

Selected Poems

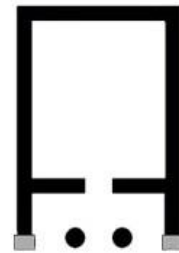
Gioele Galea

antae, Vol. 4, No. 2-3 (Oct., 2017), 154-157

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antae

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Selected Poems

Gioele Galea

Translated by Abigail Ardelle Zammit

Nar

Sa fejn il-hars iwassal
ħaxix niexef.

U int ħdejja
bi grizmejk
xotti bħal tiegħi.

Ma jaqta' xejn il-ġhatx
sax-xefaq,
u fl-arja n-nar,
imdendel.

L-art tismot;
inti tissaporti.
Jien noqmos,
irrid nahrab.

Sax-xefaq
ħaxix biss,
'ma jien ġa rimed
u nibza' ngħidlek.

Fire

Wherever meets the eye,
the yellowing grass.
You stand next to me,
your throat
as parched as mine.

Thirst
spans the horizon
and the air swarms
with fire.

White hot the ground
on which we stand;
you'd brave the flames
but I'm fretful,
want to flee.

Only the grass extends
to the horizon.
I've already turned to ash
but I'm too scared
to let you know.

Elegija, lil ommi

Afthom baħar ħbub għajnejk
afthom mewġ
afthom ċafċifa

afthom kħula tinħabb miegħi
xatt mimdud.

Issa f'daqqa
għajnejk tbattlu
u sax-xefaq
hemm biss nixfa
blat mikxuf.

Iss'hemm inti b'għajnejk vojta.
Iss'hemm xatt li xatt m'għadux.

Elegy, to my mother

Your eyes were the ocean.
They gave me its waves,
its surge and swell.

Your eyes were sapphire
spreading over me,
a tranquil shore.

Suddenly now, your eyes
have emptied themselves
and from here to the horizon
there's nothing but drought,
naked rock.

I trace you back
to this battered coastline.
Your eyes close their ocean
on a vanishing shore.

F'dal-masgar

Toqba halliet fil-memorja
kull werqa li waqghet,
u weraq x'jaqa'
ma fadalx aktar.

Iddisprati,
dirghajn is-sigar mitfugha
bhal gheruq fl-assenza.

F'ghajnejna l-bahh
tas-sema mutu.

Biex nimxu
f'dal-masgar ikollna
inteftfu b'idejna.

Wood

Here I can feel the absence
of every fallen leaf.

There are no more leaves
to be shed.

Desperately,
the trees flail their arms
like savaged roots.

The emptiness
of a muted sky
scalds our eyes.

Through this wood
we can only grope our way.

Ghera

Lanqas meta b'nifsek
tkun nezzajt masġar sħiħ
mill-weraq
ma ssib ġhata ġħal ruħek.

Ruħek ma tilbisx.

Lanqas
meta tkun ġbart il-petali
u dammejthom f'jur mill-ġdid
f'ħoġorha.

Hi l-permanenza tal-ġhera
ruħek.

Hi l-kelma
midmuma minn dejjem
miċ-ċaħda tal-ħoss.

Naked

Not even a forest
stripped of its leaves
can clad your soul.

Your soul doesn't
wear any garments,
not even when you've picked petals
and strung them again into flowers.

A permanent bareness,
your soul.

The word forged
from silence.

Acknowledgements:

These are selected poems from Gioele Galea's *Mal-Waqġha tal-Weraq/A Scatter of Leaves*, translated into English by Abigail A. Zammit and published with Print Right, Santa Venera, Malta, in 2016.