

LUCIJA STUPICA

A Narrow Path

A narrow path along the sea shore.  
Someone goes before me,  
someone is behind. Alone.

In the water swans, ducks, seagulls,  
among the stranded backs  
of pink-hued stones.

I go on trading in my steps,  
to walk is to approach one's self.  
After rain, the stones bloom out,

burst in the dazzling sunlight.  
I have to sit down loudly,  
one grows tired from walking.

All outward is the inward.  
The one behind is overtaking.

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Translated by Nada Grošelj