

Selected Poems

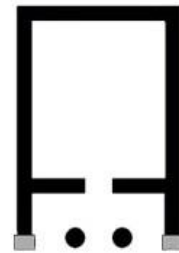
Joseph Buttigieg

antae, Vol. 4, No. 2-3 (Oct., 2017), 151-153

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antae

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Selected Poems

Joseph Buttigieg

Translated by Aaron Aquilina

Waqt

Hawn isfel
jintaxru s-sekondi
ma' kull fergħa u blata mdarrsa
bħall-arloġgi ta' Dali.

Ebda werqa ma titharrek,
ebda ħoss.

Wieqfa zoptu f'nofs inzulha
l-għabra tgħammex
fi swaba' ta' dawl.

Waqt limpidu—
sa ma jfaqqa' t-trabokk lejli
fuq dal-ħondoq
ikkattizmat.

Duration

Down here,
the seconds hang
from every jagged branch and rock
like Dali's clocks.

There are no leaves that stir,
no sound.

Dust frozen in its descent
blazes
amidst streams of light.

A limpid moment—
until the nightly trap ensnares
this enthralled
ravine.

Treghid

Jiddarrsu qxur l-art
meta l-magma
thaxkinhom flimkien.

Ihossu treghida taħkimhom,
tivvibra sal-wiçç
mis-sisien

bla jafu jekk hix
it-treghida tal-hajja
jew l-ghafja ta' tmiem
fin-nirien.

Budebbus

Inixxfek Alla tiegħi
bħall-budebbus
ġol-ful:

jixrobluk kulma jtuqek
mill-vini,
mill-gheruq

u l-miżwed jibqa' ħolma
ta' zokk midbiel,
mahruq.

Trembling

The earth's crusts convulse
when magma
cleaves them together.

A trembling captivates them,
vibrating to the surface
from their depths

without them knowing if
it is the trembling of life
or the throes of their end
in the flames.

Orobanche

My God withers you
like the parasite
of a broad bean plant:

he drains that which sustains you
from all your veins
and roots

and the pod remains a dream
of a charred,
parched stem.

Quddiem Ikona tal-Pantokrator

Mank teptipthom għajnejja
niċċassa lejn fommok
mismut.

Għandu mnejn
f' din-nofs dalma jitbexxaq
u jnixxi fil-ħemda
kliem safi,
milqut...

Jekk ma jkunx
għa ċedieni
das-skiet assolut.

Beraħ

Hemm beraħ bla qies
fejn ir-ruħ
donna ttitlef kull jies.

Hemm beraħ
fejn is-skiet jaqa' ċapep
mis-sema.

Hemm beraħ
fejn l-għajta maħnuqa
tobbies qabel tilhaq tinstema'.

In front of a Pantocrator Icon

My eyes have not blinked,
staring at your fixed
lips.

They may,
in this half-darkness, part,
and stream forth in this stillness
words measured,
pristine...

Unless I'd have already
been collapsed
beneath this absolute silence.

The Open

There's an openness without measure
where the soul
seems to lose all hope.

There's an openness
where silence falls in clumps
from the sky.

There's an openness
where the hoarse cry hardens
before being heard.