoćno zvono  
prekrižila se bakica  
gundajući u snu

prometna gužva  
iz starog automobila  
dječji smijeh

u tuđim očima  
vidim koliko sam star  
godišnjica mature

uz hrabrog djeda  
stisnula se unučica  
grom u blizini

midnight bell  
grandma crosses herself  
groaning in her sleep

traffic jam  
from an old car  
a child's laughter

in someone else's eyes  
I see how old I am  
graduation anniversary

little girl snuggles up  
against her granddad  
a nearby thunder

**Slobodan Pupovac**

jutarnje sunce  
krtica izvirila  
prije zvončiča

morning sun  
the mole sprung  
before the bluebell

plavetno nebo  
nadmetanje valova  
morskom pučinom

blue sky  
competition of waves  
on the open sea

noćno kupanje  
sjajne zvijezde znaju  
čuvati tajnu

night swimming  
shining stars know how  
to keep a secret

Translated by the author

**Zhanna Rader (SAD/USA)**

zimski sakura –  
crnokapa sjenica  
ključka cvatove

winter Sakura–  
black-capped chickadee  
pecks at the blossoms

topi se snijeg  
pod jutarnjim suncem  
brze vjeverice

the snow's thawing  
under the morning sun  
nimble squirrels

ljetno popodne –  
ugodni vjetar diže dlaku  
moje uspavane mačke

sunny afternoon–  
a gentle wind stirring up  
my sleeping cat's hair

piknik na tratini –  
stisnuti u ruci mališana  
maslačići

a meadow picnic–  
tight in the toddler's hand  
dandelions

visim cijelu noć  
na mreži s voljenima  
pola svijeta daleko

hanging out on line  
all night with my close ones  
half a world away

**Ljubomir Radovančević**

na skijalištu  
snježne pahulje ljeti –  
leptiri

on the ski slope  
snowflakes in summer–  
the butterflies

odrazila se  
u oku vjeverice  
cijela planina

reflected  
in a squirrel's eye  
the whole mountain

voćke u beharu  
skijaš u meni sjeća se  
snježne bjeline

fruit trees in bloom  
a skier in me remembers  
the whiteness of snow

sportska legenda  
uspjesi iz mladosti  
vise na zidu

a sports legend  
the successes from youth  
hang on the wall

jarko sunce  
skijašica metamorfozira  
u striptizetu

bright sun  
a skier metamorphoses  
into a stripper

pečatni vosak  
na mojim usnama –  
tvoji poljupci

sealing wax  
on my lips–  
your kisses

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## **Branko Rakijašić**

u kutu sobe  
izlizane šlape  
a djeda nema

worn-out slippers  
in the room corner  
grandfather is gone

**Kala Ramesh (Indija/India)**

pretraga plaže  
bezbroj praznih kućica  
nasukano na obalu

beachcombing  
countless empty homes  
washed ashore

u sumaglici  
beskrajna plaža ... plavet  
bez ruba

in the mist  
an endless beach... the blue  
without a rim

blatne ceste u monsunu  
žene dižu svoje sarije  
do koljena

mud roads in monsoon  
women lift their saris  
knee-high

ciklonski vjetrovi  
rižina polja nisko  
se klanjaju

cyclonic winds  
the rice fields  
bow low

ponoćna kiša živa od kreketu žaba

midnight rain alive with croaking frogs

lišće nošeno vjetrom  
mališan se drži čvrsto  
za svoga psa

windblown leaves  
a toddler holds on fast  
to her dog

## **Dragica Reinholz**

Zemlja se hladi  
očevi ruše drva  
ratnici kuće

cooling the Earth  
fathers fell the trees  
warriors the houses

već se spušta mrak  
sunce se ugasilo  
a ja sam sama

dusk already  
the sun went out  
but I'm still alone

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Dragan J. Ristić (Srbija/Serbia)**

prve laste –  
oblačim košulju  
kratkih rukava

the first swallows–  
I'm dressing on  
a short-sleeved shirt

zvezda padalica –  
šteta što sada nemam  
mrežu za leptire

falling star–  
what a pity, I don't have right now  
a butterfly net

Buda  
kraj rascvetale trešnje –  
poruka

Buddha  
side by side with cherry blossoms–  
a message

djed, otac i sin  
na mnogim fotkama  
sa istim osmehom

grandpa, father and son  
in so many photos  
with the same smile

pogled kroz prozor –  
sa vrapcima pod strehom  
počinje kiša

view through the window–  
with sparrows under the eaves  
it starts raining

prekid igre  
na seoskom igralištu –  
utrčava krava

break of the game  
on the village football field–  
a cow runs in

Translated by the author

## **David Rodrigues (Portugal)**

Spuštam se na te  
kao što se mjesečina  
odmara na moru.

I descend on you  
like moonlight rests  
upon the sea.

Tvoja kosa  
počiva na krevetu  
poput popluna.

Your hair  
rests in the bed  
alike the sheets.

Slijedim tvoje usne  
kao što putnik slijedi  
kompas.

I follow your lips  
like a traveller follows  
the compass.

Translated by the author

**Stjepan Rožić**

proljetni vjetar  
otpuhnuo suho lišće  
s usnulog ježa

spring wind  
blowing away dry leaves  
from a dozy hedgehog

šetnja voćnjakom  
smeđa žaba skače slalom  
među maslačcima

a walk in orchid  
brown frog hopping slalom  
among dandelions

večer pod brajdom  
preko punog mjeseca  
tri pupa na lozi

under the grape lattice  
three buds of grapevine crawl  
over the full moon

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

## **Milan Rupčić**

tak je grunulo  
maček skočil f korpu  
dugo ga ni čut

škvorci zleteli  
vuz sosedovu čriešnju  
torbaki vuokol

Translated by the author

strong thunder  
the cat jumped into the basket  
long time no hear from him

starlings  
on the neighbor's cherry tree  
school bags in the grass

**Ljiljana Ružička**

božićno drvece  
četiri generacije  
listaju slikovnicu

Christmas tree  
four generations leafing through  
a picture book

ljetni vatromet  
pod sandalama krckaju  
iglice bora

summer fireworks  
the pine needles crackling  
under sandals

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

**Olga Ružić Lodika (Srbija/Serbia)**

kišni je dan  
ljudi s kišobranima  
prolaze u tišini

rainy day  
people with umbrellas  
passing by in silence

**Nataša Sajko**

prstima štipam  
kroza musavo staklo  
plavetno nebo

japanska trešnja  
laticama preplavila  
uličnu lokvu

blue sky  
I pinch it with my fingers  
through the dirty glass

street puddle  
overflowed with petals  
of sakura

## **Dario Samardžija**

plićak  
naslagano kamenje  
i ti i ja

in the shallow  
stacked pebbles  
and you and me

ispod krošnji  
bez reda tiho niču  
zlatni tulipani

under the treetops  
sprouting quietly without order  
golden tulips

**Ernesto P. Santiago (Grčka/Greece)**

kupka *yuzu*  
voda kaplje  
s kože

yuzu bath  
a water drips  
from skin

Ponoćni zrikavac!  
Kako se inače posve usredotočiti  
na našu buku u krevetu?

Midnight cricket!  
How else can we fully focus  
on our bed noise?

Translated by the author

**Edin Saračević (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

drvena klupa  
tek lišće zastane na svom  
zadnjem putovanju

wooden bench  
only leaves stop  
on their last journey

vjetar raznosi dim  
u jednoredni  
haiku

the wind blows smoke  
into a one-line  
haiku

umjetni gavran  
i on proljepšava prvu  
jesensku večer

first autumn evening  
even an artificial raven  
brightens it up

bez ijedne  
riješene riječi – križaljka  
leti u Nebo

without any solved  
word – the crossword  
flies to the Sky

obnovljen ribnjak  
moja sjena tone  
u Tišinu

renovated pond  
my shadow sinks  
into Silence

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

**Fahd Shakir (Ujedinjeni Arapski Emirati/United Arab Emirates)**

pišem esej  
o lijepom pjesništvu  
mačka misli – drek

writing my thesis  
on beautiful poesis  
cat thinks it's feces

## **Ram Krishna Singh (Indija/India)**

sakrivanje sijedih  
pasta od kane i kave:  
prsti obojani

hiding white hair  
henna and coffee paste:  
stained fingertips

nakon prevrtanja  
zakopan među plahtama  
ostatak strasti

after the tumble  
buried between the sheets  
leftover passion

usnama do prstiju  
traganje dodirrom cijelu noć –  
lepršaju plahte

lips to toes  
searching touch all night–  
sheets flutter

noć je umrla  
jer nitko nije skratio  
fitilj svjetiljke

the night died  
for nobody trimmed  
the wick of lamp

razbijeni komadi  
napola ispražnjena čaša vina:  
svađa u kuhinji

shattered pieces  
half-emptied wine glass:  
kitchen brawl

daleka brda:  
iza obrve  
izlazeći mjesec

distant hills:  
behind the brow  
rising moon

**Senka Slivar**

prutka uz rijeku  
makovi duž tračnica –  
za kim hita pas?

piper by the river  
poppies along the rails–  
whom chases the dog

sjena sjenice –  
u rijeku zagledane  
vrbine grane

the tit's shadow–  
willow's boughs staring  
into water

grančica bora –  
drhtava kaplja rose  
na kljunu zebe

pine's twig–  
a shaky dewdrop  
on the finch's beak

raspjevan štiglić –  
dječak u špilhoznama  
upec'o klena

singing siskin–  
a boy in overalls  
caught a chub

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Kristina Slunjski Lukač**

Nebesko modrilo  
istočkano crnilom –  
seoba lasta.

Heavenly blue  
speckled with blackness–  
the migration of swallows.

Sivi mačak  
sjedi na kućnom pragu.  
Dolaze gosti.

The gray cat  
sits on the doorstep.  
Guests are arriving.

Translated by the author

**Shirley Smothers (SAD/USA)**

Puna sam ožiljaka  
nevidljivih ljudima  
Krvare osjećajima

I'm covered in scars  
invisible to people  
Scars bleed emotions

## **Jelena Stanojčić**

opustjeli vrt –  
mrazom ogrnuta  
provirila ruža

mutne slike –  
stabla grleno grakću  
u gustoj magli

stand by –  
ispod umjetnog kamina  
sklupčana mačka

deserted garden–  
covered in frost  
a rose has peeked out

blurred images–  
trees groan  
in the thick fog

stand by–  
under the electric fireplace  
a curled-up cat

**Franko Stipković**

Golu djevojku  
ljetno sunce miluje  
i moja žudnja.

Puti bijele,  
gola u naslonjaču  
i smiješi se.

A naked girl  
is caressed by the summer sun  
and my desire.

White skin,  
naked in the armchair  
she's smiling.

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

**Radmila Stojadinović (Srbija/Serbia)**

Vetar šapuće  
lišće nosi daleko  
tišina peva.

Wind whispers  
carrying the leaves afar—  
silence starts to sing.

Translated by Jovana Stojadinović

**Ilijana Stojanova (Bugarska) Iliyana Stoyanova (Bulgaria)**

rano proljeće  
stara trešnja ukrašena  
ponoćnim snijegom

early spring  
the old cherry tree adorned  
with midnight snow

stara trešnja  
skrivena iza martenice\*  
dva inicijala u kori

old cherry tree  
hidden behind the martenitsa\*  
two initials in the bark

izbljedjeli križ  
južnjak gasi svijeću  
po svijeću

faded cross  
the south wind blows out candle  
after candle

treća svijeća gasne  
u smrznutom grobu  
a tada – sunčeva zraka

a third candle brakes  
in the frozen tomb  
and then – a sunbeam

prve trešnje  
crvi su deblji  
nego prošle godine

first cherries  
the worms fatter  
than last year's

\* Bugarski: мартеница – mali komad ukrasa, izrađen od bijele i crvene pređe, nosi se tijekom ožujka kako bi se donijelo dobro zdravlje i blagostanje

\* Bulgarian: мартеница – a small piece of adornment, made of white and red yarn, worn during March in order to bring good health and prosperity

Translated by the author

**Viktorija Stojovska (Sjeverna Makedonija/North Macedonia)**

Sjajna mjesečina,  
more šapuće tajne,  
val ih odnosi.

In the moonlight  
the sea whispers secrets,  
a wave carries them away.

Koraci blijede,  
put kroz maglu nestaje,  
dišem samoćom.

Fading footsteps,  
the path through fog is disappearing,  
I breathe in solitude.

**Rudi Stopar (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

Pustopoljina  
sitne ostatke nosi  
proljetni vjetar

Wasteland  
small remnants carried  
by the spring wind

Lutanje šumom  
poznat pjev kukavice  
prati me putem

Wandering in the woods  
the familiar song of the cuckoo  
follows me along the way

Stupovi za hmelj  
metalna omaglica  
iza nje selo

Hop poles  
in the metallic mist  
village in the background

Bijeli voćnjak  
trešnja u punom cvatu  
pod njom jaglaci

White orchard  
cherry in full bloom  
primroses under it

Cvate narcisa  
žuti krug njena središta  
odbljesak sunca

Daffodil blooms  
its yellow corona  
reflection of the Sun

Translated by the author

## **Milenko Šarac (Crna Gora/Montenegro)**

ljetnje popodne –  
vjetar sa balkona  
krade rublje

summer afternoon–  
the wind steals the laundry  
from the balcony

odlazak ...  
iz pogleda pobježe  
začeta suza

departure...  
the conceived tear  
escapes from the eye

veče na rijeci –  
kroz rupu u vrbaku  
zublja mjeseca

evening on the river–  
through the hole in the willow grove  
a flaming torch of the moon

staro groblje –  
hrast zasjenio ime  
pokojnika

the old cemetery–  
the oak tree overshadowed the name  
of the deceased

jablanovi –  
koračam do kuće  
zagledan u nebo

the poplar trees–  
I walk home  
eyes on the skies

Translated by Vida Milić

**Milan Šarić**

daleki lavež –  
sjećanje na prve  
saonice

distant barking–  
memory of the first  
sled

Translated by Boris Nazansky

**Robert Šimunaci**

škripa snijega  
zagrljeni pratimo  
bijelu čaplju

crunch of snow  
embraced we follow  
the white heron

sjemenke breze  
na lahoru treperi  
jutarnja rosa

birch seeds  
the morning dew shimmers  
in the breeze

Translated by the author

**Zrinko Šimunić**

na Žbevnici  
tisuće bubamara  
sunčaju točkice

on the top of the hill  
thousands of ladybugs  
sunbathing dots

na obali mora  
i zima miriše  
na more

on the seashore  
even winter smells  
of the sea

slijepi pjesnik  
govori glasno  
da ga svi vide

the blind poet  
speaks loudly  
for all to see him

srušeni hrast  
dječak u krošnji  
vidi dvorac

fallen oak tree  
boy in its canopy  
sees a castle

Translated by the author

## **Mira Šincek**

Izlet u voćnjak  
djeca u kosi odnose  
latice trešnje.

A trip to the orchard  
children carry away  
cherry petals in their hair.

Brda u snijegu.  
Iz dimnjaka miriše  
oštra zima.

Hills in the snow.  
From the chimney the smell  
of harsh winter.

**Canka Šišková (Bugarska)**

**Tsanka Shishkova (Bulgaria)**

ulični glazbenik  
kišne kapi i suze  
na violini

street musician  
raindrops and tears  
on the violin

pusta plaža  
starica lupka štapom  
pjevuši moderni rock

deserted beach  
old lady taps her cane  
humming modern rock

seoska kuća  
s potkovom na vratima  
prije toliko vremena

farmhouse  
with a horseshoe on the door  
so long time ago

bakin tavan  
mnoštvo blaga  
mojeg djetinjstva

grandma's attic  
lots of treasures  
of my childhood

Rodopska noć  
zvuci Orfejeve harfe  
u vjetru

Rhodope night  
Orpheus harp sounds  
in the wind

prošlost i budućnost  
u osjećajnoj mješavini ...  
moj dnevnik

past and future  
in an emotional mix...  
my diary book

Translated by the author

## **Dimitrij Škrk (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

pada snijeg  
soba puna topline –  
sjećanje na majku

it's snowing  
a room full of warmth–  
memory of mother

vojničko groblje  
samo kamen uz kamen –  
miris borova

military cemetery  
just a stone by stone–  
the smell of pine trees

tišina...  
samo topole  
šušte

silence...  
only poplars  
rustle

križ nad krevetom –  
Krist zatvorio oči  
sasvim nemoćan

cross above the bed–  
Christ closed his eyes  
completely helpless

Translated by the author

## **Mihael Štebih**

Priče iz davnine  
dolaze uz kavu, a  
nestaju s vjetrom.

Kraj vodopije  
sitnim cvjetovima puži  
livadni slak.

Šetnja uz more  
gle! plavu bonacu  
promatra slak.

Stories from the past  
come with coffee, and  
disappear with the wind.

Next to the chicory  
a bindweed creeps  
with tiny flowers.

A walk by the sea  
look! a bindweed watches  
the blue calm.

**Emilija Todorova**  
**(Australija/Sjeverna Makedonija; Australia/North Macedonia)**

Nad oklagijom  
moja baka uzdiše –  
snježna oluja.

Over the rolling pin  
my grandma sighs–  
blizzard is rising.

Ostaci noći  
na Imari-tanjuru.  
Ne čisti mi se.

Remains of the night  
on the Imari plate.  
I don't feel like cleaning.

Kišno jutro  
gdje god se okrenula  
kaplje haiku.

Rainy morning  
wherever I turn  
haiku's trickling.

Translated by the author

**Tatjana Tomić (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

Odraz bjeline  
u zrcalu rijeke  
tanana breza

The reflection of whiteness  
in the mirror of the river  
a thin birch tree

Translated by Ida Hamidović

**Ljubinka Tošić (Srbija/Serbia)**

i po vejavici  
poštar donese pismo  
lepe vesti

even during blizzard  
the postman brought the letter  
good news

zimsko več  
dok vatra dogoreva  
pijemo čaj

winter evening  
while the fire burns slowly  
we are sipping tea

letnji dan  
pas pije vodu  
iz fontane

summer day  
a dog drinks water  
from the city fountain

kakva hladnoća!  
ulica miriše – na  
burek s mesom

what a freezing cold!  
the whole street smells of  
burek with meat

Translated by the author

**Marija Trinajstić Božić**

Na tavanu stari ormar.  
Dvaput zaključan.  
Tajna življenja.

Na sufitu stari armar.  
Dva puta zaklopjen.  
Tajna živjenja.

An old closet in the attic.  
Locked twice.  
The secret of life.

## **Silva Trstenjak**

mreškanje žita...  
na fotografiji  
oblik vjetra

rippling field of wheat...  
on the photograph  
the shape of wind

rendgenska snimka –  
uz prozor gola grana  
s kvržicama imele

X-ray image–  
by the window a bare bough  
with the mistletoe bumps

zimsko jutro...  
na prašinu u sobi  
lijepi se sunce

winter morning...  
the sunbeam sticks to the dust  
in my room

bolnički krevet –  
na susjednom krovu  
zalazak sunca

hospital bed–  
on the roof nearby  
the shades of sunset

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Matea Tunjić**

Izgubih glavu,  
kad veselu te vidjeh  
kak' mi dolaziš.

I lose my head,  
when I see you cheerful  
coming to me.

## **Štefica Vanjek**

današnji ručak  
oslikao pregaču –  
stol za izložbu

today's supper  
painted her apron–  
showcase on the table

protok vremena  
ožiljci na ljuljači  
svjedoci djetinjstva

passage of time  
scars on the swing witnesses  
of the childhood

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Mirko Varga**

na imanju  
pozdrav majke s neba  
let žutih leptira

proljeće na njivi  
brižno promatram let  
prvog leptira

*papi Franji*

papin pogreb  
plačem jer se ne sjećam  
smrti svog oca

on the farm  
greetings from my mother in heaven  
the flight of yellow butterflies

spring in the field  
I carefully observe the flight  
of the first butterfly

*to Pope Francis*

the Pope's funeral  
I cry because I don't remember  
my father's death

## **Denis Vidović**

Visoki rep.  
Veseli se životu  
pas s tri noge.

Kupa upija  
svjetlost, dijeleći ju.  
Moj Sisak noću.

Čistim kopito.  
Za guzicu me grizne  
nacereni konj.

Ne prestižem  
lepršavu haljinu  
na romobilu.

High tail.  
A dog with three legs  
happy with his life.

Kupa river absorbs  
the light, sharing it.  
My Sisak at night.

I clean the hoof.  
A grinning horse  
bites my ass.

I cannot overtake  
the fluttering dress  
on the scooter.

**Đermano Vitasović**

proljetnog dana  
kolona mrava ganja  
hod gusjenice

on a spring day  
a trail of ants chases  
the caterpillar's walk

avijacija  
nebom cijelog dana  
crta slike

aviation  
draws pictures in the sky  
all day long

golub i čavka  
došli u inspekciju  
gradske tržnice

pigeon and jackdaw  
arrive to inspect  
the town market

Translated by Dejan Pavlinović

## **Boris Vrga**

žbun jasmina  
dopola cvrkut  
otpora zuj

jasmine shrub  
half of it chirp  
the other half hum

zeleno polje  
dugi bijeli puteljak  
presječen žutim

green field  
long white path  
crossed by yellow

grmnu –  
munja zabljesne svod  
jezero ispod

thunder–  
a lightning illuminates the skies  
the lake beneath

izlijeće sjenica  
iz gnijezda vrh grane  
za njom laticice

a chickadee flies out  
of a nest high up  
petals follow it

čaj od mente  
u šalici s nacrtanim  
cvjetićem mente

mint tea  
in a cup painted  
with a mint flower

Translated by Andy Jelčić

**Đurđa Vukelić Rožić**

Vincekovo –  
UI dela vino  
z kobasic

St Vince's Day–  
AI makes wine  
from sausages\*

zima...  
more na  
letovanju

wintertime...  
the sea on  
vacation

cukerpekeraj –  
pred auzlogom meri  
svoj cukorstaj

pastry shop–  
in the front of shop window  
he checks his blood glucose

\*Winegrowing custom in Croatia, the vine growers leave linked pork sausages on grapevines in the vineyard.

cukerpekeraj = slastičarnica  
auzlog = izlog  
cukorstaj = nivo glukoze u krvi

Translated by the author

## **Aljoša Vuković**

stetoskop –  
čuje li doktorica  
koliko je volim

stethoscope–  
can the doctor hear  
how much I love her

ručnik za dvoje –  
ona još uvijek  
leži sama

towel for two–  
she still  
lies alone

groblje –  
siguran susret  
s ekipom iz razreda

cemetery–  
a certain reunion  
with the old classmates

Translated by Dejan Pavlinović

**Daniela Vuković**

Škrta veljača  
U potrazi za hranom  
Ptice u letu

Miserly February  
In search of food  
Birds in flight

Zelene krošnje  
Suncem okupan rujan  
Krade mi dane

Green treetops  
Sunny September  
Steals my days

**Nada Vukšić**

jutarnji sat otkucava  
bruji kosilica

morning clock is ticking  
the rumble of a lawnmower

modra pučina bliješti  
krik galeba

blue sea glitters  
the cry of a seagull

## **Miroslav Vurdelja**

grad pod opsadom  
na križevima u parku  
vrana do vrane

city under siege  
on crosses in the park  
crow next to crow

prvi ruj jutra  
na nepomičnom krtu  
pokrivač odinja

first morning glow  
blanket of frost covers  
a motionless mole

Авдиївка  
“Bjesovi” Dostojevskog  
u ruševinama

Avdiivka  
“Demons” by Dostoevsky  
amongst the ruins

uvela ruža  
svjetlucaju kapi rose  
na laticama

withered rose  
dewdrops twinkling  
on the petals

treperavi zrak  
kombajn prekida  
pjesmu cvrčka

vibrant air  
harvester interrupting  
the cricket’s song

Translated by Borna Ježić

**Kathabela Wilson (SAD/USA)**

otpala kamelija ...  
vraćam cvjetove  
natrag na grm

fallen camellia...  
putting the blossoms  
back on the bush

penjačica ruža  
hoću li ikad dovršiti  
što sam započela

climbing rose  
will I ever finish  
what I started

*zora kintsugi*  
ponovno sastavljam  
svijet

kintsugi sunrise  
putting the world  
back together

među vrstama  
dug pogled  
sive vjeverice

between species  
the long stare  
of a gray squirrel

ne trebam više  
da uplovi moj brod –  
gazivoda

not needing  
my ship to come in  
water strider

okus mora  
kako ga prenosimo  
s usne na usnu

taste of sea  
how we pass it  
lip to lip

**Katarina Zadrija**

mouj prvi plač  
driev zrušene bukve  
jošče čuvle

my first cry  
a fallen beech tree  
still keeps it

na mojim prsima  
kušaj zrelost višanja  
za desert

on my chest  
you taste the ripeness of the cherries  
for dessert

Translated by the author

## **Jadran Zalokar**

udari bure  
slijepi pas mirno  
pije vodu

gusts of bora  
a blind dog calmly  
drinks water

na zimskoj stazi  
usklađene sjedine starice  
i njezina psa

on the winter path  
the harmonious hair greyness  
of a woman and her dog

na goloj grani  
grlica radi društvo  
samoj sebi

on a bare branch  
a turtledove keeps company  
to herself

ledena bura  
vrapčići pobjegli u okno  
napuštene kuće

freezing wind  
sparrows have fled into the window  
of an abandoned house

sjena putnika  
u daljini – ljeto prolazi  
na krilima galeba

a traveler's shadow  
in the distance – summer passes  
on the seagull's wings

**Vanice Zimerman (Brazil/Brasil)**

kolibriću  
u niskom i kratkom letu –  
prođi kraj mene...

hummingbird  
in a low and fleeting flight–  
pass me by

u mojim rukama  
miris kamilice –  
mjehurići sapunice

in my hands  
chamomile scent–  
soap bubbles

jesenji zalaz  
s točkama svjetlosti –  
osvjetljuje put

autumn afterglow  
with points of light–  
lights the way

jesenja rijeko –  
sjene stabala  
boje tvoj most

autumn river–  
the shadows of the trees  
dye your bridge

ljetna kiša  
zadušnica sedmoga dana –  
tihe suze...

summer rain  
Seventh Day Mass–  
silent tears...

Translated by the author

**Nada Zlatić Kavgić (Srbija/Serbia)**

Bijeli jorgovan  
u drvoredu cvjeta –  
mirišu uspomene

White lilac  
blooms in the avenue–  
smell of memories

Bujaju trave  
i stara trešnja  
propupala

Grass grows exuberantly  
even the old cherry-tree  
buds

Iz dubina  
u visine izrasli  
jablani uz potok

From depths  
to heights they've grown  
poplars by the brook

U ritmu  
crkvenih zvona  
zalepršale ptice

In the rhythm  
of the church bells  
birds begun to flutter

Translated by the author

**Sanjana Zorinc**

ponovo kiši...  
ogrnuti vrbom  
pored rijeke

soft rain falling...  
the willow hides our bodies  
by the river

živica  
dijeleći sa susjedom  
trnje i maline

hedge  
sharing thorns and raspberries  
with the neighbour

uporan kašalj –  
čini se  
novi susjed

persistent coughing–  
it seems  
a new neighbour

djeca u kući –  
sve igračke i lonci  
u igri

children in the house–  
all the toys and pots  
in play

Translated by the author

**Alenka Zorman (Slovenija/Slovenia)**

tri pera i  
kap krvi – sve što je  
bilo vrapčić

three feathers and  
a drop of blood – all that  
the sparrow was

oštar zvuk pile  
kraj oborena stabla  
srčana aritmija

sharp sound of a saw  
by the fallen tree  
my heart arrhythmia

dva galeba lete  
u večer – svaki na svom  
roza oblaku

two seagulls fly  
into the evening – each  
on his own pink cloud

list na autu  
peteljka mu strši  
prema krošnji

leaf on the car  
its petiole stretches out  
to the crown

ružičasti oblaci  
na strmini ozaruju  
lica skijaša

pink clouds  
a skier's face glows  
on the slope

netaknut snijeg  
dječak u njemu mjeri  
dužinu stopala

untouched snow  
a toddler measures in it  
the length of his feet

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky  
Translated by the author

**Joso Živković - Soja (BiH/Bosnia and Herzegovina)**

u krošnji hrasta  
gnijezdi se mladi mjesec  
zaklanja ga ćuk

in the oak tree top  
young moon nesting  
behind the little owl

oblaci magle  
zavlače se u krošnju  
gnijezdi se jesen

strips of fog  
intertwine the tree top  
autumn is nesting

debela rosa  
između trave rastu  
rogovi puža

heavy dew  
among the leaves of grass  
snail's antennae growing

Translated by Nikola Đuretić

## **Haiku-radionica**

### **Samostalna narodna knjižnica Gospić**

10. travnja 2025.

U Samostalnoj narodnoj knjižnici Gospić održana je radionica haikua koja je okupila brojne zaljubljenike u poeziju. Pod vodstvom iskusnih književnika i entuzijasta – Borisa Nazanskog i Nine Kovačić iz Zagreba i Gospićanina Miroslava Vurdelje – sudionici su imali priliku upoznati se s osnovama ove tradicionalne japanske forme te se sami okušati u pisanju haikua. Radionicu je pozdravila prof. Ana Lemić te istaknula važnost haiku poezije u Gospiću, koja seže u daleku prošlost, podsjetivši pritom na bogatu tradiciju literarnog stvaranja u ovome kraju. Ravnatelj knjižnice, Milan Šarić, zahvalio je svim sudionicima na dolasku i podršci ovakvim kulturnim događanjima te naglasio da će i dalje održavati ovakve radionice. Radionica je bila otvorena za sve, bez obzira na prethodno iskustvo, a u ugodnoj i poticajnoj atmosferi razmjenjivale su se ideje, stihovi i ljubav prema jeziku.

(portal *Radio Gospić*)

## **Haiku workshop**

### **Independent Public Library Gospić**

April 10th, 2025

A haiku workshop was held at the Independent National Library of Gospić, which brought together numerous poetry lovers. Under the guidance of experienced writers and enthusiasts – Boris Nazansky and Nina Kovačić from Zagreb and Miroslav Vurdelja from Gospić – the participants had the opportunity to learn about the basics of this traditional Japanese form and try their hand at writing haiku themselves. The workshop was welcomed by Prof. Ana Lemić who highlighted the importance of haiku poetry in Gospić, which dates back to the distant past, recalling the rich tradition of literary creation in this region. The director of the library, Milan Šarić, thanked all participants for coming and supporting such cultural events and stressed that they would continue to hold such workshops. The workshop was open to everyone, regardless of previous experience; in a pleasant and stimulating atmosphere, ideas, verses and love for the language were exchanged.

*(portal Radio Gospić)*

### **Marijana Dasović**

pogled u daljinu...  
strnika šušti  
ispod stopala

look into the distance...  
the stubble rustles  
underfoot

### **Ivica Filipović**

požutjeli papir  
u tišini  
promiču riječi

yellowed paper  
words pass  
in silence

### **Marijana Kovačević**

tihe stranice  
među redovima tražim  
nenapisano

silent pages  
between the lines I search  
for the unwritten

### **Nina Kovačić**

put na ljetovanje  
rampu mi diže ENC  
susjednog auta

trip to summer vacation  
ENC of the neighboring car  
raise the ramp

### **Ana Lemić**

mir u boriku  
u suhim iglicama  
skriva se jež

quiet pine grove  
a hedgehog hides  
in the dry needles

**Boris Nazansky**

vedra zimska noć  
iz teatra izlaze  
žamor i smijeh

clear winter night  
buzz and laughter come  
out of the theater

**Marija Pavelić**

jesenja večer  
s razgorenom vatrom  
miris kuće

autumn evening  
with a blazing fire  
the smell of home

**Daniela Šarić**

pahuljice...  
u sobi miris čaja  
budi sjetu

snowflakes...  
in the room, the smell of tea  
awakens nostalgia

**Milan Šarić**

sunce na rijeci  
zelena zmija vijuga  
kroz sjenu vrbe

sun on the river  
a green snake slithers  
through the willow's shadow

**Boško Vurdelja**

umorne ruke  
nabacuju suhe grane...  
pucketa vatra

tired hands  
throw dry branches...  
crackling fire

**Miroslav Vurdelja**

fjuci vjetra...  
iznad vrapca u letu  
vrtloži se list

whistling wind  
a leaf swirls above  
the sparrow in flight

## IN MEMORIAM

**Bogdanka Stojanovski**  
(1953-2025)

jesen  
u polju još samo  
strašilo raste

autumn dusk  
in the field only the scarecrow  
is growing

na bunjištu  
prvi pijetlovi razgrću  
noć

on a manure hip  
first roosters are uncovering  
the night

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2003)

pijemo čaj –  
naši rumeni obrazi  
tope zimu

we drink tea–  
our red cheeks  
melt the winter

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2012)

nad nebom Bačke  
trepere zvezde u ritmu  
psećeg laveža

above the sky of Bačka  
the stars twinkle to the rhythm  
of the dogs' barking

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2014)



**Mirko Varga**

**Nagrada “Afrodita” 2024.**

Na dvadeset sedmim Ludbreškim haiku-susretima po jedanaesti su put dodijeljene nagrade *Afrodita* za najbolje trostihe u najšire shvaćenome žanru erotskoga haikua. Prvu nagradu za najbolji erotski haiku u 2024. godini dobila je prvi put američka pjesnikinja **Kathabela Wilson** za haiku:

*prva bračna noć  
sporo otkrivanje  
mjeseca*

Kathabela Wilson

Drugu nagradu za erotski haiku u 2024. godini ravnopravno su podijelile autorice **Zdenka Mlinar** i **Alenka Zorman** za sljedeće haikue:

*crveni grudnjak  
na žici za veš  
njegove hlače*

Zdenka Mlinar

*galeblji prelet  
djevojci u toplesu  
tamni kolobar*

Alenka Zorman

Treću nagradu ravnopravno dijeli troje haikuista: **Štefanija Ludvig**, **Vladimir Ludvig** i **Sanja Kefelja** za sljedeće haikue:

*Ljubavne strasti  
zatresle sobni ormar –  
padaju dunje*

Štefanija Ludvig

*Vidjevši голу  
panično trči pod  
hladni tuš*

Vladimir Ludvig

*ispred ogledala  
svaki mišić napet  
vježba baletan*

Sanja Kefelja

Iz druge haiku-zemlje svijeta, Sjedinjenih Američkih Država, prošle se godine prvi put javila pobjednica **Kathabela Wilson**. Uz nju javio se i čitav niz međunarodno poznatih i priznatih autora među kojima spominjem **Susan Burch**, **Carole MacRury** (obje iz SAD-a), **Vanice Zimmerman** (Brazil), **Rama Krishnu Singha** (Indija) te **Krzysztofa Kokota** (Poljska).

Veseli me što je uredništvo *Haiku zbornika* (**Alenka Zorman** i **Boris Nazansky**) i samo prepoznalo neke od nagrađenih trostiha te ih prošle godine uvrstilo u sadržaj *Haiku zbornika Ludbreg 2024*.

Posebno mi je drago što moju zamisao već više od desetljeća prihvaća međunarodna haiku-zajednica i što se krug pjesnika koji sudjeluju širi ne samo na susjedne zemlje, već na cijeli *Stari kontinent* te na Sjedinjene Američke Države, Kanadu, Južnu Ameriku i Indiju.

Ušli smo u drugi decenij *Afrodite* i nastavljamo dalje. Na podršci zahvaljujem svima redom, od organizatora ludbreških susreta, aktivnih suradnika, autora i prevoditelja, preko grafičkog urednika **Miroslava Vađunca** (atraktivan omot generiran pomoću umjetne inteligencije) do medija koji nas prate, sponzora i svih drugih koji pomažu ovome projektu na bilo koji način.

**Mirko Varga**

### **Aphrodite Award 2024**

At the twenty-seventh Ludbreg Haiku Meetings, the *Aphrodite Awards* were presented for the eleventh time for the best three-line poems in the most broadly understood genre of erotic haiku. The first prize for the best erotic haiku in 2024 was awarded for the first time to the American poet **Kathabela Wilson** for her haiku:

*wedding night  
the slow revealing  
of the moon*

Kathabela Wilson

The second prize for erotic haiku in 2024 was shared equally by authors **Zdenka Mlinar** and **Alenka Zorman** for the following haikus:

*red bra  
on a clothesline  
his pants*

Zdenka Mlinar

*topless girl  
in the flight of a seagull  
her darkened areola*

Alenka Zorman

The third prize is shared equally by three haiku artists: **Štefanija Ludvig**, **Vladimir Ludvig** and **Sanja Kefelja** for the following haikus:

*love passions  
shook the room closet –  
the quinces are falling*

Štefanija Ludvig

*seeing her naked,  
in panic he runs  
under a cold shower*

Vladimir Ludvig

*in front of the mirror  
every muscle tense  
the ballet dancer's practice*

Sanja Kefelja

Last year, the winner **Kathabela Wilson** from the second ranked haiku country in the world, the United States, submitted her entry for the first time. She was joined by a number of internationally renowned and acclaimed authors, including **Susan Burch**, **Carole MacRury** (both from the USA), **Vanice Zimerman** (Brazil), **Ram Krishna Singh** (India), and **Krzysztof Kokot** (Poland).

I am delighted that the editorial board of the *Haiku Almanac* (**Alenka Zorman** and **Boris Nazansky**) recognized some of the awarded poems and included them in the content of the *Haiku Almanac Ludbreg 2024* last year.

I am particularly pleased that my idea has been accepted by the international haiku community for more than a decade and that the circle of participating poets is expanding not only to neighboring countries, but to the entire *Old Continent*, as well as to the United States, Canada, South America, and India.

We have entered the second decade of *Aphrodite* and we are moving forward. I would like to thank everyone for their support, from the organizers of the Ludbreg meetings, active collaborators, authors and translators, to the graphic editor **Miroslav Vađunec** (an attractive cover generated using artificial intelligence) to the media that follows us, sponsors and everyone else who helps this project in any way.

## **NAGRADA AFRODITA**

**1<sup>st</sup> prize – 1. nagrada**

**AUTHOR - AUTOR**

**KATHABELA WILSON (SAD / USA)**

*wedding night  
the slow revealing  
of the moon*

*prva bračna noć  
sporo otkrivanje  
mjeseca*



**Uemura Shoen, Ognjevi, 1918.,  
Tokyo, Nacionalni muzej**

**XXVII. Ludbreški haiku-susreti 2024.**

27<sup>th</sup> Ludbreg Haiku Meeting 2024

**Ravnatelj CZKIDN:**  
*mag. Branko Dijanošić*

**Nagradu osmislio:**  
*mr. sc. Mirko Varga*

## STATISTIKA ZBORNIKA

*Haikue je poslalo sto osamdeset šestero (186 ) autora iz Hrvatske (103), Srbije (25), Bosne i Hercegovine (15), Sjedinjenih Američkih Država i Slovenije (po 7), Indije i Sjeverne Makedonije (po 3), Brazila, Bugarske, Italije, Poljske, Rumunjske i Švedske (po 2) te iz Crne Gore, Filipina, Grčke, Japana, Kanade, Portugala, Trinidada i Tobaga i Ujedinjenih Arapskih Emirata po 1. Tri su autorice deklarirale dvojnju pripadnost: Australija/Sjeverna Makedonija, Italija/Bosna i Hercegovina, te Srbija/Švedska. Ukupno je, zajedno s haikuima pristiglim za natječaj "Afrodita", stigao 981 haiku od čega je u zbornik uvršten 541 haiku. Po jedan objavljeni haiku ima trideset sedmero (37) autora, po dva također trideset sedmero (37) autora, po tri trideset šestero (36) autora, po četiri dvadeset jedan (21) autor, po pet dvadesetero (20) autora i po šest haikua dvadeset troje (23) autora. Haikui dvanaestero (12) autora nisu, nažalost, zadovoljili kriterije za uvrštenje u zbornik.*

## STATISTICS

*Haikus were sent by one hundred and eighty-six (186) authors from Croatia (103), Serbia (25), Bosnia and Herzegovina (15), the United States of America and Slovenia (7 each), India and North Macedonia (3 each), Brazil, Bulgaria, Italy, Poland, Romania and Sweden (2 each), and 1 each from Montenegro, the Philippines, Greece, Japan, Canada, Portugal, Trinidad and Tobago and the United Arab Emirates. Three (female) authors declared dual affiliation: Australia/North Macedonia, Italy/Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Serbia/Sweden. In total, together with the haikus received for the "Aphrodite" contest, we received 981 haiku, of which 541 are included in the almanac. Thirty-seven (37) authors have one published haiku each, also thirty-seven (37) authors have two published haikus, thirty-six (36) authors have three published haikus each, twenty-one (21) authors have four published haikus each, twenty (20) authors have five published haikus each and twenty-three (23) authors have six published haikus each. Unfortunately, the haikus of twelve (12) authors did not meet the criteria for inclusion in the collection.*



*stabla zelene  
izrast moje kose  
sve je sivlji*

*trees are greening  
my hair roots  
getting greyer*

Fotografija/Photo:  
Alenka Zorman  
Haiku: Alenka Zorman

Prijevod sa slovenskog izvornika:  
Boris Nazansky  
Translated by the author



*magnolija zagrlila  
umjetnički paviljon –  
proljeće*

*magnolia has embraced  
the art pavilion –  
spring*

Fotografija/Photo:  
Ivanka Gojtan Prodanović  
Haiku: Živko Prodanović

Translated by Alenka Zorman



## 5. natječaj za haiku *Gavran* (2025)

**Tema:** prst

Zdenko Oreč Gavran (1930-2020) bio je utemeljitelj Ludbreških haiku-susreta. Njemu u čast i na sjećanje ove je godine organiziran 5. natječaj za haiku *Gavran*. Ovogodišnja tema bila je *prst*.

Haikue je na natječaj poslalo sto dvoje (102) autora iz Hrvatske (61), Srbije (19), Bosne i Hercegovine (8), Slovenije (3), Sjeverne Makedonije (2), te Bugarske, Crne Gore, Grčke, Poljske, Portugala, Rumunjske i Sjedinjenih Američkih Država. Jedna se autorica deklarirala dvojno: iz Italije i Bosne i Hercegovine, a jedan autor nije poslao osobne podatke.

Haikue je ocjenjivala hrvatska pjesnikinja haikua Nina Kovačić.

## 5th *Raven* haiku contest (2025)

**Theme:** finger

Zdenko Oreč Gavran (1930-2020) was the founder of the Ludbreg Haiku Meetings. In his honor and memory, the 5th *Raven (Gavran)* Haiku Contest was organized this year. This year's theme was *finger*.

One hundred and two (102) authors from Croatia (61), Serbia (19), Bosnia and Herzegovina (8), Slovenia (3), North Macedonia (2), and Bulgaria, Montenegro, Greece, Poland, Portugal, Romania and United States of America submitted their haiku to the contest. One author declared herself dually: from Italy and Bosnia and Herzegovina, and one author did not send personal information.

Haiku poems were judged by Croatian haiku poetess Nina Kovačić.

## PRVO MJESTO/FIRST PLACE

**Carole MacRury, SAD / USA**

pecanje –  
vodencvijet umire  
na mome prstu

river hatch–  
a mayfly ends its life  
on my finger

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky

Izvrstan haiku. Sadrži sve temeljne sastavnice: kigo, fino postavljen međuodnos fragmenta i fraze, usjek (*kire*) te dokučivu i rezonantnu jukstapoziciju. Prikaz usredotočenosti na bivanje u trenutku i na spoznaju njegove prolaznosti u skladu sa zakonima prirode, meaestralno je satkan od elemenata empatije i tragike. Nakon tri godine života u vodi, ličinka vodencvijeta presvlači se pa izlijeće iz vode kao krilati kukac koji kratko živi (od samo pola sata do jedan dan), ako prije toga ne postane hrana neke ribe.

An excellent haiku. It contains all the basic components: kigo, a finely tuned interrelationship between fragment and phrase, a cut (*kire*), and a palpable and resonant juxtaposition. The depiction of a focus on being in the moment and on the realization of its transience in accordance with the laws of nature is masterfully woven from elements of empathy and tragedy. After three years of living in the water, the larva of the mayfly molts and emerges from the water as a winged insect that lives for a short time (from only half an hour to a day), unless it becomes food for a fish first.

## **DRUGO MJESTO/SECOND PLACE**

**Silva Trstenjak, Hrvatska / Croatia**

sat likovnog  
otisci kažiprsta  
složeni u cvijet

the art class  
fingerprints arranged  
into a flower

engleski prijevod / English translation by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Od ostalih haikua koji sadrže motiv otiska prsta odnosno papilarnih linija, ovaj se izdvaja originalnošću i haikuistički osmišljenim konceptom: otisci prsta složeni su kao latice cvijeta na likovnom djelu. Je li to bila unaprijed planirana namjera autora ili tek ideja rođena nakon što je prst umazan bojom ostavio trag na papiru ili nešto treće – ostavljeno je imaginaciji čitatelja da istraži putove do vlastitog odgovora.

Among other haikus that contain the motif of fingerprints or papillary lines, this one stands out for its originality and haiku-like concept: fingerprints are arranged like flower petals on a work of art. Whether this was the author's pre-planned intention or just an idea born after a finger smeared with paint left a mark on the paper, or something else, is left to the reader's imagination to explore the paths to his own answer.

## **TREĆE MJESTO/THIRD PLACE**

**Robert Šimunaci, Hrvatska / Croatia**

prvi dan škole	the first day of school
isprepliću se prsti	the fingers of mother and daughter
majke i kćeri	intertwine

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Polazak u školu prekretnica je u životu, nova etapa u odrastanju, početak preuzimanja obaveza postavljenih programom društva. U isprepletenim prstima majke i kćeri pomiješani su uzbuđenje i strepnja djeteta i podrška majke. Ali, dijete ne smije osjetiti da je i majka uzbuđena i da strepi kako će se njezin prvašić snaći u novim životnim okolnostima.

Starting school is a turning point in life, a new stage in growing up, the beginning of assuming the obligations set by the social system. In the intertwined fingers of mother and daughter, the excitement and anxiety of the child and the mother's support are mixed. But the child must not feel that the mother is also excited and anxious about how her first-year schoolgirl will cope in the new life circumstances.

## **POSEBNA POHVALA/SPECIAL COMMENDMENT**

### **Rudi Stopar, Slovenija / Slovenia**

Uplakan dječak  
čupa korov prstima  
na malom grobu

A crying boy  
pulls weeds with his fingers  
on a small grave

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

U ovom haikuu implicitnoga konteksta dirljivo je i toplo predočena odanost dječaka sjećanju na njegova kućnog ljubimca. I nakon proteka vremena od dana kad je to malo stvorenje okončalo svoj životni put, dječak preplavljen emocijama posjećuje i uređuje mali grob. Nezaborav sretnih trenutaka i bolni osjećaj gubitka koji traje.

This implied context haiku depicts a boy's devotion to the memory of his pet, movingly and warmly. Even after the passing of time since the day the little creature ended its life, the boy, overwhelmed with emotion, visits and decorates the small grave. The unforgettability of happy moments and the painful feeling of loss that lasts.

## **POHVALE/HONORABLE MENTIONS**

(abecednim redom autora / By listing authors' names alphabetically)

### **Dejan Bogojević, Srbija / Serbia**

drhtavim prstom	an old man points the way
starac pokazuje put –	with his trembling finger–
slika nestaje	the image disappears

engleski prijevod / English translation by Danijela Bogojević

### **Ana Dabac, Hrvatska / Croatia**

razbijen prozor...	broken window ...
susjed upire prstom	my neighbor's finger pointed
u moju djecu	towards my children

engleski prijevod / English translation by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

**Zvonko Jurčević, Hrvatska / Croatia**

boca rakije –	a bottle of brandy–
bakin ljutit pogled prati	grandma's angry look follows
djedove prste	grandfather's fingers

engleski prijevod / English translation by Leopold Jurčević

**Franjo Ordanić, Hrvatska / Croatia**

rano proljeće –	early spring–
kroz dječje prste klizi	grass seeds slipping through
sjemenje trave	toddler's fingers

engleski prijevod / English translation by Martina Mirt-Ordanić

**Aljoša Vuković, Hrvatska / Croatia**

papilarne linije –	papillary lines–
na prstiću	trace of chocolate
tragovi čokolade	on a tiny finger

engleski prijevod / English translation by Dejan Pavlinović

## **IZBOR HAIKUA/CHOICE OF HAIKU**

(abecednim redom autora / By listing authors' names alphabetically)

### **Danijela Arsović, Srbija / Serbia**

Pogled ka nebu	A look at the sky
pokazah prstom bratu	I pointed with finger to my brother
zvezdu u padu	at a falling star

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

### **Sebastian Chrobak, Poljska / Poland**

poderana rukavica	torn mitten
samo palac	only the thumb
ne osjeća zimu	feels no winter

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky

**Zoran Doderović, Srbija / Serbia**

Rimski sarkofag.  
Prošle vekove  
dodirujem prstom.

Roman sarcophagus.  
I touch with my finger  
the past centuries.

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

**Danijela Grbelja, Hrvatska / Croatia**

težinu tijela  
prebacujem s prsta na prst –  
usnulo dijete

I shift my body weight  
from finger to finger –  
sleeping child

engleski prijevod / English translation by Boris Nazansky

**Melita Gruber, Hrvatska / Croatia**

prstom na karti  
u bolničkom krevetu  
putuje baka

with her finger on the map  
in the hospital bed  
grandma is traveling

engleski prijevod / English translation by Boris Nazansky

**Mile Lisica, BiH / Bosnia and Herzegovina**

između prstiju  
i čaše toplog čaja –  
jesenji sumrak

between the fingers  
and a cup of hot tea–  
autumn twilight

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

**Tomislav Maretić, Hrvatska / Croatia**

opojna glazba –  
dok gitarist gleda u zrak  
prebiru prsti

hypnotic music–  
the guitarist's fingers play  
as he looks up

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

**Jasminka Nadaškić Đorđević, Srbija / Serbia**

kamenim prstom  
spomenik pokazuje  
oblak na nebu

with a stone finger  
the monument shows  
cloud in the sky

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

**Ljubomir Radovančević, Hrvatska / Croatia**

prstićima  
pokazuje godine  
dvogodišnjak

with little fingers  
he is showing his age  
a two-year-old boy

engleski prijevod / English translation by Boris Nazansky

**Ernesto P. Santiago, Grčka / Greece**

svete slike  
novorođeni hvata  
jedan prst

holy pictures  
a newborn grasps  
one finger

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Nikola Đuretić

*Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2025.*

**Alenka Zorman, Slovenija / Slovenia**

poziv iz tuđine  
na kađiprst slijeće  
bođja ovćica

call from abroad  
a ladybird lands  
on my index finger

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

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