

HAIKU ZBORNIK

LUDBREG, 2026.

Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2026 / Haiku Almanac Ludbreg, 2026

ISSN 1334-6342

Haiku Almanac Ludbreg 2026

Haiku zbornik - Ludbreg 2026.



Ludbreg 2026.

Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2026.
Haiku Almanac Ludbreg 2026

Izdavač:

Centar za kulturu i informiranje "Dragutin Novak" Ludbreg

Za izdavača:

Iva Havaić

Urednici:

Boris Nazansky

Nina Kovačić

Alenka Zorman

Grafička obrada:

Miroslav Vađunec

Fotografija, naslovnica:

Miroslav Vađunec, dvorac Batthyany Ludbreg

Engleski prijevod (ako nije drugačije navedeno)

English translation (if not mentioned otherwise):

Alenka Zorman

Prijevod s engleskih izvornika/Translations from English:

Tomislav Maretić

Boris Nazansky

Tisak:

Naklada:

150 primjeraka

ISSN 1334-6342

Boris Nazansky

101

Ljeta izmiču kao da ih odnosi tekuća vrpca i sipe poput zrnaca pijeska u klepsidri. Tako i važne obljetnice promaknu nezamijećene i neobilježene.

Ako je prošloga proljeća stota godišnjica rođenja barda našega haikua Vladimira Devidéa (1925-2010) prošla relativno nezapaženo, ne mora tako biti sa sto i prvom ove godine.

Na sam dan velikanova rođenja, 3. svibnja, primio sam poruku Filipa Karačića: *Upravo shvatih da je danas točno 101 godina od Devidéova rođenja*. Istoga časa otpisao sam mu sljedećim troredom koji je slogovno-brojčana palindromna igra i veza između obosmjerne obljetnice (101) i Devidéova (slogovnoobrtajnoga) prezimena:

1 = DE

0 = VI

1 = DE

Tek nešto kasnije sinulo mi je da je veza još malo dublja jer ovo palindromiranje ima oblik trostiha i moglo bi se, doista u najširem smislu, shvatiti kao prigodni eksperimentalni haiku.

U Devidéovo se vrijeme eksperimentalni i moderni haiku (*gendai haiku*) još nisu bili razmahali u tolikoj mjeri da bih se osobno sjećao njegova odnosa prema njima i njegova mišljenja o njima. Ipak, može se zaokružiti njegov općeniti stav o haikuu koji se nužno prelijeva i na područja *gendaija* i eksperimenta u pisanju trostiha. Devidé je vjerovao da je haiku univerzalno stanje uma koje nadilazi stroga slogovna pravila, određujući moderni i eksperimentalni haiku kao strukturno fleksibilan, ali duhovno usklađen

s tradicionalnom zenovskom sviješću. Kao pionir japanologije i haikua u Hrvatskoj, zalagao se za inkluzivan pristup ovoj poetskoj formi prepoznajući da se kruta strukturna ograničenja ne prenose prirodno u nejapanske jezike, podneblja i kulture.

Sljedeće godine proći će puna tri desetljeća od prvoga haiku-domjenka u Ludbregu koji je vodio upravo Vladimir Devidé. Zbornici susrete prate od 1998. no u njima jedva da ima tragova modernog i eksperimentalnog haikua. To, dakako, ne znači da ove stranice nisu otvorene modernizmu i eksperimentu, već je naznaka dvoga. Prvo, zbornik je poligon koji presijeca aktualni haiku-trenutak u nas i otvara vrata novim imenima koja mogu (ali i ne moraju) sutra postati i biti priznati članovi haiku-zajednice (fluktuacija u zajednici, užoj i široj, tako je očita: deseci onih koji su sudjelovali u prošlogodišnjem zborniku, ove godine nisu poslali radove, ali je i nekoliko desetaka posve novih imena među kojima neka od prve obećavaju). Drugo, da bi se pisalo (dobar) *gendai* i da bi se (uspješno) eksperimentiralo potrebni su znanje, iskustvo, vježba, odvažnost i (samo)kritičnost, a povrh svega toga i urednici imaju svoju riječ. Stoga, ponavljam, “jedva da ima tragova”.

Bilježeći na ovaj pomalo neobičan, a svakako neuobičajen način, bardovu palindromnu obljetnicu još jednom na kraju podsjećam na onu koja nam u Ludbregu dolazi 2027. kao i na činjenicu da se u dosadašnjim ludbreškim *Haiku zbornicima* može naći prilično dobar i u mnogome inspirativan uvid u zbivanja na hrvatskoj haiku-sceni tijekom razdoblja koje možda i nije preuzetno nazvati zlatnim dobom trostiha u Devidéovoj domovini.

Boris Nazansky

101

Years slip away as if they were being carried away by a conveyor belt and fall away like grains of sand in an hourglass. In the same way, important anniversaries pass unnoticed and unmarked.

If last spring the 100th anniversary of the birth of the bard of our haiku, Vladimir Devidé (1925-2010), passed relatively unnoticed, it does not have to be the same with the 101st this year.

On the very day of the great man's birth, May 3, I received a message from Filip Karačić: *I just realized that today is exactly 101 years since Devidé's birth.* I immediately wrote him back with the following three lines, which are a syllabic-numerical palindrome and a connection between the readable in both directions anniversary (101) and Devidé's (syllabic-palindromic) surname:

1 = DE

0 = VI

1 = DE

It was only later that I realized that the connection was even deeper, because this palindromic form takes the form of a three-line stanza and could, indeed, be understood, in the broadest sense, as an occasional experimental haiku.

In Devidé's time, experimental and modern haiku (gendai haiku) had not yet flourished to such an extent that I personally could remember his relationship to them and his opinion about them. Nevertheless, one can

summarize his general stance on haiku, which necessarily spills over into the areas of gendai and experimentation in writing three-line stanzas. Devidé believed that haiku is a universal state of mind that transcends strict syllabic rules, defining modern and experimental haiku as structurally flexible, but spiritually aligned with traditional Zen consciousness. As a pioneer of Japanology and haiku in Croatia, he advocated an inclusive approach to this poetic form, recognizing that rigid structural limitations do not translate naturally to non-Japanese languages, climates, and cultures.

Next year, it will be three full decades since the first haiku meeting in Ludbreg, hosted by Vladimir Devidé. The proceedings have been following the meetings since 1998, but there are hardly any traces of modern and experimental haiku in them. This, of course, does not mean that these pages are not open to modernism and experimentation, but rather an indication of two things. First, the proceedings are a testing ground that intersects the current haiku moment in our country and opens the door to new names who may (or may not) become recognized members of the haiku community tomorrow (the fluctuation in the community, both narrow and broad, is so obvious: dozens of those who participated in last year's proceedings did not send works this year, but there are also several dozens of completely new names, some of whom are promising at the beginning). Second, in order to write (good) gendai and to experiment (successfully), knowledge, experience, practice, courage and (self)criticism are needed, and on top of all that, the editors have their say too. Therefore, I repeat, "there are hardly any traces".

By recording the bard's palindromic anniversary in this somewhat unusual, and certainly uncommon way, I would like to remind you once again of the one that will come to us in Ludbreg in 2027, as well as the fact that in the Ludbreg *Haiku Almanacs* to date, one can find a fairly good and largely inspiring insight into the events on the Croatian haiku scene during the period that may not be presumptuous to call the golden age of the three-line poem in Devidé's homeland.

Z
B
O
R
N
I
K

Mirta Abramović

Ručnim radom
pauka uramljena
slika. Škripi pod.

Gola stijena.
Bor nagnut nad
ponor. Sam.

Ispod cvrkuta
klasje njiše proljetni
vjetar. Pucanj.

A picture, framed
with a spider's handiwork.
The floor creaks.

A bare cliff.
The pine tree leaning over
the abyss. Alone.

Under the chirping
spring wind sways the ears
of corn. A gunshot.

Katica Badovinac

proljetni vjetar –
puteljkom za mnom trče
roza latice

noćni leptiri ...
nagli nestanak struje
prekida ples

prodaja stana ...
lutke deložirane
u spremnik smeća

pored kamina –
baka uči unuku
plesti čarape

spring wind–
pink petals run along
the path after me

moths ...
a sudden power outage
breaks their dance

sale of the apartment ...
dolls evicted
into the trash can

by the fireplace–
grandma teaches her granddaughter
to knit socks

Danica Bartulović

oprašamo se
gnijezda su prazna
oblaci puni kiše

we say goodbye
the nests are empty
clouds full of rain

na grobu predaka
upaljene svijeće
tako smo blizu

candles lit
on the grave of the ancestors
we are so close

Translated by Boris Nazansky

Jasna Berger

prašinu nosi
šum vjetra u krošnjama
krila anđela

carrying the dust
wind murmurs in the treetops
the wings of angels

Translated by Silvija Pošta

Smiljka Bilankov

staro trešnjino stablo
ne zaboravlja svoju ljepotu
u proljeće

sićušne pahulje
jedna pjesma zori
u mom srcu

grlica me gleda
gdje su oni orasi
gazdarice!?

tulipani u vrtu
lijepo pokošena tratina
ipak osamljenost

even an old cherry tree
doesn't forget its beauty
in spring

tiny snowflakes
a poem blooms
in my heart

turtledove is looking at me
where are those nuts
landlady!?

tulips in the garden
beautifully cut lawn
yet loneliness

Translated by the author

Tomislav Marijan Bilosnić

Kiša u travnju.
Vjetar nosi latice
trešnje u cvatu.

April rain.
The wind carries petals
of blossoming cherry.

Procvjetao mak.
U zelenom polju krik
sunca u svibnju.

A poppy blooms.
In the green field a cry
of May sunlight.

Mjesec treperi.
Žablji kreket u bari –
Josip Vrhovski*.

The moon trembles.
Frog croaking in the pond –
Josip Vrhovski**.

*Skladatelj, glazbeni pedagog i zborovoda (1902-83)

**Composer, music pedagogue and choirmaster (1902-83)

Uskrsna zraka.
Lastavica u letu
otvara zoru.

Easter ray.
A swallow in flight
opens the dawn.

Jutarnja rosa.
Srebrna nit na listu
zelja u vrtu.

Morning dew.
A silver thread on a leaf
of cabbage in the garden.

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Zlata Bogović

Stigla nam jesen.
Vjetar raznosi lišće
i ulične kante.

Proljetni sumrak.
Staro pseto dremucka
uz sjaj mjeseca.

Zvuci klavira ...
Snježne pahulje i note
lete ulicom.

Prohladno jutro –
labudovi na jezeru
prate vodostaj.

Oblačno jutro.
Na klackalici vrabac
i kapi kiše.

Autumn has arrived.
The wind blows up the leaves
and street trash cans.

Spring twilight.
An old dog takes a nap
by the moonlight.

Sound of piano ...
The snowflakes and notes
fly in the street.

Cool morning–
the swans on the lake observe
the water level.

Cloudy morning.
On the teeter a sparrow
and raindrops.

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Danijela Bolanča

stari dlanovi
u oblaku brašna
kruh

old palms
in a cloud of flour
bread

Dubravka Borić

nagnut nad morem
kvrgavi zeleni bor
dio djetinjstva

drveni podij
odzvanja mi u ritmu
nijemog kola

bijesno more
otrgla se sa veza
malena barka

leaning over the sea
the gnarled green pine
a part of my childhood

a wooden podium
resounds to me in the rhythm
of a silent wheel dance

raging sea
a small boat has untied
from the mooring

Mirela Brăilean (Rumunjska/Romania)

vez –
prvi makovi cvjetaju
gotovo u zoru

embroidery–
the first poppies bloom
almost at dawn

Hanami –
borba jastucima
u raju

Hanami–
pillow fighting
in heaven

staro groblje –
na oprezu među križevima
perunike u cvatu

old cemetery–
vigilant among crosses
irises in bloom

proljetna ljepotica
njenu cvjetnu haljinu
podiže vjetar

spring beauty
her flowery dress
lifted by the wind

Translated by the author

Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2026.

Josipa Braut

berba kukuruza
dječaci stavljaju
prve brkove

maize harvest
the boys put on their
first mustaches

Ed Bremson (SAD/USA)

konji na paši ...
hvatom žičanu ogradu
između dviju bodlji

grazing horses ...
I grasp the wire fence
between two barbs

hladno i mokro ...
konj glode
vezni kolac

cold and wet ...
a horse gnawing
the hitching post

svršetak dana ...
konj oprezno hoda
po snijegu

day's end ...
a horse walks carefully
in the snow

vrijeme za spavanje ...
mačka trlja obraze
o konja

bedtime ...
the cat rubbing cheeks
with the horse

mjesečina ...
konj uz bodljikavu žicu
opet

moonlit
a horse at the barbed wire
again

više sijena za jesti –
stari konj uživa
u mirovini

extra hay to eat–
an old horse enjoying
retirement

Zdenka Brlek

putuju na jug
bez rezervacije
lastavice

traveling south
without reservation
swallows

Branislav Brzaković (Srbija/Serbia)

Zadušnice –
sud gavranova
dočekuje ožalošćene

Memorial service–
the court of ravens
waits for the bereaved

Crne vrane –
za tužnom kolonom
jauče vetar

Black crows–
behind the sad procession
the wind howls

Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2026.

Silvija Butković

Mimoza u cvatu –
baka se prisjeća
prve ljubavi

Mimosa in bloom–
grandmother remembers
her first love

Translated by the author

Dragiša Cetić (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

borove njiše
vjetar što nježno svira
nastaje pjesma

playing gently
the wind sways pine trees
a poem is born

nižu se riječi
djetlić ljutito lupa
ritam mašina

words are flowing
a woodpecker drums angrily
the rhythm of machines

Rosa Clement (Brazil)

jesen bez vjetra
suho lišće pluta
u jezeru

jesenski dan
dašak jasmína
dolazi iz rublja

zimsko popodne
duž prometne ulice
krov kišobrana

mali kanu
sve ribe gledaju
u nebo

windless autumn
the dried leaves float
in the lake

autumn day
a breath of jasmine
comes from the laundry

winter afternoon
along the busy street
a roof of umbrellas

small canoe
all the fish looking
at the sky

Translated by the author

Žana Coven (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

usamljenost
na visoravni izložena
vjetrovima

loneliness
on highland exposed
to the wind

satkani ćilim
ljubičastim mirisom
opija pčele

a woven carpet
its violet scent
intoxicates the bees

Translated by the author

Gillena Cox (Trinidad i Tobago/Trinidad and Tobago)

vatromet sve kaže
nova godina je tu –
susjedi na ulici

fireworks tell all
the new year is upon us–
neighbours in the street

sunce, vjetar i glazba
za povorku kostima –
radost u stopalima

sun, wind, and music
for the parade of costumes–
joy in dancing feet

tipkanje po klavijaturi –
nemir zaljubljenih mačaka
poslije ponoći

tapping the keyboard–
annoyance of cats in love
past midnight hour

*poui** zna da je vrijeme –
grozdovi cvjetova, čak i kad
drugdje padaju bombe

poui know it's time–
the cluster of blooms even
when bombs drop elsewhere

trešnjin cvat ondje,
ovdje ružičasti *poui* –
svijet u ružičastom

cherry blossoms there
and pink *poui* trees here–
a live world of pink

trkači na ulici –
gušteri po zidu jure,
ne razumiju

runners in the street–
lizards on the wall scamper
not understanding

**poui - Tabebuia rosea* je tropsko drvo podrijetlom iz Srednje i Južne Amerike, danas široko rasprostranjeno po Karibima i drugim toplim krajevima svijeta. Cvjeta u sušnoj sezoni, najčešće početkom godine, kada na gotovo ogoljenim granama izbijaju obilni ružičasti cvjetovi.

Tabebuia rosea (poui) is a tropical tree native to Central and northern South America, now widely distributed across the Caribbean and other warm regions of the world. It blooms during the dry season, most often at the beginning of the year, when abundant pink flowers appear on nearly leafless branches.

Stjepan Crnić

Pipe na strehi,
ruožice na obloku.
Zimske jutre.

Mačak prati kosa
s crvom u kljunu.
Igra skrivača.

Icicles on the eaves,
roses on the window.
Winter morning.

A cat follows the blackbird
with a worm in its beak.
Play hide and seek.

Translated by the author

Alvin B. Cruz (Filipini/Philippines)

ružičasti mjesec
on se stavlja
u njene cipele

pink moon
he puts himself
in her shoes

*komorebi**
preslaguje
cvijeće na njenom grobu

komorebi*
rearranging
her graveside flowers

između starca
i mora
prazna mreža

between the old man
and the sea
an empty net

primirje
prvi
trešnjini cvjetovi

ceasefire
the first
cherry blossoms

**Komorebi* – sunčeva svjetlost koja se probija kroz lišće drveća i stvara titrave uzorke svjetla i sjene; svjetlomrcanje, prošarica.

**Komorebi* – sunlight filtering through tree leaves, creating shifting patterns of light and shadow.

Mihovila Čeperić-Biljan

još jedan val
u idućem već
jesenji šum

another wave
in the next one already
the rustle of fall

skrivena plaža
uz kamene stepenice
prve ciklame

hidden beach
by the stone stairs
first cyclamen

Nova godina
novi list širi
drvo života

New Year's Day
the tree of life unfurling
a new leaf

Velika kola
napuštaju naš vrt –
kraj godišnjeg

Ursa Major
departing our garden–
end of my vacation

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Dubravka Čokrić

Oko fotoaparata
zamutila kiša –
jesen ipak nasmiješena

Crvena jagoda,
među sjenama šume –
ne uzimam je

Paprat zatvara
tragove iza mene –
ptica ih pamti

Camera lens
blurred by the rain–
autumn still smiling

Red strawberry,
among the forest shadows–
I leave it there

Fern closing softly
the traces left behind me–
the bird remembers them

Translated by the author

Miroslav Čopa (Srbija/Serbia)

Talasa vetar.
Ovde i tamo buči
isti cvrčak.

Waves of wind.
Here and there the voice
of the same cricket.

Zalazak sunca.
Čak i senka panja
liči na drvo.

Sunset.
Even the shadow of the stump
looks like a tree.

Odlazi lišće.
Šal neke žene
grli me vetrom.

Falling leaves.
A woman's scarf hugs me
with the wind.

Prazna gnezda.
Od kamena do kamena
potok ćuti.

Empty nests.
From stone to stone
the stream keeps silent.

Kupine niko
ne bere – tamo
u strmoj šumi.

No one picks
the blackberries – there
in a steep forest.

Luka Čulajević (Slovenija/Slovenia)

Prazna klupa u parku
cvijet se polako budi
u gomili smeća

An empty park bench
a flower slowly wakes up
in the pile of trash

Golemi vrtlog:
svakim okretom nježno
siše jesenje lišće

A giant whirlpool:
with each rotation gently
soaking autumn leaves

Translated by the author

Milijan Despotović (Srbija/Serbia)

Sa žitnog snopa
Cvrčak ispraća
Žeteoce.

From the sheaf of grain
A cricket sends off
The reapers.

Posle kišne oluje
I vetar se odmara –
Starac traži kapu.

After a rainstorm
Even the wind rests—
The old man looks for his cap.

Uz bljesak munje
Sa stabla kruške se
Otisnu zreo plod.

At the flash of lightning
A ripe fruit leaves
the pear tree.

Avion od papira
Prevozi žuti
Jesenji list.

A paper airplane
Carries a yellow
Autumn leaf.

Zoran Doderović (Srbija/Serbia)

blago prolećno sunce
crvendać peva
bez prestanka

mild spring sun
the robin sings
without a break

lovački mesec
u očima sove
tihe senke

hunter's moon
in an owl's eyes
silent shadows

topljenje snega
tragom konjske zaprege
odlazi zima

melting snow
winter is leaving in the trail
of a horse-drawn wagon

Translated by the author

Tamara Dragić (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

Jesenja kiša
briše tragove strasti –
samo praznina

Autumn rain
erases the traces of passion–
only emptiness

Ljubomir Dragović

jesenje nebo –
kiša pere tragove
rijetkih jata

autumn sky—
rain washes away the traces
of sparse flocks

sva u blistanju
ruža rascvjetava ljepotu
cijelog vrta

all in radiance
a rose illuminates the beauty
of the whole garden

prije svih
piju vodu Krke –
suhe trstike

before all others
dry reeds drink
Krka's water

ova epoha
u kitnjastim frazama ...
bučno prolazi

this epoch
in ornate phrases ...
passes noisily

u starom kraju –
od tame zaborava
čuvam majčin grob

native place—
from oblivion I guard
my mother's grave

snijeg provijava –
kraj peći mačka
zatomnjenih zjenica

snow drifting—
by the stove a cat
with darkened pupils

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Eugen Draškić

u srcu cvijeta
crveni šapat radosti
bez ijedne riječi

in the heart of the flower
a red whisper of joy
without a word

crveni mak cvate
u tišini dana čujem
kako zemlja diše

red poppy flower
in silence of the day I can hear
the earth breathing

Translated by Smiljka Bilankov

Michael Dudley (Kanada/Canada)

lišće	leaves
nalijeće na kamionsko odmorište	gust into a truck stop lot
& parkira usred lokve	& park in the puddle

urušena kamena kuća	collapsed stone home
još uvijek stoji terasa	the still-standing terrace
prepuna kivija	laden with kiwi

podnevna jara	high noon
bijeli rep poskakuje	a white tail bouncing
u zujanju livade	in the meadow buzz

Shakespeare u parku	Shakespeare in the Park
obasjan	illumed
reflektorom supermjeseca	by a supermoon spotlight

riječni zmaj	river dragon
bubnjar utrke čamaca otpuhne	boat race drummer puffs
pobjedničku cigaru	a victory cigar

Nikola Đuretić

Želiš li me sresti
popni se na brdo
– ja sam oblak.

If you wanna meet me
climb the mountain
–I'm the cloud.

Kraj rijeke sjedoh
i pustih vodi da mi
sredi misli.

I sat by the river
and let the stream
sort out my thoughts.

Gore sjedine,
dolje isto tako
– kasna jesen.

Up there only greys,
looking down also
–late autumn.

Ovaj život
kao zimski dan
– a ipak!?

This life
like a winter day
–and yet!?

Translated by the author

Darko Foder

Procvaio voćnjak.
Meket koze ubire
nesuđene kruške.

Precvel vugrad.
Meketunje koaze pabira
nesođene ruške.

Ljetna vrućina.
Na površini bare
hladi se sjena.

Lietna vrućina.
Na površine bare
ladi se sena.

Jesenji vjetar
puni košaru lišćem
i odmah prazni.

Jesenjski veter
poni kašaru z listjem
i mam ju prazni.

Orchard in bloom.
A goat's bleat is picking
the unripe pears.

Summer heat.
On the surface of the pond
the shadow is cooling.

Autumn wind
fills the basket with leaves
and immediately empties it.

Sred jezera
labud kljunom gurka
vranino pero.

Sriedi jezera
labud z kljunem rieva
vronine peroa.

Poljem lavande
šire se mirisi mora
i uzdasi s plaže.

Pa poalju lavande
širi se muorska duha
i zdihavunja z plaže.

In the middle of the lake
the swan with his beak pushes
a crow's feather.

Lavender field—
spreading across it the scents of the sea
and sighs from the beach.

Goran Gatalica

težina
ove mećave –
majčina demencija

the weight
of this blizzard–
mum's dementia

proljetno otapanje –
vodopad se ugđa
s vremenom

spring thaw–
a waterfall tunes
itself over time

jutarnja tišina . . .
prigušena mahovinom
šumska kiša

morning quiet . . .
muffled by moss
forest rain

vrhunac proljeća –
naš vrt nalikuje
umu moje majke

cul of spring–
our garden resembles
my mother's mind

rat u tijeku –
u liniji olupine
nasukane alge

ongoing war–
the seaweed stranded
in the wrack line

Translated by the author

Kornelija Gedike

Na paukovoj
mreži ulovljena i
jutarnja rosa

On a spider's web
caught as well
the morning dew

Jesen na Štrosu –
pali kesten kotrlja
se niz kaldrmu

Autumn on Štros*–
a fallen chestnut rolls
down the cobblestones

*Štros — Josip Juraj Strossmayer Promenade, Upper Town, Zagreb

Prolom oblaka –
na trgu iznenada
ban Jelačić sam

Cloudburst–
suddenly *Ban* Jelačić alone
on the square

Teški od kiše
cvjetovi hortenzije
zemlji se svili

Heavy with rain
hydrangea blossoms
bend to the ground

Olujni vjetar –
ulicom razbacane
kante za smeće

Stormy wind–
trash bins scattered
along the street

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Đurdica Gospočić

prvo sunce
obližnji šumarak
prosuo šafrane

Božić
jelka ostaje u šumi
okićena injem

first sun
a nearby grove
strewn with saffrons

Christmastime
a fir tree remains in the woods
adorned with frost

Ivan Grahovec

Ispred kuće
miriše trešnje cvat
Prolaze djeca

Sweet smell
of blossoming cherry tree
Children passing by

Ispod trešnje
košnica ...
Izlijeću pčele

Under sakura
a hive ...
These bouncing bees

U krošnji trešnje
s cvijeta na cvijet
ta ista pčela

Sakura canopy
from flower to flower
the very same bee

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Danijela Grbelja

jutro nakon –
među palim cvjetovima
prolaznici

krhotine –
u jednoj od njih živi
spirala puža

rashlađen vrt –
rajčice vise
u večernjem zraku

blagoslov –
vjetar otima
maslinovu grančicu

imitacija života –
leptir dodiruje
krpni cvijet

morning after–
among fallen blossoms
passers-by

shards–
in one of them lives
a snail's spiral

cooling garden–
tomatoes hang
in the evening air

blessing–
the wind snatches
an olive twig

imitation of life–
butterfly touches
a cloth flower

Translated by the author

Slavica Grgurić-Pajnić

Zalazak sunca –
daljina prekrivena
letom jastreba

Otvoren prozor –
vjetar prelistava
mladu bukvu

Visoka trava –
talasanje u ritmu
golih tijela

Sunset–
the distance covered
by the flight of a hawk

Open window–
the wind flips through
a young beech

Tall grass–
waving in the rhythm
of naked bodies

Šejla Haseljić (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

napad migrene.
mrak i tišina su mi
jedino društvo.

a migraine attack.
my only company
darkness and silence.

ljetna vrućina.
brzi tuš nakon ponoći,
ali sna nigdje.

summer heat.
a quick shower after midnight,
alas, no dreams yet.

pidžame, sok, kokice – sve spremno za filmsko veče.

pyjamas, juice, popcorn – all ready for a movie night.

Translated by the author

Ana Horvat

nakon orkana
u potrazi za granom
začudoeni kos

uskrnsni zeko
poslije dječje gnjavaže
bačen na cestu

krvolok vjetar
još razgleda stratište
palih stabala

srušena stabla
rasplakala oblake
i mame-ptice

slomljene grane
jablana i topole
vjetrom se grle

after the hurricane
in search of a branch
an astonished blackbird

Easter bunny
after the child's annoyance
thrown onto the road

bloody wind
still inspects the execution place
of fallen trees

fallen trees
made the clouds cry
and the mother birds

broken branches
of two poplar trees
hugging in the wind

Branko Hršak

Vjetar komeša
raskošne boje šume
i miris gljiva.

Uz kamin mačak
uz okno stisnut vrabac,
potpuni tajak.

Sokakom škrife
pretovarena kola
zrele jeseni.

Crkveni toranj
para teške oblake,
na križu golub.

Na jednoj nozi
na tri kandelabera
tri duga kljuna.

Wind stirs
the rich forest colours
and the smell of mushrooms.

A cat by the fireplace
a sparrow by the window,
the complete silence.

Ripe autumn—
an overloaded cart creaks
along the alley.

The church tower
tears heavy clouds,
a dove on the cross.

On one leg
on the three lampposts
three long beaks.

Dragutin Hrženjak

bosonog dječak
plete nove sandale
od vlati trave

a barefoot boy
weaves new sandals
from the grass blades

vjetar pred kišu
okreće kabanicu
na staroj vrbi

gust front
overturning the raincoat
of an old willow

u morsku vodu
na glavu glasno bućne
krupna kišna kap

a large raindrop
loudly splashing head-first
into sea water

skrušena sjena –
bogomoljka tuguje
uz bijeli zid

a humble shadow –
praying mantis mourning
by a white wall

poduže brblja
o nesretnoj ljubavi
jesenska kiša

babbling on and on
about unlucky love
this autumn rain

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Ivan Ivančan

Isparava
jezero. Odlazi
u nebo?

The lake evaporates.
Does it go
into the sky?

Hladna noć.
Sva se omotala
u maglu.

A cold night.
Completely wrapped
in fog.

Gusta kiša.
Poravnava nabore
mora.

Heavy rain.
Smoothing out the wrinkles
of the sea.

Gordi val.
Rađa se iz ničega
i nestaje.

A proud wave.
Born from nothing
then disappearing.

Mali puž.
Svoj put popločao
srebrom.

A small snail.
Paving its path
with silver.

Početak zime.
Podaju se vjetru
gola stabla.

Early winter.
Bare trees surrender
to the wind.

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Milena Ivošević

Lišće na zemlji
još jučer sa grana je
gledalo nebo

Leaves on the ground
yesterday from the branches
they were looking at the sky

Nada Jačmenica

turisti –
žamor nove grupe
zametnuo kofer

zimske radosti –
ranojutarnji lavež
u nedjelju

ledena kiša –
provjeravam kućne
zalihe hrane

latice –
na pozornici neba
koncert pčela

tourists–
hubbub of a new group
displaced a suitcase

winter joys–
an early dog barking
on Sunday morning

the sleet–
I am checking
the food supplies

the petals–
on the stage of sky
the bees' concert

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Damir Janjalija (Crna Gora/Montenegro)

na prozoru
smjenjuju se ostrva
Jadrolinija

at the window
island after island
Jadrolinija

vjetar s pučine
ostrvo Krf ne pamti
samoglasnike

wind from the open sea
Krf – and island
without vowels

pun mjesec
nad ostrvom Hidra
i magarac mu se divi

full moon
over the island of Hydra
even a donkey admires it

Translated by the author

Dražen Jergović

Maslačci zriju;
Djeca za računalom.
Vjenčića nema.

Dandelions ripen;
Children at the computer.
There are no wreaths.

Govind Joshi (Indija/India)

ljetno podne
kreket
kućne žabe

midsummer midday
the croak
of a house frog

proljetno jutro
boja leptira slaže se
s cvjetovima aloje

spring morning
a butterfly's color
matching aloe vera blooms

ljetna večer
provjeravam vjetar
na susjedovoj zastavi

summer evening
checking the wind
on neighbor's flag

Zlata Jovanović (Srbija/Serbia)

na istoj klupi
isti par zagrljen –
i ovo veče

on the same bench
the same couple in embrace
this evening too

usred ekstaze
uzdahe im krade
krik sove

midst of ecstasy
a hoot steals
their sighs

Zvonko Jurčević

bečki valcer
invalid u kolicima
pleše srcem

oslikan prozor
pijeskom pustinje
nakon oluje

Viennese waltz
invalid in a wheelchair
dances with his heart

window painted
with desert sand
after a storm

Translated by the author

Jim Kacian (SAD/USA)

posljednji komadić
uklapa se u slagalicu –
Stara godina

the last piece
locks into the puzzle–
New Year's Eve

mi smo što jedemo vranin graktaj

we are what we eat crow caw

ostavljen prinos
bogu puta –
gavran ga uzima

offering left
for the god of the way–
raven takes it

sanjarenje ...
nebo se produbljuje
u svemir

daydreaming ...
the sky deepens
into space

kasno ljeto
cijela se rijeka provlači kroz
indijansku branu

late summer
the whole river squeezes through
the indian dam

gnijezdo štakora skupljača
sjaj kovanice
iz 1968.

pack-rat nest
the glitter of a coin
from 1968

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Drugi haiku sadrži misao Ludwiga Feuerbacha „Der Mensch ist, was er isst.” – „Čovjek je ono što jede.“ S druge strane engleski idiom „jesti vrane“ znači ‘priznati da si bio u krivu’. Zato je idiomatsku dvosmislenost ovog monokua teško precizno prevesti.

Amir Kapetanović

cvijetak u čaši
ne ćuti da ljepotom
poglede plijeni

snijeg u mislima
bagremovi grozdovi
zabijele svibanj

prazna staklenka –
majčina marmelada
u zadnjoj žlici

flower in a glass
not knowing that its beauty
is drawing glances

snow in my thoughts
the acacia tree's clusters
turn May white

empty jar–
mother's marmalade
in the last spoon

Translated by the author

Filip Karačić

uz naramak drva
did na naočalama unese
zimsku predvečer

susnježica
hoće li ga biti
za snjegovića?

osunčan potočić
migolji se pastrvica
u čapljinu kljunu

u zagrljaju
buduće jahačice
trodnevno ždrepe

with a bundle of firewood
the grandpa on his glasses
brings in the winter eve

sleet
will it be enough
for a snowman

sunny stream
a trout wriggles
in the heron's beak

in the embrace
of the future female rider
a three-day-old foal

Vito Katić

Tonjenje u san
Kroz noćnu tišinu
Jecanje braće

Drifting into sleep
Through the night's silence
The sobbing of brothers

Purpurno ruho
Malene maćuhice
Slavi proljeće

The little pansy
In its purple garb
Celebrates the spring

Translated by Iva Lukić-Ćuže

Sanja Kefelja

Tatin imendan
Na prozoru rascvjetan
Josipov cvijet*

Dad's name day
Blooming on the window
Joseph's flower**

*Josipov cvijet najčešće se odnosi na bijeli ljiljan, koji je tradicionalni simbol svetoga Josipa u kršćanskoj ikonografiji i duhovnosti.

**Joseph's flower most often refers to the white lily, which is the traditional symbol of Saint Joseph in Christian iconography and spirituality.

Špalir zumbula
Doputovao mirisom
Prije pogleda

A line of hyacinths
The scent has come
Before the sight

Proljetna zemlja
Posuta pjegicama
Jaglaci

Spring soil
Sprinkled with freckles
Primroses

Enes Kišević

osmijeh u mraku –
usta puna munja
nad glasovirom

vjetar iz klasja
u harfu njene kose
prosipa miris

napad na Iran –
američki bombarderi
gađaju svitanje

jesenja magla
podigla more k nebu
krik galeba

a smile in the dark–
mouth full of lightning
over the piano

wind from the grain stalks
spills the fragrance into the harp
of her hair

attack on Iran–
american bombers
target dawn

the autumn fog
lifted the sea to the sky
seagull's cry

Translated by Boris Nazansky

Leposava Klašnja (Srbija/Serbia)

U uglu sobe
sedim i pišem. Kratko –
jedan haiku.

In the corner of the room
I sit and write. Short–
one haiku.

U meredovu
ulovljeni šarani.
Ribar se smeška.

Carps, caught
in the fish trap.
The fisherman smiles.

Glasni povici.
Volovi zapeli
u dubokom blatu.

Loud shouts.
The oxen got stuck
in the deep mud.

Krzysztof Kokot (Poljska/Poland)

grimizni osvit –
umorni pilot džambo džeta
traži kavu

crimson sunrise–
a tired jumbo jet pilot
asks for coffee

zagasiti indigo –
na površini jezera
rasute zvijezde

muted indigo–
on the surface of the lake
scattered stars

čaša šerija –
riđi pas mi se smiješi
ispod stola

a glass of sherry–
ginger dog smiles at me
under the table

car –
u susjednim dvoranama
prevaranti

emperor–
in the neighboring halls
the fraudsters

riblja juha –
baka dolijeva vodu
u lonac

fish soup–
grandma adds more water
to the pot

hanami –
ista nijansa
kao tvoja kosa

hanami–
the same shade
as your hair

Translated by the author

Sonja Kokotović

zahladilo je
kokotu zadrhtao
jutarnji pozdrav

cold dawn
the rooster's greeting
trembles

unaokolo
utisnuti u sebe
leže kesteni

chestnuts
lying all around
shrunk into themselves

Siniša Kolaric

zagolica me
dodir bosih stopala
gusjeničinih

na vrhu brda
pogled oduzima dah
diši duboko

I am tickled
by the touches of bare feet
it's a caterpillar

on top of the hill
the view is breathtaking
breathe deeply

Translated by the author

Ljubica Kolarić-Dumić

majčine suze
otežale rastanak
i moja pjesma

stope jeseni
zaostale u blatu
čekaju snijeg

na uzbrdici
ozbiljno razgovara
čovjek sa štapom

mother's tears
made our parting harder
my poem too

autumn steps
left behind in the mud
waiting for snow

on the upward slope
seriously talking
a man with the stick

Ivanka Kostantino (Slovenija/Slovenia)

vedro nebo
u cvjetovima trešnje
povjetarac

clear sky
among the cherry blossoms
a gentle breeze

u viru tone
zadnji šaren list
jesen odlazi

the last colourful leaf
sinks in the whirlpool
farewell of autumn

nabujali potok
vrba namače svoje
promrzle prste

swollen stream
a willow dips into water
its numb fingers

blistavo jutro
nagost ozebljih lipa
pod bijelim krznom

dazzling morning
nakedness of the linden trees
under the white fur

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

Marinko Kovačević

Mlada maslina.
Nešto joj htjedoh reći.
I ona meni.

Puna bjelina
dana, otkriva točku
samoće.

Obitelj na ručku.
U svakom oku
skriveno nebo!

Utiha mora.
Sporije dišem i šutim
zajedno s njim.

Ne činim puno ...
Serviranu šalicu primičem
malo bliže k njoj.

Dvoje za stolom.
Isprepletene misli
dugim godinama.

Young olive tree.
I wanted to tell her something.
And she to me.

Full whiteness of the day.
It reveals a point
of solitude.

Family at lunch.
There is a hidden sky
in every eye!

Calm sea.
I breathe more slowly and
keep silent with it.

I don't do much ...
I move the served cup
a little closer to her.

Two at the table.
Thoughts intertwined
over many years.

Translated by Boris Nazansky

Nina Kovačić

ozbiljna stvar
unuk me podučava
da budem dijete

a serious matter
my grandson teaches me
how to be a child

vlak u prolasku
ispraća ga lavež
psa litalice

a rolling train
sent off by barking
of a stray dog

Pangea
vjetar vraća Europi
saharski pijesak

Pangea
the wind returns Sahara's sand
to Europe

stari drveni stol –
na majčinom dlanu
pečati vremena

old wooden table –
on my mother's palm
the seals of time

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Evica Kraljić

forzicija –
cijeli dan mi je danas
u žutim nijansama

vjetrovito –
u očima vrtlara
bakin osmijeh

forsythia–
my whole day
in the shades of yellow

windy–
in the eyes of a gardener
grandmother's smile

Oto Kraml

pupovi grana
ptica u niskom letu
otprhne perce

branch buds
a bird in low flight
blows off a feather

Josip Kuharić Kastro

ljetna omara
zmija presvlači kožu
na sikavici

summer heat
a snake sheds its skin
on a thistle

Translated by the author

Gordana Kurtović

četvrto proljeće
rata u Ukrajini –
cvjeta ranjena trešnja

iščekivanje –
spore kazaljke sata
prije sastanka

fourth spring
of the war in Ukraine–
the wounded cherry blossoms

expectancy–
slow hands of the clock
before the date

Translated by Ivan Kurtović

Mile Lisica (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

šareni leptir –
u tišini livade
nečija duša

colorful butterfly–
in the silence of the meadow
someone's soul

zvezdano nebo –
tonemo u haiku
zrikavac i ja

starry sky–
we drown in haiku
the cricket and me

Translated by the author

Nina Lučev

novi radni dan
za žurnim koracima
leluja parfem

sviće
na uličnoj svjetiljci
grakće vrana

brecaju zvona
ljepota zvonika
ne umanjuje bol

new working day
behind quick steps
the perfume wafts

dawn
on the street lamp
a crow caws

tolling bells
beauty of the bell tower
doesn't lessen the pain

Štefanija Ludvig

vrhom jezika –
prvo kušanje
meda od pelina

tip of my tongue–
the first taste
of wormwood honey

trula tavanska greda –
još uvijek drži
stari lampaš

rotten attic beam–
still holding
an old lantern

breskva –
vjetar majstorski
frče lišće

peach tree–
the wind skillfully
twists the leaves

Translated by Vladimir Ludvig

Vladimir Ludvig

zrele trešnje –
garnirane gmižućim
proteinima

obred nužde –
iz rupe u duplji viri
stražnjica ptice

kreat bus
stisnut nabreklih grudima
puls mu luduje

ripe cherries
garnished with creeping
proteins

an urgent need
a bird's butt peeks
from the tree hollow

crowded bus–
pressed by the lush breasts
his pulse racing

Translated by the author

Carole MacRury (SAD/USA)

noćne pjesme
sove donose svemir
u naš krevet

nocturnal songs
owl brings the universe
to our bed

kostur lista ...
lica iz prošlosti
sve teže prizvati

ghost leaf ...
faces from the past
harder to recall

nekrolog na *facebooku* –
rekordan broj
osjećajnika

facebook eulogy–
a record number
of emojis

ulična svjetla –
moljci preuzimaju
noć

streetlights–
moths take over
the night

u mužaru i tučku
meljem miris
doma

with mortar and pestle
I grind up the scent
of home

Marina Majnarić

dok more pjeni
izlazeće zrake
zapljuskuju val

u žamoru mase
jedno dijete traži
zagrljaj majke

mlin melje žito
voda struji koritom
miris djetinjstva

while the sea foams
the outgoing sunrays
splash the wave

murmur of the crowd
a child seeks
the mother's embrace

mill grinds grain
water flows in the trough
the smell of childhood

Anica Marčelić

fontana želja –
sjaj novčića zastalog
u pukotini zida

naklon publici –
šešir uličnog svirača
pada u blato

nestanak struje
vrijeme za bistrjenje
vlastitih misli

wishing fountain–
the shine of a coin stuck
in the wall crack

bow to audience–
the street musician's hat
falls into the mud

power outage
a time to clear
your mind

Translated by the author

Haiku zbornik Ludbreg 2026.

Marija Maretić

kroz cvjetni labirint
vjetar pronalazi put
sebi i latima trešnje

flowery labyrinth—
the wind finds its way
so do cherry's petals

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Tomislav Maretić

ledenodobna noć
uz vatru susret očiju
dvije vrste

ice age night
by the fire a meeting of eyes
two kinds

susret u stepi –
u dimu vatre odnekud
drugačije lice

encounter in the steppe–
in fire smoke appears
a different face

u sebi pomisli –
lijepe li neadertalke!
mladi sapiens

young sapiens thinks–
how beautiful
Neanderthal women!

lovište bizona –
još nečiji, kraći koraci
širokih stopala

bison hunting ground —
someone else's shorter steps
from wide feet

špilja *El Castillo* –
netko prije povijesti
još nam maše

El Castillo cave–
someone before history
still waving to us

iz mog genoma
neki pradačni lovac
gleda isti mjesec

from my genome
an ancient hunter gazes
at the same moon

Translated by the author

Dejan Marinković (Srbija/Serbia)

Letnja noć
ka nebu pogledah –
mlad mesec

Summer night
I looked at the sky–
young moon

Na livadi
maslačak se ističe
svojom lepotom

In the meadow
dandelion stands out
with his beauty

Pogled u nebo
pokazah prstom svome bratu
trag zvezde padalice

A look at the sky
I point out a shooting star
to my brother

Translated by the author

Martina Matijević

kasni mraz –
djetetova jakna
na tavanu

na rubu
prozora trgovine
zamišljen starac

napuštena kuća
nenajavljeni posjet
mjesečine

late frost–
the child's jacket
in the attic

on the edge
of the shop window
a thoughtful old man

abandoned house
unannounced visit
of the moonlight

Silvana Medač

jesenje boje
starog hrasta ...
dim iz djedove lule

lampa maslačka ...
zajednička radost
oca i sina

tišina sobe ...
tvoj lagani dodir
budi pupoljke

autumn colours
of an old oak ...
smoke from grandfather's pipe

dandelion clock ...
shared joy
of father and son

silence of the room
your gentle touch
awakens the buds

Translated by the author

Snježana Mihajlović

usnuo starac –
usred plesnog podija
zviždi čajnik

divlja kopriva –
udana žena šalje
iskre očima

a dozing old man—
tea kettle whistling in the middle
of the dance floor

wild nettle—
a married woman's eyes
sending the sparks

Translated by the author

Dušan Mijajlović Adski (Srbija/Serbia)

U zadimljenoj birtiji
prazne reči nikog ne dotiču –
niko nikog ne sluša

In a smoky pub
empty words touch no one–
no one listens to anyone

Pustopolje ...
ni krik orla ni pev ševe –
tišina caruje

Wasteland ...
neither an eagle's cry nor a lark's song–
silence reigns

Čekam da još jednom
prođe pored moje kapije –
dojkama da mi mahne

I'm waiting for her
to pass my door once more–
to wave her breasts at me

Marija Miklaušić

uskrсни doručak –
cijeli nasad jaja
na stolu

Easter breakfast–
a nest of setting eggs
on the table

selska knjižnica –
nasmiješena domaćica
s naramkom knjiga

village library–
a smiling housewife with
bundle of books

proljeće ...
starac popravlja
vrtni alat

the spring ...
grandpa repairs
the garden tools

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Slavica Mileva (Sjeverna Makedonija/North Macedonia)

Vruć ljetni dan
na asfaltu cvrči
zaljubljeni cvrčak

Scorching day
chirping on the asphalt
lovestruck cricket

Smijem se –
jedna se bora pretvara
u haiku

I smile–
a single wrinkle
turns into haiku

Lišće pada
krijesnica je otišla
molim te – ti ostani!

Leaves keep falling
a firefly is gone
you – please stay!

Translated by the author

Daniela Misso (Italija/Italy)

bolne oči
melodična pjesma
slavuja

painful eyes
the melodious song
of a nightingale

naše sjene
produžuju se na stazi
betlehemske zvijezde

our shadows
lengthen on the path
stars of bethlehem

zimsko jezero
oblak u obliku labuda
bez pokreta

winter lake
a swan-shaped cloud
motionless

moja kosa raspuštena
između njegovih bedara
mjesečeva rijeka

my hair loose
between his thighs
moonlight river

sa sjenom ispred
čitam knjigu –
zimsko sunce

with a shadow in front
I read a book–
winter sun

jutarnja magla
dah vlažnog lišća
uzduž staze

morning fog
scent of damp leaves
along the path

Translated by the author

Zdenka Mlinar

radost
korizmenog ručka
mlade koprive

glas proljeća
na majčinim grudima
bebin osmijeh

mirisni sjaj
proljetnog sutona
mimoze

joy
of a Lenten lunch
of young nettles

the voice of spring
on the mother's breast
the baby's smile

fragrant glow
of the spring twilight
mimosas

Translated by the author

Maja Musić

Kvačica za veš
ponosno vijori.
Volim žute.

Roje se kapi.
Misli se brišu.
Slap.

A clothes peg
flutters proudly.
I love the yellow ones.

Swarm of drops
wipes away the thoughts.
Waterfall.

Jasminka Nadaškić Đorđević (Srbija/Serbia)

baka duboko spava –
deka još uvek čita novine
naglas za nju

grandma deep asleep–
grandpa still reads newspapers
aloud for her

polumesec u tami –
ulične mačke
pevaju serenadu

half moon dark covered–
cats from the street
make serenade

pada gusti sneg –
pod velikim kišobranom
četiri noge

heavy snow falling–
under one big umbrella
four legs

Translated by the author

Boris Nazansky

sjedim u vrtu
volio bih da leptir
sleti na cvijet

ah potočnica
i kad oblaci plove
kap neba na tlu

dva-tri oblačka
lahor među trskama
pa onda ni on

pogled sa skela
daleko i još dalje
do Filipina

umirovljenje
posljednji put drijema
za radnim stolom

Translated by the author

sitting in the garden
I wish a butterfly would
land on a flower

ah forget-me-not
even when the clouds float
a drop of sky

two or three clouds
breeze among the reeds
then not even it

view from the scaffolding
far and even further
to the Philippines

retirement
he takes a nap at his desk
for the last time

Franjo Ordanić

jutarnja kiša –
bezvoljno tijelo tjera
pjev rugalice

kemtrejls –
naivno slikarstvo
u plavoj fazi

pospani gradić
krajikom oka
kuna

morning rain–
my lethargic body runs on
mockingbird's song

chemtrails–
the blue period of
naive art

sleepy town
out of the corner of one's eye
a marten

Translated by Martina Mirt-Ordanić

Dejan Pavlinović

proljetna kiša
sumrak se cijedi
u melankoliju

pripeka –
sunce i dalje suši
suhu lokvu

s burom
kroz makiju i brnistru ...
kakav je to miris?

spring rain
twilight drips
into melancholy

scorching heat–
the sun keeps drying
a dry puddle

with the bora wind
through maquis and Spanish broom ...
what scent is this?

Translated by the author

Franjo Pijanec

bijeli oblaci –
u velikom bazenu
plivaju djeca

white clouds–
in the large pool
children are swimming

popodnevno sunce
suši latice ruže –
prvi dan ljeta

afternoon sun
drying rose petals–
the first day of summer

Translated by Zoran Rajn

Vlasta Pirker

japanska trešnja
prekrivena snijegom –
prva visibaba

Japanese cherry
still covered with snow–
the first snowdrop

u zimskoj noći
zvijezda padalica
siječe mjesec

in a winter night
a falling star
cuts up full moon

gozba puževa
u glavici kupusa –
zasjalo sunce

snails having a feast
in a head of cabbage–
then the sunshine

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Stanoja Plavšić (Bosna i Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina)

ti si tamo	you are there
a ja ovdje –	and I am here–
oboje gledamo isti Mjesec	we both watch the same moon

prijatelju –	my friend–
kad se magle razidu	when the mists part
pokazaću ti Zmijanje	I will show you Zmijanje

u ispruženoj ruci	in an outstretched hand
lotosov cvijet –	lotus flower–
prosvjetljenje	enlightenment

bjelina papira –	the whiteness of paper–
smije li riječ	may a word
da je naruši	disturb it

obala rijeke –	riverbank–
biserna kap vode	a pearly drop of water
skliznu niz grudi djevojke	slides down a girl's breast

krik odlazeće guske –	the cry of a departing goose–
nesta	it vanishes
u poderotini magle	in a tear of fog

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Irena Plejić Premec

U šumi pljušti.
Vjeverici na grani
list je kišobran.

Zuri reklama
u grablje golih grana
i bijelo nebo.

Jutarnja šetnja
Haljinom na točkice
smiješi se izlog.

A cloudburst in the forest.
A leaf turned umbrella
to a squirell on a branch.

A billboard stares
at a rake of bare branches
and the white skies.

A morning walk.
A polka-dot dress makes
the shop window smile.

Translated by Andreja Štor

Jasna Popović Poje

u tami šupe
djedova kosa i brus
na čavlu šešir

uvenuli mak
u hladovini hrasta
zaspao slikar

in the darkness of the shed
grandfather's scythe and a whetstone
his hat on the nail

withered poppy
in the shade of an oak
the painter fell asleep

Elena Prendjova (Sjeverna Makedonija/North Macedonia)

gola mu sjena ljubi
kožu među mojim bedrima
ljetni zalazak sunca

his naked shadow
kissing the skin between my
thighs — summer sunset

more mi kaplje
s njegova tijela na usne
valovi drže naš ritam

seawater dripping
from his body on my lips
waves keeping our rhythm

liže višnjevi sok
iz moga pupka – pčela
čeka svoj red

licking cherry juice
out of my navel — a bee
waiting for its turn

Translated by the author

Živko Prodanović

veselo živkanje
prekrasno obično jutro
malih prijatelja

začudene oči
propitkuju svijet –
zlatna ribica

dok gricka lješnjak
pomalo je neoprezna
mlada vjeverica

novogodišnja noć
osamljeno srce
ponoć otkucava

cheerful chirping
a lovely ordinary morning
of little friends

amazed eyes
questioning the world–
a goldfish

while nibbling on a hazelnut
she's little careless
a young squirrel

New Year's Eve
a lonely heart
beats midnight

Zhanna P. Rader (SAD/USA)

Oblaci tamne –
samo što se ne prolije
hladna kiša.

Clouds growing darker–
the sky's about to spill
its cold rain.

Hoće li pasti snijeg?
Ugljen, mrkva i dvije grančice
čekaju svog snješka.

Will the snow fall?
Coals, a carrot and two sticks
waiting for their man.

Obiteljski piknik
pod trešnjinim cvatom –
latice na salati.

A family picnic
under cherry blossoms–
petals on the salad.

Nagla grmljavina –
doberman uskače
u kadu.

Sudden thunder –
the doberman leaps
into the bathtub.

Ljubomir Radovančević

leptirić drhti
u paukovoј mreži
izmak proljeća

butterfly trembles
in the spider's web
the end of spring

ljeto
njiska konja
u polju

summertime
the horses neigh
in the field

ljeto na škveru
u oku mrtve ribe
gleda se mačak

summer at the shipyard
the cat looks at itself
in the eye of a dead fish

kasna jesen
niski oblaci nad morem
i pod morem

late autumn
low clouds over the sea
and under the sea

Translated by Boris Nazansky

Branko Rakijašić

ulična lampa
baca svjetlo na snijeg
otisak šapa

street lamp
throws light on the snow
the imprint of paws

Dragan J. Ristić (Srbija/Serbia)

rodino gnezdo –
jablan zašumi jače
sa prinovom

stork's nest–
the poplar rustles louder
with a new chick

turisti
oko vodopada –
bez reči

the tourists
around the waterfall–
wordless

njene plave oči
na crno-beloj fotki
sada neupadljive

her blue eyes
in the black-and-white photo
no longer striking

u autobusu
spazih jednog putnika –
bez mobitela

on the bus
I noticed one passenger–
without a phone

golub u Nišu
baš kao i u Zagrebu
kljucka nešto

a pigeon in Niš
just like in Zagreb
pecking at something

Translated by the author

David Rodrigues (Portugal)

Uzvodno putujem –
da otkrijem
ušće koje je moje

Upstream I travel–
journeying to discover
the mouth that is mine

Visok strop –
šišmiši se zadržavaju u noći
tražeći hranu

High ceiling–
bats linger into the night
seeking food

Isprekidana crta
razdvaja ono što zovemo životom
od onog što smrću zovemo

A broken line drawn
divides what we call living
from what we call death

Psi lualice na ulicama –
žalim ih čak i više
nego siromašne

Stray dogs in the streets–
I pity them even more
than the poor

Rijeka teče
pokraj hrama na obali
slijepa za molbe vjernika

The river runs on
beside the bank's temple
blind to faithful pleas

Translated by the author

Milan Rupčić

boje cvijeća
a zimska odjeća
neobična moda

flower colors
and winter clothes
unusual fashion

siva planina
proljeće ukrašava
granu po granu

gray mountain
spring decorates
branch by branch

Translated by the author

Ljiljana Ružička

deda u šetnji
za šešir mu zataknut
stručak mimoza

greybeard on walk
a mimosa twig stuck
on his hat

bez naočala ...
nestale su sve bore
u ogledalu

without glasses ...
all the wrinkles in the mirror
gone

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Edin Saračević (Slovenija/Slovenia)

samo moja sjena
pase na ostatku
cvatuće livade

only my shadow
grazes on the remnants
of the blooming meadow

tri ljuljačke
u Tišini čekaju
dječji smijeh

three swings
in Silence waiting
for children's laughter

zrela lubenica
pred nožem je oblijeva
mrtvački znoj

ripe watermelon
before the knife – covered
in death sweat

krave na paši
niti od jedne nisam
dobio ni MU!

cows in the pasture
none of them have said
to me - MOO!

boje drveća
glasnije su od glazbe
iz autoradija

colours of the trees–
they overwhelm the music
from the car radio

jesenje jutro
na vrhu dimnjaka
grije se vrana

autumn morning
on the top of the chimney
a crow warms herself

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

Darinka Slanovec (Slovenija/Slovenia)

Šum valova –
u mraku odzvanja
piranski zvon.

Sound of waves—
the Piran bell resounds
in the dusk.

Tamni prozori –
zvijezde se umivaju
u moru.

Dark windows—
stars are washing
in the sea.

Tišina –
val urezuje trag
u kamen.

Silence—
the wave cuts a trace
in the stone.

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky

Senka Slivar

starinski đeram ...
djevojka s krčagom
žuri pred sumrak

na mome dlanu
duga linija života –
kolona mrava

u sladostrasti
i paunovo perje ...
očerupano

an old shadoof ...
a lass with a jug rushing
towards sunset

on my palm
a long lifeline–
procession of ants

in sweet passion
even peacock feathers ...
stripped

Translated by the author

Kristina Slunjski Lukač

Brezino lišće
tiho titra na suncu.
Svijet mekše diše.

Birch leaves
quietly shimmer in the sun.
The world breathes softer.

Translated by the author

Vlastimir Stanisavljević (Francuska/France)

Leptir ...
dade sjaj dečjem prstu
i umre zgnječen.

Butterfly ...
gives shine to the child's finger
and dies crushed.

Jelena Stanojčić

miris lipa –
iz pljuska zemlja žedno
pije lipov čaj

meditacija –
unutarnjom svjetiljkom
vidam ranjiva mjesta

Translated by the author

scent of linden—
after the downpour the earth
thirstily drinks linden tea

meditation—
with an inner lamp
I tend vulnerable places

Milenko Šarac (Crna Gora/Montenegro)

starci u bašti –
naokolo padaju
prezrele dunje

old men in the garden–
overripe quinces
falling all around

rodna kuća –
odgonetam tragove
davnih godina

childhood home–
I'm exploring the traces
of long ago

veče na terasi –
cvijeće okačeno
o rog mjeseca

evening on the terrace–
flowers hanging
on the horn of the moon

planinsko selo –
protruli krovovi i
kašalj pred kućom

mountain village–
rotten roofs and
cough in front of the house

Translated by the author

Robert Šimunaci

rad u tijeku
na postavljenoj skeli
paukova mreža

daleka šetnja
na okruglom stoliću
smrdljivi martin

gusta trstika
s patkama izlazi
izgubljen ptičar

work in progress
spider web
on the scaffolding

long walk
at the round table
stink bug

thick reeds
a lost bird dog comes out
with ducks

Translated by the author

Zrinko Šimunić

guraš li vjetar?
u prolazu će ona
povuče ju pas

do you push the wind?
passing by she is pulled
by her dog on leash

pobjeći daleko
u sudoku-svijet
sude na čekanju

escaping far away
into the sudoku world
dishes on hold

subota popodne
čim stane kosilica
zov fazana

saturday afternoon
when the lawnmower stops
a pheasant's call

Translated by the author

Canka Šiškova (Bugarska)

jedinstvena ljepota
mog nesavršenog zmaja
ljetni ugođaj

cvjetni vrt
elegantna spirala kale
poput svadbenog vela

u niskoj živici
ružičasta hortenzija u cvatu
slikar na klupi

hospicij
usred eukaliptusove šume
aromaterapija

umirujući zvukovi
u bučnom gradskom danu
proljetna kišica

Translated by the author

Tsanka Shishkova (Bulgaria)

unique beauty
of my imperfect kite
summer mood

flower garden
calla lily's elegant spiral
like a bridal veil

in a low hedge
pink hydrangea bloom
artist on the bench

hospice
amid an eucalyptus forest
aromatherapy

calming sounds
on a noisy city day
gentle spring rain

Branko Škiljan

Odoše pjevači.
Na staroj bačvi
prazne čaše.

Tišina groblja,
pa žamor molitve.
Odlazak.

Naoblačilo se.
Raspjevani cvrčci
uzeli predah.

The singers left.
On the old barrel
empty glasses.

Silence of the cemetery,
then the murmur of prayer.
Leaving.

It's getting cloudy.
The chirping crickets
take a break.

Dimitrij Škrk (Slovenija/Slovenia)

lipa –
zeleno lišće
sve veće

linden–
green leaves
growing

na vinovoj lozi
staro gnijezdo kosa
još uvijek prazno

on the vine
old blackbird nest
still empty

porculanska lula
sjećanje na pradjeda –
još miris duhana

porcelain pipe
memory of great-grandfather–
still the smell of tobacco

Translated by the author

Julijo Štebih

Crvendać šuti.
Ogoljela grana
kakija.

Dimi stajski gnoj ...
Jesenja sauna za –
muhu zunzaru.

Robin is silent.
No more persimmons
on the branch.

Smoky manure ...
Autumn sauna for –
a blowfly.

Mihael Štebih

Slomljeno stablo.
Nakon bure stiže
hitna! Vrapčići!

Naleti bure
s neba rastjerali
ljetne ovčice.

Jutro na plaži.
Dolaze plivači i
jato vrapčića.

Na pramcu jahte
kapetan duge plovidbe
bijeli galeb!

Broken tree.
After tempest arrives
emergency! Sparrows!

Gusts of bora
scattered from the sky
summer lambs.

Morning on the beach.
Swimmers arrive and a
flock of sparrows.

On the bow of the yacht
captain of a long voyage
white gull!

Translated by the author

Vesna Tadić

Sjedim uz more
val plete čipku pjene
mojim nogama

I sit by the sea
a wave weaves the foam lace
around my feet

Eduard Tara (Rumunjska/Romania)

srp polumjeseca
malo po malo ona otkriva
svoje grudi

crescent moon
she's unveiling her breast
little by little

Venerin brežuljak
penjač se nježno
spušta

mons veneris
the climber gently
descending

svaka školjka
njegove tajne zbirke
djevojčino ime

every conch shell
of his secret collection
a girl's name

mjesечева oblina
njezin nagi obris
iza zavjese

moon's curvature
her naked silhouette
behind the curtain

prva ljubav
njene usne dotiču moj
zaljubljeni šapat

first love
her lips touching
my love whispers

Translated by the author

Ante Tičić

U prolazu
dijete mi se kradom
nasmiješilo.

Raspjevan slavuj
uvijek istim tonom
primamljujuće.

As I passed,
the child gave me
a sneaky smile.

A singing nightingale
always in the same tone
enticing.

Ljubinka Tošić (Srbija/Serbia)

zaćuta slavuj
skriven me posmatra
ne znam od kuda

the nightingale went silent
looking at me secretly
I don't know where from

zimski dan
na prozoru vrapci –
kratka poseta

winter day
sparrows on the window seal–
a short visit

Translated by Danijela Milosavljević

Silva Trstenjak

majčin osmijeh
prvi cvijet dragoljuba
nakon tuče

smiling mother
first nasturtium flower
after the hail

nemirna noć
majčino mlijeko ima
okus šparoga

restless night
mother's milk with the taste
of asparagus

šetnja selom
starica me pita
koji je dan danas

a village stroll ...
old lady asks me
what day is today

zimski tišina
dijete s krova otkrhne
sunčevu zraku

winter silence—
a child chips the sunbeam
from the roof

prozor hospicija:
svjetlost trešnje u cvatu
na spokojnom licu

hospice window:
sakura throws its light
on serene face

latice u kosi ...
školarka skida
svoj prvi grudnjak

petals in her hair ...
a schoolgirl takes off
her first bra

Translated by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Tuyet Van Do (Australija/Australia)

zlatni prsten
na stolu
čša viskija napola puna

a golden ring
on the table
half-filled whisky glass

plavo nebo
ispod ružičaste sakure
grupe snimaju sebiće

blue sky
under the pink sakura
groups taking selfies

skidajuć veš sa štrika
na susjedovu zidu
miran macaklin

clearing the clothesline
on neighbor's wall
a still gecko

povratak kući
na prilazu do susjeda
vozilo hitne pomoći

arriving home
in the driveway next door
emergency vehicle

rastući mjesec
tutnji kroz park
kasni noćni vlak

waxing moon
rumbles across the park
a late night train

sparna sauna
gospođa u kutu
grize usnicu

steamy sauna
a lady in the corner
biting her lip

Mirko Varga

noć u vrtu
drhti lišće pod nogama
prolaze snovi

odlazi zima –
na hladnim prozorima
kapljice rose

stari grad spava
ispod kamenih svodova
nečujni vjetar

tišina u šumi
otkucaji srca zastali
lipovim lišćem

duboka kaljuža
na zarobljenoj čizmi
elipsa leptira

night in the garden
the leaves tremble underfoot
dreams pass away

winter is leaving
on cold windows
the drops of dew

the old town sleeps
under the stone arches
inaudible wind

forest silence
my heartbeats have stopped
at the falling linden leaves

deep puddle
on a trapped boot
the ellipse of a butterfly

Denis Vidović

Jedina, divna,
kratiš mi san! A proklet
bio i komarac.

My only one, the beautiful one,
you're taking away my sleep!
And damn the mosquito.

Đermano Vitasović

gradski autobus
parfemi golicaju
i za i protiv

bačeni globus
bijeli mrav prelazi
Crni kontinent

city bus
perfumes tickle both
for and against

discarded globe
a white ant crosses
the Black Continent

Gordana Vlašić

počinje zima –
komunalci počistili
jesen

modernizacija –
svjetioničar odnosi
tegle s ružmarinom

otvorena vrata –
vjetar ne staje
na kućnom pragu

selidba –
miris lipe
iz tuđeg dvorišta

Translated by the author

beginning of winter–
municipal workers sweep away
autumn

modernization–
the lighthouse keeper carries away
his pots of rosemary

open door–
the wind does not stop
at the doorstep

moving day–
the scent of linden
from someone else's yard

Željko Vojković

ratni avioni
ispred benzinske postaje
redovi vozila

warplanes
in front of the gas station
rows of vehicles

Japanka
popravlja šminku na
smetlarskom vozilu

Japanese woman
she fixes her makeup
on a garbage truck

Aljoša Vuković

ptičja gripa –
iznenada otkazano
Labuđe jezero

pekara –
vrući kruh još miriše
na prvu ljubav

noćna smjena –
zaštitar vježba govor
za sutrašnji spoj

panj –
naborane ruke
starog drvosječe

kravlja balega –
muhe odaju počast
pokoju sijenu

bird flu–
Swan Lake
suddenly cancelled

bakery–
fresh bread still smells
like first love

night shift–
security guard practices speech
for tomorrow's date

tree stump–
wrinkled hands
of an old lumberjack

cow dung–
the flies pay homage
to deceased hay

Translated by the author

Daniela Vuković

Zrcalo Une –
vjetar divljački ljulja
vrbine grane.

Una river – the wind
wildly sways willow branches
in its mirror.

Miroslav Vurdelja

puzajuće sjene...
s groblja nosim ubod
ružina trna

raspršeno jato
simetrija križeva
na ratnom groblju

zapušteno groblje
korijen jasena diže
nadgrobnu ploču

hladni sumrak
tišina mahovine
na grobnoj ploči

creeping shadows...
I bring the rose stab
from the cemetery

scattered bird flock
the symmetry of crosses
in a war graveyard

derelict graveyard
roots of an ash tree
raise the tombstone

chilly dusk
silence of the moss
on a headstone

Translated by Borna Ježić

Kathabela Wilson (SAD/USA)

poseže
za svojom torbicom s leptirom
miris lantane

reaching
for her butterfly bag
scent of lantana

svladana
mirisom jasmína, ona zaplače
tu sam

overcome
by the jasmine she cries
I'm here

lastin rep
u vrtnoj sjenici
nalazi nebo

swallowtail
in the gazebo
it finds the sky

svilene plahte
jednim prstom u snijegu
crtam anđela

silk sheets
one finger in snow
I draw an angel

Katarina Zadrija

po trdem poutu
čez site curi život
dejžda ni kapi

stisnute u kut
pišu putopise
stare cipele

on the hard road
life leaks through a sieve
not a drop of rain

put away in the corner
the old shoes write
travelogues

Jadran Zalokar

rubovi zavjese
jesenje sunce sličī
na proljetno

curtain trimmings
autumn sun resembles
the spring one

božićni smiraj
djevojci u kolicima prijateljica
oblači kaput

Christmas sunset
a friend puts the coat
on the girl in wheelchair

opalo lišće
ni bura ne može opet
pozeleniti grane

not even the bora
can green the branches again
with fallen leaves

jutarnji šetač na rivi
u koracima izgubljen
crni mačak

a morning walker on the seafront
lost in the steps
a black cat

Nada Zidar-Bogadi

slijedim leptira
do Matuškina groba –
gaj urni

following butterfly
to Matuška's grave–
a grove of urns

Translated by Tomislav Maretić

Vanice Zimerman (Brazil)

cvjetna košulja
na konopcu za rublje –
rano proljeće

flowered shirt
left on the clothesline–
early spring

plavi prozor –
privijam se uz mačku
ljetni povjetarac

blue window–
I snuggle with the cat
summer breeze

tren Geje –
jesenski leptir
slijeće na cvijet ...

Gaia's moment–
the autumn butterfly
arrives at a flower ...

Majčin dan –
u teglama na balkonu
toliko uspomena ...

Mother's Day–
in the vases on the balcony
so many memories ...

u sivim tonovima
sitne kapljice na prozoru –
zimski kiša ...

in shades of gray
tiny droplets on the window–
winter rain ...

Translated by the author

Sanjana Zorinc

miris smilja –
s paškim kamenom
stopljene ovce

odlazak u dom –
posljednje pucketanje
starog vinila

zrele maline –
napokon upoznajem
dugogodišnju susjedu

jutarnji vjetar
razgrće zavjesu –
kruška u cvatu

scent of immortelle–
sheep melting
into Pag stones

the last crackle
of an old vinyl–
leaving for the nursing home

ripe raspberries–
at last I meet
my long-time neighbour

morning wind
parts the curtain–
a blossoming pear

Translated by the author

Alenka Zorman (Slovenija/Slovenia)

smacna mačka
leži na dvorištu –
trbuščić okrenut suncu

a pregnant cat
lies in the yard–
her belly facing the sun

pčela polijeće
iz čaše šafrana
otežala

a bee flies out
of the crocus cup
heavier

ribarnica
dva galeba i vrana
zure u vrata

fish market
two gulls and a crow
stare at the door

pod lipom list
odmara se u sjeni
brata na grani

under the linden tree
a leaf rests on the shadow
of his brother on the branch

mraz na livadi
pod mačjim šapama
uopće ne škripi

rime ice on the meadow
under the cat's paws
it doesn't creek

Sa slovenskog preveo Boris Nazansky
Translated by the author

Radionica o pisanju haikua

Narodna knjižnica Otočac

9. travnja 2026.

U Narodnoj knjižnici Otočac održana je radionica pod nazivom *Kako pisati klasični haiku*. Voditelji radionice bili su Boris Nazansky, Nina Kovačić i Miroslav Vurdelja, troje vrsnih i nagrađivanih haiku-pjesnika, novinara i urednika koji su govorili o povijesnom razvoju pisanja haiku-poezije i o njenomu mjestu u suvremenomu književnom stvaralaštvu.

Pisanje haiku-poezije podliježe nizu pravila, rekao je u uvodnom dijelu Boris Nazansky, govoreći o kratkim formama ove tradicionalne japanske književnosti te dodao da Hrvatska u odnosu na broj stanovnika ima najveći broj haiku-pjesnika na svijetu.

Polaznici radionice, među kojima je bilo i nekoliko zavičajnih pjesnika, iskušavali su vještinu pisanja trostih koji će se objaviti u zborniku radova u Ludbregu, mjestu poznatom po održavanju haiku-susreta. I ova radionica nije bila samo način poučavanja nego i način jednog zabavnog i ugodnog pjesničkog susreta i druženja.

Ono će se nastaviti, kako je najavljeno, u knjižnici u Gospiću gdje će se u rujnu upriličiti dvodnevna radionica pisanja klasičnog haikua.

(portal *Glas Gacke*)

Haiku workshop

Otočac National Library

April 9th 2026

A workshop entitled *How to Write a Classic Haiku* was held at the Otočac National Library. The workshop leaders were Boris Nazansky, Nina Kovačić and Miroslav Vurdelja, three excellent and award-winning haiku poets, journalists and editors who spoke about the historical development of writing haiku poetry and its place in contemporary literary creation.

Writing haiku poetry is subject to a number of rules, said Boris Nazansky in the introductory part, speaking about the short forms of traditional Japanese literature and adding that Croatia has the largest number of haiku poets in the world in relation to its population.

The workshop participants, among whom were several local poets, tried their hand at writing haiku that will be published in Haiku Almanac in Ludbreg, a place known for holding haiku meetings. And this workshop was not only a way of teaching but also a way of a fun and enjoyable poetic meeting and socializing.

It will continue, as announced, at the library in Gospić, where a two-day workshop on writing classic haiku will be held in September.

(portal *Glas Gacke /Voice of Gacka/*)

Jelena Benčić

tiho koračam
da ne probudim šumu ...
srna bježi

I walk quietly
so as not to wake the forest ...
a deer runs away

Jasna Ilić

blagi vjetar
i žut i zelen je list
na prozoru

gentle wind
a leaf at the window
both yellow and green

Marijana Kovačević

majčina kuća
u krošnji stare trešnje
šumor sjećanja

mother's house
in the crown of an old cherry tree
the murmur of memories

Milana Matasić

toliko riječi
u tišini knjižnice
na papiru

so many words
in the silence of the library
on paper

Translated by Boris Nazansky

IN MEMORIAM

Rudi Stopar

(1939-2025)

Nestaje oblak
mjesec miluje krov
dodir samoće

The cloud vanishes
moon caresses the roof
contact of solitude

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2006)

U rupi
između oštrog kamenja
nema ničeg

In the hole
between sharp stones
there is nothing

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2007)

Sunce u podne
u šuplje poprsje ose
ulazi mrav

Lazy midday sun
ant enters the hollow breast
of a wasp

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2011)

Sunce briše
leden cvijet na prozoru
veličanstveno

The sun is wiping
frost flowers on the window
spectacular

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2013)

Bubamara
lovi ravnotežu
na visibabi

A ladybird
tries to balance
on the snowdrop

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2015)

Pustopoljina
sitne ostatke nosi
proljetni vjetar

Wasteland
small remnants carried
by the spring wind

(Haiku zbornik Ludbreg, 2025)

Mirko Varga

Nagrada *Afrodita* 2025.

Na dvadeset osmim Ludbreškim haiku-susretima po dvanaesti su put dodijeljene nagrade *Afrodita* za najbolje trostihe u najšire shvaćenoj tematici erotskoga haikua. Prvu nagradu za najbolji erotski haiku u 2025. godini dobio je indijski autor **Ram Krishna Singh** za haiku

*nakon prevrtanja
zakopan među plahtama
ostatak strasti*

Ram Krishna Singh

Drugu nagradu za erotski haiku u 2025. godini ravnopravno dijele **Ivan Ivančan** i **Tomislav Maretić** za sljedeće haikue:

*Oči starca.
U njima još počiva – noćno kupanje zvijezde se vrtlože
naga djevojka*

Ivan Ivančan

Tomislav Maretić

Treća nagrada ravnopravno pripada haikuima triju autorica, a to su **Štefanija Ludvig**, **Zdenka Mlinar** i **Dragica Reinholz**. Njihovi nagrađeni haikui su sljedeći:

*pad strasti
ljubavni par traži -
parkirno mjesto*

Štefaniya Ludvig

*crveni grudnjak
na jedrim grudima
pucaju šavovi*

Zdenka Mlinar

*već se spušta mrak
sunce se ugasilo
a ja sam sama*

Dragica Reinholz

Iz najmnogoljudnije zemlje svijeta Indije javlja se, ne prvi put, **Ram Krishna Singh** kojem čestitam na ovoj nagradi. Uz njega dojmljivo je sudjelovanje niza renomiranih i međunarodno priznatih haiku-autora kao što su **Jim Kacian**, **Kathabele Wilson** i **Carole MacRury** (sve troje iz Sjedinjenih Američkih Država), **Krzysztof Kokot** (Poljska) i drugi. Od hrvatskih pak pjesnika spomenut ću tek **Sanju Kefelju** i **Dragutina Hrženjaka** koji su lokalna (ludbreški kraj!) otkrića ovih susreta i natječaja *Afrodita* te bračni haiku-par **Štefaniju** i **Vladimira Ludviga** koji natječaj prate i u njemu sudjeluju od samih početaka.

I ove me godine raduje što je uredništvo (**Alenka Zorman**, **Nina Kovačić** i **Boris Nazansky**) prepoznalo čak oko pedeset posto *Afroditom* nagrađenih haikua te ih i uvrstilo u 28. *Haiku zbornik Ludbreg* (2025).

Nakon već trećega koraka u drugome desetljeću, kao osmisliatelj nagrade *Afrodita* iznova koristim priliku zahvaliti svim aktivnim suradnicima, autorima i prevoditeljima, grafičkom uredniku **Miroslavu Vaduncu** (atraktivne korice zbornika generirane pomoću snimanja dronom te algoritmima umjetne inteligencije) te medijima, sponzorima i ostalima koji nas prate i pomažu na bilo koji način.

Mirko Varga

Aphrodite Award 2025

At the twenty-eighth Ludbreg Haiku Meetings, the *Aphrodite Awards* were presented for the twelfth time for the best three-line poems on the most broadly understood theme of erotic haiku. The first award for the best erotic haiku in 2025 was given to the Indian author **Ram Krishna Singh** for his haiku

*after the tumble
buried between the sheets
leftover passion*

Ram Krishna Singh

The second prize for erotic haiku in 2025 is shared equally by **Ivan Ivančan** and **Tomislav Maretić** for the following haikus:

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

night swim stars swirl around

Ivan Ivančan

Tomislav Maretić

The third prize goes equally to the haikus of three authors: **Štefanija Ludvig**, **Zdenka Mlinar** and **Dragica Reinholz**. Their awarded haikus are as follows:

*lust fades
a loving couple looking for
a parking place*

*red bra
on the firm breasts
seams breaking*

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

Štefanija Ludvig

Zdenka Mlinar

Dragica Reinholz

From the most populous country in the world, India, **Ram Krishna Singh** is participating, not for the first time, and I congratulate him on this award. Along with him, there is an impressive participation of a number of renowned and internationally recognized haiku authors such as **Jim Kacian**, **Kathabela Wilson** and **Carole MacRury** (all three from the United States of America), **Krzysztof Kokot** (Poland) and others. Of the Croatian poets, I will only mention **Sanja Kefelja** and **Dragutin Hrženjak**, who are local (from the Ludbreg region!) discoveries of these meetings and the *Aphrodite* competition, and the haiku couple **Štefanija** and **Vladimir Ludvig**, who have been following the competition and participating in it since the very beginning.

This year, I am also pleased that the editorial board (**Alenka Zorman**, **Nina Kovačić** and **Boris Nazansky**) recognized as many as fifty percent of the haiku awarded with the *Aphrodite* Award and included them in the 28th *Haiku Almanac Ludbreg* (2025).

After the third step in the second decade, as the creator of the *Aphrodite* Award, I once again take this opportunity to thank all active collaborators, authors and translators, graphic editor **Miroslav Vađunec** (the attractive cover of the proceedings was generated using drone photography and artificial intelligence algorithms), and the media, sponsors and others who follow us and help us in any way.

NAGRADA AFRODITA

1st prize – 1. nagrada

AUTHOR - AUTOR

RAM KRISHNA SINGH (INDIA)

*after the tumble
buried between the sheets
leftover passion*

*nakon prevrtanja
zakopan među plahtama
ostatak strasti*



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

XXVIII. Ludbreški haiku-susreti 2025.

28th Ludbreg Haiku Meeting 2025

Ravnateljica CZKIDN:
Iva Havaić

Nagradu osmislio:
mr. sc. Mirko Varga

NAGRADA AFRODITA

2nd prize – 2. nagrada

AUTHOR - AUTOR

IVAN IVANČAN

*Oči starca.
U njima počiva
naga djevojka.*

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



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

XXVIII. Ludbreški haiku-susreti 2025.

28th Ludbreg Haiku Meeting 2025

Ravnateljica CZKIDN:
Iva Havaić

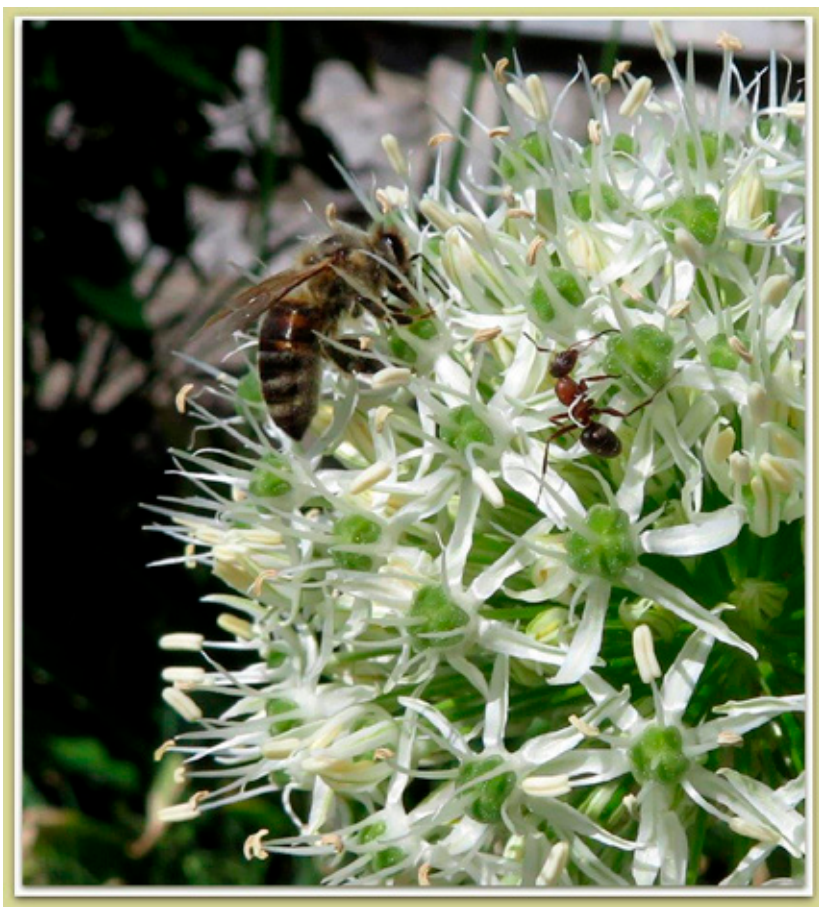
Nagradu osmislio:
mr. sc. Mirko Varga

STATISTIKA ZBORNIKA

Haikue je poslalo sto četrdeset četvero (144) autora iz Hrvatske (100), Srbije (10), Bosne i Hercegovine, Sjedinjenih Američkih Država i Slovenije (po 5), Sjeverne Makedonije (3), Brazila, Crne Gore i Rumunjske (po 2) te iz Australije, Bugarske, Filipina, Francuske, Indije, Italije, Kanade, Poljske, Portugala i Trinidada i Tobaga (po 1). Ukupno je, zajedno s haikuima pristiglim za natječaj "Afrodita", stiglo 777 haikua od čega su u zbornik uvrštena 462 haikua. Po jedan objavljeni haiku ima osamnaestero (18) autora, po dva dvadeset devero (29) autora, po tri trideset sedmero (37) autora, po četiri dvadeset troje (23) autora, po pet dvadeset jedan (21) autor i po šest haikua trinaestero (13) autora. Haikui triju autora nisu, nažalost, zadovoljili kriterije za uvrštenje u zbornik.

STATISTICS

Haikus were sent by one hundred and forty-four (144) authors from Croatia (100), Serbia (10), Bosnia and Herzegovina, the United States of America and Slovenia (5 each), North Macedonia (3), Brazil, Montenegro and Romania (2 each) and from Australia, Bulgaria, the Philippines, France, India, Italy, Canada, Poland, Portugal and Trinidad and Tobago (1 each). In total, including the haiku submitted for the "Aphrodite" competition, 777 haiku were submitted, of which 462 haiku were included in the collection. Eighteen (18) authors have one published haiku, twenty-nine (29) authors have two, thirty-seven (37) authors have three, twenty-three (23) authors have four, twenty-one (21) authors have five, and thirteen (13) authors have six haiku. Unfortunately, the haikus of the three authors did not meet the criteria for inclusion in the collection.



*Praznik rada
mrav i pčela na poslu
u istom cvijetu*

*Labour Day
an ant and a bee at work
in the same flower*

Fotografija/Photo:
Alenka Zorman
Haiku: Alenka Zorman

Prijevod sa slovenskog izvornika:
Boris Nazansky
Translated by the author



*utihnule misli –
u blistavom šumarku
sluti se vječnost*

*silenced thoughts–
in a sparkling grove
glimpses of eternity*

Fotografija/Photo:
Ivanka Gojtan Prodanović
Haiku: Živko Prodanović

Translated by Boris Nazansky



6. natječaj za haiku Gavran (2026)

Tema: naočale

Zdenko Oreč Gavran (1930-2020) bio je utemeljitelj Ludbreških haiku-susreta. Njemu u čast i na sjećanje ove je godine organiziran 6. natječaj za haiku Gavran. Ovogodišnja tema bile su naočale. Haikue je na natječaj poslalo devedeset petero (95) autora iz Hrvatske (63), Srbije (9), Slovenije (4), Bosne i Hercegovine i Sjeverne Makedonije (po 3), Rumunjske i Sjedinjenih Američkih Država (po 2) te Australije, Brazila, Bugarske, Crne Gore, Filipina, Francuske, Kanade, Pakistana i Poljske (po 1). Haikue je ocjenjivala hrvatska pjesnikinja haikua Nina Kovačić. Evo njezina proslova:

Ukazana mi je velika čast i odgovornost da i ove godine sudim na međunarodnom natječaju za nagradu Gavran. Radove sam prosuđivala „naslijepo“ – dobila sam haikue u dvojezičnoj formi bez navođenja autora. Nakon mnogo čitanja i ponovnog iščitavanja tijekom nekoliko tjedana, pripremila sam širi odabir radova. Radi potpunosti doživljaja čitala sam haikue na oba jezika (svjesna ograničenja da engleski jezik nije moj materinji). Zanimarila sam radove koji sadrže (pre)naglašene antropomorfizme i personifikacije, dvostruki kigo, elemente aforizma i anegdote kao i gomilanje suvišnih pridjeva, priloga i glagola koji narušavaju sažetost i postavke forme.

Prilikom konačnog odabira triju nagrađenih i dvaju posebno pohvaljenih haikua tragala sam za svježinom i dubinom izričaja. Nastojala sam prepoznati i nagraditi inovativnost autorskog rukopisa preferirajući haikue koji su me potaknuli na nove razine mišljenja i iskustva, nasuprot općepoznatim i ponavljajućim temama, izričajima i tehnikama.

Nina Kovačić

6th *Raven* haiku contest (2026)

Theme: glasses

Zdenko Oreč Gavran (1930-2020) was the founder of the Ludbreg Haiku Gatherings. In his honor and memory, the 6th Gavran Haiku Competition was organized this year. This year's theme was glasses. Ninety-five (95) haiku entries were submitted to the competition by authors from Croatia (63), Serbia (9), Slovenia (4), Bosnia and Herzegovina and North Macedonia (3 each), Romania and the United States (2 each), and Australia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Montenegro, the Philippines, France, Canada, Pakistan and Poland (1 each). Haiku poems were judged by Croatian haiku poet Nina Kovačić. Here is her foreword:

I was given the great honor and responsibility of judging the international Gavran Award competition this year. I judged the works “blindly” – I received haiku in bilingual form without citing the author. After much reading and rereading over the course of several weeks, I prepared a wider selection of works. For the sake of completeness of the experience, I read haiku in both languages (aware of the limitations of not being a native English speaker). I ignored works that contained (over)emphasized anthropomorphisms and personifications, double kigo, elements of aphorisms and anecdotes, as well as the accumulation of superfluous adjectives, adverbs and verbs that undermine the conciseness and formality of the work.

When finally selecting the three awarded and two specially commended haikus, I looked for freshness and depth of expression. I tried to recognize and reward the innovativeness of the author's writing, preferring haiku that encouraged me to new levels of thought and experience, as opposed to generally known and repetitive themes, expressions and techniques.

Nina Kovačić

PRVO MJESTO/FIRST PLACE

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan

pukotine rastu
u tatinim cvikerima
skušasto nebo*

cracks deepen
in dad's old glasses
mackerel clouds*

*nizovi slojevitih altokumulusa slični prugama na leđima skuše
rows of layered altocumulus clouds resembling stripes on the back of a mackerel

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky

Originalno i lijepo povezivanje dvaju dijelova haikua kojim se uspostavlja međuodnos ljudskog artefakta i pojave u prirodi. Majstorski je izbjegnuto puki sentimentalizam, a dovoljno je suptilnog upućivanja na povezanost djeteta i roditelja. Altokumulusi najavljuju skorbu promjenu vremena. U pučkoj meteorologiji oni znače dolazak kiše. Vrijeme teče i u očevim starim naočalama produbljuje postojeće napukline. Haiku ukazuje na krhkost života ostavljajući čitatelju dovoljno prostora za produbljivanje utisaka.

An original and beautiful connection of two parts of haiku, which establishes the interrelationship between a human artifact and a phenomenon in nature. Mere sentimentality is masterfully avoided, and a subtle reference to the connection between a child and a parent is enough. Altocumulus clouds announce an imminent change in the weather. In folk meteorology, they mean the arrival of rain. Time flows and deepens the existing cracks in the father's old glasses. The haiku points to the fragility of life, leaving the reader enough space to deepen the impressions.

DRUGO MJESTO/SECOND PLACE

Silvana Medač, Hrvatska / Croatia

spring morning ...
in the drawer
his glasses

proljetno jutro ...
u ladici
njegove naočale

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Uvodni stih sugerira novi početak, optimizam i polet koji nose sve dulji i topliji proljetni dani. U drugome dijelu haikua dolazi do preokreta. Pronalazak naočala zaustavlja plimu proljeća. Predmet koji je bio zaboravljen u tami ladice u trenutku vraća sjećanja i oživljuje već prevladanu (bolnu) odsutnost. S malo riječi i bez korištenja glagola znalački su u kontrastnoj jukstapoziciji povezane dvije slike: bol i sjeta rastanka nasuprot bujanju proljeća. Haiku sadrži univerzalnu poruku da treba puno snage i hrabrosti za život bez odsutnih, ali šalje nadu koja dolazi s novim proljećem.

The opening verse suggests a new beginning, optimism and enthusiasm that are brought by the longer and warmer spring days. In the second part of the haiku, a turning point occurs. The discovery of glasses stops the tide of spring. An object that was forgotten in the darkness of a drawer instantly brings back memories and revives the already overcome (painful) absence. With few words and without the use of verbs, two images are skillfully connected in a contrasting juxtaposition: the pain and sadness of parting versus the flourishing of spring. The haiku contains a universal message that it takes a lot of strength and courage to live without the absent, but it sends the hope that comes with a new spring.

TREĆE MJESTO/THIRD PLACE

Alvin B. Cruz, Filipini / Philippines

ružičaste naočale
njezino dijete u spektru
crta dugu

rose-colored glasses
her child on a spectrum
draws a rainbow

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Tomislav Maretić

Djeca u spektru (autistična djeca) imaju trajne poteškoće u socijalnim i jezičnim vještinama, komunikaciji, motorici, učenju. Iz haikua i ružičastih naočala zrače optimizam, majčinska ljubav, snaga i upornost da svom djetetu pruži intenzivnu brigu, prihvaćanje, razumijevanje, strpljenje, podršku – u pažljivoj i toploj atmosferi.

Children on the spectrum (autistic children) have permanent difficulties in social and language skills, communication, motor skills, and learning. Haiku and rose-colored glasses radiate optimism, maternal love, strength, and perseverance to provide their child with intense care, acceptance, understanding, patience, and support – in a caring and warm atmosphere.

DVIJE POSEBNE POHVALE/TWO SPECIAL COMMENDATIONS

Mirela Brăilean, Rumunjska / Romania

magleni dani	foggy days
starac uzalud briše	the old man wipes his glasses
svoje naočale	in vain

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky

Haiku je ispunjen velikom empatijom prema trećoj životnoj dobi, ali i izvorsno pogođenim sućutno-gorkastim ozračjem prolaznosti u bezuspješnom pokušaju da se ostvari neostvarivo. Neizravno, ali precizno upućivanje na kasnu jesen simbolizira slabljenje fizičkih i intelektualnih potencijala, približavanje maglovite konačnosti s kojom se svaki čovjek na kraju svoga postojanja mora suočiti, ma gdje našao svoj novi dom.

The haiku is filled with great empathy towards the third age, but also with a wonderfully affected compassionate-bitter atmosphere of transience in an unsuccessful attempt to achieve the unachievable. The indirect but precise reference to late autumn symbolizes the weakening of physical and intellectual potential, the approach of the hazy finality that every person must face at the end of their existence, wherever they find their new home.

Michael Dudley, Kanada / Canada

m u t n o
bez svojih naočala ne mogu naći naočale
z v j e z d a n o s v j e t l o

b l u r r y
without my glasses can't find my glasses
s t a r l i g h t

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Tomislav Maretić

Nastojeći biti otvorena i prema klasičnom i prema suvremenom izričaju, posebno me se dojmio ovaj haiku koji karakterizira vrlo uspješno modernističko-stilsko traganje za novim dimenzijama forme. U temu je na zanimljiv način utkan svojevrtni *circulus vitiosus*. Haiku možemo čitati na više načina, a jedan od mogućih je spojiti prvi i treći stih i čitati ih kao početni tako da napisani trostih čitamo kao distih.

Trying to be open to both classical and contemporary expression, I was particularly impressed by this haiku, which is characterized by a very successful modernist-stylistic search for new dimensions of form. A kind of vicious circle is woven into the theme in an interesting way. Haiku can be read in several ways, and one possible way is to combine the first and third lines and read them as the opening lines, so that the written triptych is read as a distich.

POHVALE/HONORABLE MENTIONS

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

Sebastian Chrobak, Poljska / Poland

zamagljene očale
topao pozdrav između
dvoje stranaca

foggy glasses
a warm greeting between
two strangers

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Boris Nazansky

Goran Gatalica, Hrvatska / Croatia

sat fizike –
učitelj briše naočale
s rukama od krede

physics class–
teacher wipes his glasses
chalk dust on hands

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Darinka Slanovec, Slovenija / Slovenia

Naočale na polici –
tihi jauk visi
u jutarnjoj magli.

Glasses on the shelf–
a silent groan hangs
in the morning fog.

engleski prijevod / English translation by Alenka Zorman

Silva Trstenjak, Hrvatska / Croatia

bijeli štap –
u naočalama
odsjaaj sakure

white cane–
a reflection of sakura
in his sunglasses

engleski prijevod / English translation by Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Mirko Varga, Hrvatska / Croatia

prazna klupa –
zaboravljene naočale
prekriva javorov list

empty bench–
a maple leaf covering
forgotten glasses

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

IZBOR HAIKUA/CHOICE OF HAIKU

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

Danijela Grbelja, Hrvatska / Croatia

drugi pogled –
stare naočale
malo ukoso

second glance–
old glasses
slightly askew

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Amir Kapetanović, Hrvatska / Croatia

prazni okviri –
kroz naočale djeda
slomljene zrake

empty frames–
through grandfather's glasses
fractured rays

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Sonja Kokotović, Hrvatska / Croatia

stavih naočale
unukova prva riječ –
baba

I put on my glasses
the grandson's first word–
granny

engleski prijevod / English translation by Alenka Zorman

Vladimir Ludvig, Hrvatska / Croatia

zamagljeno –
napaljen tv-scenom
briše stakla

blurred–
aroused by a TV scene
he wipes his glasses

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Dušan Mijajlović, Srbija / Serbia

Smeh u zoo-vrtu –
majmun me imitira s mojim
naočarima za sunce

Laughter in the zoo–
a monkey imitates me
with my sunglasses

engleski prijevod / English translation by Alenka Zorman

Franjo Ordanić, Hrvatska / Croatia

juha sa slovima –
kroz zamagljen cviker
tvoje ime

alphabet soup–
through the steamy glasses
your name

engleski prijevod / English translation by Martina Mirt-Ordanić

Jasna Popović Poje, Hrvatska / Croatia

prvi poljubac
i lica i okviri
u crvenilu

first kiss
faces in red
and glasses too

engleski prijevod / English translation by Boris Nazansky

Jelena Stanojčić, Hrvatska / Croatia

majčine naočale –
u njima još počiva
njen blagi pogled

mother's glasses–
in them still rests
her gentle gaze

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

Đermano Vitasović, Hrvatska / Croatia

s Vidikovca*
turist traži svoj hotel
dalekozorom

from Vidikovac*
a tourist looks for his hotel
through binoculars

**Vidikovac (tal. Monte Paradiso) - brežuljak i gradska četvrt u Puli*
hill and city district in Pula

engleski prijevod / English translation by Alenka Zorman

Vanice Zimerman Ferreira, Brazil

ožujsko jutro –
nedjeljna tržnica zrcali se
u naočalama

march morning–
a sunday market reflected
in the glasses

hrvatski prijevod / Croatian translation by Tomislav Maretić

Alenka Zorman, Slovenija / Slovenia

muž u tuđini

naočale mu doma

na križaljci

husband abroad

his glasses rest at home

on the crossword

engleski prijevod / English translation by the author

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