



JOSEP PEDRALS

POEMES • POEMS • POEŽIJI

English translations by **Anna Crowe**

Traduzzjoni għall-Malti ta'
Clare Azzopardi u Albert Gatt

GHAŻLA TA' POEŻIJI
GHALL-FESTIVAL MEDITERRANJU
TAL-LETTERATURA TA' MALTA 2024

JOSEP PEDRALS

Ippubblikat mill-Festival Mediterranju tal-Letteratura ta' Malta 2024

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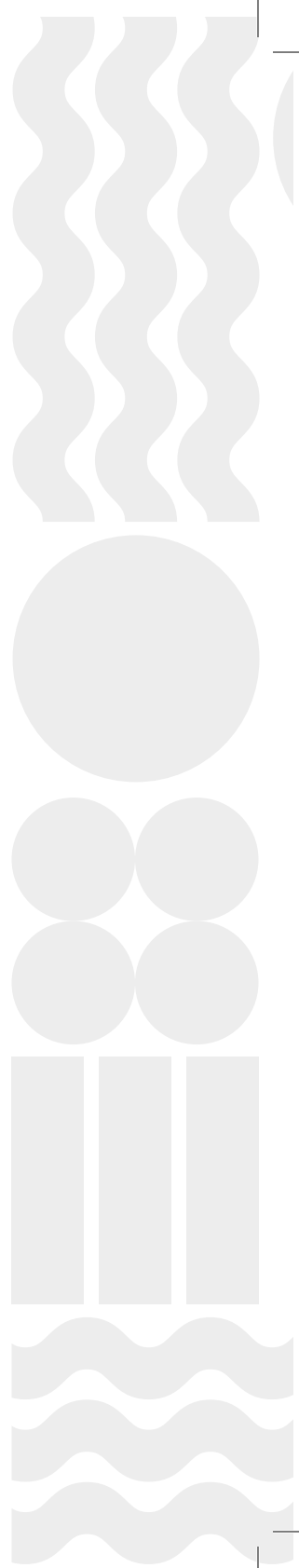
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JOSEP PEDRALS

Des de 1997, porta la poesia als escenaris.

Ha actuat per Europa, Àsia, Àfrica i Amèrica, en milers de recitals i lectures en tota mena de festivals i cicles. Treballa en educació poètica per a infants i adults, i dona classes i tallers en escoles, instituts i universitats. Divulga la poesia en ràdio i televisió i ha col·laborat en seccions d'art i cultura de diverses publicacions, ara a *El País* (on hi escriu articles), al pòdcast *Tenim paraula* (3cat) i a la cadena SER (ràdio). Va publicar un sonet diari a *l'Ara* durant diversos anys (2011-2013). Va coordinar diversos festivals i cicles poètica per Catalunya i va co-dirigir el festival internacional Barcelona Poesia (2020-2023).

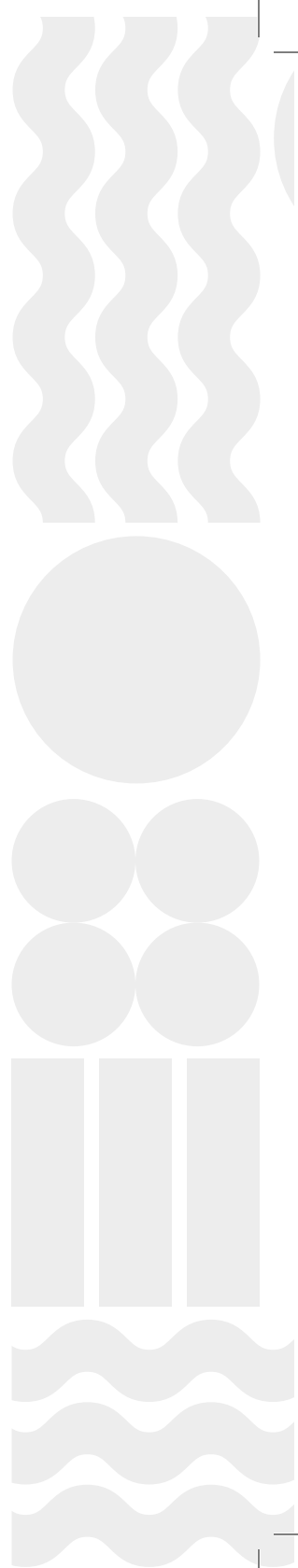
Ha escrit diverses obres de teatre i treballa amb músics.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEP PEDRALS was born in Barcelona in 1979.

He has performed on numerous occasions throughout Europe, Asia, Africa and America, giving readings and performing at many different festivals. He works in poetry education for children and adults, and gives lectures and courses in schools, colleges and universities. He has developed poetry spaces on radio and television and has contributed in the arts and culture sections of various publications. Currently, he is writing articles for *El País*, contributing to the podcast *Tenim paraula* and on the radio Cadena Ser. Between 2011 and 2013 Pedrals published a sonnet every day in the newspaper *Ara*. He has coordinated local poetry festivals and cycles across Catalonia and co-directed the international poetry festival, Barcelona Poesia from 2020 to 2023.

He has written several theatre plays and worked as a musician.



DWAR L-AWTUR

JOSEP PEDRALS twieled Barcellona fl-1979.

Kellu diversi okkażjonijiet fejn qara u ppreżenta l-poeżiji tiegħu fl-Ewropa, l-Asja, l-Afrika u l-Amerka bħala mistieden ta' bosta festivals. Jaħdem fil-qasam tal-edukazzjoni tal-poeżija kemm għat-tfal kif ukoll għall-adulti, u jagħti lekċers u korsijiet fi skejjel, kulleġġi u universitajiet. Żviluppa spazji għall-poeżija fuq ir-radju u t-televiżjoni, u kkontribwixxa fis-sezzjonijiet tal-arti u l-kultura ta' diversi pubblikazzjonijiet. Bhalissa qed jikteb artikli għal *El País*, jikkontribwixxi għall-poddata *Tenim paraiula* u fuq ir-radju Cadena Ser. Matul l-2011 u l-2013, ippubblika sunett kuljum għall-gazzetta *Ara*. Ikkordina festivals lokali tal-poeżija madwar il-Katalunja u bejn l-2020 u l-2023 kien kodirettur tal-festival internazzjonali tal-poeżija Barcelona Poesia.

Kiteb diversi drammi u hadem bħala muziċist.



L'Everest cau roc per roc
en un striptease psicòtic,
l'erm, porós, supura vòmit,
el pla es plega fent manyocs;

el mar s'alça i flota en flocs
en mans d'huracans despòtics
i en uns volcans espasmòdics
les selves salten al wok.

Entre el rebuf d'un gat gòtic
i esgüells d'un verro barroco,
el món s'esqueixa, caòtic,

pres d'un onatge de foc,
i l'Humà esdevé anecdòtic,
entre el no-res i el molt poc.

Everest is falling, stone by stone
in a striptease of psychosis,
the wastes are thawing, spewing poison,
the plains fold up in creases;

the sea is rising, flooding land,
powered by violent hurricanes
and when volcanoes blow their mind
the forests burn in frying-pans.

Between retorts from a savage bear
and baroque squeals from a boar,
the world's ripped, falls apart,

engulfed by a wave of fire,
the Human becomes mere anecdote
between nothingness and just a mote.

L-Everest qed tinza' ġebbla ġebbla
bħal fi striptease psikotika,
il-wesgħat għerja jdubu, jobzqu l-velenu,
jitektemmxi, jintwew il-pjanuri;

il-baħar jogħla, jgħarraq l-art,
misjuq minn herra t'urugani
u l-ġungli qalja toqmos f'taġen
fil-ġenn ta' roġħda ta' vulkan.

Bejn it-tħarħir ta' qattus gotiku
u t-twerżiqa ta' ċingjal barokk,
id-dinja mċarrta, qed tizzarma,

maqbuda f'mewġa ta' nirien,
u l-Bniedem jisfa aneddodu
bejn ix-xejn u l-ftit li xejn.



Quan era un nano petit
un gran dubte per fer comptes
em feia viure afligit:
“Ja sé comptar fins a mil!
Quan sabré fins l’últim nombre?”

Em van treure aquest neguit
amb un simple capitomba:
“L’últim nombre en du seguit
un altre. Sempre és així:
pots sumar-hi un altre nombre.”

Així fou com l’infinít
va començar a prendre forma
com un més enllà afegit,
la corba rere la corba.

Me’l somiava acolorit,
com una vista remota,
molt llunyà, molt esquífit,
de magnitud microscòpica,
per dominar dins el pit
la basarda de l’enorme.

Crec que em va fer molt profit
fer-ne escena fabulosa,
haver-me’l mig comprimit.
Així ja no em fa cap nosa:
és circumstant, pressentit...

L’infinít quasi ni es nota.

When I was really still quite small
a great anxiety over counting
made me go about with a scowl:
“I can already count to a thousand!
When will I get to the last one of all?”

They took this worry off my shoulders
with a plain hypothesis:
“The very last number carries another
behind it. It always goes like this:
just add to it another number.”

And this is how infinity
acquired a shape I could observe
as a beyond that's added on,
the curve behind the curve.

I dreamed of it as tinted
like a distant panorama,
remote, and rather stunted,
a microscopic corpus,
so as to overcome, inside,
my terror of the enormous.

I think I drew great benefit
from turning it into fable,
from shrinking and compressing it.
Now it gives me no more trouble:
it's there, a vague presentiment...

Infinity's barely noticeable.

Meta kont għadni żgħir ħafna
ħakmitni u sewditli qalbi
ansjetà kbira dwar l-għadd:
“Jien ġa naf ngħodd sal-elf!
Meta se jasal l-aħħar numru?”

Neħħewli dan l-inkwiet li kont ingorr
b'ipotesi sempliċissima:
“L-aħħar numru jkaxkar iehor
warajh. Dejjem hekk jġri:
kemm iżżid miegħu numr'iehor.”

U hekk, l-infinit
f'għajnejja ngħata sura
bħat-tul dejjem itul,
kurva wara kurva.

Flomtu kkulurit
bħal panorama remota,
'il bogħod wisq, wisq tat-tkexkix,
ta' kobor mikroskopiku,
biex hekk jingħeleb fil-fond tal-fond,
il-biża' mill-enormi.

U l-ikbar rebħa naħseb ġiet
meta ċekkintu, għaffiġtu
għamiltu ħrafa.
Issa m'għadux jinkwetani:
q'ed hemm, teħbira vaga ...

Bilkemm tinduna bl-infinit.



Fins i tot si calléssim a posta
intentant un silenci complet,
trobaríem que el món, per resposta,
ens envia una mica d'oreig.

El silenci és només un col·lapse
en l'excés d'agitat giravolt.
És inútil que tanquis la capsa,
sempre queda un resquitx d'enrenou:

Tant per tant, si l'orella es resigna
i se solta a fer esment del que hi ha,
sentirà les onades benignes,
la constància sonora del mar.

I escoltant el brogit anestèsic
i el seu alt contingut impensat,
tot de cop, un discurs atmosfèric
traurà el cap insinuant l'entrellat.

Even if we mute on purpose
attempting a silence complete,
we would find that the world, in response,
would send us a bit of a breeze.

For silence is just a collapse
in an excess of somersault motion.
So it's pointless to close the box,
there is always a bit of commotion:

By rights, if the ear resigns itself
and agrees to take care of what's there,
it will hear the kindness of waves,
the sonorous constancy of the sea.

And listening to the anaesthetic din
And its high unexpected contents,
all at once, an atmospheric discourse
will take your head off, suggesting the mystery.

Kieku kellna nsikktu kollox
sabiex niksbu silenju sħih,
xorta nintebħu li d-dinja, bi twegiba,
tibagħtilna žiffa rih.

Għax is-silenju mhux għajr waqgħa
fiċ-ċaqliq goff ta' kutrumbajsa.
Inutli tagħlaq il-kaxxa,
ftit konfużjoni dejjem hemm:

M'hemmx x'tagħmel, imma jekk il-widna ċċedi
u tagħti widen għal li hemm,
af tisma' t-tahnina tal-mewg,
id-diwja dejjiema tal-ħalel.

U int u tisma' l-hoss dejjem li jheddel
u ssib fih tifsir li mhux mistenni,
taf taqbad f'salt bħal taħdit atmosferiku
u tifqa' moħħok bi ħjiel ta' misteru.



Se'm dilatava el forat de l'orella.
Vents geladors em creuaven el cap.
La carcanada, coberta de gebre,
i el moll de l'os, trepanat d'una febre
de gel ardent, em portaven a perdre
tot moviment: tremolor enravenat.

Fet escultura en tensió, que mossega
els petits buits on no encaixa el queixal;
garratibat, reduint perifèries,
reconcentrat bloc de massa homogènia,
tot el meu cos comprimeix la matèria
i em converteixo en un home nan blanc.

Perdré la llum, m'aniré tornant negre,
cap escalfor em farà córrer la sang,
i al cap d'un temps no em podreu ja ni veure,
seré confós amb l'espai, seré neutre,
però sabreu de la meva presència
amb un calfred, si em passeu molt arran.

My ear-hole began to open wider.
Freezing winds were rushing through my skull.
My carcass, blanketed in frost,
my bone-marrow, trepanned by a fever
of burning ice, meant that I lost
all power to move: rigid but trembling still.

Become a sculpture under stress, teeth clamped
on little gaps where the jaws don't meet;
huddled, benumbed peripheries,
of homogeneous mass a shrunken span,
my whole body compresses matter
and I become a white-dwarf man.

I'll lose the light, start turning into darkness,
no heat to make the blood run through my veins,
and in a while I'll be invisible,
I shall have melted into space, shapeless,
but you'll know something of my presence:
if you pass close to me, you'll feel a chill.

It-toqba ta' widinti bdiet titwessa'.
Irwiefen ingazzati venvnu f'rasi.
Fdalijieti, taht kisja glata,
u l-mudullun imħaffer bid-deni
ta' silg jikwi, waqqfuli
kull taħrika: stanga u nirtogħod.

Skultura ta' tensjoni, snieni jgiddmu
x-xejn bejn xedaq u ieħor;
trufijieti jčekcku, jickienu,
nintrass fi blokka, massa omoġenja,
gismi kollu jross il-materja
sa ma ninbidel f'raġel-nanu abjad.

Għad jintfeli d-dawl, insir dlam,
bla ebda shana tmexxi d-demmi fil-vini,
u wara ftit ma taranix iżjed,
insir haġa waħda mal-ispazju, bla sura,
imm'int tintebaħ bil-prezenza tiegħi:
tħoss dehxa, malli tgħaddi minn ħdejja.



Si freguem aquest poema
amb les pàgines veïnes,
amb la calor que hi desprenen
les mans que l'acaricien,
separem en les molècules
les càrregues positives
de les que són negatives
i el poema se'ns carrega
(i es carrega tot el llibre)
d'electricitat estàtica,
que pot provocar guspires
que encenguin, de cop, la pàgina
i converteixin en flama
tot això que ara hi llegies.

And if we rub this poem
against its neighbouring pages,
with the heat that's given off
by the action of our hands,
we separate, in the molecules,
positive charge
from negative charge
and the poem itself is charged
(and the entire book is charged)
with static electricity,
which can engender sighs
that all at once may set alight the page,
turning into blazing flame
all that lies before your eyes.

U jekk nogħrku dil-poezija
mal-paġni ġirien tagħha,
is-shana li toħrog
minn tmellis idejna,
tifred il-molekuli,
dawk pożittivi
minn dawk negattivi
u fina tleħħ il-poezija
(u l-ktieb ileħħ kollu kemm hu)
b'xokk statiku,
li jista' jnissel xrar
li f'daqqa jqabbdu l-paġna,
u kulma għadek kif qrajt
ikebbsuh f'jamna.



La teva mort va macerant-se
i et fa més ànima dins meu
si se m'acut pensar el cadàver
que es va desfent.
No et faig concret en cap pensada
ni en cap pellofa putrefacta,
perquè hi ha un altre ser present
que vessa en el temperament
a regalims, no pas a impactes.
Ja no depens de cap carcassa;
roman l'amor incandescent
que et torna angèlic i vivent.
És sorprenent:
jo encara ric amb el qui em falta.

Your death is softening,
turning more to spirit within me
than if I had been minded of the corpse
disintegrating.

I give you no shape in any thought
or in any rotting husk,
since there's another being present
who flows out into nature
drop by drop, not in a gush.

You depend now on no carcass;
the incandescent love endures
that turns you angelic and alive.

It is surprising:

I can still laugh with one I lack.

Mewtek qed tirtab,
u ssawrek spirtu fija
iktar ma naħseb fil-katavru
li tfarrak f'mitt elf biċċa.
B'ebda mod m'jien intik forma
jew nagħlqek f'xi qoxra mħassra,
għax hemm essri ichor prezenti
li jitferra' naqra naqra bħal offerta
mhux f'salt b'impatt.
Iss'int ma tiddependi minn ebda qoxra;
hija l-imħabba għammiexa
li ttik ħajja aġelika.
Tiskanta:
Kif għadni nidħaq ma' min m'għadux haw'.



Tinc ganes d'un poema que sigui un encanteri
que, en dir-lo, les paraules emmenin el lector
a un èxtasi ben físic pel gust de la dicció,
que els mots portin la llengua cap al plaer veneri,
que en moure's per la boca, mercès a un vell misteri,
l'articular de l'òrgan sigui com fer un petó.
Somio que desvelo el desllorigador
d'aquest fraseig erogen que fa perdre el senderi
concitant l'endorfina en recitar segur.
És com aquells secrets d'antiga saviesa,
màgies impenetrables, coneixement ocult,
enigmes que conserven furtives confidències
i que només s'atorguen a aquells que ja són mestres.
El vers que vull escriure és un gest de kungfu.

I want a poem that may turn out to be a spell
so that its words, spoken aloud, may lead the reader
to a fine physical ecstasy through diction's pleasure,
so the words may carry the tongue to venereal delight,
and moving inside the mouth, thanks to an ancient mystery,
the organ's articulation may be like giving a kiss.
I dream that I'm unveiling the solution
to that erogenous phrasing that makes you lose your wits
inciting the endorphine to tongue it true.
It's like those secrets locked in ancient wisdom,
impenetrable magic, knowledge deeply hidden,
enigmas preserving confidences furtively given
and granted only to those who have attained mastery.
The line I want to write's a movement in kung-fu.

Irrid poezija li hija seher
li t-togħma stess ta' kliemha mlissen b'lehen għoli
jwassal 'il-qarrej għal estasi ta' gost,
li kliemha jkun balzmu ta' Venere għall-ilsien,
li huwa u jiċċaqlaq fil-halq ilissen bewsa
skont l-amar ta' misteru antik.
Noħlom li qed nikxef is-soluzzjoni
ta' dal-frażarju mqanqal li jtelliflek sensik
jistimulalek l-endorfina biex tlissnu kif suppost.
Bħal dawk is-sigrieti mistura fl-għerf tal-qedem,
maġija impenetrabbli, għarfien mohbi,
enigmi li fihom hemm imsakkra
sigrieti li jagħrafhom biss min kiseb veru l-ħakma.
Il-vers li rrid nikteb huwa mossa tal-kung fu.



La ceguesa d'estimar-te,
el turment de la passió,
fa que busqui el teu contacte
constantment, sense raó,
i quan un tràfec t'aparta
sento l'estranya basarda
de perdre el meu sustentacle
i quasi m'agafa por.

Per això vull abraçar-te
fins a aglomerar la unió
amb la punya que em descarna
per ser més tu que no jo
i entreteixits i fets xarxa
adherir-nos l'un a l'altre,
escanyats en l'abraçada
i ofegats en un petó.

The blindness of loving you,
the torment of passion,
means that I try to reach you
constantly, without reason,
and when some chore keeps us apart
I feel the strange terror
of losing all support
and am nearly gripped by fear.

That's why I want to embrace you
until that union melds
with the strife that's wasting me
into being more you than myself,
and interwoven and enmeshed
we cling to each other,
strangled by our embrace,
and stifled in a kiss.

L-ghama ta' mhabbti,
it-turment tal-passjoni,
igeghelni nfittxek
il-hin kollu, bla raguni,
u meta xi haġa tbeġhedna minn xulxin
inhoss bhal terrur stramb
li tahti nfetaħ dagħbien
u ninħakem mill-biza'.

Għalhekk irrid ngħannqek miegħi
sa ma nsiru haġa waħda
mas-sejfi li jxoqqni u jiskarnani
biex insir iktar int minn jien,
u meħjuta u minsuġa
nitwaħħdu,
magħquda f'tgħanniq
u mgħarrqa f'bews.



En el fracàs que em pot sobrevenir
(cúmulo de despropòsits que m'assetja),
sé que hi veuria bella la més lletja
i que m'adaptaria a no morir,

sé que treballaria el gest, la petja
on distingir el meu peu del del veí,
i encara amb la vergonya de l'ahir
em permetria el just orgull d'heretge.

Seria l'exconvicte eternament,
aquell que va assolir només defectes,
i entre clemència i burla de la gent
creuria que ningú m'ensuma infecte.

Encara així, ridícul indigent,
riuria.

No per foll,
sinó perquè en sé el nèctar.

In the fracas that may well overcome me
(piling-up of absurdities that besiege me),
I know I'd see the plainest girl as lovely
and I'd adapt in order not to die,

I know I'd work on movement, on how I walk,
so that my footsteps differed from my neighbour's,
and still with all that past shame round my neck
I'd keep the just pride of the heretic.

I'd be the ex-con for eternity,
the man whose failures were where he excelled,
and between people's taunts and clemency,
I'd think no one would sniff out my bad smell.

In this way, still, ridiculous pauper,
I'd laugh.

Not through madness,
but because I know its nectar.

Fil-falliment li af jeghlibni
(ġabra ta' assurditajiet li jassedjawni),
naf li anke l-ikreh nibda nara sabih
u naddatta jkolli biex ma mmutx,

naf li l-iċken ġest se naħdem fuqu, anke kif inqiegħed sieqi,
biex il-passi tiegħi jingħażlu sewwa minn tal-ġar,
u avolja nkun għadni mgħobbi bil-mistħija
bħall-eretiku ngħolli ħarsti 'l fuq.

Nibqa' l-eks ħabsi għomri kollu,
dak li ma kisibx ħlief skoss difetti,
u bejn l-ilsien ħażin tan-nies u l-ħniena,
naħseb li ħadd ma jxomm l-intiena tiegħi.

Anke hekk, fqajjar redikolu,
nidħaq.

Mhux sforz il-ġenn,
imma għax tegħemt l-għasel tiegħu.



Hi haurà un poema que em donarà fama
tot satisfent l'afany vel·leïtós,
un poemot d'aquells que el cor inflama
i eleva l'ànim i escampa les pors,
un mix perfecte de comèdia i drama:
íntim i al mateix temps majestuós.

Mentre no l'assoleixo, distrec l'ànsia
i escric un simulacre dissolut
ben sobri i senzillet, que sa virtut
serà que no voldrà deixar constància.

Neutralitzant l'excés de petulància
assoliré l'art desapercbut,
l'insignificant, minso i diminut:
l'apoteosi de la irrellevància.

One day there'll be a poem to bring me fame
while satisfying zeal and its caprice,
a great poem that sets the heart aflame
and lifts the soul and brings the mind some peace,
a perfect mix of the comic and dramatic:
intimate and, at the same time, majestic.

Failing meanwhile, I cheat anxiety
by writing a disgraceful counterfeit,
sober and unaffected, whose remit
shall be that it will maintain constancy.

By neutralising excess petulance
I shall achieve the art that goes unnoticed,
the insignificant, the flimsy and diminished:
the apotheosis of irrelevance.

Għad ikun hemm poezija li gġibli l-fama
filwaqt li ttaffi kull kapriċċ imqanqal,
poezija minn dawk li jkebbu l-qalb
tgħolli l-moral u tegħleb il-bizgħat,
bilanċ perfett bejn drama u kummiedja:
minn banda intima, mill-ohra maestuża.

Sa dakinhar se ntaffi l-kilba 'l għandi
permezz ta' simulakru falz miktub
bis-serjeta u bla xinxilli, li jispikka
għax ma jhalli xejn warajh.

Se nikseb l-arti li tintesa
billi nrażżan sew il-herqa,
ninfexx fiċ-ċokon, fil-bla-tifsir, f'perpura:
l-apoteożi tal-irrelevanza.



On vas a buscar el vers, als nusos de l'estómac?
O cerques, poc a poc, jugades d'alt estil
que sonin naturals quan driblen de rabona
la familiaritat d'oients, parents i amics?

Escris amb el desig de mossegar la poma
o per la voluptat d'ultrapassar el sentit?
Magreges els records com si cremessis Roma?
T'amorres a les fonts fins que et rauca el melic?

Tens tal necessitat d'empastifar amb la ploma
que fins la sang que et corre pel cor porta el prurit
de rascar sons al full, de reinventar l'idioma,
de vagabundejar per rastres d'infinít...

I et tempta l'absolut i et fa vergonya,
com quan el vas conèixer, de petit.

Where do you look for poetry, in the coils of your guts?
Or slowly search for tricks style-gurus recommend
that sound quite natural when they play
with the familiar, truanting among listeners, family and friends?

Do you write with the desire to seize an apple, take a bite
or for the pleasure of transcending meaning?
Do you thin your memories as though you would set Rome alight?
Do you drink deep from springs until your navel's groaning?

You've such a need to smear with your pen
even the blood that flows through your heart carries the urge
to scratch sounds from the page, to reinvent the language,
to wander like a tramp on journeys without end...

And you're tempted by the absolute though this affronts your pride,
just as when you first met it, as a child.

Fejn tfittxha l-poezija, fl-għoqiedi tal-istonku?
Jew tgħarrex ftit ftit, għal logħob bil-kliem stil eleganti
li jinstema' naturali daqs mossa ta' rabona bil-ballun
mal-familjarità tas-semmiegħa, qraba u hbieb?

Tikteb b'dik ix-xewqa li tigdem it-tuffieħa
jew għas-sempliċi gost li tmur lil hinn minn kull tifsir?
Taħraq il-memorji tiegħek qisek qed tagħti n-nar lil Ruma?
Tibda thobb dawk il-funtani sa ma żokortok taqa'?

Għandek bżonn urġenti li żżelleġ bil-pinna
li saħansitra thoss il-ħtieġa fid-demm għaddej minn qalbek
biex tonqox il-ħsus ful-karta, tivvinta mill-ġdid il-lingwa,
biex timraħ vagabond fuq xefaq l-infinit ...

U l-assolut jittanta avolja jħammarlek wiċċek,
bħal meta ltqajtu l-ewwel darba, kont għadek tfal.



12 DESASSOSSEC

Era una pedra nerviosa,
un còdol rodoladís,
una llosa massa llosa,
el cul inquiet al pedrís,
i sabia que la pressa
sempre és un mal conseller,
que la condició de pedra
té un ritme de canvi lent.
Però, rajola que balla,
roc a les mans d'un vailet,
basalt que ha escopit la lava,
delia esllavissament
i totes les classes d'ansia
li bellugaven al cor.
Els cristalls de la seva ànima,
frec a frec d'espurna i foc,
d'una empenta tremolaven
com les barquetes del port,
amb un mareget com d'aigua,
tot sonant catric-catroc.

Era una pedra nerviosa,
prenyada d'un anhel nou,
un enfarfec, una closca,
la fecunditat incògnita
de l'ou.
I desitjava esberlar-se
dins l'entropia total
per alliberar-se en l'aire
d'un sospir sense paraula,
com la mort d'un animal.
I tornar a ser pedra a seques,
sense el batec d'un alè,
al repòs d'indiferència
de ser pedra sens perquè.

12 DISQUIET

He was a restless stone,
a pebble given to rolling,
a slab too like a tombstone,
the fidgety bum on the bench,
and he knew that such a crazy pace
gives only bad advice,
that the condition of being a stone
means a rhythm of slow change.
But he was a sliding tile,
a rock in a laddie's hands,
basalt spat out by lava,
he'd wipe out any landslide
and every kind of anguish
lurched about in his heart.
The crystals of his soul,
close beside fire and spark,
in a surge would start to shiver
like small boats in the harbour,
with a rocking as though of water,
and rattling clickety-clack.

He was a restless stone,
full of a new aspiration,
an overload, a nutmeg,
the unknown rich creation
of the egg.
And he longed to shatter in pieces
in the entropy all around
to become free in the sigh
that is breath without a sound,
like a creature at its death.
To be a stone on its own again,
without the pulse of breath,
to rest in the inattention
of being stone for no reason.

12 THASSIB

Kienet ġebbla m'għandhiex kwiet,
ċaġħqa titrembel 'il hawn u 'l hinn,
ċangatura wisq ċaflanga,
bil-warrani joqmos fuq iċ-ċaġħaq,
u kienet taf li l-għaġla
frieh għomja taf iġġib,
filwaqt li għerf il-ġebbla iġhidlek
li l-bidla sseħħ bil-mod.
Imma maduma żżegleg kienet,
ġebbla toqmos f'id sabi,
bażalt mibżuq mil-lava,
tkaxkira ġebel għan-niżla
u kellha kull xorta ta' xewqat
iħufu f'qalbha.
Il-kristalli ta' ruħha,
jingħorku bin-nar u x-xrar,
b'ċaqliqa bdew jirtogħdu
bħal dgħajjes żgħar fil-port,
mat-tbandila bħal tal-ħalel
iċekċku ċlikki ċlakki.

Kienet ġebbla m'għandhiex kwiet,
tqila b'xewqat ġodda,
qoxra, fosdqa,
bajda mimlija
b'ħolqien mhux magħruf.
U xtaqet issib il-helsien
fl-entropija totali
tmur mal-arja bħan-nifs
ta' tnehida bla kliem,
bħall-mewtra ta' annimal.
Biex mill-ġdid issir ġebbla sula,
bla ma jħabbat fiha n-nifs,
issib mistrieħ fl-indifferenza
li tibqa' ġebbla biss mingħajr għaliex.



Vull donar la paraula al bolígraf
i que escrigui, que marxi en el text,
espargit pel traçat de les lletres,
dessagnat en uns tolls de paraules,
esmenat en guixades furioses,
impacient en fragments il·legibles,
separant com li sembli els períodes
amb els límits de la puntuació,
fent grumolls per excessos de flux
o esborrat si la punta es desseca;
i que sigui el dipòsit de tinta
el que dicti durada i cadència,
que imagini damunt de la pàgina
l'aventura, l'escriure vivent.

I want to hand over the word to the pen
and let it write, let it walk through the text,
spreading along the letters' wavy line,
bleeding into pools made by words,
emended and corrected in angry scrawls,
impatient, fretting at fragments it can't read,
dividing sentences as it thinks best
within the limits set by punctuation,
leaving blots where it flows out to excess,
fading to nothing if the nib dries out;
and let the ink-well be the one in charge,
the one who has the say on length and cadence,
and let it imagine hovering above the page
the adventure, the writing alive and kicking.

Irrid ngħaddi l-kelma lill-pinna
nħalliha tikteb, itterraq fit-test,
tinfirex tul il-linji mmewġa tal-ittri,
tisvina f'għadajjar ta' kliem,
miksi bir-rabja tat-tiswijiet,
bla paċenzja f'kull framment illeġibbli,
taqsam il-versi kif jiftlilha hi
fil-limiti tal-puntegġjatura,
thalli tiċpisa meta l-linka timxi wisq
jew tingassa fejn il-ponta tinxef;
u ħa jkun il-vażett tal-linka,
li jiddetta t-tul u l-kadenzi,
ħallih jistħajjel fuq il-paġna
l-avventura, il-kitba ħajja.



El riu de joventut pot ser que acabi
en un aiguabarreig per sempre més,
bressat en la marea d'un estuari
amb flux de pau i amb flux d'esverament.
Qui sap si el tram següent d'itinerari
tindrà un delit calmós i competent...
Probablement, el reny comunitari
serà quasi com si ni em molestés.
Possiblement, tributi als diccionaris
l'afany fidel d'estil, de gir, de gest,
o, tal vegada, sigui l'emissari
d'algun secret copsat entre papers...
Seuré potser entremig dels solitaris
o seuré solitari entre els potsers.

The river of youth could end, maybe,
in a confluence for evermore,
rocked in the tide of an estuary
with the flow of peace and flow of terror.
Who knows if the following stretch of the journey
will offer pleasure both calm and sure...
Most likely, the communal bouderie
will be such as to cause me no bother.
Possibly I may thank the dictionaries
for their faithful zeal in style, expression, gesture,
or else, perhaps, I'll be the emissary
of some secret pounced-on among some papers...
I shall be seated, maybe, among the solitaries
or seated solitary among the maybes.

Ix-xmara taż-żgħozija af tispicča
f'taħlit t'ilmiet dejjiema,
imbandla mal-kurrent fejn tmiss mal-baħar
fejn tnixxi l-paċi u jnixxi l-qtigh il-qalb.
Min jaf jekk f'dal-vjaġġ it-tappa li jmiss
għadx toffri hlewwa kalma u kompetenti ...
Probabbli, iċ-ċanfir tas-soċjetà
kważi kważi ma nħallihx ikiddni.
Għad forsi niringrazzja d-dizzjunarji
għall-istil, l-espressjoni, il-ġest offrut bir-reqqa,
jew, forsi, għad inkun l-emissarju
ta' xi sigriet li nqabad qalb il-paġni ...
Forsi, għad nintasab qalb is-solitarji
jew nintasab solitarju qalb il-forsijiet.

