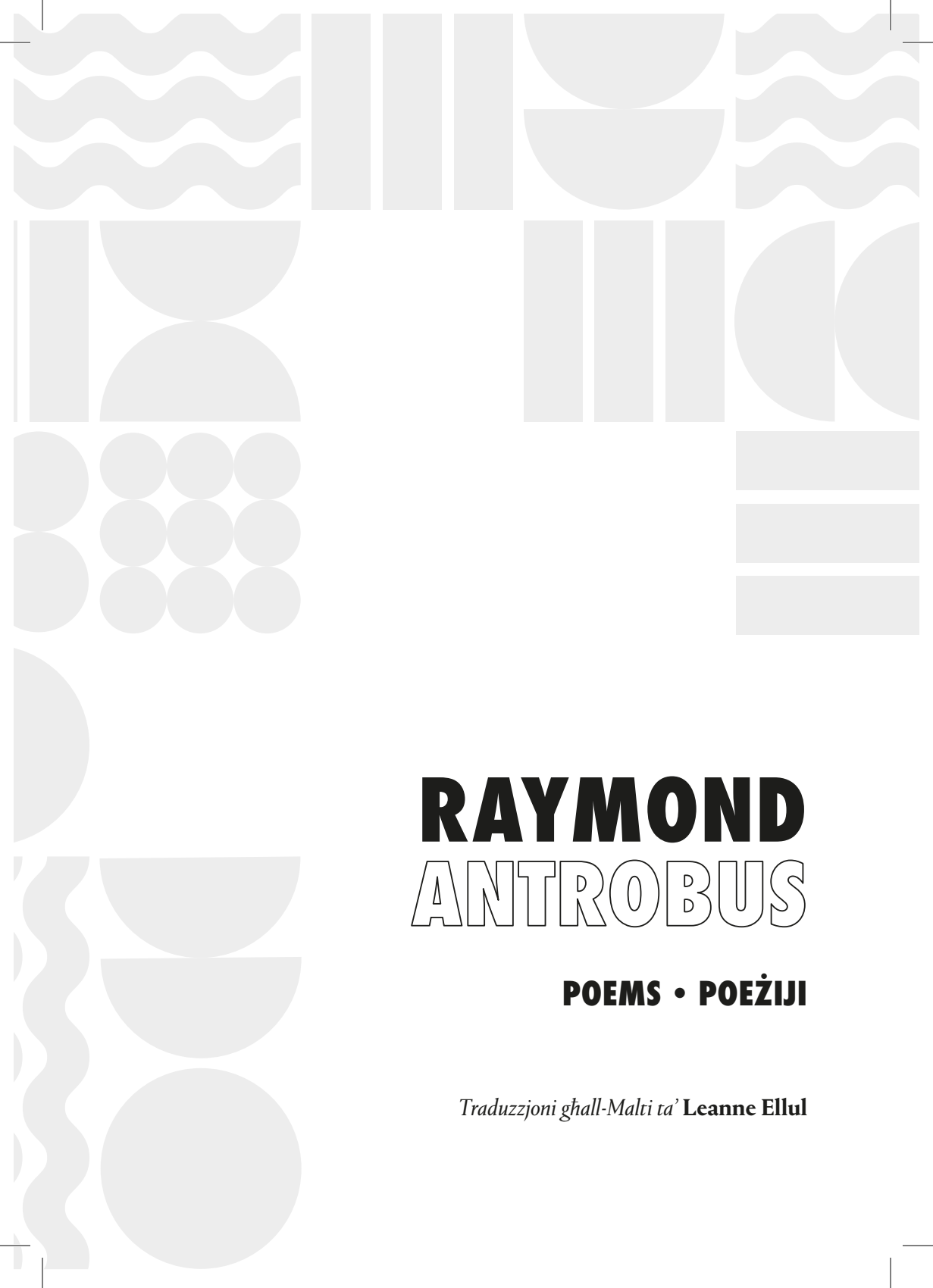




RAYMOND ANTROBUS

POEMS • POEŻIJI

Traduzzjoni għall-Malti ta' Leanne Ellul

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

RAYMOND ANTROBUS

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

inizjamed.org

Copyright © Raymond Antrobus, 2024

Traduzzjoni © Leanne Ellul, 2024

Disinn: Naomi Gatt

Qari tal-Provi: Claudia Gauci

Ħajr: Jean Paul Borg

Versopolis fil-Festival Mediterranju tal-Letteratura ta' Malta

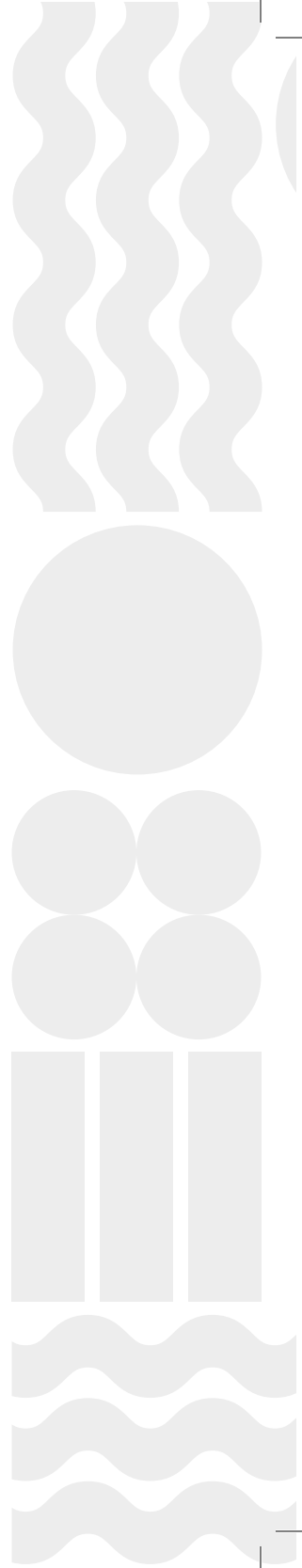
ISBN: 978-99932-87-09-4



SUPPORTED BY



Creative
Europe



RAYMOND ANTROBUS

RAYMOND ANTROBUS was born in London, Hackney to an English mother and Jamaican father. He is the author of the poetry collections *The Perseverance*, *All The Names Given* and *Signs, Music*. His accolades include The Ted Hughes Award, The Lucille Clifton Legacy Award, A Sunday Times Young Writer of the year award, as well as a shortlisting for the T.S Eliot Prize, Griffin Prize and Forward Prize. In 2018 he was awarded The Geoffrey Dearmer Prize, (judged by Ocean Vuong), for his poem *Sound Machine*. A selection of his poems was added to the UK's Oxford Cambridge RSA GCSE syllabus in 2022.

He has also published two children's picture books, *Can Bears Ski?* and *Terrible Horses* and hosted a number of award winning radio documentaries including *Inventions In Sound* (BBC Radio 4, 2021).

RAYMOND ANTROBUS twieled Hackney, Londra. Ommu Ingliza u missieru Ġamajkan. Huwa l-awtur tal-antologiji ta' poezija, *The Perseverance*, *All The Names Given* u *Signs, Music*. Kiseb fost l-oħrajn il-Premju Ted Hughes, il-Premju tal-Legat ta' Lucille Clifton, u l-Premju għall-Kittieb Żagħżuġ tas-Sena ta' *The Sunday Times*. Daħal ukoll fil-lista finali għall-Premju T.S. Eliot, il-Premju Griffin u l-Premju Forward. Fl-2018, kiseb il-Premju Geoffrey Dearmer (iġġudikat minn Ocean Vuong), għall-poezija tiegħu "Sound Machine." Fl-2022, xi poeziji tiegħu ntgħażlu biex ikunu parti mis-sillabu tal-GCSE RSA ta' Oxford Cambridge.

Ippubblika wkoll żewġ kotba bl-illustrazzjonijiet għat-tfal, *Can Bears Ski?* u *Terrible Horses*. Ippreżenta diversi dokumentarji radjufoniċi li kisbu premijiet, fosthom *Inventions in Sound* (BBC Radio 4, 2021).

01 JAMAICAN BRITISH AFTER AARON SAMUELS

Some people would deny that I'm Jamaican British.
Anglo nose. Hair straight. No way I can be Jamaican British.

They think I say I'm black when I say Jamaican British
but the English boys at school made me choose: Jamaican, British?

Half-caste, half mule, house slave — Jamaican British.
Light skin, straight male, privileged — Jamaican British.

Eat callaloo, plantain, jerk chicken — I'm Jamaican.
British don't know how to serve our dishes; they enslaved us.

In school I fought a boy in the lunch hall — Jamaican.
At home, told Dad, *I hate dem, all dem Jamaicans* — I'm British.

He laughed, said, *you cannot love sugar and hate your sweetness*,
took me straight to Jamaica — passport: British.

Cousins in Kingston called me Jah-English
proud to have someone in their family — British.

Plantation lineage, World War service, how do I serve
Jamaican British?
When knowing how to war is Jamaican, British.

Xi nies jiċċdu li jiena Ġamajkan Brittaniku.
Imnieher Inġliż. Xagħar lixx. Ma jistax ikun li Ġamajkan Brittaniku.

Jaħsbu li qed ngħid li jien iswed meta ngħid Ġamajkan Brittaniku
izda s-subien Inġliżi l-iskola ġegħluni nagħżel: Ġamajkan, Brittaniku?

Razza mħallta, nofs bagħal, skjav domestiku — Ġamajkan Brittaniku.
Ġilda ċara, raġel straight, privileġġjat — Ġamajkan Brittaniku.

Niekol il-callaloo, il-plantain, il-jerk chicken — jien Ġamajkan.
Il-Brittanici ma jafux iservu l-platti tagħna; daww għamluna skjavi.

L-iskola ġġilidit ma' tifel fil-kantin — Ġamajkan.
Id-dar, għedt 'il Papà, *nobgħ'dhom, kollha, 'il-Ġamajkani* — jien Brittaniku.

Dahaq, qalli, *ma tistax thobb iz-zokkor u tobġħod il-ħlewwa tiegħek*,
ħadni dritt il-Ġamajka — il-passaport: Brittaniku.

Il-kuġini f'Kingston isejħuli Ja-Inġliż,
kburin li għandhom xi ħadd fil-familja — Brittaniku.

Parentela tal-plantazzjoni, servizz tal-Gwerra Dinjija, kif inservi
Ġamajkan Brittaniku?
Meta li tkun taf tiggwerra xi haġa Ġamajkana, Brittanika.

02 THE PERSEVERANCE

Love is the man overstanding

PETER TOSH

I wait outside the perseverance.
Just popping in here a minute.
I'd heard him say it many times before
like all kids with a drinking father,
watch him disappear
into smoke and laughter.

There is no such thing as too much laughter,
my father says, drinking in the perseverance
until everything disappears —
I'm outside counting minutes,
waiting for the man, *my father*
to finish his shot and take me home before

it gets dark. We've been here before,
no such thing as too much laughter
unless you're my mother without my father,
working weekends while the perseverance
spits him out for a minute.
He gives me 50p to make me disappear.

50p in my hand, I disappear
like a coin in a parking meter before
the time runs out. How many minutes
will I lose listening to the laughter
spilling from the perseverance
while strangers ask, *where is your father?*

I stare at the doors and say, *my father*
is working. Strangers who don't disappear
but hug me for my perseverance.
Dad said *this will be the last time* before,
while the TV spilled canned laughter,
us, on the sofa in his council flat, knowing any minute

the yams will boil, any minute,
I will eat again with my father,
who cooks and serves laughter
good as any Jamaican who disappeared
from the Island I tasted before
overstanding our heat and perseverance.

I still hear *popping in for a minute*, see him disappear.
We lose our fathers before we know it.
I am still outside the perseverance, listening for the laughter.

02 IL-PERSEVERANZA

Love is the man overstanding

PETER TOSH

Nistenna barra l-perseveranza.

Se naqbez qabza s'haw', minuta.

Kont smajtu jgħidha hafna drabi qabel

bħat-tfal kollha li għandhom missier

xurban, narah jisparixxi

fid-duhħan u d-daħq.

Ma jista' qatt ikun hemm wisq daħq,

jgħid missieri, jixrob fil-perseveranza

sakemm kollox jisparixxi —

Jien fuq barra ngħodd il-minuti,

nistenna lir-raġel, *missieri*

jispicċa l-grokk ħa jeħodni d-dar qabel

jidlam. Ġrat kemm-il darba qabel,

ma jista' qatt ikun hemm wisq daħq,

sakemm m'intix ommi mingħajr missieri

taħdem fil-weekends filwaqt li l-perseveranza

jobzqu 'l barra għal minuta.

Jagħtini 50p ħa nisparixxi.

50p f'idi, nisparixxi

bħal munita f'meter tal-parking qabel

ma jiskadi l-ħin. Kemm minuti

se nitlef nisma' d-daħq

ifur mill-perseveranza

waqt li n-nies jistaqsu, *fejn hu missierek?*

Niċċassa lejn il-bibien u ngħid, *missieri*
x-xogħol. Nies li ma jisparixxux
imma jgħannquni għax għandi l-perseveranza.
Il-Papà qal li *tal-lum tal-aħħar* qabel,
waqt li t-televisin ferra' r-rekordings ta' daħq,
aħna, fuq is-sufan fil-flat tiegħu tal-gvern, nafu li minuta

u l-yams se jagħlu, minuta,
se nerġa' niekol ma' missieri,
li jsajjar u jservi d-daħq
tajjeb daqs kull Ġamajkan li jisparixxi
mill-Gżira li doqt qabel
nissaporti wisq is-shana tagħna u l-perseveranza.

Għadni nisma' *se naqbez qabza s'haw'*, minuta, narah jisparixxi.
Nitilfu 'l missirijietna f'tebqa' t'għajn.
Għadni barra l-perseveranza, nissemma' għad-daħq.

03 SOUND MACHINE

*My mirth can laugh and talk, but cannot sing;
My grief finds harmonies in everything.*

JAMES THOMSON

And what comes out if it isn't the wires
Dad welds to his homemade sound system,
which I accidently knock loose
while he is recording Talk-Over dubs, killing
the bass, flattening the mood and his muses,
making Dad blow his fuses and beat me.
But it wasn't my fault; the things he made
could be undone so easily —
and we would keep losing connection.
But praise my Dad's mechanical hands.
Even though he couldn't fix my deafness
I still channel him. My sound system plays
on Father's Day in Manor Park Cemetery
where I find his grave, and for the first time
see his middle name, osbert, derived from Old English
meaning God and bright. Which may
have been a way to bleach him, darkest
of his five brothers, the only one sent away
from the country to live up-town
with his light skin aunt. She protected him
from police, who didn't believe he belonged
unless they heard his English,
which was smooth as some up-town roads.
His aunt loved him and taught him
to recite Wordsworth and Coleridge — rhythms
that wouldn't save him. He would become
Rasta and never tell a soul about the name
that undid his blackness. It is his grave
that tells me the name his black
body, even in death, could not move or mute.

03 MAGNA TAL-FOSS

*My mirth can laugh and talk, but cannot sing;
My grief finds harmonies in everything.*

JAMES THOMSON

U x'joħroġ jekk mhux il-wires li
l-Papà jiwwelldja fis-sistema tas-sound l'ghamel hu,
li nolqotha bi żball u naqtagħha
waqt li qed jirrekordja l-vuċi fuq id-dubs, noqtol
il-bass, noqtollu l-burdata u l-muża tiegħu,
'l Papà ntajjarlu l-fuse u jsawwatni.
Imma mhux tort tiegħi; l-affarijiet li għamel
setgħu jiżżarmaw faċilment —
u konna nibqgħu nitilfu l-kuntatt.
Imma jkunu mberkin l-idejn mekkaniċi ta' missieri.
Avolja ma setax isewwili n-nuqqas ta' smiġ
xorta nikkomunika miegħu. Is-sistema tas-sound tiegħi
ddoqq f'Jum il-Missier fiċ-Ċimiterju ta' Manor Park
fejn insib il-qabar tiegħu, u għall-ewwel darba
nara ismu tan-nofs, osbert, ġej mill-Ingliš Antik
ifisser Alla u leqqien. Li seta' kien
mod kif jiċċarawh, l-iktar skur
mill-ħamest aħwa, l-uniku wieħed li tkeċċa
mill-pajjiż biex jgħix in-naħa ta' fuq tal-belt
ma' zitu ta' ġilda ċara. Hi ħarsitu
mill-pulizija, li m'emmnux li hu ta' ġewwa
sa ma semgħu l-Ingliš tiegħu,
li kien perfett bħal xi whud mit-toroq ta' fuq tal-belt.
Zitu ħabbitu u għallmitu
jgħid bl-ament 'il Wordsworth u Coleridge — ritmi
li ma setgħux jifduh. Hu se jsir
Rasta u qatt mhu se jgħid lil hadd fuq l-isem
li neħhielu s-swidija tiegħu. Kellu jkun qabru
li jgħidli l-isem li ġismu l-iswed,
anke f'mewtu, ma setax iċaqlaq jew jimmuta.

04 DOCTOR MARIGOLD RE-EVALUATED

*If a written word can stand for an idea as well as a spoken word can,
the same may be said of a signed word*

HARLAN LANE

My BSL teacher taught me about affirmation and negation, saying, in sign: *if you are crying and someone asks, “are you crying?” you must answer with a smile and nod to affirm, “yes, crying.”*

I thought about Charles Dickens. About everyone laughing and crying in 1843 while he performed Doctor Marigold. The story is of a Cheap Jack trader pushing his cart through east London, who adopts a deaf girl called Sophy after losing his own daughter, because grief never leaves, it just changes shape. Dickens visited deaf schools, interviewed the students before shaping his story.

So let’s love that Sophy and Doctor Marigold invent their own home signs. Let’s love that Sophy goes to a deaf school, learns to read. Let’s laugh when two deaf people fall in love.

Let’s laugh when Sophy writes a letter to Doctor Marigold *hoping the child is not born deaf*. Let’s laugh at the people who hope their child is born with a *pretty voice*. Let’s speak in the BSL word order — *sign you speak?* — while celebrating and rolling our eyes at the signature *sentimental ending*. It’s said that as Dickens read in Whitechapel, hearing people cried in the street when Sophy spoke (an unexplained miracle).

I want my BSL teacher to sign to everyone in 1843, *are you crying?* I want everyone to smile and nod, *yes, crying*.

04 DOCTOR MARIGOLD EVALWAT MILL-ĠDID

*If a written word can stand for an idea as well as a spoken word can,
the same may be said of a signed word*

HARLAN LANE

L-ghalliema tal-BSL għallmitni dwar l-affermazzjoni u n-negazzjoni, tgħidli, bis-sinjali: *jekk tkun qed tibki u xi hadd jistaqsi, “inti qed tibki?” inti għandek twieġeb billi titbissem u tagħti b’rasek, “iva, qed nibki.”*

Ħsibt f’Charles Dickens. F’kulhadd jidhaq u jibki fl-1843 waqt il-prezentazzjoni tiegħu ta’ Doctor Marigold. L-istorja ta’ negozjant tar-raċanċ jimbotta l-karretta tiegħu fil-Lvant ta’ Londra, li jaddotta tifla deaf jisimha Sophy wara li jitlef il bintu stess, għax il-luttu ma jitlaq qatt, semplicement jibdel surtu. Dickens żar l-iskejjel tad-deaf, intervista l-istudenti qabel sawwar l-istorja tiegħu.

Jiġifieri ejja ngħożzu li Sophy u Doctor Marigold joħolqu s-sistema ta’ sinjali tagħhom. Ejja ngħożzu li Sophy tmur skola tad-deaf, titgħallem taqra. Ejja nidhqu meta tnejn deaf jibdw jinhabbu.

Ejja nidhqu meta Sophy tikteb ittra lil Doctor Marigold *tittama li t-tarbija ma titwilidx deaf*. Ejja nidhqu bin-nies li jittamaw li l-wild tagħhom jitwieled b’vuci *sabiha*. Ej’ nitkellmu bl-ordni tas-sentenza tal-BSL — *sinjali titkellem inti?* — waqt li niċċelebraw u neqilbu għajnejna għat-*tmiem sentimentali*. Jingħad li waqt li Dickens qara f’Whitechapel, jisma’ li n-nies bkew fit-triq meta Sophy tkellmet (miraklu mhux spjegabbli).

Irrid lill-ghalliema tal-BSL tissenjala lil kulhadd fl-1843, *intom qed tibku?* Irrid lil kulhadd jitbissem u jagħti b’rasu, *iva, qed nibku*.

05 TWO GUNS IN THE SKY FOR DANIEL HARRIS

When Daniel Harris stepped out of his car
the policeman was waiting. Gun raised.

I use the past tense though this is irrelevant
in Daniel's language, which is sign.

Sign has no future or past; it is a present language.
You are never more present than when a gun

is pointed at you. What language says this
if not sign? But the police officer saw hands

waving in the air, fired and Daniel dropped
his hands, his chest bleeding out onto concrete

metres from his home. I am in Breukelen Coffee House
in New York, reading this news on my phone,

when a black policewoman walks in, two guns
on her hips, my friend next to me reading

the comments section: *Black Lives Matter*.
Now what could we sign or say out loud

when the last word I learned in ASL *was alive*?
Alive — both thumbs pointing at your lower abdominal,

index fingers pointing up like two guns in the sky.

05 ŻEWĠ PISTOLI FL-AJRU GĦAL DANIEL HARRIS

Meta Daniel Harris hareġ mill-karozza
l-pulizija kien qed jistenna. B'pistola fl-ajru.

Użajt it-temp passat avolja irrelevanti
bil-lingwa ta' Daniel, li hija s-sinjali.

Is-sinjali m'għandhomx futur jew passat; lingwa tal-preżent.
Qatt ma tkun iżjed preżenti minn meta tkun

ippuntata pistola lej. Liema lingwa tgħid hekk
jekk mhux dik tas-sinjali? Imma l-uffiċjal tal-pulizija

ra l-idejn jixxejru fl-ajru, spara u Daniel niżżel
idejh, sidru jnixxi d-demmi fuq il-konkrit

metri bogħod minn daru. Jiena, qiegħed f'Breukelen Coffee House
New York, naqra dil-aħbar fuq il-mobile,

meta tidhol pulizija sewda, żewġ pistoli
fuq ġenbejha, siehbi maġenbi jaqra

l-biċċa tal-kummenti: *Black Lives Matter*.
X'nistgħu naqbd u nissenjalaw jew ngħidu b'vuċi għolja

meta l-aħħar kelma li tgħallimna bl-ASL *kienet hajjin?*
Hajjin — iż-żewġ swaba' l-kbar jippuntaw lejn isfel ta' żaqkek,

il-verrejjja jippuntaw 'il fuq bħal żewġ pistoli fis-sema.

06 TO SWEETEN BITTER

My father had four children
and three sugars in his coffee
and every birthday he bought
me a dictionary which got thicker
and thicker and because his word
is not dead I carry it like sugar

on a silver spoon
up the Mobay hills in Jamaica
past the flaked white walls
of plantation houses
past canefields and coconut
trees past the new crystal sugar factories.

I ask dictionary why we came here —
it said *nourish* so I sat with my aunt
on her balcony at the top
of Barnet Heights
and ate salt fish
and sweet potato

and watched women
leading their children
home from school.
As I ate I asked dictionary
what is difficult about love?
It opened on the word *grasp*

and I looked at my hand
holding this ivory knife
and thought about how hard it was
to accept my father
for who he was
and where he came from

how easy it is now to spill
sugar on the table before
it is poured into my cup.

06 BIEX IL-MORR IĠĠIBU HELU

Missieri kellu erbat itfal
u tlieta zokkor mal-kafè
u kull meta għalaqt snini xtrali
dizzjunarju li baqa' jehxien
u jehxien għax il-kelma tiegħu
mhix mejta ngorrha bħal zokkor

f'mgħarfa tal-fidda
sal-quċcata tal-gholjiet tal-Mobay fil-Ġamajka
ngħaddi minn mal-hitana bojod imqaxxin
tad-djar tal-pjantazzjoni
ngħaddi minn mal-ghelieqi tal-qasab u s-siġar
tal-ġewż tal-indi ngħaddi minn mal-fabbriki tal-kristalli taz-zokkor.

Nistaqsi d-dizzjunarju għaliex ġejna hawn —
jgħid *sostna* u poġġejt ma' ziti
fil-gallarija tagħha fil-quċcata ta'
Barnet Heights
u kilt il-bakkaljaw
u l-patata helwa

u harist lejn in-nisa
jwasslu t-tfal tagħhom
mill-iskola sad-dar.
Waqt li kilt staqsejt lid-dizzjunarju
x'hemm diffiċli fl-imħabba?
Infetaħ fuq il-kelma *hafen*

u harist lejn idi
żżomm dis-sikkina tal-avorju
u ħsibt fuq kemm kienet diffiċli
naċċetta lil missieri
għal dak li kien
u mnejn ġie

kemm hu faċli li naqleb
iz-zokkor fuq il-mejda qabel
ma jitferra' fil-kikkra tiegħi.

07 HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOON

Dad reads aloud. I follow his finger across the page.
Sometimes his finger moves past words, tracing white space.
He makes the Moon say something new every night
to his deaf son who slurs his speech.

Sometimes his finger moves past words, tracing white space.
Tonight he gives the Moon my name, but I can't say it,
his deaf son who slurs his speech.
Dad taps the page, *says, try again.*

Tonight he gives the Moon my name, but I can't say it.
I say *Rain-nan Akabok*. He laughs.
Dad taps the page, *says, try again,*
but I like making him laugh. I say my mistake again.

I say *Rain-nan Akabok*. He laughs,
says, Raymond you're something else.
I like making him laugh. I say my mistake again.
Rain-nan Akabok. What else will help us?

He says, *Raymond you're something else.*
I'd like to be the Moon, the bear, even the rain.
Rain-nan Akabok, what else will help us
hear each other, really hear each other?

I'd like to be the Moon, the bear, even the rain.
Dad makes the Moon say something new every night
and we hear each other, really hear each other.
As Dad reads aloud, I follow his finger across the page.

07 QAMAR, AWGURI F'GHELUQ SNINEK

Missieri jaqra jghajjat. Insegwi sebgħu matul il-paġna.
Xi drabi subgħu jaqbeż xi kliem, jintraċċa l-ispazju abjad.
Iġieghel lill-Qamar jghid xi haġa ġdida kull lejla
lil ibnu deaf li jgedwed kliemu.

Xi drabi subgħu jaqbeż xi kliem, jintraċċa l-ispazju abjad.
Illejla 'l-Qamar itih ismi, imma jien ma nistax nġhidu,
ibnu d-deaf li jgedwed kliemu.
Missieri jtektek fuq il-karta, jghidli, *erġa' pprova*.

Illejla 'l-Qamar itih ismi, imma jien ma nistax nġhidu.
Nġhid *Rain-nan Akabok*. Jidhaq.
Missieri jtektek fuq il-karta, jghidli, *erġa' pprova*,
imma nieħu pjaċir nġieghlu jidhaq. Nerġa' nġhid l-iżball.

Nġhid *Rain-nan Akabok*. Jidhaq,
jghidli, *Raymond*, *bħalek m'hawnx*.
Nieħu pjaċir nġieghlu jidhaq. Nerġa' nġhid l-iżball.
Rain-nan Akabok. X'se jghinna iżjed?

Jghidli, *Raymond*, *bħalek m'hawnx*.
Nixtieq inkun il-Qamar, l-ors, anke x-xita.
Rain-nan Akabok, x'se jghinna iżjed
nisimghu 'l xulxin, nisimghu 'l xulxin ta' vera?

Nixtieq inkun il-Qamar, l-ors, anke x-xita.
Missieri jġieghel 'il-Qamar jghid xi haġa ġdida kull lejla
u nisimghu 'l xulxin, nisimghu 'l xulxin ta' vera.
Waqt li Missieri jaqra jghajjat, insegwi sebgħu matul il-paġna.

08 MEMBER

And God said to Noah, 'An end of all flesh has come before Me ...'

GENESIS 6.13

I think twice
before bathing
with my son,
think to search
if it's appropriate,
then worry about
the digital trace of
the question.
I cover myself,
not wanting to reveal
what I contend with.
My son has no data
on desire, or rather
my son is still gathering
data on his shape.
I've gathered
much on mine.
Something ageless in me
is coded like scripture,
and knows that
Noah's nakedness
stained his son.

I lie with mine
in warm soapy water.
He stands, wobbles
on my chest. I am
his surfboard
during the Flood,
an unsettled shore,
an ark of clean
and unclean
animals, *an end
of all flesh.*
Strange. I uncross
my legs. Laugh. Pray
my son doesn't pee.
But even if he does,
we couldn't be cleaner.

08 MEMBRU

U l-Mulej qal lil Noè, 'Għaliya tmiem il-ħajjin kollha wasal ...'

GENESI 6.13

Naħsibha darbtejn
qabel ninħasel
ma' ibni,
naħseb għandix infittex
hix xi ħaġa f'lokha,
imbagħad ninkwieta
fuq it-traċċa digitali
tal-mistoqsija.
Nġhatti lili nnifsi,
mingħajr ma rrid nikxef
dak li nissielet miegħu.
Ibni m'għandu ebda data
fuq xenqiet, jew aħjar
ibni għadu qed jiġbor
id-data fuq surtu.
Jien ġbart
ħafna fuq tiegħi.
Xi ħaġa fija bla età
kkodifikata bħal skrittura,
u taf li
l-għera ta' Noè
tebbgħet 'il ibnu.

Jien nintelaq ma' tiegħi
fl-ilma fietel bis-sapun.
Hu wieqaf, jiċċaqilaq
fuq sidri. Jiena
t-tavla tas-surfing tiegħu
waqt id-Dulluvju,
xatt imxattar,
arka ta' annimali
nodfa u mhux
nodfa, *tmiem*
il-ħajjin kollha.
Stramba. Inħoll
riglejja msallbin. Nidhaq. Nitlob
li ibni ma jagħmilx pipì.
Imma anke 'kk jagħmel hekk,
ma nistgħux inkunu iżjed nodfa.

NOTES

- 'Echo': Kei Miller's line appears in his collection, *Light Song Of Light* (Carcenet, 2010). There is an essay about this poem published on poetryfoundation.org, titled 'Echo, A Deaf Sequence'. Thanks to Don Share for featuring this poem on The Poetry Magazine Podcast, March 6th 2017.
- 'Jamaican British': Inspired by Aaron Samuels' poem 'Broken Ghazal', in *The BreakBeat Poets* (Haymarket Books, 2015).
- 'The Perseverance': The Perseverance is the pub on Broadway Market my Dad used to drink in. 'Love is the man overstanding' is from Peter Tosh's 'Where You Going To Run' which appears on *Mama Africa* (EMI, 1983). This poem is a Sestina.
- 'Sound Machine': James Thomson's line is from 'Two Sonnets', originally written in 1730 and reprinted in Don Patterson's *Sonnets 101* (Faber, 2012).
- 'Doctor Marigold Re-evaluated': 'Doctor Marigold' is a short story written by Charles Dickens. This poem would not exist without Jennifer Esmail's *Reading Victorian Deafness* and my BSL level 2 teacher, Debora who teaches for the BSL organisation in London, Remark!
- 'Two Guns in the Sky for Daniel Harris': Written after reading the CNN article, 'After trooper kills deaf man, North Carolina family seeks answers' in August 2016. The case was dropped in January 2017 and no one was charged.
- 'Happy Birthday Moon': A pantomim inspired by Frank Asch's children's picturebook of the same title.

A note on the spelling of D/deaf

Throughout the book, these poems use variations of big D and little d D/deaf. Big D Deaf people are those who are born Deaf and tend to learn sign before spoken language is acquired and regard their deafness as part of their identity and culture rather than as a disability.

Small d deaf people are often those who become deaf in later life, after they have acquired a spoken language. Their relationship with deafness is more medical than cultural.

NOTI

- ‘Echo’: Il-vers ta’ Kei Millers jidher fil-ġabra, *Light Song Of Light* (Carcenet, 2010). L-esej dwar din il-poeżija jinsab pubblikat fuq poetryfoundation.org, bl-isem ‘Echo, A Deaf Sequence’. Ħajr lil Don Share talli qara l-poeżija fuq The Poetry Magazine Podcast, nhar is-6 ta’ Marzu 2017.
- ‘Jamaican British’: Ispirata mill-poeżija ta’ Aaron Samuels, ‘Broken Ghazal’, f’*The BreakBeat Poets* (Haymarket Books, 2015).
- ‘The Perseverance’: The Perseverance huwa l-pub fuq Broadway Market li l-Papà kien jixrob fih. ‘Love is the man overstanding’ hija meħuda minn ‘Where You Going To Run’ ta’ Peter Tosh li dehret f’*Mama Africa* (EMI, 1983). Din il-poeżija hija Sestina.
- ‘Sound Machine’: Vers ta’ James Thomson minn ‘Two Sonnets’, originarjament miktuba fl-1730 u stampata mill-ġdid f’*Sonnets 101* (Faber, 2012) ta’ Don Patterson.
- ‘Doctor Marigold Re-evaluated’: ‘Doctor Marigold’ hija storja qasira miktuba minn Charles Dickens. Din il-poeżija ma kinitx teżisti mingħajr *Reading Victorian Deafness* ta’ Jennifer Esmail u l-ġhalliema tal-BSL livell 2, Debora li tgħallem ma’ Remark!, organizzazzjoni tal-BSL f’Londra.
- ‘Two Guns in the Sky for Daniel Harris’: Inkitbet wara li qrajt l-artiklu tas-CNN, ‘After trooper kills deaf man, North Carolina family seeks answers’ f’*Awwissu* tal-2016. Il-każ waq’ f’*Jannar* tal-2017 u hadd ma ġie akkużat.
- ‘Happy Birthday Moon’: Pantoum, ispirata mill-krieb tat-tfal bl-istampi ta’ Frank Asch bl-istess isem.

Nota fuq l-ortografija ta’ D/deaf

Matul il-krieb, il-poeżiji jhaddmu daqqa Deaf bid-D kbira u daqqa deaf bid-d żgħira. Nies Deaf bid-D kbira huma dawkw li twieldu Deaf u għandhom it-tendenza li jirgħallmu l-lingwa tas-sinjali qabel il-lingwa mitkellma u jqisu l-fatt li huma Deaf bħala parti mill-identità u l-kultura tagħhom iktar milli bħala diżabilità.

Nies deaf b’d żgħira huma dawkw li jsiru deaf iżjed tard matul hajjithom, wara li jkunu ħakmu l-lingwa mitkellma. Ir-relazzjoni tagħhom mal-fatt li huma deaf hija iżjed medika milli kulturali.

