

41. L-Ghadira Hamra

Nizlet ix-xita
mill-ħarruba ta' Ġuda;
il-frak tal-fjuri
infirex kollu taħtha
f'ghadira hamraniġa.

41. *The Red Pool*

*The rain poured
from Judah's carob tree;
the shreds of its flowers
spread under her
in a red pool.*

42. Għannejja

Inżul ix-xemx;
il-merhla mxerrda tirgħa;
ir-rghaj ighanni;
minn ġo dijiet is-sema
il-bilbla twieġeb l-ghana.

42. *The Songsters*

*Sunset;
the scattered flock grazes;
the shepherd sings;
from the sky's radiance
the skylark replies to his songs.*

43. L-Ghasafar

Inżul ix-xemx;
jergħu l-ghasafar gwejda
għal ġewwa l-bejta;
u jergħu ġewwa qalbi
tiegħek it-tifikiriet.

43. *Homing Birds*

*Sunset;
the quiet birds return
to their nest;
and to my heart return
the memories of you.*

44. Il-Baħar Malti

Kull meta f'Malta
madwari jien inħares,
minn kullimkien
nilmah lill-baħar lejja
iħares b'ghajnu kaħla.

44. *The Sea of Malta*

*In Malta every time
I look around me
from everywhere
I see the sea looking at me
with his blue eyes.*

45. Il-Bugonvilla

Il-bugonvilla
telgħet mal-ħajt sat-tieqa,
mhux sabiex tisraq,
iħda biex toffri fjura
lin-nies ta' ġewwa l-kamra.

45. *Bougainvillea*

*The Bougainvillea
climbed the wall up to the window,
not to housebreak,
but to offer a flower
to people in the room.*

46. In-Nar

46. *Fire*

Bhall-ballerina
b'idejha 'l fuq safrana
u b'dufrejñ ħomor,
in-nar tal-ħajja jiżfen
fuq it-tapit tar-rmied.

*Like a ballerina
with her yellow hands upwards
and her red nails,
the fire of life dances
on the carpet of ashes.*

47. Il-Blue Grotto

Hawnhekk kien jghix
Nettunu, Alla tal-Baħar,
ġo biċċa ġenna,
li qabel telaq għoġbu
iħalli b'wirt lil Malta.

47. The Blue Grotto

*Herein used to live
Neptune, god of the sea,
in a piece of heaven,
which he, before he left,
was pleased to bequeath to Malta.*

48. Il-Merħla

Jum tar-rebbiegħa:
minn fuq il-bejt il-merħla
ta' ħsibijieti
jien nitlaq sabiex tirgħa
fl-ilwien, fil-ġmiel, fid-dija.

48. The Flock

*A day in spring:
from my roof the flock
of my thoughts
I unfold to graze
among the hues, the beauty and light.*

49. It-Tron

Farfett imżewwaq
qisu l-arazz iferfer
ġwenħajh fuq warda;
liema sultan tad-dinja
għandu tron isbah minnu?

49. The Throne

*A butterfly multicoloured
like a tapestry fluttering
his wings on a rose;
what king in the world
has a throne more beautiful than his?*

50. L-Amaryllis

Ħdejn balla żejt
mitfugħa fuq ir-ramla
ġmiel t'amaryllis
mimlija kollha sabar
qed tarmi fwieħa bajda.

50. The Amaryllis

*Beside a lump of dried oil
thrown on the sand beach,
a beautiful amaryllis
full of patience
emits a white fragrance.*

51. Il-Lvant u l-Punent

Minn ġewwa l-lvant
ix-xemx taqşam bid-dija

51. East and West

*From the east
the sun crosses in brightness*

għal għol-punent;
iżda l-bnedmin iġhadu
fil-biża' tal-kontrolli.

*to the west;
but men cross under the fear
of the security police.*

52. Ir-Radju

Bhaż-żejt u d-diesel
ir-radju fl-arja jarmi
foga ta' dhahen
ta' propaganda u jnissel
il-kankru tal-mibegħda.

52. The Radio

*Like petrol and diesel oil
the radio emits into the air
the suffocating smoke
of propaganda, and generates
the cancer of hatred.*

53. Il-Progress

Il-progress wasal,
għolla l-bini madwari...
tghattew il-għolja
u l-baħar, u biss nara
it-twieqi jharsu lejja.

53. Progress

*Progress has arrived,
with high buildings around my house...
hidden are the hill
and the sea, and I can only see
windows peeping at me.*

54. L-Omm

L-għasafar kollha
ingabru għewwa l-bejta;
daqq nofs il-lejl...
'mma l-omm għadha tistenna
'l uliedha jhabbtu l-bieb.

54. The Mother

*All the birds
are gathered in the nest;
midnight has struck...
but still the mother waits for
her children to knock at the door.*

55. Il-Kampnar

Fuq il-kampnar
kien hemm salib, u tahtu
pinnur mill-kbar;
is-salib therra u waqa',
u baqa' l-pinnur waħdu.

55. The Belfry

*On the top of the belfry
there was a cross and under it
a very big vane;
the cross rusted and fell,
and there remained only the vane.*

56. Ir-Raġel tat-Tiben

Raġel tat-tiben,
għallmuh illi l-għasafar
għedewwa tiegħu...
imn'Alla l'idu mejta

56. The Scarecrow

*This man of straw,
they taught him that birds
are his enemies;
luckily his hand is numb*

ma tistax tiġbed grillu.

and cannot pull a trigger.

57. Ir-Rebbiegħa 1968

57. Spring 1968

Ġiet ir-rebbiegħa,
iżda taż-żahar mal-fwieħa
belgħet il-foga
taż-żejt, u marret lura
bil-kanser tal-pulmuni.

*Spring came,
but together with the fragrance of
blossoms she inhaled
the suffocating diesel smoke
and went back with a lung cancer.*

58. Nies Bla Ras

58. Foolish People

In-nies tar-raħal
ħammgu l-ibjar u l-ġwiebi;
l-ilma sar semm;
uliedhom bihom l-ġhatx;
sqewhom bid-dmugh t'għajnejhom.

*The village people
contaminated the wells and springs;
water became poison;
their children were thirsty;
they gave them their tears to drink.*

59. Għanjieti

59. My Songs

Bħal tfajjel jibni
kastelli fuq ir-ramel,
jien bnejt għanjieti;
issa sa mmur, u bħalu
nitlaqhom hdejn il-baħar.

*Like a child who builds
his castles on the sand,
I built my songs;
now I am going, and like him
I leave them near the sea.*