



Valletta 2018 Foundation & Inizjamed

Poetry on Film

Call for proposals - Appendix A

*Poems by
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Lillian Sciberras

PRIGUNIER POLITIKU

Mir-rokna tan-nuċċali
kien lemañ il-ħelsien
iħares lejħ minn
wara l-kantuniera.

Staħbielu,
daħal f'qoxortu
u għalaq it-tieqa.
Bħaż-żwiemel, għatta
l-ġnub t'għajnejħ.
Bħal ġebbla kiesħa
ipprova 'l moħħu jingazzah,
biex ma jaħsibx.

Sema' l-għasafar
ifittxu l-kenn
fil-ħin kattiv tal-ħemda,
u għatta wkoll widnejħ.

U għax b'ebda mod
ma seta' jieqaf jippassiġġa,
infexx jintrabat bil-lizar
ma' sigġu fqajjar
bla ma jiċċaqlaq,
wieqaf qisu ż-żmien.

It-tamiet, memorji
u l-uġiġħat ta' ġismu
tgeżwru miegħu
fuq dik is-sura ta' bilqiegħda.

U f'dik id-dalma ftakar fil-ġurnata,
jinsieha ma setax:
għadda anniversarju ieħor –
issa, kien baqa' biss ħmistax.

POLITICAL PRISONER

From a corner of his glasses
he had glimpsed freedom
looking at him
from behind a corner.

He hid,
into himself
and locked the window.
Like a horse, he covered
the sides of his eyes.
Like a cold stone
he tried to freeze his mind,
not to think.

He heard the birds
seek refuge
in the cruel hour of twilight,
and covered his ears, too.

And since there was no way
to stop pacing up and down,
he tied himself, in despair,
with a sheet,
to a stark chair,
motionless like time.

Desires, memories,
and his body's pains
folded around him
in that pretence of sitting.

And in the dark he remembered the day,
how could he forget:
another anniversary had passed,
now, only fifteen remained.

(Translated from Maltese by Mario Vella)

GĦAL PAWLU

Kien joħlom spiss
li qed ipingi r-riħ
bl-ilwien tal-blat
minn gewwa l-għar
tal-għolja tiegħu.

Fil-baħar kien sar jaf
jaħbi t-toqol tax-
xemx ma' ħsibijietu,
u jbenne l-ideat
mal-mewg għannej.

Mal-qtar tax-xita
kien dara jżra' t-tamiet
tiegħu ta' bniedem,
imdawrin biss
bil-ħajt mibni ma' ġismu.

Imma kien tgħallem
fis-skiet
kif joħroġ meta jrid,
u jpingi r-riħ.

FOR PAWLU

He would often dream
of painting the wind
with colours of the very rock
within the cave
of his own hill.

He had learned to bury
deep within the sea
together with his thoughts
the weighty sun,
and to cradle his ideas
with the swell of chanting waves.

With each descending drop of rain
he sowed human desires
confined only by the wall
surrounding his body.

But, in silence,
he had learned, at will,
to break away from its limits
and escape to paint the wind.

(Translated from Maltese by the author)

META TIĠI MARIROS

Qaluli ħbiebi l-bieraħ
li meta tiġi MariRos
jintfew id-dwal fl-appartamenti,
jjeqaf id-daqq, id-diski, 'r-radjjiet,
jjeqfu l-karozzi quddiem id-dwal tat-triq,
jinqata' għal ftit id-diskors kollu tal-girien
u jaqa' l-kwiet,
u taqa' l-ħemda kullimkien.

Qaluli wkoll li x-xita tieqaf tinżel,
li s-siġar tawwalin ta' barra t-triq
jgħassu attenti dan l-intervall ta' skiet
sabiex f'dik il-minuta twila
bejn nofs il-lejl u s-siegħa
tinstema' MariRos
fl-aqwa mumentu tagħha
tħabbar lil ta' madwarha
il-karba tal-pjaċir.

THE COMING OF MARIROS

My friends yesterday described how
with the coming of MariRos
apartment lights switch off,
as do the music, sounds, the radio,
how cars come to a halt at traffic lights,
how the neighbours abruptly stop their chatter –
and stillness suddenly holds sway
and scatters silence everywhere.

They told me too of rain ceasing to fall,
of the towering trees out in the street
at once becoming guardians of this interval of peace,
so in that never-ending moment between midnight and one,
wrapped inside her lover's grip,
MariRos can be distinctly heard by all
proclaiming to the world outside
her far from silent strident scream.

(Translated from Maltese by the author)

Ray Mahoney

HAWN ĠEW

Hawn ġew mit-tieq' għall-art
jinżel id-dawl li tgħum ġo fih
l-għabra siekta tal-ħolm.
Idejja vojta mitluqa f'but imqatta'
li minnu waqgħu t-tamiet
li l-bieraħ sibt mitluqa taħt bankina
quddiem l-ilbies tal-"iSquare Deal" il-Belt.
Il-madam taħt rigli jdellek bir-riħ isfel
u m'hawn xejn x'nagħmel għajr
inħares f'qiegħ idejja w nara kif intilfu
dawk li ksibt xħin 'l hawn u 'l hinn għarrixt
għalihom filgħaxija.
U s-seba' mgħawweg ta' Merkurju
jinxef bid-demmm u jiffa' l-ħtija fuqi
li tniġġes b'xewket warda sewda
li qtajt u lbist
fil-pavru tal-ġlekk!

IN HERE

In here, from window to floor
the light descends, and in it swims
the silent dust of dreams.
My hands empty, forsaken, in my torn pocket,
from which fell out the hopes
I found yesterday below the curb
of the Square Deal clothes shop in Valletta.
The tiles beneath my legs are slippery,
smeared by the scirocco. I have nothing to do
but look into the depths of my hands, to see
how I lost what I'd gained when in the evening
I sought them here and there.
And Mercury's folded finger
drips blood and accuses me,
tarnished by the thorn of a black rose
that I cut and planted
in the lapel of my jacket!

(Translated from Maltese by Antoine Cassar)

HAWN BARRA

Hawn barra,
'il bogħod min-nawżja qarsa ta' kamarti
u t-tifwiqa vojta tar-rutina,
l-isturnell jofroq is-sħab baxx
li jgħannaqni miegħu.
Issa li m'għadnix tfajjel
ferħan b'kisbet ix-xemx,
ngħaffeg taħt saqajja l-gargir niedi
waqt li mar-riħ intajjar
il-biljetti mgħaffġa tal-karozza.
Ilbieraħ nifsek kien sħun
xħin straħt fuq ħajt tas-sejjeħ,
'mma llum ma nafx fejn int
u l-ħajt nibbet is-sikrana
u ttabba' b'demm l-isturnell.
U jien imxejt fl-għera ta' Frar
b'hipster fuqi
u gakketta tal-bellus!

OUT HERE

Out here,
far from the sour nausea of my room
and the empty belch of routine,
the starling cuts through the low clouds
and embraces me.
Now that I'm no longer a happy kid
regaled by the sun's offerings,
my feet crush the wet white wall rocket
as I release the crumpled bus tickets
into the wind.
Yesterday your breath was warm
as I rested on the rubble wall,
but today I don't know where you are
and the wall is now growing rye
and has been stained by the starling's blood.
And I walked in the bareness of February
wearing hipster pants
and a velvet jacket!

(Translated from Maltese by Antoine Cassar)

TIBQA' INT

Sa ma x-xenqa fi hziemi tinħall,
sa ma l-kilba ġo qalbi tistrieħ,
sa ma jehmed ta' moħħi t-thewdin,
sa ma jibred ta' ġismi t-tqanqil,
sa m'nn ġhajnejja jiċċarrat l-istar,
sa minn fommi jnin it-treġħid,
sa ma f'ruħi jiġġwejdu n-nirien,
sa ma sidri jistrieħ mill-ugigh,
tibqa' int li nixtieqek kull ġhodwa,
tibqa' int li noħholmok kull lejl,
tibqa' int l-alla tiegħi b'għanjietek
tagħti l-ħajja, toqtolni qajl qajl!

YOU REMAIN

Until the desire in my loins melts,
until the yearning in my heart rests,
until the raving of my mind quietens,
until the craving of my body cools,
until the veil of my eyes rips,
until the trembling of my lips eases,
until the fires in my spirit calm,
until the pain in my chest soothes,
you remain, you I wish for every morning,
you remain, you I dream of every night,
you remain my goddess, with your song
that keeps me alive, and kills me little by little!

(Translated from Maltese by Antoine Cassar)