

The Bell

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Excerpt in English

NOBODY

there is, in being nobody,
a rest as sweet
as a raindrop in the sea

FAITH

you drop into my heartache
like a stone
eyes vague as water
embrace mislaid

an apple in my throat
I'm made to choke on
when the voice
is yours –

you fall exiled –
you choose to leave me
wounded and blind
to heal alone

SOUND

if you should come to me as in a dream
my tongue would taste the sound of you
and write these words

my tongue would like a candle spent
be silent
while you wrote

AN HOUR ONLY...

a gentler hour I allow
my love to make its own
till comes the morning yawning
its everyday of stone

and if I find your faithless face
beneath my fingertips
your mouth shedding its promise
tell me, what can I do

save trace your lips and linger
where faith might still break through

PETITION

my God, be faithful to this faith I've lost
and keep me breathing in its memory

it's in its archives
I rest my soul

RAG

you are a rag I iron out and save
to patch my shroud
one morning where the evening star
shines out of place
and I, my body spent and supine, late,
still dream of fields of time before the change

you are a rag I iron out
to match the living hour

ANGER

they're screaming in my head now, warring
who's to clamp chains on who's
been ordered quartered

but all they need's a pair of arms
to prove who's master

don't ask me for less words please
the only ones that I have left
are these