



Sheltered by pine trees

From dawn to dusk he sketched
unsleeping landscapes,
his heart rising with the light
searching for the midwife of
those pictures. The pines

shared his sorrow lending him
a switch of needles to brush pencil-dust
or a cone to weight his drawings
and keep them from the breeze.

From dawn to dusk she laboured
gathering
his discarded work
each drawing with his fingerprints
on the other side. Every morning early

the trees watched over them -
there on the bench beneath
the murmuring branches the painter
and the wife who shared his destiny.

Milorad Krystanovich

Zbrinuti ispod borova

Slikarovo srce otimalo se nesanicama
i vazda u zoru krajolici
bivahu ne u njegovim ocima,
vec nacrtani ; i supruga mu
izbivala u tim slikama. Borovi

vidahu mu tugu : grancice s iglicama
da ocisti prah olovke,
il' sisarica da sacuva listove zajedno
od naleta lahora.

Svagda za svitanja njegova zena
odlazec s posla iz rodilista skupila bi
sve crteze s poda u mapu,
otisci prstiju umjesto suprugovog imena
bili bi na njima. Izjutra su borovi

brinuli o tim dvoma supružnicima -
tu na klupi on bi cekao
podno sumova u granama
svoju ljepšu polovinu zajednicke sudbine.

translated into Serbo-Croat by the author