POETRY ON FILM

Poeżiji magħżula minn Dr Immanuel Mifsud

VICTOR FENECH; trad. Victor Fenech

DINGLI CLIFFS

Sweep of rock, hard soil, wild shrub;

ancient windmills phantom riders

on the ridge; silver moonbeams

myriad patterns on the sea –

soulful this twilight on Dingli Cliffs.

A deep hush envelopes the place;

only my car’s faint radio,

only some distant belfry’s dozing bell –

soulful this twilight on Dingli Cliffs.

Vaguely seen along the winding path,

through centuries of rubble walls,

a peasant on a mule-drawn cart

homebound after the day’s toil –

remnants of old Malta.

‘The industrial deadlock continued today ...’

I switch off my radio, all noises cease,

back with my rural forefathers find peace.

VOYAGE

There is a secret island that one day I hope to reach. A mysterious island that one day I hope to discover.

This interior monologue seems an endless search. A sea of calm and squalls, now docile now raging. Bit by bit the bear-like winds rip the cloth off the main sail. Fixed is my gaze, straight the route, relentless the course. But the island of mystery appears and hides, decreases/enlarges – a mirage that now ebbs and now grows.

The trees on its shore have lingered in distance and mist, but the island remains out of reach. On its hazy chalk hills a black flame like a pagoda keeps on ebbing and growing, ebbing and growing ...

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OH, THIS RAIN!

Oh how sudden slammed this rain !

How brutal roared this wind !

Not so long ago we were as one:

I, caressing your chestnut hair,

You, a spoilt kitten

all cherry lips & velvet smile.

And I caressed your private parts

and you smiled and cried and sighed

and murmered ‘enough’ and murmered ‘again’.

And tipsy we got, sunrays we lingered,

purple pools in fields of pure cotton.

But then from nowhere

and everywhere

whistled the harsh wind,

the rain slammed in bucketfuls –

and I felt like one who had ventured

too much and unwisely

beyond the edge.

MARIA GRECH GANADO, trad. Maria Grech Ganado

POLARITY

there was a boy

woven from sea spray

silvered by the moon

there was an old woman

kneaded from earth’s soil

gilded by the sun

and how could they meet

love, come together

unless in dreams that I’ve dreamt

SETTEMBRU

summer is over

the summer that drained me

the summer that withered me

the summer that shrivelled me

and autumn has followed

not as I’d expected

as the beginning of winter

but as the end,

summer’s end

RELATIONSHIP

At first all that we played

was a game of to-and-fro.

Then later, hand in hand,

that of ring a ring o’ roses.

Now, though, one of hide and seek

which will, I fear, never cease