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Zvonimir Golob (1927)

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### FEAR

I'm not crying, that's a drop of rain  
that's fallen on my face again.

It's not snowing, pieces of gauze  
are flying through chimney, windows and doors.

It's not snowing, nor is it cold  
for birds and bears in the woodland old.

I'm not crying, that's falling rain  
wetting my wet face again.

I'm not crying and the children are still,  
it's the moaning wind from the forested hill

shaking the doors and windows free.  
I'm not crying — it's the murmur of the sea.

### WHAT DO GLASSES DO FOR US?

What do glasses do for us? —  
Clear the view, remove the fuzz!

In their frame they form a pair  
and know well why they are there:

so that you get all the best  
cakes and sweets before the rest.

Eyes that use them better see;  
further and more accurately.

Doctors, dentists, businessmen  
and professors all wear them.

Some are brown and some are red.  
in the shop and on your head.

Pink ones, pessimists insist,  
go to the top of their black list.

Green ones make the woodland scene,  
squirrels, elks and reindeers green.

Yellow ones give sunny hues  
to parks and leafy avenues.

Black ones see the night all day  
as though keeping out Sun's way.

Grandad's pince-nez — but by chance —  
shields his eyes from every glance..

Monocles, and lorgnons too, —  
of these there now remain but few.

In the chest-of-drawers upstairs  
you'll find some — just a few odd pairs.

#### **WHAT ARE PARENTS FOR?**

Snow is used for snowmen,  
dreams so you can sleep,  
an egg is for a chicken,  
a head your hat to keep.

Tears are used for crying,  
ears so they get cold,  
lips are used for trying  
cakes, granny to be old.

But what is mummy for  
and what is daddy for?  
At night, when there's no sound,  
to put your arms around.