

AT THE MOUTH RIVERS DIE

Sands of river beaches
Stifle night scream off the shores
In river mouth, love removing sandbars.

River seawards aching at losing shores
Yearning its spring, yet widens
Death encountering, trips over waves
Sea kisses at river mouth lips
Flows over, sets mind aspin

Here cease rivers
Diving unto the sea.
At their mouth the rivers die.

(To Neretva, the only Croatian Delta)

Jasmina Mužinić

About the author

JASMINA MUŽINIĆ is Zagreb-born, but not Zagreb-restrained. She spent much of her childhood playing among the cornflowers under the Medvednica mountain. Gardens, orchards, and trails of city parks were her lanes. That is why she dislikes smoke-filled rooms and places. She loves animals; therefore keeps no pets. Her interest is in the quest for truth about the origin of Universe and the purpose of life. Love, she is convinced, is the universal answer revealing all mysteries. She does not conform to circumstances and believes that goodwill makes everything possible.

Bedazzled by Nature, she earned a BSc in Biology at the Faculty of Science of Zagreb University. She works as an ornithologist in the Institute of Ornithology at the Croatian Academy of Sciences and Arts, but dislikes birdcages.

She has been writing poetry since high school, together with clay sculpturing and photography as her other modes of expression.