

IT-TONI TAR-RAM TA' MALTA

lil Antoine Cassar

Il-poeta jehodna għal passiġġata mar-raħal tiegħu.
Fi ġnien imdawwar bil-ħitan jikbru l-laring u l-mandolin.

Qed jaqtagħhom minn mas-siġra biex nieklu minnhom.
Mixjin f'mogħdija blatija, bajda-safra.

Il-poeta jirrakkontalna dwar is-snin li qatta' Londra u l-Lussemburgu.
Fuq wiċċna mixwi tidli x-xemx tax-xitwa.

Qed nieklu għaġin bil-klamar fejn hu kien jgħum ta' tifel.
Qed ipejjep sigarett, b'sieq wahda sserrah fuq blata għolja biswit il-baħar.

Jien qed niddekrivi l-pajsagġ tiegħi.
Kull ġimgha noħroġ nimxi fuq id-diga.

Fuq naħa art tal-baħar,
fuq l-oħra baħar tal-art.

It-tafal jibqa' jmewweġ sax-xefaq, l-ilma baħar jahrat it-tajn.
Kultant nara d-dwal ta' erba' fanali.

Il-poeta qed jistħajjel dan il-pajsagġ.
Dan li għaddej frasna aħna u mixjin minn raħlu sal-Mediterran.

Filgħaxija ninsabu fuq it-taraġ ta' triq wieqfa l-Belt.
Flixkun Ċisk f'id kulhadd: il-poeti, l-ambaxxatur Olandiż, xi Maltin.

Wara l-qari, id-diskors idur fuq il-birra, il-basketball, Hugo Claus, Caravaggio u l-Ewropa.
Fuq Sant'Iermu tiddendel sħaba vjola tal-murtali.

Il-banda qed terfa' l-istrumenti tar-riħ wara bieb aħdar.
Mixjin lejn bar fi Strada Stretta.

Jidwi kliem il-lejl mal-franka tad-djar.
Inin bħal toni tar-ram fit-tromba tal-ħajjiet mitoloġiċi tagħna.

Oersetting Antoine Cassar

THE COPPER TONES OF MALTA

to Antoine Cassar

The poet takes us for a stroll through his village.
Oranges and mandarins are growing in a walled garden.

He is plucking them from the tree and we are eating them.
We are walking over a rocky, yellowish-white path.

The poet is talking about the years he spent in Luxembourg and London.
The blazing winter sun is shining on our burned faces.

We are having squid and pasta at the spot where he used to swim as a boy.
He is smoking a cigarette, one leg on the edge of the high rock in front of the sea.

I am describing my landscape.
Every week I take a stroll on the dike.

On one side a land of sea,
On the other a sea of land.

The clay rolls to the horizon, seawater ploughs the mudflats.
Sometimes I see the lights of four lighthouses.

The poet is imagining this landscape.
This is what we were taking into our heads during the stroll from his village to the Mediterranean.

In the evening we are standing on the steps of a steep street in Valletta.
Everybody has got a bottle of Cisk in his hand: the poets, the Dutch ambassador, Maltese.

After the reading the talk is about beer, basketball, Hugo Claus, Caravaggio and Europe.
A purple cloud of fireworks of a party is hanging over fort Saint-Elmo.

The brass band is storing the wind instruments behind a green door.
We are walking to a pub in Straight Street.

The words of the evening echo against the limestone of the houses,
Dying out like copper tones in the horn of our mythological lives.

Oersetting Hein Jaap Hilarides en Sue Cooper

DE KOPERTOANEN FAN MALTA

foor *Antoine Cassar*

Wij koiere met de dichter deur syn dorp.
Sinesappels en mandarijnen groeie in 'n ommuurde tún.

Hij plokt se fan 'e boom en wij ete se.
Over 'n witgeel, rotsig pând lope wij na de see.

De dichter praat over syn jaren in Lúksemburg en Londen.
De winterson skynt fúl op ôns ferbrânde gesichten.

Wij ete inktfis met pasta op 't plak der't-y as jonge swom.
Hij rookt 'n sigret, één been op 'e rând fan de hoge rots foor de see.

Ik beskriif myn landskap.
Ik loop alle weken op 'e seedyk.

An de ene kant 'n lând fan see,
An de andere 'n see fan lând.

De klaai golft na de horison, seewater ploegt de slikfelden.
Soms sien ik 't licht fan fier fuurtorens.

De Maltese dichter stelt him dat landskap foor.
Dut dinke wij ôns tidens de koier fan syn dorp na de Middellânse see.

Avens staan wij op de trappen fan 'n staile straat in Valetta.
Allegaar 'n fles Cisk in 'e hând: de dichters, de Nederlânse ambassadeur, Maltezen.

Na 't foorlezen gaat 't over bier, basketbal, Hugo Claus, Caravaggio en Europa.
Boven fort Sint-Elmo hangt 'n paarse fuurwerkwolk fan 'n feest.

De fanfare bergt de blaasinstrúminten op achter 'n groene deur.
Wij lope naar 'n kroeg in Straight Street.

De woorden fan de aven weerkaatse tun 't kalksteen fan de huzen,
Sterve út as kopertoanen in de hoorn fan ôns mytologise leven.

Hein Jaap Hilarides