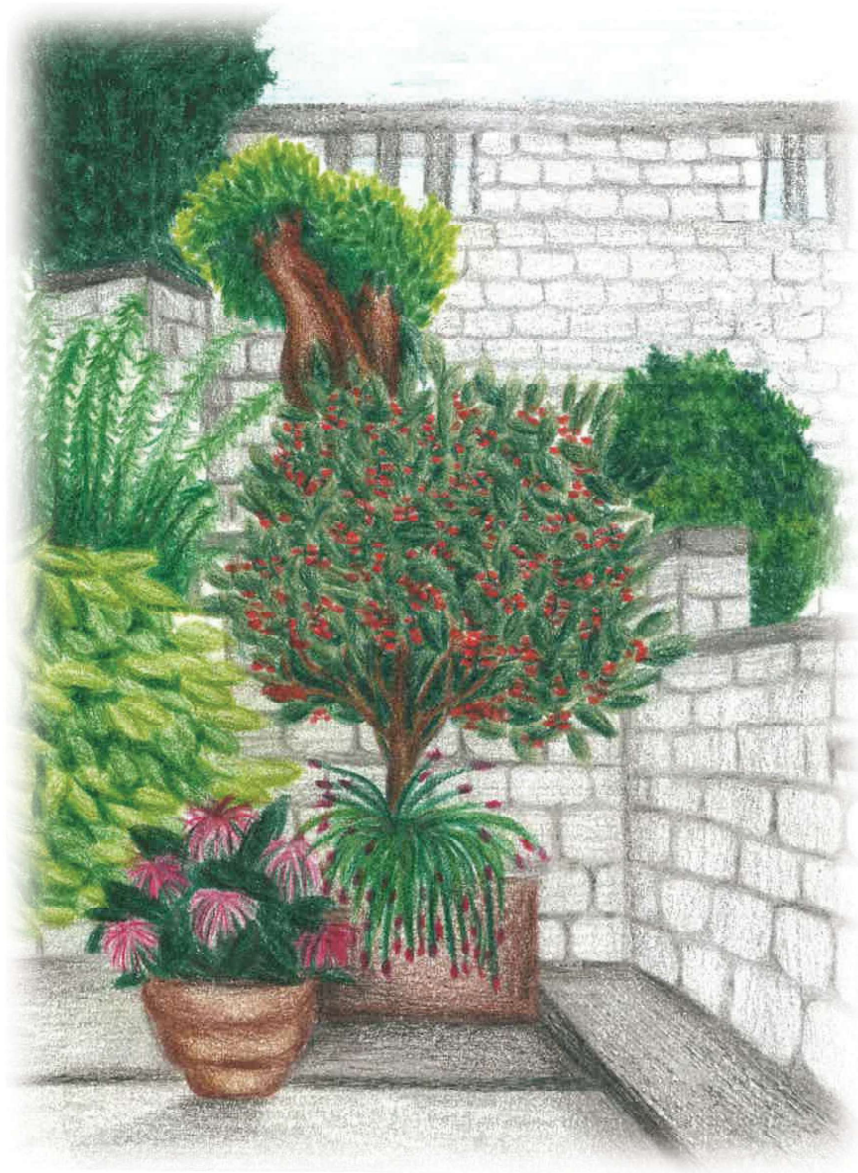


GIMNAZIJA DUBROVNIK

RECIPES AND POETRY FROM OUR SCHOOL GARDEN



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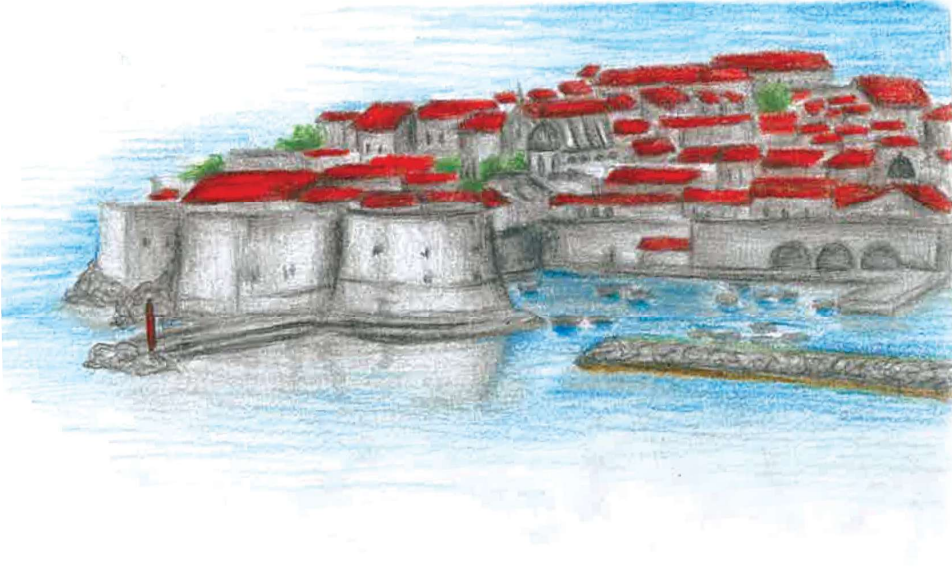
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POETRY



THE CITY

What can be written about the city?

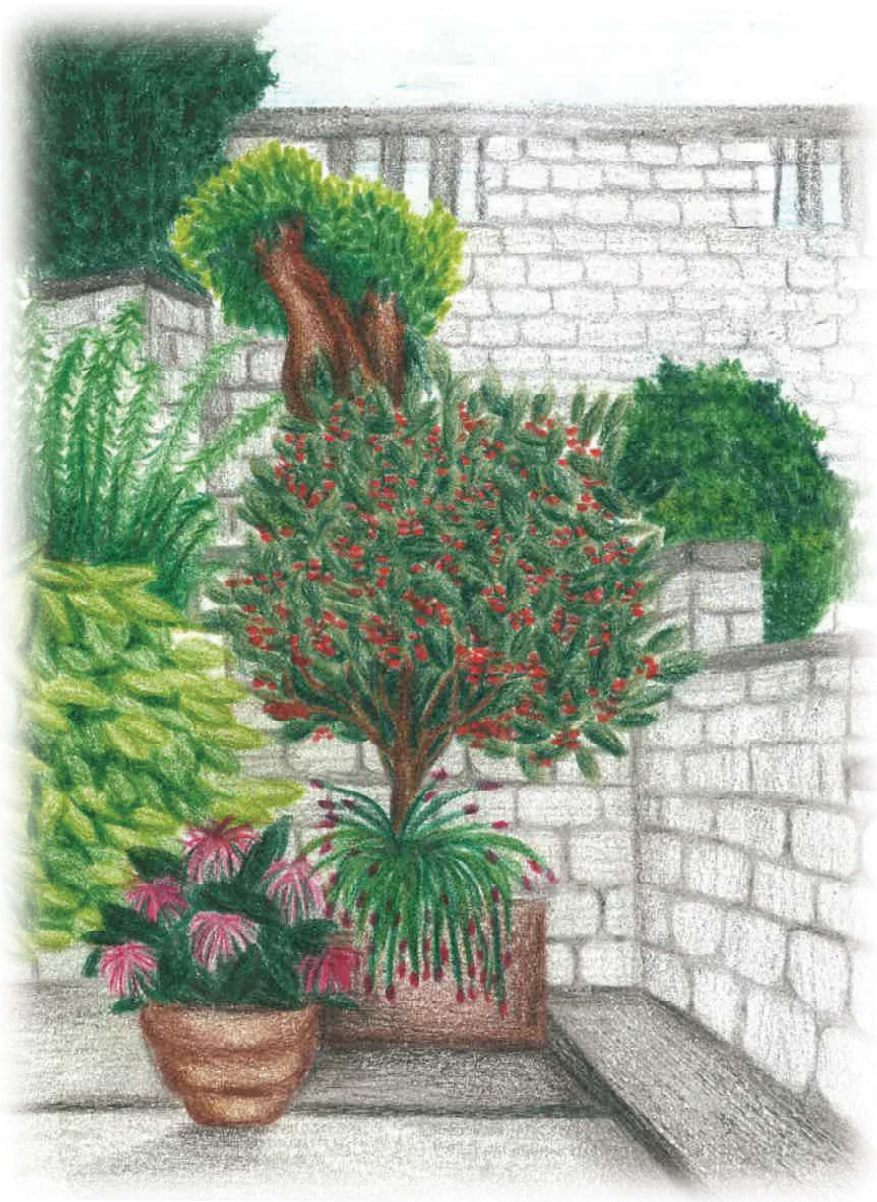
Its transparent birds
go to sleep at night
on the seabed

In bedsheets
dry peony buds
full of bees

From which the day
emerges blue as
the stormy Porporela

and footsteps are illuminated
by windy moments
interrupted by glances
of strangers

and by breezes
of smiles



THE GARDEN

The garden is something else
On the shore is heard
the striking of oars
Kayaks depart
to the other side
of the horizon
beyond the line past Lokrum

There night begins
while in the garden
it is morning bee-yellow
and round
as the heartbeat
of the sun

In a silver cistern
amid
the dark

MADONNA LILY (*Lilium candidum*)



LILIES

The prayer of Saint Anthony
rises from
intoxicating trumpets

A prayer
chaste and recollected

and nectar and white
translucent gown
drift along the pathways

toward forgotten chapels

through the gentle summer night

FIRECRACKER PLANT (*Russelia equisetiformis*)



CORAL FOUNTAIN PLANT

Red jets of hearts
Each beat a single
journey

From the edges of stone walls
they wave to sailors
sailing through
the endless blue
of air
along the path of butterflies

to the undersea and corals
to the shadows of sunken
carracks

HORSESHOE PELARGONIUM (*Pelargonium zonale*)



HORSESHOE PELARGONIUM

The blaze of my petals
burns at the dawn
of a summer morning

Beside me
pass
ships
arrive
people

And I behold the night from the garden
a dark breeze of warm moonlight
pours across the hush

then over cathedral and patron saint
scattering stars

through empty streets of Karmen
and the grey ramparts of Revelin

OLIVE (*Olea europaea*)



OLIVE TREE

What is the olive tree
if not a medallion upon
the chest of a noble lord?

A silver coin minted
from star-dust
from the wing of an angel
who

flies above the City
and calms the nightly storm

The olive tree glimmers
like a winter sea
a radiant beauty

sister to cold winds
and severe stone

CAROB (*Ceratonia siliqua*)



CAROB

The crown of the carob is a net

catching the birdsong
and words
the angular glances of buildings
black and white thoughts

then carrying them away
into the canopy of the sky

whence they return

with evening dew
into black carob claws

ROSEMARY (*Rosmarinus officinalis*)



ROSEMARY

Our twigs are torn
by the March bora wind

and from Srd the vernal breeze
brings the birds

announcing summer

The air smells of sea and stone
stars flare and fade
just as our thoughts
smoulder then blaze

while the blue vastness blossoms
in the gardens

FRAGRANT ROSE (*Rosa centifolia*)



FRAGRANT ROSE

I am a fleeting crinoline
of sweet petals

Will I be plucked
by a hand
the wind
the dew
the rain?

I scent the tables
in little glasses of rose liqueur

Through the molasses of my
fire

gleams
the winter sun

and Christmas light

BASIL (*Ocimum basilicum*)



BASIL

From shady terraces
to shadowed gardens

the silk of my leaves
exhaled fragrance
in the bosoms of maidens

as they walked toward churches

while sun and moon in the bells
listened to crickets

in the white heat
and summer dusk
of the coast

BITTER ORANGE (*Citrus aurantium*)



BITTER ORANGE

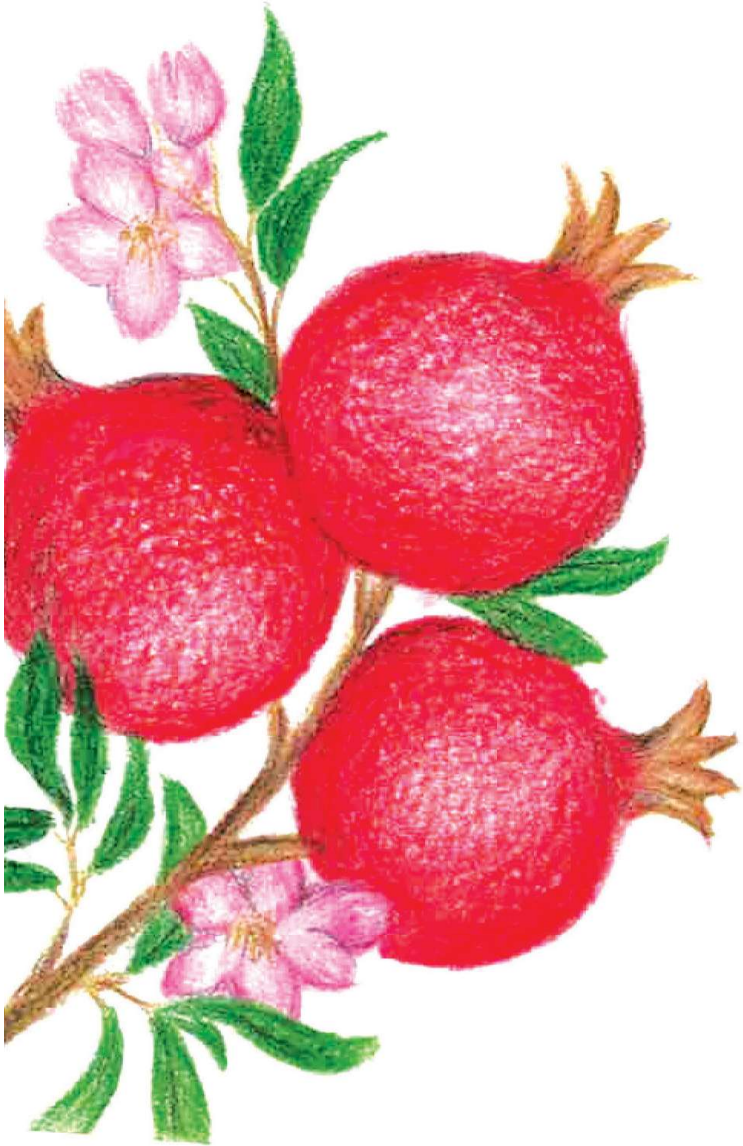
Little suns in our crown
warm the winter of Dubrovnik
and dance, clinging tightly

defying the bora

The sky smells of quinces
and oranges, recalling of
votive paintings
upon altars

where saints
count the steps
of those who arrive

WILD POMEGRANATE (*Punica granatum spontanea*)



WILD POMEGRANATE

Winter flames
with the fire of our grains
in the belly of the sun
before the gates of Ploče

Lilies have fallen asleep
in the garden beds

fragrant roses withdrawn
into withered chalices
of their rose hips

and we glisten

diamonds
a diadem of red beads

upon brown heads

from winter to spring
from twilight to stormy morning

BIGLEAF HYDRANGEA (*Hydrangea macrophylla*)

HYDRANGEA

The stars of her flower
are galaxies

Mediterranean dawn
silken foam
of petals

Hydrangeas smell of morning
and the arrival of ships

siesta
beneath the lashes
of afternoon

Hydrangea is a split shell
from which
surge little ants of pleasure,
stillness
and drowse



GREAT BOUGAINVILLEA (*Bougainvillea spectabilis*)



BOUGAINVILLEA

Clothe me, spring,
unclothe me, winter!

Give me a new gown,
strip from me
the cellophane of rain,

O summer sultriness!

When I remain without petals

tempestuous, keen, bare
shaven by the windy lust
of the tramontane

I shall remember each
flower

each leaf

RECIPES

ROZOLIN

From rose petals, a drink was prepared for which Dubrovnik was widely known. *The rose – Rosa centifolia* (the hundred-petaled rose) – is one of the oldest known roses in Europe, with small blossoms, blooming in May. It got its name from its intense fragrance.

Rose petals are layered in a jar alternately with sugar, finishing with a layer of sugar on top. The jar is placed in the sun for 1.5 to 2 months, until the sugar dissolves and absorbs the scent from the rose petals.

The juice is then strained and mixed with mild brandy.



HOT ROSEHIP SYRUP

Clean the rosehips and weigh the healthy seeds, then place them in a large pot. The amount of sugar should match the weight of the seeds. Stir well with a wooden spoon until the sugar and seeds are thoroughly combined.

For the next 20 to 25 days, stir the mixture well every day until the sugar dissolves.

After 25 days, strain the juice, and press the remaining pulp through cheesecloth to extract all the juice. Mix everything well again, pour into bottles, and store in a cool, dark place.



CAROB TART (KROSTATATA OD ROGAČA)

Dough

300 g flour
200 g butter
100 g powdered sugar
1 egg + 1 egg yolk
100 g homemade fig jam

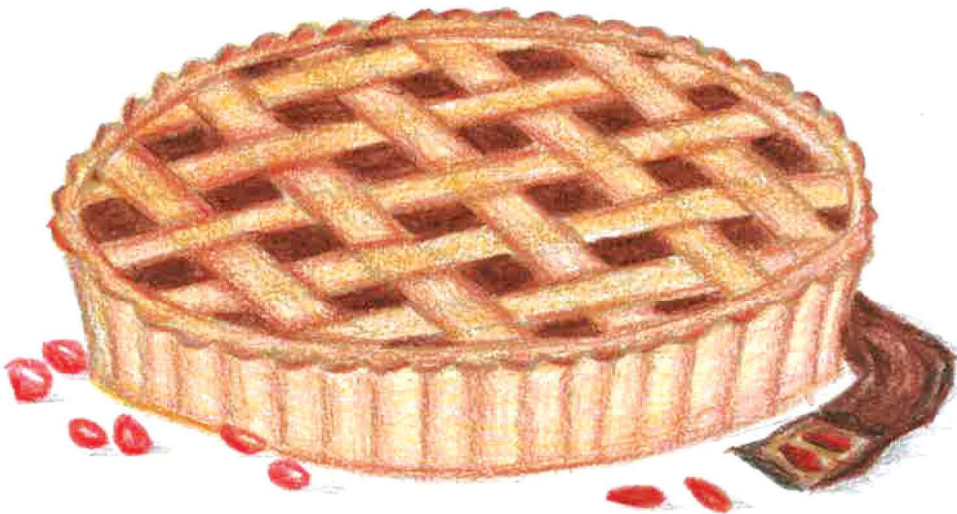
Carob filling

500 ml milk
100 g semolina
120 g ground carob
150 g sugar
20 g vanilla sugar
3 eggs
120 g butter
Juice and zest of 1 orange and 1 lemon

Instructions

From the listed ingredients, knead a shortcrust pastry. Set aside a small portion for strips, and roll out the rest into a circle to line a greased and floured baking tin. Spread the dough with homemade fig jam.

For the filling, cook the milk with sugar, add the semolina and cook for a few minutes. Remove from heat, add the carob, orange



and lemon juice and zest, and let the mixture cool.

Mix the eggs with the butter, then add to the cooled carob mixture and stir well.

Spread the filling over the dough and bake for 20 minutes at 180°C. Take it out, arrange strips of the remaining dough on top as desired, brush with beaten egg yolk, and continue baking for another 20 minutes.

