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| 101. | Is-sema diefi;
bil-bulldozer imkaxkar
is-šhab ġo rokna. | 101. | <i>The sky is clear;
the clouds have been piled in a
corner by a bull-dozer.</i> |
| 102. | Ix-xita niežla...
faxxa ħamiem tawwala
għall-kenn taċ-ċinta. | 102. | <i>The rain is falling fast...
a long straight line of pigeons
sheltering under a cornice.</i> |
| 103. | Ftit ħlomt xħin rieqed;
il-ħolm kien kwaži kollu
xħin kont imqajjem. | 103. | <i>I little dreamt in my sleep;
I dreamt almost all my dreams
while I was awake.</i> |
| 104. | Bil-għažż lejn l-għalqa
imur il-ħmar; 'mma lura
jerga' bil-herqa. | 104. | <i>The donkey wals lazily
towards the field; eagerly
towards home.</i> |
| 105. | Leħnek ġo qalbi
bħala żrara f'għajn mitfugħa,
tmewwiġha kollha. | 105. | <i>Your voice in my heart
like a pebble thrown in a pond:
it fills it with waves.</i> |
| 106. | Il-qattiel ħejja
id-dawl tal-qamar jiddi
fuq is-sikkina. | 106. | <i>The murderer is ready;
the moon's light shines
on his knife.</i> |
| 107. | Fjuri tal-ġonna
ifewħu l-id tas-sidhom
u min jisraqhom. | 107. | <i>Flowers of the garden –
they perfumed the hands of the owner
and those of the robber.</i> |
| 108. | Ma takx, ħamiema,
Alla spallejn biex terfa'
is-salib fuqhom. | 108. | <i>O dove, God
did not give you shoulders
to carry a cross.</i> |
| 109. | L-ipokrisija
kull jum tasal sal-Knisja
tizziħajr 'l Alla. | 109. | <i>Hypocrisy
goes to mass every day
to thank God.</i> |

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| 110. | Il-mewt krudila;
aktar krudil min jgħajjat
li m'hemmx ħajja oħra. | 110. | <i>Death is cruel;
but more cruel is the man who says
there is no other life.</i> |
| 111. | Nahseb, rebbiegħa
l-għasafar qegħdin jgħannu
ta' Malta r-regħba. | 111. | <i>O spring, I think
that the birds are singing
Malta's greediness.</i> |
| 112. | Farfett, bħan-naħla
mahžen m'għandekx, u f'qaddek
m'għandekx niggieža. | 112. | <i>O butterfly, unlike the bee
you have no store, and no dagger
on your waist.</i> |
| 113. | Kif il-bieb niftaħ
l-amorin isaffarli,
ommi ssejjahli. | 113. | <i>When I open the door
the budgerigar whistles to me,
my mother calls me.</i> |
| 114. | L-għammiela twajba
fuq il-bajd nara u ninžel għamilt
genuflessjoni. | 114. | <i>I see the good mother bird
sitting on the eggs –
I kneel before her.</i> |
| 115. | Triqtha l-ħarifa
izżejjen b'weraq niexef
mal-ħajt imgeddes. | 115. | <i>Autumn decorates
her street with dry leaves
piled against the walls.</i> |
| 116. | M'intix rebbiegħa,
f'astratt, iżda ruħ vera
għewwa n-natura. | 116. | <i>You are not an abstract
concept, o spring, but a living force
in nature.</i> |
| 117. | Ja żiffa ħelwa
li nfaħt fi żmien tfuliti
il-kenur t'ommi. | 117. | <i>O gentle breeze
that blew the fire in my mother's hearth
in my childhood days!</i> |
| 118. | Is-sema safi;
il-ħmiegħ li go fih nitfgħu
jinžel fuq wiċċna. | 118. | <i>The sky is pure;
the filth we throw in it
falls down upon our faces.</i> |

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| 119. | Il-mewġ imġhaddab
jitfa' taż-żejt iċ-ċapep
għal fuq ix-xtajta. | 119. | <i>The angry waves
throw the patches of oil
back on the shore.</i> |
| 120. | Il-borka tgħaddi
mis-sema bla ma tħalli
għeliem warajha. | 120. | <i>The wild duck passes
through the sky without leaving
footsteps behind her.</i> |
| 121. | Tal-wied il-ġebel
l-ilma jdoqqhom bħal kordi
helwin tal-arpa. | 121. | <i>The stones in the valley;
the brook uses them as
the cords of his harp.</i> |
| 122. | F'wiċċ l-ilma telgħet
il-warda tal-linfija
tgħajjat "arawni". | 122. | <i>The flower of the
waterlily came up to the surface;
shouting: "look at me!"</i> |
| 123. | Baħar, hdejk qalbi
mal-infinit tiltaqa'
wiċċha ma' wiċċu. | 123. | <i>O sea, beside you
my heart comes face to face
with infinity.</i> |
| 124. | Intom mhux tnittnu,
izda lil xulxin tfewħu,
ja ġizimin! | 124. | <i>O jasmins, you don't
bestink but perfume
each other.</i> |
| 125. | Hekk kif ħass l-ilma
in-nar qabel ma spira
werżaq twerżiqa. | 125. | <i>As soon as it felt the water
the fire before dying
uttered a shriek.</i> |
| 126. | F'tebut il-mejjet;
hdejh l-armla qieghda tolfoq,
kanarin jgħanni. | 126. | <i>The corpse in the coffin;
the widow is sobbing,
a canary is singing.</i> |
| 127. | Tgħid in-nemusa:
uliedi xterdu u soffu
id-demm tal-bniedem. | 127. | <i>Says the mosquito:
"My children go forth and suck
the man's blood!"</i> |

128. Għalqa bil-qronfol;
kull qronfla minnhom għandha
id-destin tagħha.

129. Jiena bħal qasba
mir-riħ qalil imbandla
qasba li taħseb.

130. Tal-lejl imsiebaħ
il-ħajku; jien nekolhom
bħar-rożinjol.

131. Toroq Sqallin;
il-lumi lampi sofor
li t-triq juruni.

132. Toroq Sqallin...
widnejn tal-ħmir imwaqqfa,
u pal bajtar.

133. Is-swied tal-Etna
fil-ħitan u fl-għelieqi,
f'għajnejn il-bdiewa.

134. In-nar fil-għajja
u b'għajnejh ċkejna ħomor
mir-rmied iħares.

135. Taħt is-silġ l-Etna
tippriedka l-gmiel tal-paċi
u thejji l-gwerra.

136. Triq Sant Anna
xmara tal-fidda nieżla,
nieżla sax-xefaq.

128. *A field of carnations;
every carnation of them
has its destiny.*

129. *I am a reed
reeling in a rough wind,
a thinking reed.*

130. *Haikus are like fireflies,
the nightingale eats the fireflies
I haiku.*

131. *Sicilian roads;
the lemons like yellow lamps
showing me the way.*

132. *Sicilian roads...
looming ears of donkeys...
leaves of the prickly pears.*

133. *The blackness of Etna
in the walls, in the fields,
in the farmers' eyes.*

134. *The dying fire
looks with tiny red eyes
from between the ashes.*

135. *Etna covered with ice
preaches the beauty of peace,
and prepares for war.*

136. *The Milky Way...
a silvery river flowing
towards the horizon.*

137. Ja riĥ qatt tgħallem
qerda u taħwid lill-bniedem,
għaliex għa jafhom.

138. Ja Mewt jien rajtek
fuq ta' Stalin il-qabar;
oh kemm int kbira!

139. Siġar fl-għaxija,
oh! x'raxx ta' tisfir qawwi,
fontani ħodor.

140. Lejn l-art, ja qamar,
ta' snin ħarist miljuni,
u qatt ma tixba'.

141. Lejla tal-kwiekeb...
mimdud mal-art fis-sakra
tal-univers.

142. X'ħela ta' laħam!
Ommok minn laħmek setgħet
żewġ bniet issawwar!

143. Siġar fl-għaxija
la xxarbunil bil-għana
li jraxxax minnkom!

144. Lejn l-art int tħares
bħal kelb fidil, ja qamar,
b'dawk għajnejk ċassi.

145. Mejjet bejniethom;
minn fuq għuvni u xebba
il-ħars qed jibdlu.

137. *O wind don't teach
chaos and destruction to man,
for he knows them well.*

138. *O Death, I saw you
on the grave of Stalin,
how great you are!*

139. *Trees in the evening;
a heavy spray of whispers:
green fountains.*

140. *O moon you have looked
at the earth for millions years,
and never get weary.*

141. *A night of stars
I lie on the ground drunken
with the universe.*

142. *What a waste of flesh!
from you your mother
could have produced two girls!*

143. *Trees in the evening;
don't drench me with the songs
spraying from you.*

144. *O moon, like a faithful dog
you look at the earth
with your eyes fixed.*

145. *A corpse in the church;
Over it a young couple
exchange looks of love.*

146. Mixħut fix-xtajta;
f'widna jkellimni l-baħar,
u fl-oħra l-fewġa.

147. Ix-xita nieżla
fil-baħar ... għid Mulejja
għalfejn dal-ħela?

148. Għaxija ħelwa,
gismek tal-madriperla,
ħosbien dak moħħok.

149. Mixħut mal-qiegħa
fis-sajf, nerda' mis-sider
ikħal tas-sema.

150. In-nar ta' qalbna
illum sar nar fi stampa
kiesah, immobbli.

146. *Lying on the shore,
the sea talks to me in one ear,
the breeze in the other.*

147. *Rain is falling
upon the sea; tell me, O Lord,
why all this waste?*

148. *O sweet evening,
your body is made of the mother of pearls,
your forehead is thoughtful.*

149. *Lying on the ground
in summer I suck the blue
breast of the sky.*

150. *The fire of our heart
has become the cold, immobile
fire of a picture.*