

Autentična zbirka haiku poezije "Kada se zemlja lepi za stopala" otkriva samu suštinu ovog žanra: neposrednost i iskrenost poetskog kazivanja. Prevashodno likovnim senzibilitetom, Vitomir Miletić izvlači lake i odmerene paralele kojima životnu svakodnevicu odeva u svečano ruho, a senčenjem trenutnih događaja, onome što se zbiva sada i ovde daje ton svevremenosti i sveprisutnosti.

Starci su prošli.
Senke još uvek
prelaze put.

Zavejani stanični
sat. Putnici dolaze
i odlaze.

Više stihova u zbirci, nego što se čini u prvi mah, dotiče se višegodišnjeg ratnog, pa i poratnog vihora koji je malo kojeg našeg savremenog pesnika ostavio ravnodušnim.

Puška u rukama dečaka, tenk na šarenoj livadi, gušter na napuštenom bunkeru i nasmejane devojke koje mašu vojnicima iz autobusa, predstavljaju primere motivacione dinamike koji samo osnažuju i onako jasnu vremensku odrednicu čitave zbirke.

Vitomir Miletić je već ostavio dubok trag u domaćem haiku stvaralaštvu. Dobitnik je prve nagrade na poznatom jugoslovenskom haiku festivalu u Odžacima 1994. godine, a prevodi njegovih pesama objavljeni su u Americi, Japanu i nekolicini drugih zemalja u kojima je haiku, po broju pesnika, jedan od vodećih poetskih žanrova.

Budući da je knjiga priređena dvojezično, u poeziji Vitomira Miletića moći će da uživaju i čitaoci sa engleskog jezičkog područja.

Pažnji čitalačke publike preporučujemo ono najdragocenije što je Vitomir Miletić utkao u svoje stihove - sebe samog, jer haiku nema drugu svrhu nego da ljudi među sobom podele osećanja koja u najvećoj mogućoj mери odražavaju njihovo sopstveno biće.

Nebojša Simin
Novi Sad, 16. mart 1998.

VITOMIR MILETIĆ
VITATA

KADA SE ZEMLJA LEPI ZA STOPALA



MOSTOVI
PLJEVLJA

VITOMIR MILETIĆ
- VITATA -

**KADA SE
ZEMLJA
LEPI ZA STOPALA**

Zbirka haiku pesama

**Sve ono što je u meni, mojim rečima,
stihovima, stavljam Vam na raspolaganje.
ali Vas molim da me srcem poklonite
i drugima na čuvanje.**

**All that is inside of me, with ma words and
verses I am putting at your disposal.
And I hope that you'll give it, with all your
heart, as a present to others to be kept.**

Biblioteka MOSTOVI
Pljevlja 1998



**Water-melon
scratched by knife. A drop
splashed the face.**

**From a cloud
brook is flowing down
along the gutter.**

**On the stone
wrapped in ball, lies
mottled snake.**

**On the palm a drop
of white juice felt. From
the torn off dandelion.**

**Lubenicu
zapara nož. Kap
prsnu u lice.**

**Iz oblaka
sliva se potok
niz oluk.**

**Na kamenu
u klupko umotana, leži
šarena zmija.**

**Na dlan pade
kap belog soka. Iz
otkinutog maslačka.**

**In the garden
scarecrow is standing. Crow flew
down
on the straw-hat.**

**Bouquet of flowers
on the wall-calendar.
It is July.**

**From the car
rain take off the message:
"Wash me!"**

**On the threshold of the house
welcoming the guests.
Sunflower.**

**U bašti stoji
strašilo. Vrana sleti
na slamnati šešir.**

**Buketi cveća
na zidnom kalendaru.
Mesec juli.**

**Sa kola
kiša skida poruku:
"Operi me!"**

**Na pragu kuće
dočekuje goste.
Cvet suncokreta.**

All day long
butterflies are flying over –
movn clover.

Along the road
wild poppies
penetrated a cornfield.

Clouds
are covering the sun.
Shadows disappear.

Full moon
illuminates the yard.
Gate creaked.

Ceo dan
leptiri preleću –
pokošenu detelinu.

Kraj puta
divlji makovi
prošarali žita.

Oblaci
prekrivaju sunce.
Nestaju senke.

Pun mesec
obasjava dvorište.
Zaškripi kapija.

With the firs
strawberries, I'm picking
morning dew.

With the swath,
haymakers on the meadow
accompanying the sun.

In the dust
under the street light
drops of the rain.

Golden spike
in front of the combine
wind is bending.

Uz prve
jagode, berem i
jutarnju rosu.

Sa otkosima,
kosači na livadi
ispraćaju sunce.

U prašini
pod uličnim svetlom
kapi kiše.

Zlatno klasje
pred kombajnom
povija vetar.



**Morning dew.
Black leader shoes
treading the meadow.**

**From the basket
an apple felt drops
and rolled.**

**In the shadow of the plum-tree
sleeping girl.
And butterfly on the hand.**

**By the road
in the vite clothes
cherry-tree is sleeping.**

**Jutarnja rosa.
Crne kožne cipela
gaze livadu.**

**Iz korpe
ispade jabuka.
I dokotrlja se.**

**U senci šljive
usnula devojka.
I leptir na ruci.**

**Kraj puta
u belom ruhu
spava višnja.**

**On the palm
in the water drops
sun is setting.**

**From the bush
the rabbit ran out.
That caught my eye.**

**On the terrace
I'm sitting drunk
countung the flowers.**

**On the road
spider's web. Should I
pass by or avoid it.**

**U kapima
na dlanu
zalaze sunca.**

**Iz žbuna
istrča zec. Stižem
ga pogledom.**

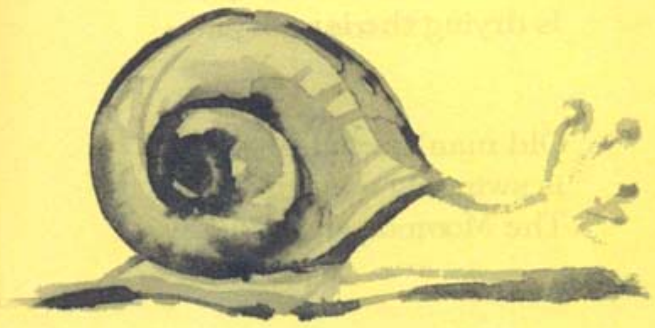
**Na terasi
pijan sedim
i brojim cvetove.**

**Na putu
paučina. Proći ili
obići.**

John Donne's "The Flea" is a witty poem
written in the style of the Petrarchan sonnet
on the old theme of love and sex.

The poem is a playful parody
of the Petrarchan sonnet and
the theme of love and sex.

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of the Petrarchan sonnet and
the theme of love and sex.



Rain drops
washing the windows
on the old house.

I'm going for a walk.
Between aials
the moon is being born.

Turtledoves are cooing.
On the house midday sun
is drying the laundry.

Old man's hand
is swinging the cradle.
The Moon on the window.

Kapljice kiše
umivaju prozore
na staroj kući.

Polazim u šetnju.
Između antena
rađa se mesec.

Guču gugutke.
Na žici veš suši
podnevno sunce.

Starčeva ruka
ljulja kolvku.
Mesec na prozoru.

**On the old cooker
children are baking cookies
of the mad.**

**On the attic
children are feeding
flocks of pigeons.**

**In the vase
between roses, spider
made a web.**

**Rain showers dispersed
children are sunk
sand tower.**

**Na starom šporetu
deca peku kolače
od blata.**

**Na tavanu
deca hrane
jato golubova.**

**U vazi
među ružama, pauk
ispleo mrežu.**

**Pljusak rastera
decu i potopi
kulu od peska.**

From the roses
bud, towards the fence
butterfly flew.

On the book
the drop of tea felt down.
Hand trembled.

In the yard
coming down from the cherry-tree
- slobbery children.

Little girl
on the dusty car
is drawing a doll.

Sa pupoljka
ruže, prema ogradi,
polete leptir.

Na knjigu
pade kap čaja.
Zadrhta ruka.

U dvorištu
sa višnje silaze
- musava deca.

Devojčica
na prašnjavim kolima
crta lutku.

In the yard
boy is jamping and breaking
flourished hazel tree.

Under sweater
little girl hide a doll
and run off home.

One is down, the other is up.
One the seesaw
two girls.

After shadow
boy is running. By the noon
he couldn't reach her.

U dvorištu
skače dečak i kida
resalu lesku.

Pod džemper
devojčica sakri lutku
i potrča kući.

Jedan dole,
drugi gore. Na klackalici
dve devojčice.

Za senkom
trči dečak. Do podne
je nestiže.



Warm puddles.
I waded in the first,
the frog in the second.

After the rain
beside garden's table
frog is the only guest.

In the boat,
on the waves, swinging -
boy and the frog.

Beside water lily
on the one leg
stork keep watching.

Tople barice.
Zagazih u prvu,
žabac u drugu.

Posle kiše
kraj baštenskog stola
žaba jedini gost.

U čamcu,
na talasima, ljuljaju se –
dečak i žaba.

Između lokvanja
na jednoj nozi
stražari roda.

From the fountain
frog jumped out
and started to croak.

Frog jumped
on red float
and drowned it.

On the small bridge
frog is jumping.
She is crossing a brook.

On the asphalt
frog is jumping. Boy is
pushing her with the stick.

Iz fontane
iskoči žaba
i zakreketa.

Skoči žaba
na crveni plovak
i potopi ga.

Na mostiću
skakuće žaba.
Prelazi potok.

Po asfaltu
skakuće žaba. Dečak je
gura štapom.

**From the rotten tree stump
into the muddy water
- frog jumped.**

**Silent frogs.
Law above the water
stork is flying.**

**From the distance
frog are heard.
Rain is coming.**

**From the water lily
we are looking at each
other: frog and I.**

**S trulog panja
u mutnu vodu
- skoči žaba.**

**Začutale
žabe. Nisko nad vodom
leti roda.**

**Iz daljine
čuju se žabe.
Sprema se kiša.**

**Sa lokvanja
gleda me žaba. I ja
gledam nju.**



**On the water, breeze
gently waving
water lily shadow.**

**Beside the river
pile of sand
wind is spreading.**

**Fallen leaves
carried by the wind
are sticking to the shoes.**

**Dandelion
flourished between branches of
overtorn willow.**

**Na vodi,
povetarac talasa
senku lokvanja.**

**Kraj reke
gomile peska
raznosi vetar.**

**Opali listovi
nošeni vetrom,
lepe se za cipele.**

**Cvet maslačka
procvao međ' granjem
srušene vrbe.**

**In the river
between boats
moon is hiding.**

**After the ball
into the water
boy and the dog jumped.**

**Somewhere faraway
overturned trunk
waves are taking away.**

**Morning mist
set between cane.
Unseen road.**

**U reci
između čamaca
skriva se mesec.**

**Za loptom
u vodu skočiše
dečak i pas.**

**Negde daleko
srušeno stablo
odnose talasi.**

**Jutarnja magla
zašla među trsku.
Ne vidi se put.**

In the waves
tonight, the moon and
some star are floating.

Between willows
reek of tar.
Overturnd boats.

On the bank
fisherman drawing out the nets
full of fish.

On the river
waves, swinging
and swinging, the moon.

Na talasima
noćas, pluta mesec i
poneka zvezda.

Među vrbama
miriše na katran.
Prevrnuti čamci.

Na obalu
ribari izvlače mreže
prepune ribe.

Na rečnim
talasima, ljulja se,
ljulja, mesec.

Rock splashed.
Fisherman coused
and start drinking beer.

Round the fire
fisherman gather
measuring the fish.

From the water melon
cold water cascade
is returning to the Danube.

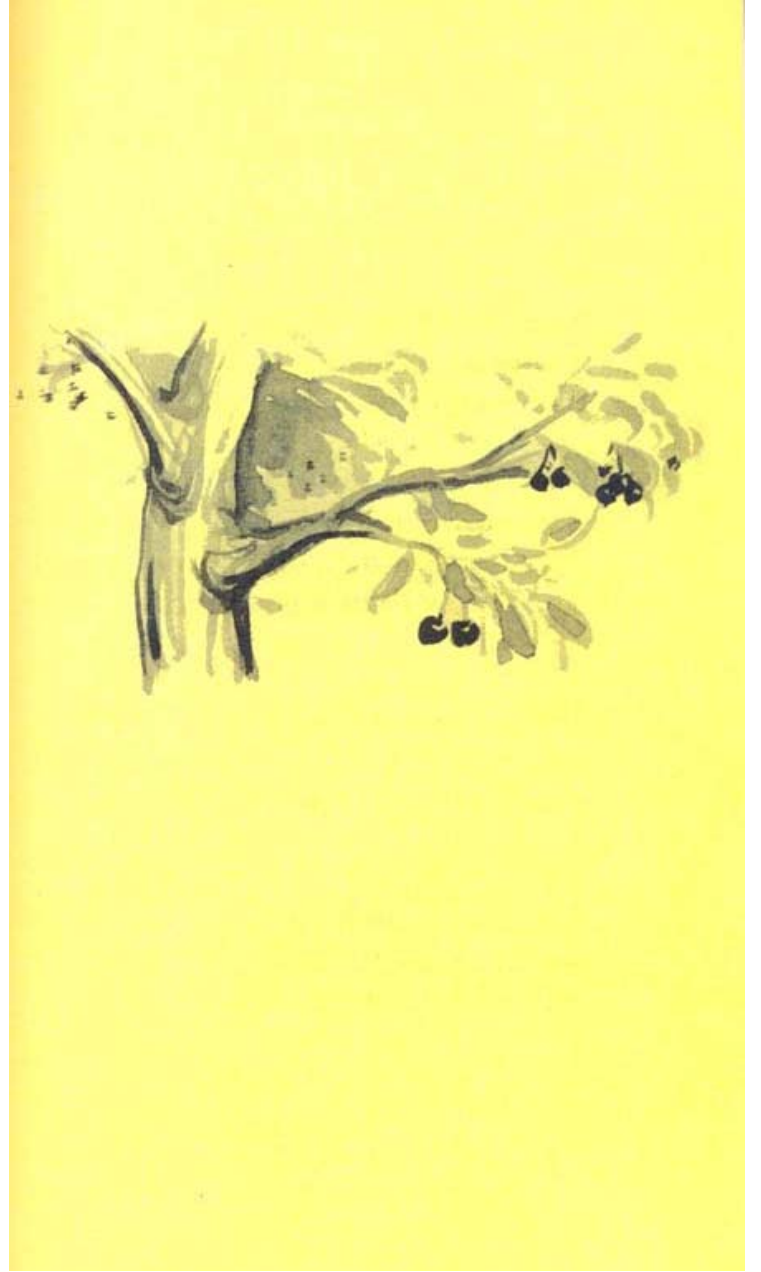
Into barn
through window
comes the moon.

Bućnu kamen.
Pecaroš opsova
i trgnu pivo.

Oko vatre
okupljeni pecaroši
mere ribu.

Sa lubenice
slap hladne vode
vraća se u Dunav.

U čardu
kroz prozor
stiže i mesec.



Carried by the wind
fallen leaves
strolling in the park.

The old man lifts
coin, look at it
and throw it for a good luck.

Under walnut-tree
on the bench
the old man and stick.

Turtledove took off
to crown. Eight eyes
are following her.

Nošeni vetrom
opali listovi
šetaju parkom.

Starac podiže
novčič, pogleda ga
i baci za sreću.

Pod orahom,
na klupi
starac i štap.

Polete gugutka
do krošnje. Četiri
pogleda je prate.

Old man passed by.
Shadows are still
crossing the road.

In the dark night
fireflies illuminate
cherry-tree flowers.

By the window
with rain drops
the sky is flowing.

Sleeping poet's
book
wind is turning off.

Starci su prošli.
Senke još uvek
prelaze put.

U tamnoj noći
svici obasjavaju
cvetove trešnje.

Niz prozor
s kapima kiše
sliva se nebo.

Knjigu
usnalog pesnika
prelistava vetar.

**On the cross-road
green light
the dog also waits.**

**Through the park
I'm following with my eyes
girl and the dog.**

**From barn
big black cat
observing a sparrow.**

**Cat on the lap
and old women an the bench
- sleeping.**

**Na raskrsnici
zeleno svetlo.
I pas čeka.**

**Kroz park
pratim pogledom
devojku i psa.**

**Sa čardaka
velika crna mačka
vreba vrapca.**

**Mačka na krilu
i starica na klupi
- spavaju.**

**In the early morning
spider with a net partitioning
wood pat.**

**On hedgehog's back
leaves are running
- across the meadow.**

**Squirrels
and fallen cones
in pine's shadow.**

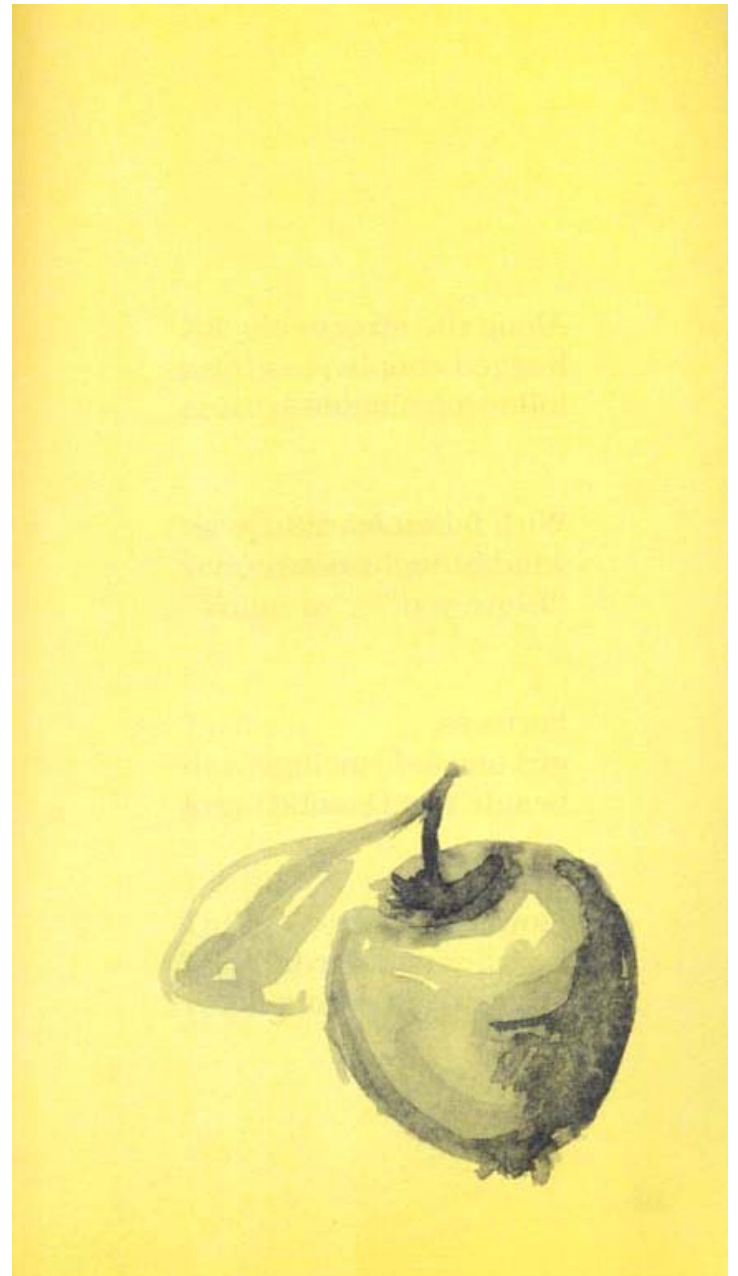
**Under the shoes
dry branches crackling
and the leaves rustling.**

**U rano jutro
pauk mrežom zatvara
šumsku stazu.**

**Trče listovi
na ježevim leđima
- preko livade.**

**Veverice
i opale šišarke
u senci bora.**

**Ispod cipela
pucketa suvo granje
i šušti lišće.**



Along the street
hugged couple
following shadows.

With fallen leaves
wind brought note
„I love You“.

Fortress,
girl and I, dancing
beside the Danube.

Flower's petals
laying round the table,
loves me, loves me not...

Niz ulicu
zagrljeni par
prate senke.

Sa opalim lišćem
vetar donese cedulju
„Volim te“.

Tvrđava,
devojka i ja, plešemo
kraj Dunava.

Latice cvetova
leže oko stola,
voli me, ne voli me...

Flower reddened
in hear of subburned
freckled girl.

On the moonlight
to „randevouz“ at barn
- cats are coming.

In the park
owl's scream echoed.
Girl startled.

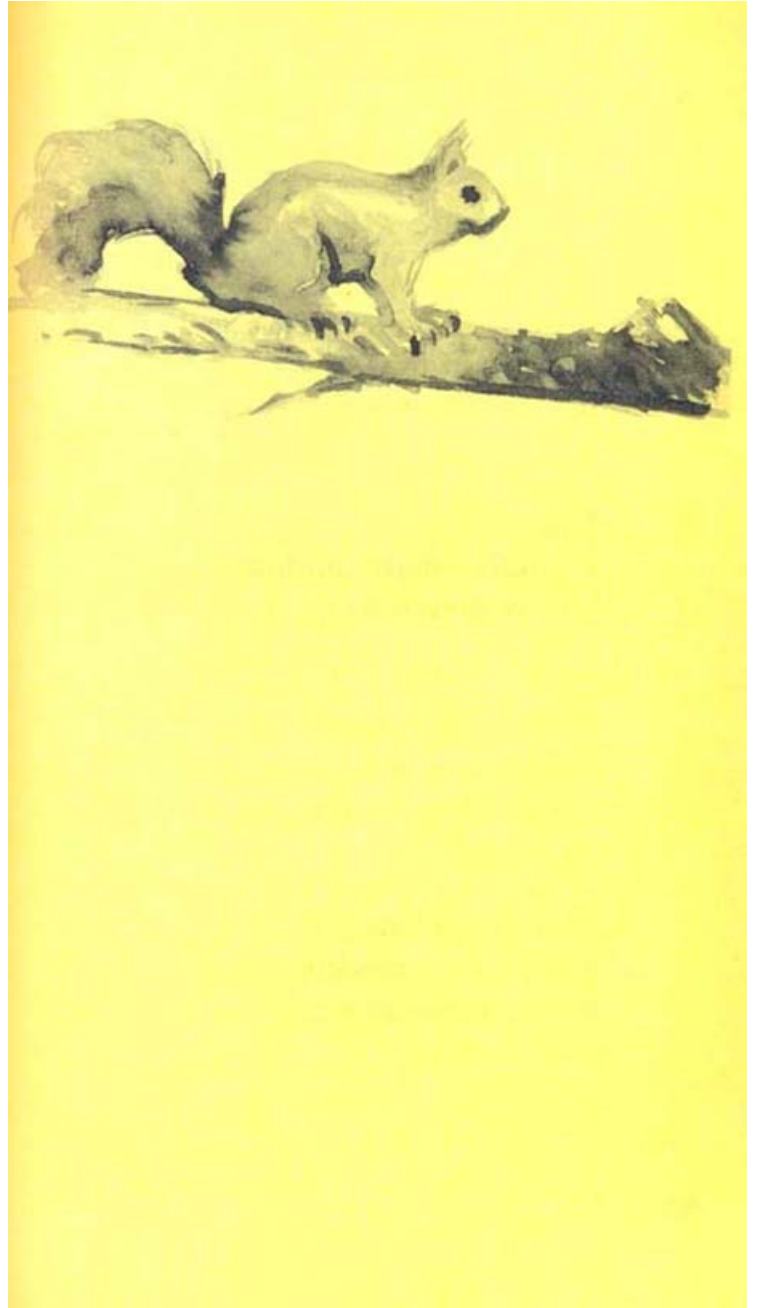
Under linden
being silent I watch
enamored couple.

Crveni se cvet
u kosi preplanule
pegave devojke.

Po mesečini
na „randevu“ kod čardaka
- stižu mačke.

U parku
odjeknu krik sove.
Trgnu se devojka.

Pod lipom
ćutim i gledam
zaljubljeni par.



Covered by sheep-skin jacket
sleepy old man guarding
on the meadow.

Eagles
fly high, small shadows
on the meadow.

From the plain
toward the sky, pillar
of smoke is wrapping.

Eain is drizzling.
Worms are crawling
on the moist ground.

Ogrnut gunjem
dremljivi starac čuva
stado ovaca.

Visoko lete
orlovi, na livadi
male senke.

Sa ravnice
ka nebu, uvijaju se
stubovi dima.

Rominja kiša.
Mile gliste
po vlažnoj zemlji.

Leaves are falling down.
The hidden birds' nests
emerge.

In the cooker
branches are crackling.
Guests are arriving.

On the puddles
silhouettes of the old
white poplars dancing.

From the grass
the morning dew, walking
on the meadow I'm talking.

Opada lišće.
Izranjaju skrivena
gnezda ptica.

U šporetu
pucketaju grančice.
Stižu gosti.

Po baricama
igraju siluete
starih topola.

Šetajući livadom
skinuo sam rosu
sa trava.

Beside fence
fallen chestnut
children are kicking.

On the barn
waiting for the winter,
wreaths of garlic.

From the boat
the dog is barking at
the multicolored sunshade.

Leaves and
sodden ground
sticking to the feet.

Pored ograde
opalo kestenje
šutaju deca.

Na čardaku
čekaju zimu, venci
belog luka.

Iz čamca
laje kuče na
šareni suncobran.

Lišće i
raskvašena zemlja
lepe se za stopala.



Shown up station
clock. Travelers coming
and going.

The old acacia
and magpie's nest
covered by the snow.

Flock of the crows
on the white field.
North wind is blowing.

Round the chimney
first snowflakes
red roof is gathering.

Zavejani stanični
sat. Putnici dolaze
i odlaze.

Stari bagrem
i gnezdo svrake
prekriva sneg.

Jata vrana
nad belim njivama.
Duva severac.

Dim iz dimnjaka.
Prve pahulje sakuplja
crveni krov.

**From the roof
thin ice-pit hanging.
One fell.**

**In the puddle
chained cane stalk
stands.**

**Along the Danube
on the ice-bergs
flock of sea-goals floating.**

**In warm room
father brought in a sparrow
and some snow.**

**Sa krova vise
tanke ledenice. Tup!
Pade jedna.**

**U bari
okovana ledom, stoji
stabljika trske.**

**Niz Dunav
sa santama leda
jata galebova.**

**U toplu sobu
otac unese vrapca
i malo snega.**

**Long chain
jumping on the snow.
Frozen through dog.**

**Newspapers.
Brought by wind
in front of the house.**

**In winter night
crowns of trees
decorated the stars.**

**Turnover boats
laying on the snow.
Thin ice on the water.**

**Dugačak lanac
na snegu poskakuje.
Promrzlo pseto.**

**Novine.
Donese mi vetar
pred kuću.**

**U zimskoj noći
krošnje drveća
ukrasile zvezde.**

**Na snegu leže
prevrnuti čamci.
Na vodi tanak led.**

**On the graveyard
along with the priests
nightingale started to sing.**

**With blow wine
on the Saint John's glory
family is gathered.**

**On the day of dead
on the graveyard
light from the candles is twinkling.**

**On the graveyard
old women left the flowers
and a few tears.**

**Na groblju
uz popove, zapeva
i slavuj.**

**Uz crno vino
slavi Svetog Jovana
okupljena porodica.**

**Na Dan mrtvih
na groblju treperi
svetlost sveća.**

**Na grobu
starica ostavila cveće
i nešto suza.**

PRVA NAGRADA NA
7. JUGOSLOVENSKOM
HAIKU FESTIVALU
ODŽACI, 1994. GODINE

Cvrčkovu pesmu
prekinula je lupa
vojničkih čizama.

Chirping of cricket
interrupted by throb
of soldier's boots.

THE FIRST PRIZE
ON 7th YU HAIKU CONTEST
ODŽACI, 1994. YEAR

Child
in the soldier's boots
wading on the puddle.

Dete
u vojničkim čizmama
gazi po bari.

Boys
in abandoned trench
making a snow man.

Dečaci
u napuštenom rovu
prave sneška.

Flock of sheep
crossing a road, stopped
column of tanks.

Stado ovaca
prelazi put, stala
kolona tenkova.

Mouse
in soldier's bag
nibbling crumbs.

Miš
u vojničkoj torbi
gricka mrvica.

**In the jail
through the bars
soldier observing the moon.**

**U zatvoru
kroz rešetke vojnik
posmatra mesec.**

**Behind the bars
I'm protected by
the Moon and soldier.**

**Među rešetkama
čuvaju me
mesec i vojnik.**

**Under tent
to the sleeping bag
came a snail.**

**Pod šator
do vreće za spavanje
stigao i puž.**

**Soldiers are sitting
round the fire. Shadows
surrounded them.**

**Vojnici sede
oko vatre. Senke
ih opkolile.**

Mill around
soldier's leg
dappled cat.

Mota se
oko nogu vojnika
šareno mače.

From the trench
frogs are croaking. Sunset
behind the bunker.

Iz rova
krekeću žabe. Sunce
zalazi za bunker.

Send tower
fenced by cocoons
wave splashed.

Kulu od peska
ograđenu čaurama
zapljusnu talas.

Beside the road
i saw cocoons
between violets.

Kraj puta
ugledah čaure
među ljubičicama.

**From the bush
plastic gun peers out.
Children laughter.**

**Iz žbuna viri
plastična puška.
Dečiji smeh.**

**Rain fall.
Boy hidden a gun under
sweater and run away.**

**Pada kiša.
Dečak pušku sakri pod
džemper i potrča.**

**In the small package
gun and helmet waits
for a new fighter.**

**U paketiću
puška i šlem čekaju
novog borca.**

**Grey cat.
Soldier is holding in helmet.
And caress Her.**

**Sivo mače
drži vojnik u šlemu.
I miluje ga.**

Deserted bunker.
Between graphites
lizard is passing by.

Napušten bunker.
Između grafita
prolazi gušter.

Tank's pipe
covered by laundry.
Wind is drying it.

Cev tenka
pokrivena vešom.
Vetar ga suši.

From bus
smiling girls
waving to the soldier.

Iz autobusa
nasmejane devojke
mašu vojniku.

In the bunker
sitting and waiting.
Down.

U bunkeru
sedimo i čekamo
zoru.



Biografija i bibliografija
Biography and bibliography

VITOMIR MILETIĆ - VITATA

Rođen je 1967. godine, na obroncima planine Manjača, u selu Šljivno, kraj Banja Luke.

Prve haiku pesme objavljene su mu 1993. godine, a 1994. godine dobitnik je Prve nagrade na 7. Jugoslovenskom haiku festivalu u Odžacima.

Koautor je Prve knjige jugoslovenskih renga pesama, pod nazivom "Gle! Nevreme." izašla 1997. godine.

Haiku pesme su mu prevedene i publikovane na engleskom, ruskom, slovenačkom i španskom jeziku.

Aktivno se bavi i slikarstvom.

Izlagao je u zemlji i inostranstvu.

Sa novozelandskim umetnicima Berislavom i Vjekoslavom Nemeš, član je internacionalne umetničke grupe WE-ART.

Danas živi i radi u Petrovaradinu.

VITOMIR MILETIĆ - VITATA

Born in 1967., on the slope of the Manjača mountain in village called Šljivno, near Banja Luka.

His first haiku poems was published in 1993. and in 1994. he won the first prize at the 7th Yugoslav haiku contest in Odžaci.

He is a co-author of the first Yugoslav renga poems book titled: "Look, storm!" published in 1997.

His haiku has been translated and published by English, Russian, Slovenian and Spanish.

Also he is interested in art.

He was exhibited in the country and abroad.

Together with the Newzeland's artist Berislava and Vjekoslav Nemech is a member of the International Artist Group named "WE-ART".

He lives and works in Petrovaradin.

1993.

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Pasaž Papiilon

Authentic collection of haiku poems titled "When the ground stick to the feet". Shows the meaning of this genre: directness and sincere of poetical expression. Primarily with art sensibility, Vitomir Miletic pulls out light and balanced parallels which every day. Life dresses in dress suit, and with shadowing the moments to what is happening now and here he set the tone of eternal and presence.

Old man passed by.
Shadows are still
crossing the road.

Showed up station
clock. Travelers coming
and going.

There are more verses in the collection, than it seems, on the first look. Which are connected with a several wears war and post war hurricane which left less than few our contemporary poet indifferent.

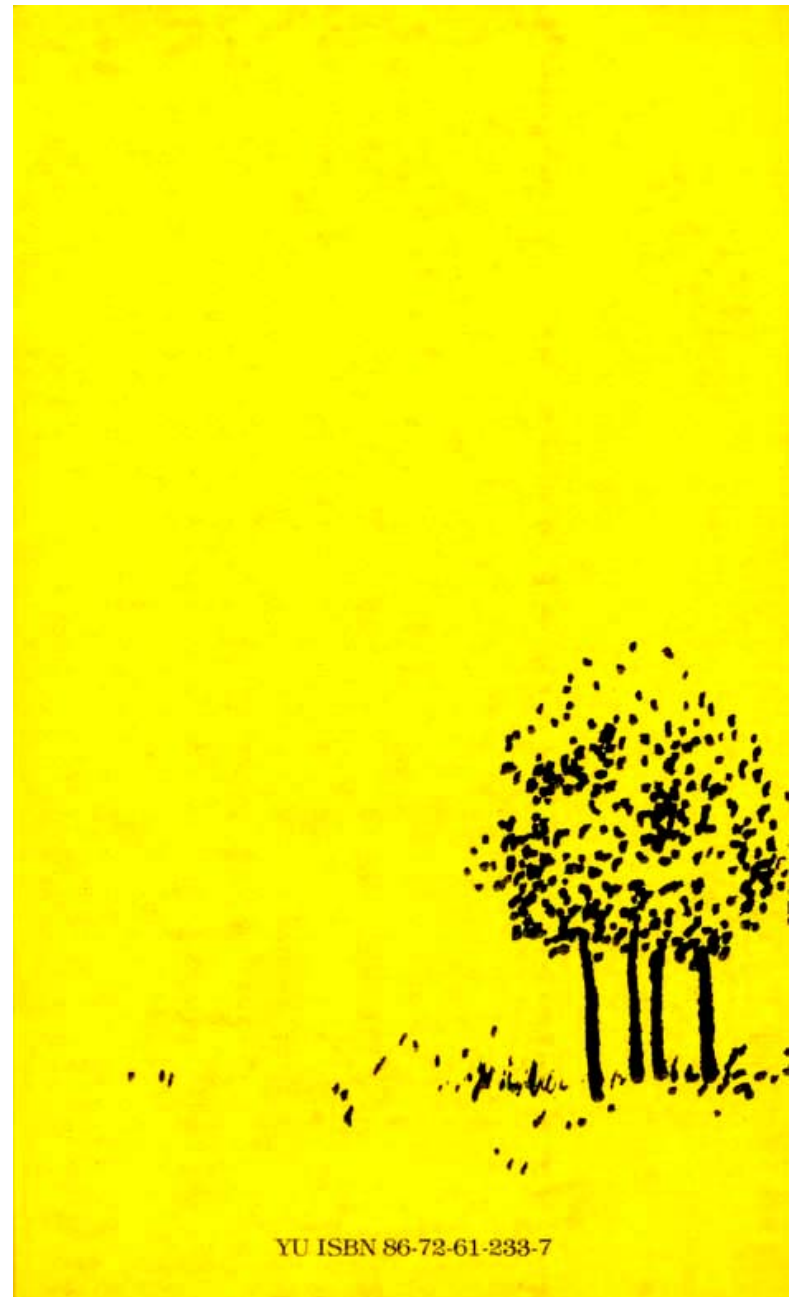
Gun in the hand of the boys, tank on the multicoloured meadow, lizard on the abandoned bunker and smiling girls waving to the soldiers from the bus, representing the examples of motivational dynamic which only confirm already clear temporal determination of the whole collection.

Vitata has already left deep track in the national haiku works. He won the first prize on the prestige Yugoslav haiku festival in Odžaci in 1994., and translation of his poems was published in America, Japan and other countries in which haiku is, for the number of poets one of the leading poetical genre.

Since this book is prepared bilingual. In poetry of Vitata also will enjoy readers from English speaking area.

We are drawing readers' attention to the most valuable thing that Vitata woven into his verses - himself, because the purpose of haiku is to make possible to the people to divide feelings which are reflection of their own beings.

Nebojša Simin
Novi Sad, March 16. 1998



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