

HAIKU

DEJAN PAVLINOVIĆ

MLIJEČNOM STAZOM

DOWN THE MILKY WAY



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Pula, 2016.

PREDGOVOR JANE REICHHOLD

Postoji nekoliko razloga zbog kojih je knjiga Dejana Pavlinovića vrlo posebna. Prije svega, njegovi haiku izrazito su dobri haiku. Ne može svatko pisati haiku, iako mnogi ljudi misle da mogu, jer je haiku tako kratak. Da bi se postalo dobar haiku pisac treba usmjeriti pjesnički talent na primjećivanje malih stvari koje se događaju u našim svakodnevnim životima. Puko bilježenje ovih pojava nije dovoljno. Mnogi ljudi mogu opisati male ili jednostavne stvari, ali rođeni haiku pisac vidi dalje, stoga je u stanju pokazati čitatelju posebnost običnog života i kako se to odnosi na svaku stvar na ovome svijetu.

U *Mliječnom stazom – Down the Milky Way*, haiku su predstavljeni na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku, tako da je čitateljstvo široko kao i njegov svijet. Za Dejana je pojam haiku dovoljno velik za obuhvatiti bilo što iz svog života. Bez muke korača od najprizemnijeg do onog uzvišenog u tri stiha. On nema potrebu za različitim nazivima raznolikih aspekata haiku pjesme.

nestali
u vlastitom sivilu
jesenji oblaci

16.haiku dan 'Dubravko Ivančan', Krapina (iz zbornika) 2014.

amo tamo
od nosa do ustiju
šmrkavi prst

The Shiki Monthly Kukai – Studeni 2008.

Iz ovoga se također može otkriti druga posebnost Dejanovog haiku. On ga je objavio posvuda i vodi evidenciju o svakom od njih. Smatram to uistinu zadivljujućim - način na koji on vodi brigu o svojoj haiku pjesmi. Njegovi zapisi o tome gdje je svaki haiku prvi put objavljen postaje dnevnik njegovog spisateljskog života. Može se vidjeti što je čitao i proučavao dok je učio (s početkom u 2007. godini) i gdje mu je trenutni fokus (*A Hundred Gourds*).

Slijedeći haiku vašim vlastitim srcem možete ga pratiti kroz ljubavnu vezu, život s partnerom, sve do trenutaka promatranja djetetovih sićušnih prstiju. Kad bih ponovno započinjala, slijedila bih njegov primjer.

Također, u ovom zapisu možete otkriti Dejanov blog na webu nazvan *Smiling Cricket Haiku* <http://smilingcricket.blogspot.com> gdje predstavlja svoj haiku rustikalno i jednostavno.

Svakome zainteresiranom za unapređenje vlastitog rada dobro bi došlo proučavanje haiku pjesama Dejana Pavlinovića. On je shvatio, od početka svog haiku pisanja, da se haiku sastoji od dva dijela - fraze i fragmenta. Samo jednom u svim pjesmama u ovoj knjizi naišla sam kako se spotaknuo

o ovo pravilo. On slijedi sve najmodernije haiku smjernice. On piše svoj haiku malim slovima bez konvencionalnih velikih slova i znakova interpunkcije. Ne osakaćuje svoj haiku pokušavajući slijediti strogi zbroj slogova, nego ih pušta da teku u jezik pomoću riječi koje su im potrebne. On zna kako se koriste razne haiku tehnike te ih primjenjuje i svoj prikaz učini raznovrsnijim.

kroz cvokot
zamaglio sunce
jutarnji dah

17. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin', Samobor (iz zbornika), 2009.

Nailazim na toliko divnih haiku pjesama u ovoj zbirci da sam u iskušenju sastaviti listu, ali u biti doista mislim kako je najbolji način da jednostavno sjednete i pročitate Dejanov haiku s otvorenim srcem. Neka vas to uveliko nagradi.

*Jane Reichhold
Gualala, CA, USA
Lipanj, 2016.*

JANE REICHHOLD istaknuta je američka pjesnikinja i učenjakinja rođena 1937. godine u Limi, Ohio, SAD. Dobitnica je brojnih haiku nagrada i autorica vrijednih eseja i članaka o kratkim japanskim pjesničkim formama. Objavila je više od trideset knjiga haiku pjesama, rengi, tanki i prijevoda. Njezina najpoznatija knjiga je *Basho: The Complete Haiku*, na kojoj je radila više od deset godina, prevodeći djelo Matsuo Basha, japanskog haiku majstora. Njezine su knjige nagrađivane od Haiku Društva Amerike te je dva puta osvojila nagradu za književnost Muzeja Haiku u Tokiju. Osnivačica je i urednica *AHA Books* i *AHApotry.com*, vrlo važne web stranice za izvor informacija o haiku poeziji od 1995. godine. Jane Reichhold članica je Američkog Haiku Društva, Udruženja haiku pjesnika Sjeverne Kalifornije, Društva Haiku Kanada, Međunarodne Haiku Asocijacije u Japanu, Haiku udruženja Njemačka i Japanskog pjesničkog društva.

* Nažalost, tijekom pripremanja ove zbirke Jane nas je napustila 28.07.2016. godine. Uvelike će nam nedostajati.

FOREWORD BY JANE REICHHOLD

There are several reasons that a book of Dejan Pavlinović's haiku is very special. First of all, his haiku are exceedingly good haiku. Not everyone can write haiku although many people think they can because haiku are so short. To be a good haiku writer one needs to focus the poetic talents on noticing the little things that happen in our daily lives. To merely note these occurrences is not enough. Many people can describe small or simple things, but the born haiku writer sees farther and thus is able to show the reader the specialness of common life and how it relates to every thing in the world.

In *Mliječnom stazom – Down the Milky Way*, the haiku are presented in Croatian and in English so the readership is as wide as his world. For Dejan the term haiku is big enough to include anything from his life. He easily bounces from the most earthy to the sublime in three lines. He has no need for the different names for the various aspects of haiku.

vanished
in their own greyness
autumn clouds

16th Dubravko Ivančan Haiku Contest, Krapina (from the miscellany) 2014

back and forth
from nose to mouth
a snotty finger

The Shiki Monthly Kukai, 2008

From that you can also detect the other specialness of Dejan's haiku. He has published his haiku far and wide and kept a record on each one. I find that truly amazing – the way he takes care with and of his haiku. His entries of where each haiku was first published becomes a log of his writing life. One can see what he was reading and studying as he learned (beginning in 2007) and where his current focus is (*A Hundred Gourds*). Following the haiku with one's heart you can accompany him through romance, life with a partner, to the days of observing a child's tiny fingers. If I were starting over I would follow his example.

Also, in this record you can discover Dejan's blog on the web called *Smiling Cricket Haiku* <http://smilingcricket.blogspot.com>, where he presents his haiku rustically and simply.

Anyone interested in improving their own work would do well to study Dejan Pavlinović's haiku. He has understood from the beginning of his haiku writing that the haiku is composed of two parts – the phrase and the fragment. Only once in all the poems in this book did I find he tripped and fell over this rule. He follows all the most modern haiku guidelines. He presents his haiku in lower case fonts without

conventional capitals and punctuation. He does not cripple his haiku by trying to follow strict syllable counts but lets them flow into language using the words they need. He knows how to use the various haiku techniques and uses them to vary his presentation.

dimming the sun
through chattering teeth
a morning breath

17th Samobor Haiku Meeting, Samobor (from the miscellany), 2009

I find so many admirable haiku in this collection that I am tempted to start a list of them, but I really think the best use of your time is for you to simply sit down and read Dejan's haiku with an open heart. May you be greatly blessed.

*Jane Reichhold
Gualala, CA, USA
June, 2016*

JANE REICHHOLD is a prominent American poet and scholar born in 1937 in Lima, Ohio, USA. She has won numerous haiku awards and written invaluable essays and articles about short Japanese poetry forms. She published over thirty books of her haiku, renga, tanka and translations. Her most popular book is *Basho: The Complete Haiku*, for which she spent over 10 years translating the work of Japanese master haiku poet, Matsuo Basho. Jane's books have received awards from the Haiku Society of America, and she has twice won the Literature Award from the Museum of Haiku in Tokyo. She is the founder and editor of *AHA Books* and the *AHApottery.com*, which has been an exquisite haiku poetry resource site since 1995. Jane Reichhold is a member of the Haiku Society of America, Haiku Poets of Northern California, Haiku Canada, Haiku International Association in Japan, German Haiku Society, and Poetry Society of Japan.

*Sadly, Jane passed away during the preparation of this collection on 28 July 2016. She will be greatly missed.

*Ivani, Maru i Aleksu, mojim najdražima.
To Ivana, Maro and Aleks, my dearest ones.*

MLIJEČNOM STAZOM
DOWN THE MILKY WAY

Mliječnom stazom
od zvijezde do zvijezde
maleni prst

from star to star
down the Milky Way
a little finger

iz voćnjaka ...
slatki mirisi i dalje
u njenoj kosi

from the orchard. . .
sweet fragrances still
in her hair

na otvorenim
kišobranima nebo
prošetalo

the sky
on open umbrellas
for a walk

amo tamo
četiri oka ista –
psić i dijete

back and forth
four eyes alike–
puppy and child

niz greben
izli se u brnistru
svibanjsko sunce

down the ridge
pouring into Spanish broom
May sun

i doista
zamahne krilima
leptir

indeed
a butterfly flaps
its wings

raspori
svijet na dva
vodena brazda

unzipping
the world in two
a ship's wake

niz pijesak
pred malim stopalima
pobjeglo more

down the sand
before little feet
a sea fleeing

vrući val ...
brčkaju se u moru
kapi znoja

heat wave. . .
sweatdrops dabbling
in the sea

sunce i more
zagrljeni na obzoru ...
zarumenilo nebo

sun and sea
embraced on the horizon. . .
blushing sky

veseli skup
na osušenom polju ...
napukla bundeva

a merry party
on a dried-up field. . .
cracked pumpkin

po prvi put
kroz žedne brazde
potekla jesen

for the first time
through thirsty furrows
autumn flowing

skakuću
sa oblaka na oblak
male čizmice

jumping
from cloud to cloud
little rain boots

požuri
za odbjeglih listićem
vjetar

in a hurry
after a runaway leaf
the wind

šetnja šumom ...
u očima i džepovima
jesenji mozaik

forest walk. . .
eyes and pockets filled with
autumn mosaics

omotan burom
između plavog i crvenog
ružičasti oblak

between blue and red
wrapped up in Bora wind
a pink cloud

*Bora - a very strong, cold and often gusty wind that blows from the north-east onto the Adriatic region of Italy, Slovenia and Croatia.

kroz palo lišće
sa cipelom u šetnju
i govance

with the shoe
through fallen leaves
poop for a walk

za maslinom
u košaru uroni
i kap znoja

after an olive
diving into a basket
a drop of sweat

poskakuje
iz dlana u dlan
vrući kesten

hopping
from palm to palm
a hot chestnut

prvo sunce
ispunilo ulice
burom

first sun
filling the streets
with bora

pobjegle
pred punim mjesecom
zvijezde

fleeing
before a full moon
the stars

u lješkarenju
pod zimskim suncem
dvije sjene

basking
under the winter sun
two shadows

prkosi vjetru
odbačena vrećica ...
zapela na grani

defying the wind
a thrown plastic bag. . .
halted by a branch

napokon sunce ...
obraslo cvrkutom
golo stablo

sun at last. . .
overgrown with chirrups
a naked tree

na kraju
brža od dana
godina

at the end
faster than days
a year

KROZ NEPOZNATE RIJEČI
THROUGH FOREIGN WORDS

razigrano
kroz nepoznate riječi
maleni stranci

playing their way
through foreign words
little strangers

pinije uz more ...
uši još pune zrike
u šutnji sutona

pines by the sea. . .
my ears still full of crickets
in sunset silence

umalo zbunio
ponoćni vjetrić
sparinu

sultriness
almost confused by
a midnight breeze

nad poljem lahor ...
usred zelenog vala
proviri mak

breeze in the field. . .
amidst a green wave
a peering poppy

za nevere
glasnije od grmljavine
malo srce

during storm
louder than thunder
a little heart

skakavci
obraslom livadom
za korak brži

grasshoppers
across an overgrown field
a step too fast

prokrči put
kroz sparnu noć
komarac

cutting its way
through a sultry night
a mosquito

gurka
jučerašnju muhu
isti prstić

poking
its yesterday fly
the same finger

na tren prekinе
podnevni mir kućanice
moljac na ekranu

briefly interrupting
a housewife's midday peace
a moth on the screen

iz modrog u crveno
za dalekim brodom
maleni prst

from blue to red
after a distant ship
a little finger

imam te!
spojeni istom mišlju
ribič i riba

gotcha!
hooked up by the same thought
angler and fish

razgled grada ...
nesnimljene fotografije
nestale sa poplavom

sightseeing. . .
untaken pictures gone
with the flood

prvi korak van ...
vjetar odjednom svjestan
samo mene

first step outside. . .
suddenly the wind is aware
of me only

samo šuštaji
i topot kestenovom
šumom

only rustle
and thuds across
a chestnut forest

suhozidi ...
potpisi predaka
kroz dolinu

dry-stone walls. . .
signatures of ancestors
across the valley

zagrije se
između dlaka na tijelu
zimski bura

warming itself
between body hairs
winter Bora

obasjana
kroz siječanjско jutro
promrzla sjena

agleam
through January morning
a frozen shadow

torta premala
za nekoliko svijeća
previše

the cake too small
for a few candles
too many

vani bura ...
tiho njiše zavjesu
povjetarac

storm outside. . .
quietly a gentle breeze
sways the curtain

nasumice
u nosnice i oči
smrika i more

randomly
into nostrils and eyes
juniper and sea

u dugoj kosi
prkosi pogledima
latica trešnje

in her long hair
defying the stares
a cherry petal

niz tobogan
klizne smijeh
u plač

laughter
down the slide
into tears

između četiri oka
i dva osmijeha
zagrljaj noseva

between four eyes
and two smiles
nose cuddle

srce veliko
u malenom tijelu ...
radoznali dječak

the heart so big
in a little body. . .
curious boy

pomrčina sunca ...
preko maslačka
prošeće mrav

solar eclipse. . .
across a dandelion
an ant

SKLOPLJENE OČI

CLOSED EYES

sklopljene oči
i dalje osluškuju
mamin šapat

closed eyes
still listening
to mum's whisper

pod pljuskom
zanjihali se kišobrani –
polje suncokreta

under downpour
umbrellas swaying–
sunflower field

razigrana
između bure i smiraja
zavjesa

playful
between tempest and calm
a curtain

u mrklom mraku
drvo koje je bilo tu
zašuštaló pod nogama

in pitch-black night
a tree that used to be there
rustles under the feet

u lučici
veseli orkestar ...
zvone jarboli

in the harbour
a merry orchestra. . .
the chimes of masts

između kiša ...
od lokve do lokve
namreškano lice

between the rains. . .
from puddle to puddle
a rippling face

otpalo lišće ...
i dalje na granama
šušti vjetar

fallen leaves. . .
the wind still rustles
on the branches

i pod burom
drži sve konce
štipaljka

even during storm
it holds all the threads—
clothes peg

zgnječen
između dvije noći
zimski dan

crushed
between two nights
winter day

u mrzlo jutro
na goloj trešnji
procvalo sunce

frosty morning. . .
on a naked cherry tree
the sun in bloom

prvi snijeg ...
iste bijele točke
gore i dolje

first snow. . .
the same dotted white
up and down

sa stopalima
u topli krevet
ledena noć

with the feet
into a warm bed
icy night

iz magle
ravno u nosnice
mimoza

out of the fog
straight into the nostrils
mimosa

omjesečeno nebo ...
pod plaštom od oblaka
bdije kiša

moonlit sky. . .
under a blanket of clouds
rain awake

nagne se vrba
prema užurbanoj rijeci ...
pobjegne poljubac

a willow bends
towards the speedy river. . .
a kiss runs away

slomljena grana ...
na znatiželjni prst
kapnula suza

broken branch. . .
on a curious finger
a teardrop

nenadan vjetrić
pretvori bijelu laticu
u leptira

a sudden breeze
turns a white petal
into a butterfly

gluha noć ...
u žustroj raspravi
pas i ćuk

dead of night. . .
in brisk conversation
little owl and dog

sva očekivanja
kucnu na trenutak
u majčin dlan

all expectations
kicking for a moment
on mother's palm

za žege
u preplanuli pupak
uroni njen prst

during the heat
into a tanned navel
her finger plunges

zaplesali
na sparini bez vjetra
bube i trava

dancing
in windless swelter
bugs and grass

na žedno tijelo
u zagušljivu sobu
žedan komarac

on a thirsty body
into a stuffy room
a thirsty mosquito

duboko u noć
na užarenom pragu
jučerašnji dan

deep into the night
at a candent doorstep
yesterday

noćni pljusak ...
miris žedne zemlje
u sparnu sobu

night shower. . .
the scent of thirsty soil
into a sultry room

i kiseli znoj
na tebi miriše slatko
usnulo dijete

even sour sweat
smells sweet on you
sleeping child

U VLASTITOM ODRAZU
IN HIS OWN REFLECTION

utopi se
u vlastitom odrazu
snjegović

drowning
in his own reflection
a snowman

od podriga
do zijeva –
božićno popodne

from burp
to yawn–
Christmas afternoon

uporan
pod jutarnjim mrazom
miris borova

persistent
under the morning frost
the smell of pines

kroz cvokot
zamaglio sunce
jutarnji dah

dimming the sun
through chattering teeth
a morning breath

ispuni sobu
iza zaleđenog prozora
mimoza

filling the room
behind a frozen window
mimosa

nemir u sobi ...
polako ali sigurno
prdac

stir in the room. . .
slowly but surely
a fart

zaplače
za izgubljenom granom
kivi

weeping
over its lost branch
a kiwi vine

podigoh glavu
i gle!
procvala trešnja

raised my head
and there!
a cherry in bloom

sa pčelom
usred ružmarina
i nos

with the bee
in the middle of rosemary
a nose

amo tamo
od nosa do ustiju
šmrkavi prst

back and forth
from nose to mouth
a snotty finger

pod strehom
osluškiju kišu
leptir i dijete

under the eaves
listening to the rain
a butterfly and child

jezerce
u žednoj lastavici
žurno uvis

little pond
inside a thirsty swallow
hastily upwards

oblutak
samo na tren
u malenjoj ruci

sea pebble
only for a moment
in a little hand

do koljena
povezan sa svijetom ...
u plićaku

up to the knees
connected to the world. . .
in the shallows

stopiše se
slatke i slane kapi
u mokroj kosi

immersed
sweet and salty drops
in wet hair

duboko plavetnilo ...
i sol
u njenim očima

the big blue. . .
salt too
in her eyes

u ljetni suton
galebovi sa mora
u kantu za smeće

at summer sunset
seagulls from the sea
into a dustbin

sparnu noć
umalo ohladi
pun mjesec

sultry night
almost chilled by
full moon

rujansko more ...
u srebrnom ljeskanju
ljetu i jesen

September sea. . .
summer and autumn
in silver shimmer

nestali
u vlastitom sivilu
jesenji oblaci

vanished
in their own greyness
autumn clouds

i opet
u svježoj lokvi kiše
iste kapi

same droplets
in a fresh rain puddle
once again

rasuti oblaci ...
zadnje kapljice kiše
pune mjeseca

scattered clouds. . .
last droplets of rain
full of moon

sučelice
u noćnom razgovoru
malo i veliko srce

face to face
in a nightly conversation
a big and little heart

i dalje gladak
nakon tisuće poljubaca
obraz djeteta

still smooth
after thousands of kisses
a child's cheek

poteče
iz majčinih grudi
nočna tišina

flowing
from mother's breast
nightly silence

POGOVOR ĐURĐE VUKELIĆ ROŽIĆ

Da bi haiku doista bio haiku, u punom smislu te riječi, građen na razumijevanju svijeta koje vjekovima žive pjesnici Dalekog istoka, a opet, prihvatljiv i razumljiv današnjem Zapadnom svijetu i to stvaran na hrvatskom, ali i s jednakom sigurnošću na engleskom jeziku, treba biti majstor.

Sve to uspjeti učiniti u svom, nadasve kratkom i jednostavnom, haiku zapisu, čovjek mora biti pjesnik tanana senzibiliteta i ogromne moći opažanja. Haiku se otkriva samo onom pjesniku koji korača kroz život otvorenih osjetila i duha te je spreman poistovjetiti se s predmetima i pojavama u svom svakodnevnom okruženju. Neočekivano, u susretu s trenutkom koji zovemo haiku, pjesnik-haiku spontano otkrije i doživi nešto već mnogo puta viđeno u sasvim novom svjetlu i tada svakodnevno i obično postaje novo iskustvo od neprocjenjive važnosti.

Taj „aha“ trenutak u kojem se dogodilo prosvjetljenje, slučajno i bez ciljanog traženja „pjesme-haiku“, to je haiku, a da bi sve to što mu se u djeliću trenutka dogodilo, da bi ono što ga je ukrado iz njegovih misli i briga zabilježio na jedinstven način, jest upravo ono što ga čini haidinom. Tek pogled dovoljan je za još nadoživljeno i nadahnjujuće iskustvo pjesnika:

niz greben
izli se u brnistru
svibanjsko sunce

Istiniti haiku uključuje aktivnost čovjeka, ljepotu Zemlje i nedodirljivost Svemira. Samo haiku pjesnik i maleno dijete mogu prstima dodirivati zvijezde i putovati Mliječnom stazom. Haiku pjesnik, koji zna priču, primjerice o jukstapoziciji, ipak dopušta da ga uvijek nanovo zanese ljepota izvanjskog svijeta, kao i dijete, koje u svojoj znatiželji spontano doživljava svijet oko sebe, netaknuto znanjima, informacijama, pravilima i uzancama po kojima živi čovjek današnjice. Djetetu je sve moguće, a pjesnik-haiku ne propušta takvu svečanost.

Mliječnom stazom
od zvijezde do zvijezde
maleni prst

Haiku nikad ne zaboravlja prolaznost svega živoga. Promatrajući lat trešnje, koja u svojoj najraskošnijoj ljepoti, blistajući na proljetnom suncu, lebdi na lahoru i spušta se na tlo, na vodu rijeke, na list u blizini njena stabla, podsjeća pjesnika na njegovu vlastitu krhkost i prolaznost, kao i list nošem vjetrom. *Panta rhei*, sve teče, no doživljeno s ljubavlju i osmijehom. Samo pjesnik svjestan svoje prolaznosti u svakom trenutku svoga bivstvovanja može znati cijeniti te trenutke i time oni postaju gotovo pa – vječnost.

požuri
za odbjeglom listićem
vjetar

Haiku, *par excellence*, uvijek svom čitatelju daje odgovor na jedno i najvažnije pitanje: „Što zapravo ovaj haiku zapis znači meni, donosi li meni detalj iz svakodnevnog života pjesnika, obasjava li on mene novim učenjem i spoznajom, donosi li već viđeno i doživljeno na sasvim novi način?“ Samo majstor haikua sposoban je postići sve ovo u haiku pjesmi. Ako se zapitamo kako je to moguće, odgovor bi bio – spontano! Svaki haiku pupoljak u podsvijesti je autora. Potaknut neočekivanim događajem iz vanjskog svijeta, poput iznenadnog vatrometa, on procvate na nebu svakodnevice, oživi i osvježi duhovno iskustvo pjesnika, koji potom, radom i upornošću, pronalazi ponajbolji zapis onoga što mu se dogodilo, kako bi ga sačuvao i podijelio s drugima.

nad poljem lahor ...
usred zelenog vala
proviri mak

Ponekad haiku treba tek zabilježiti. Pojavi se u obliku koji ulazi u očekivanu formu te mu nije potreban ni dašak uređivanja ni traženja onog ponajboljeg izraza. Ponekad ovaj vrlo poseban „aha“ trenutak može pogoditi pjesnika i pratiti ga tjednima ili mjesecima, godinama, a da po svom mišljenju,

skroman kakav jest, ne nalazi adekvatan način kako zabilježiti svoj događaj-haiku.

Dejan Pavlinović, koji spontano stvara na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku, otac, glazbenik, profesor, pjesnik, haidin, uspijeva sve to u svakom od ovih stotinu haiku, jer zna da je haiku tek nagovještaj podulje pripovjetke onoga što mu se doista dogodilo i da haiku podrazumijeva sva naša znanja koja ne moramo bilježiti u haiku zapisu.

On zna da je haiku snažna, otvorena pjesma koja je tek vodilja svom čitatelju. Ona je nagovještaj, poput odškrnutih vrata, iza kojih se može otkriti nevjerojatno bogatstvo svakim pogledom i svakim korakom, svakim slogom. Pavlinović zna da je svaki haiku vrijedno književno djelo kojemu se prilazi s iznimnom pažnjom i ljubavlju. I stoga, svaki njegov haiku istinita je zabilježba iz života pjesnika, iz svakodnevice društva, iz nedjeljivosti čovjeka i prirode i njihove posvemašnje povezanosti. Dejan Pavlinović s lakoćom šeta kroz haiku svijet otvorenih očiju i ušiju, povjetarac-haiku pronalazi ga u radosti i uzajamnom upotpunjavanju.

imam te!
spojeni istom mišlju
ribič i riba

Nikako ne smijemo smetnuti s uma onaj fini dodir humornog u Pavlinovićevoj haiku pjesmi. Suptilan, gotovo ozbiljan, a zapravo osvježavajući lahor duhovitog u dugom

ljetnom danu, plamsaj u oku i osmijeh duboko u duši, drugačiji, zabavni pogled na stvari. To je ono gdje Pavlinović blista, upravo u tom pritajenom, nenametljivom humoru, a potom malo popusti uzicu i čitatelja nagrađuje snažnim senrjuom:

od podriga
do zijeva –
božićno popodne

Senrju koji nam donosi pomisao: Da, doista je to tako, pa kako ja to nisam vidio, pomislio, doživio!? Hvala majstore!

i nakon tisuće
poljubaca gladak
obraz djeteta

*Đurđa Vukelić Rožić
Ivanić-Grad, Hrvatska
Lipanj, 2016.*

ĐURĐA VUKELIĆ ROŽIĆ rođena je 1956. godine u Hrvatskoj gdje i živi. Diplomirala je na Ekonomskom fakultetu u Zagrebu. Objavljuje poeziju, prozu i kratke japanske pjesničke forme na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku te kajkavskom narječju. Svojim radovima sudjeluje na nizu recitala i natječaja diljem svijeta, gdje je osvajala glavne nagrade i pohvale te se danas smatra jednom od vodećih autora i promicatelja haiku poezije i ostalih japanskih pjesničkih formi na području Hrvatske i šire regije. 2012. godine primila je *Nagradu za doprinos ugledu i promociji Zagrebačke županije u zemlji i svijetu*. Članica je nekoliko domaćih i međunarodnih književnih društava, glavna i odgovorna urednica časopisa *IRIS* i *IRIS International* Udruge „Tri rijeke“, Ivanić-Grad. Do sada je izdala 19 naslova poezije, proze, haiku, senryu i tanki, uključujući Antologiju hrvatskoga haiku pjesništva 1996.-2007. „*Nepokošeno nebo*“, Ivanić-Grad, 2011.

AFTERWORD BY DJURDJA VUKELIC ROZIC

For haiku to really be haiku in every sense of the word, built on understanding of the world that has been lived by the poets of the Far East throughout centuries, and then again, being acceptable and understandable to the Western world, created in Croatian but equally assuring in English, for all this one has to be a master.

To achieve all that in an eminently short and simple haiku format one must be a poet of delicate sensibility and enormous power of observation. Haiku is revealed only to the poet who walks through life with open senses and an open mind and is ready to identify himself with objects and phenomena in their everyday environment. Unexpectedly, when encountering the moment that we call haiku, a poet-haiku spontaneously discovers and experiences something many times seen in a completely new light, and then the everyday and usual becomes a new experience of invaluable importance.

That “aha” moment when enlightenment happens by chance and without planned seeking of the “poem-haiku”, that’s haiku, and in order to note down in a unique way what has happened to one in a fraction of time and what has stolen one from one’s thoughts and concerns, is exactly what makes one a haijin. Only a glance is enough for another unfamiliar and inspiring experience of the poet:

down the ridge
pouring into Spanish broom
May sun

True haiku includes the activity of man, the beauty of the Earth and the inviolability of the Universe. Only a haiku poet and a small child can touch the stars and travel down the Milky Way. A haiku poet who knows the story of juxtaposition, for example, allows being repeatedly carried away by the beauty of the outside world, as well as the child, who in its curiosity spontaneously experiences the world around, untapped by knowledge, information, rules and conventions by which man lives today. Everything is possible to a child, thus the poet-haiku doesn't miss such a fete.

from star to star
down the Milky Way
a little finger

Haiku never forgets the transience of all life. Observing a cherry petal which in its lavish beauty and shining in the spring sun floats on the breeze and sinks to the ground, to the water of the river, on a leaf near its tree, reminds the poet on his own fragility and transiency, just as a leaf driven by the wind. *Panta rhei*, everything flows, but experienced with love and a smile. Only a poet aware of his ephemerality in every moment of his existence can appreciate these moments, and so they become almost eternal.

in a hurry
after a runaway leaf
the wind

Haiku, *par excellence*, always gives his reader response to one and the most important question: “What does this haiku note mean to me, does it show me a detail of the poet’s everyday life, does it shine on me with some new learning and insight, and does it bring something already seen and experienced in a completely new way?” Only a master of haiku is able to achieve all this in a haiku poem. If one wonders how this is possible, the answer would be - spontaneously! Each haiku bud is in the subconscious of the author. Driven by an unexpected event from the outer world, like sudden fireworks, he blooms in the sky of the everyday, revives and refreshes the spiritual experience of the poet, who then, by hard work and persistence, finds the best record of what has happened to him in order to preserve and share it with others.

breeze in the field. . .
amidst a green wave
a peering poppy

Sometimes haiku only has to be written down. It appears in a shape entering an expected form and it needs neither editing nor seeking the best possible expression. Sometimes this very special “aha” moment can hit the poet and follow him for weeks, months or years without being able to find an adequate way to record the episode-haiku.

Dejan Pavlinović, who spontaneously creates in Croatian and English, father, musician, teacher, poet, haijin, manages all this in each of these one hundred haiku, because he knows that haiku is only a hint of a lengthy story of what has really happened to him and that haiku includes all our knowledge that doesn't need to be recorded in a haiku format.

He knows that haiku is a strong and open poem that is merely guiding its reader. It is a suggestion, like a door ajar, behind which one can discover the incredible richness with every look and every step, every syllable. Pavlinović knows that every haiku is a valuable writing which is approached with extreme care and love. Therefore, his every haiku is a true record from the life of the poet, from the everyday, from the indivisibility of man and nature and their utter connection. Dejan Pavlinović easily walks through the haiku world with open eyes and ears, a breeze-haiku finds him in joy and mutual complementation.

gotcha!
hooked up by the same thought
angler and fish

We must not forget that nice touch of humour in Pavlinović's haiku poem. A subtle, almost serious, but actually refreshing breeze of wittiness on a long summer day, a flash in the eye and a smile deep down in the soul, a different, entertaining look at things. This is where Pavlinović shines, at that very subdued, unobtrusive humour, and then he slightly

unleashes and rewards the reader with a strong senryu:

from burp
to yawn–
Christmas afternoon

A senryu which makes us think: Yes, indeed it is so!
How did I not see this, think of this, experience this!? Thank
you master!

still smooth
after thousands of kisses
a child's cheek

*Djurdja Vukelic Rozic
Ivanić-Grad, Croatia
June, 2016*

DJURDJA VUKELIC ROZIC was born in 1956 in Croatia, where she lives. She graduated from the Faculty of Economy in Zagreb, Croatia. She has published poetry, prose and short Japanese poetry forms in Croatian, English and Kajkavian dialect. She has taken part in literary recitals and contests around the world and has received a number of awards and commendations, and is considered to be one of the leading authors and promoters of haiku poetry and other Japanese poetry forms in Croatia and its wider region today. In 2012 she received the *Award for Contribution to the Reputation and Promotion of the Zagreb County in Croatia and the world*. She is a member of several Croatian and international literary societies, as well as being the editor-in-chief of the magazine *IRIS* and *IRIS International*. So far she has published 19 books, including *An Anthology of Croatian Haiku 1996-2007* „*An Unmown Sky*“ in Croatian and English.

**OBJAVLJENO I NAGRAĐENO IZ ZBIRKE / PUBLICATION
CREDITS AND AWARDS FROM THIS COLLECTION**

14th International “Kusamakura” Haiku Competition,
Kumamoto, Japan 2009 - 2. nagrada/2nd prize

20th International “Kusamakura” Haiku Competition,
Kumamoto, Japan, 2015 - 2. nagrada/2nd prize

The 20th ITOEN “Oh-I Ocha” New Haiku Contest, Tokyo,
Japan 2009 - pohvala (Merit Award) za haiku/Merit Award

The 21st ITOEN “Oh-I Ocha” New Haiku Contest, Tokyo,
Japan 2010 - 2. nagrada za haiku na engleskom jeziku/
Honorable Mention

3rd Vladimir Devide Haiku Award, Japan 2013 - pohvala/
commended

The 7th Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku
Contest, Japan 2015 - Odabrani haiku/Selected Haiku

The 8th Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku
Contest, Japan 2016 - Odabrani haiku/Selected Haiku

A Hundred Gourds 5:2 - A haiku, haibun, haiga & tanka
poetry journal , March 2016

Chrysanthemum 18 - International Haiku Magazine,
Germany, 2015

Asahi Haikuist – The Asahi Shimbun, Japan, 2008

Sharpening the Green Pencil Haiku Contest, (iz zbornika/
from the miscellany), Romania 2016

The Shiki Monthly Kukai, USA

EUROPEAN QUARTERLY KUKAI #10 – Summer 2015,
Poland

10. haiku dan 'Dubravko Ivančan' /10th Dubravko Ivančan
Haiku Contest, Krapina, Croatia - 2. nagrada/2nd prize, 2008

11. haiku dan 'Dubravko Ivančan' /11th Dubravko Ivančan
Haiku Contest, Krapina, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the
miscellany), 2009

16. haiku dan 'Dubravko Ivančan' /16th Dubravko Ivančan
Haiku Contest, Krapina, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the
miscellany), 2014

6. Kloštranski haiku susreti, Kloštar Ivanić/6th Klostar Ivanic
Haiku Contest , Croatia - pohvala za haiku/commended, 2008

7. Kloštranski haiku susreti, Kloštar Ivanić/7th Klostar Ivanic
Haiku Contest, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany),
2009

9. Kloštranski haiku susreti, Kloštar Ivanić/9th Klostar Ivanic
Haiku Contest, Croatia - pohvala za haiku/commended, 2011

11. Kloštranski haiku susreti, Kloštar Ivanić/11th Klostar
Ivanic Haiku Contest, Croatia - pohvala za haiku/commended,
2013

17. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin' /17th Samobor
Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany),
2009

19. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin' /19th Samobor
Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany),
2011

20. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin'/20th Samobor Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany), 2012

21. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin'/21st Samobor Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany), 2013

22. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin'/22nd Samobor Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany), 2014

23. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin'/23rd Samobor Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany), 2015

24. Samoborski haiku susreti 'Darko Plažanin'/24th Samobor Haiku Meeting, Croatia (iz zbornika/from the miscellany), 2016

3. Susreti haiku pjesnika, Delnice/3rd Delnice Haiku Meeting, Croatia - 3. Nagrada/3rd prize, 2015

Haiku časopis IRIS/IRIS haiku magazine, Croatia (Tema/ Topic: 2010 - International Year for the Rapprochement of Cultures) – Nagrada/Award

Haiku časopis IRIS br.1/IRIS haiku magazine No.1, Croatia, 2008

Haiku časopis IRIS br.2/IRIS haiku magazine No.2, Croatia, 2008

Haiku časopis IRIS br.3/IRIS haiku magazine No.3, Croatia, 2009

Haiku časopis IRIS br.7-8/IRIS haiku magazine No.7-8,
Croatia, 2015

Haiku časopis IRIS br.9-10/IRIS haiku magazine No.9-10,
Croatia, 2016

11. Bučijada u Ivanić-Gradu/The 11th Pumpkin Festival,
Ivanić-Grad, Croatia - pohvala/commended, 2015

Smiling Cricket Haiku Blog

ZAHVALE

Dugujem veliku zahvalnost mojoj obitelji i prijateljima na podršci i razumijevanju.

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Thank you for reading this collection !

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Dejan Pavlinović, rođen 1968. godine, profesor je engleskog i njemačkog jezika i turistički vodič iz Pule. Haiku piše od 2007. godine. Do sada je njegov haiku dobio brojne nagrade i priznanja u Hrvatskoj i inozemstvu. Kad nije zauzet svojom obitelji, poslom, putovanjima, morem, suncem, nogometom, glazbom i ostalim blagodatima života, Dejan povremeno objavljuje svoj haiku na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku na svom SMILING CRICKET HAIKU BLOGU. Član je Svjetske Haiku Asocijacije (WHA) u Japanu. Ovo je njegova prva zbirka.

Dejan Pavlinović, born in 1968, is an English and German teacher and tourist guide from Pula, Croatia. He has been writing haiku since 2007. So far his haiku has received a number of awards and commendations in Croatia and abroad. When not being captured by his family, work, travel, sea, sun, football, music and other blessings, Dejan occasionally publishes his haiku both in Croatian and English on his SMILING CRICKET HAIKU BLOG. He is a member of the World Haiku Association in Japan. This is his first haiku collection.



Zadivljen sam kako vješto Dejan Pavlinović koristi svoj drugi jezik za stvaranje pjesama koje odjekuju radošću življenja.

I am amazed at how deftly Dejan Pavlinović uses his second language to create poems that resonate with the joy of being alive.

GEORGE SWEDE, Toronto, Canada

Rođen u Rigi, Latvija, George Swede je važna ličnost u haiku stvaralaštvu na engleskom jeziku, nagrađeni autor, bivši urednik časopisa 'Frogpond' i suosnivač Haiku Canada. / Born in Riga, Latvia, George Swede is a major figure in English-language haiku, awarded author, former editor of 'Frogpond' and co-founder of Haiku Canada.

Dejan Pavlinović je prilično dobar u primjeni tehnike suprotstavljanja kako bi iznenadio čitatelje i pobudio njihove osjećaje. Njegovo blisko i priso promatranje prirode i svakodnevnice obavijeno je dojmljivim slikama dočaranim u tri stiha koje stvaraju nezaboravan "Aha!" trenutak (kao u "od zvijezde do zvijezde", "raspori", "prokrči put"...).

Dejan Pavlinović is fairly good at employing the technique of juxtaposition to surprise readers and evoke their emotions. His close and intimate observation of nature and daily living is packed into the arresting images he conjures up in three lines that create a memorable "Aha!" moment (such as in "from star to star", "unzipping", "cutting its way"...).

CHEN-OU LIU, Ajax, Canada

Rođen u Taipeiu, Tajvan, Chen-ou Liu je nagrađeni haiku i tanka pjesnik, sveučilišni profesor, esejist, urednik, prevoditelj i dvostruki pobjednik nacionalne nagrade Best Book Review Radio Program Award. / Born in Taipei, Taiwan, Chen-ou Liu is an awarded haiku and tanka poet, college teacher, essayist, editor, translator and two-time winner of the national Best Book Review Radio Program Award.

Nailazim na toliko divnih haiku pjesama u ovoj zbirci da sam u iskušenju sastaviti listu, ali u biti doista mislim kako je najbolji način da jednostavno sjednete i pročitate Dejanov haiku s otvorenim srcem. Neka vas to uveliko nagradi.

I find so many admirable haiku in this collection that I am tempted to start a list of them, but I really think the best use of your time is for you to simply sit down and read Dejan's haiku with an open heart. May you be greatly blessed.

JANE REICHHOLD

(iz predgovora / from the foreword)

Sve to uspjeti učiniti u svom, nadasve kratkom i jednostavnom, haiku zapisu, čovjek mora biti pjesnik tanana senzibiliteta i ogromne moći opažanja.

To achieve all that in an eminently short and simple haiku format one must be a poet of delicate sensibility and enormous power of observation.

ĐURĐA VUKELIĆ ROŽIĆ

(iz pogovora / from the afterword)

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