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|---|---|
| <p>251. Bħall-baħri l-mewġa
daħlet 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' rjieħ 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 nġanni 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 tifikirtek.</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.		<i>the birds call you the poetess.</i>
261.	Bilbla li tgħanni wahdek fl-irdum fl-ghaxija inti “escapist”?	261.	<i>Lonely Skylark singing in the wilderness in the evening art thou an “escapist?”</i>
262.	Miet il-merill bil-ġuħ; qalu madwaru; “kemm kien għannej!”	262.	<i>The thrush died of hunger; they said around him: “What a songster he was!”</i>
263	Oh! x’jum ta’ hemm meta l-aħħar merill jgħanni tal-aħħar!	263	<i>What a day of woe it will be when the last thrush sings his last song!</i>
264.	Għidu li kont wieħed li jhobb il-frott u l-poeżija.	264.	<i>Say of me that I was one who liked fruits and poetry.</i>
265.	Bhad-dawl, bħall-ilma, bħall-ħdura... dejjem ġejja il-poeżija.	265.	<i>Like night, like water, like greenery, poetry is ever flowing.</i>
266.	Muża, sa’ nsiefer biex nistrieħ f’it; nitolbok tigix warajja!	266.	<i>Oh! Muse I am going for a trip abroad to have a rest; I pray you, don’t follow me!</i>
267.	Il-kappell tiegħi libsu raġel tat-tiben u qagħdlu tajjeb.	267.	<i>My hat was worn by a scarecrow, and it fitted well.</i>
268.	F’qalbi jien għandi sellum; kull xhin irrid bih nitla’ s-sema.	268.	<i>I have a ladder in my heart; with it I can ascend to heaven whenever I like.</i>
269.	Bħal Jack jien naf nixxabbat ma’ kull sigra	269.	<i>Like Jack I can climb with every tree</i>

u nitla' s-sema.

and go up to the sky.

270. Qisu ċirasa,
il-ħajku tibilgħux,
iżda oqgħod soffu.

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

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

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