

# il-poeżiji lil hinn minn xtutna

## THE SUNFLOWER

He always turns  
towards one direction  
and spurns one direction

He always spurns darkness  
always spurns coldness  
always spurns ugliness  
always spurns evil  
always spurns ruthlessness and cruelty

He always turns towards lightness  
always turns towards warmth  
always turns towards beautifulness  
always turns towards kindheartedness  
always turns towards peace

He always turns  
towards one direction  
and spurns one direction

## AGORA

The place  
of personalization of the direct  
democracy  
and the starting end  
of civilization.  
Wondering value of try  
within the announcement  
of disappearance of the species.  
Two thousand years  
later.  
Today.  
Us.

## A SONG OF PATIENCE

My nights like stabs  
they hurt my thoughts.  
Memories – noblewomen  
who you want to destroy

for not continue  
so to hurt you.  
Two words of patience

## HSU CHICHENG

*lċ-Ċina*

## SABAHUDIN HADZIALIC

*Il-Bosnija-Ħerżegovina*

I ask for escape.

But from where my heart can hold on to,  
where my mind to make a trip  
when speechless pain  
has overcome everything?

When your nights slow flies  
and not pass,  
when your bitterness like a sister  
attends you in silence.

Two words of patience  
I look for till dawn but  
in life's lexicon  
I didn't find even one word.

## ZACHAROULA GAITANAKI

*Il-Greċja*

## A OTTANTACINQUE ANNI

A ottantacinque anni  
è divenuto un bambino.  
Si emoziona  
per ogni piccolo gesto  
per un ritorno dei pensieri  
agli amici  
di un tempo  
alle ore felici,  
ai momenti più veri,  
agli anni più neri,  
per un ricordo mesto,  
per un'allusione,  
per un silenzio.  
Lo commuove un bel film  
e persino  
uno spot indovinato.  
Come un bambino  
diventa triste  
se viene trascurato.  
Nell'eterno  
alterno percorso dell'età,  
circolo misterioso,  
nel figlio,  
e forse nel nipote,  
sogna la figura del papà.

## AMERIGO IANNAcone

*L-Italja*

*(minn L'Ombra del carrubo, Edizioni Eva, 2009)*