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| <p>251. Bħall-bahri l-mewġa
dahlet fil-port u l-blata
bieset u bewġet.</p> | <p>251. <i>Like a seaman the wave
entered the port and kissed
the rock, and went away.</i></p> |
| <p>252. Bejtieti taret
bħal tal-għasfur; 'mma jiena
m'inhieq għasfur.</p> | <p>252. <i>My nest flew away
like the bird's; but I
am not a bird.</i></p> |
| <p>253. Ġo qalbi boxxla
shiha ta' rjeh qawwija...
jien il-pinnur.</p> | <p>253. <i>In my heart a whole
compass of strong winds;
I am the vane.</i></p> |
| <p>254. Jekk qalbek gaġġa,
irrid inkun għasfur,
u nghanhi fiha.</p> | <p>254. <i>If your heart is a cage,
I wish to be a bird
and sing in it.</i></p> |
| <p>255. Bejnietna l-art
u l-baħar, iżda l-lejla
jien hdejk, int hdejja.</p> | <p>255. <i>The sea and the land
between us, but tonight
I am beside you, and you are beside me.</i></p> |
| <p>256. Qalbi ferħana
bik kif bl-amarillis
jifraħ vażett.</p> | <p>256. <i>My heart is pleased
with you just as the vase
is pleased with the amaryllis.</i></p> |
| <p>257. Ġismek mit-trab
tal-art, iżda għajnejk
trabiet tax-xemx.</p> | <p>257. <i>Your body is made from
the earth's dust but your eyes
are dust particles from the sun.</i></p> |
| <p>258. Gwarniċ u sfond
qalbi, minnu int titbissem
bħal Mona Liża.</p> | <p>258. <i>A canvas and a frame
is my heart; from it you smile
like Mona Lisa.</i></p> |
| <p>259. Qalbi hija altar,
u f'nofsu fl-ostensorju
hemm tifkiritek.</p> | <p>259. <i>My heart is an altar;
in its centre in the ostensory
there is the memory of you.</i></p> |
| <p>260. Naħseb, ja bilbla,</p> | <p>260. <i>I think, skylark,</i></p> |

- l-ghasafar isejhulek
il-poetessa. *the birds call you
the poetess.*
261. Bilbla li tghanni
wahdek fl-irdum fl-ghaxija
inti “escapist”? *261. Lonely Skylark singing
in the wilderness in the evening
art thou an “escapist?”*
262. Miet il-merill
bil-guħ; qalu madwaru;
“kemm kien għannej!” *262. The thrush died of hunger;
they said around him:
“What a songster he was!”*
263. Oh! x’jum ta’ hemm
meta l-aħħar merill
jghanni tal-aħħar! *263. What a day of woe
it will be when the last thrush
sings his last song!*
264. Ghidu li kont
wiehed li jhobb il-frott
u l-poezija. *264. Say of me that I was
one who liked fruits
and poetry.*
265. Bhad-dawl, bhall-ilma,
bhall-ħdura... dejjem ġejja
il-poezija. *265. Like night, like water,
like greenery, poetry
is ever flowing.*
266. Muza, sa’ nsiefer
biex nistrieħ ftit; nitlobok
tigix warajja! *266. Oh! Muse I am going
for a trip abroad to have a rest;
I pray you, don’t follow me!*
267. Il-kappell tiegħi
libsu raġel tat-tiben
u qagħdlu tajjeb. *267. My hat was
worn by a scarecrow,
and it fitted well.*
268. F’qalbi jien għandi
sellum; kull xhin irrid
bih nitla’ s-sema. *268. I have a ladder
in my heart; with it I can
ascend to heaven whenever I like.*
269. Bħal Jack jien naf
nixxabbat ma’ kull sigra *269. Like Jack I can
climb with every tree*

u nitla' s-sema.

and go up to the sky.

270. Qisu ċirasa,
il-ħajku tibilghux,
iżda oqghod soffu.

270. *The haiku is like
a cherry; don't swallow it,
but savour it slowly.*

271. Mulej hallini
nġhaddi mid-dwana tiegħek
biss l-għanja tiegħi.

271. *Oh! Lord, allow me
to pass through your customs
only my song.*