

## Blistave kapi

Uzalud će mi trave bajati  
I suncokreti na koje ličim.  
Svi kada zađu, ti ćeš stajati  
U krugu što se ne briše ničim.

Ko god mi svrati na konak sniće  
Sunce u ptičje perje skriveno.  
I tvoje venčano ruho biće  
Mojim mislima prošiveno.

Kad stresem se sa blistave kapi  
Uskršnjeg vina tvojih godina  
Zemlja će preda mnom da razjapi  
Bezube čeljusti pukotina.

I zalud će mi trave bajati  
I suncokreti na koje ličim.  
Svi kada zađu, ti ćeš stajati  
U krugu što se ne briše ničim.

## Sparkling drops

My grass will wilt in vain  
And sunflowers that I look like.  
When everyone has gone, you will be standing  
In a circle that cannot be erased by anything.

Whoever stops by my lodging will dream  
The sun is hidden in a bird's feathers.  
And your wedding dress will be  
Stitched with my thoughts.

When I shake off the shiny drop  
Easter wine of your age  
The earth will gape before me  
Toothless jaw cracks.

And my grass will be wilting in vain  
And sunflowers that I look like.  
When everyone has gone, you will be standing  
In a circle that cannot be erased by anything.

**A poem by the Serbian poet and writer Dobrica Erić**