



Seizures/ accessjonijiet

When I was just a little child,
a devil came to me.
I felt sullied and defiled,
when he struck out at me.

At once I ceased to know the day
and slept a deep, dark sleep
and when I woke no-one would say
what made me sleep so deep.

Shadows crept, when the devil came;
whispers too faint to hear,
except sometimes I heard my name
in voices low with fear.

Each time the devil came to me
he seemed to close a door
and whispered that one day I'd be
his and I'd think no more.

My school friends gave me such strange looks;
my teachers' smiles were sad.
They did not make me read my books
or scold if I was bad.

They told my parents happy lies
and so they were beguiled.
My school reports just said "she tries,
But she is a wilful child."

I grew and learned how few to tell;
shunned ignorance and fear.
I sent the devil back to Hell
and said: "Count me. I'm here!"

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(translation by
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Meta jien kont biss tifla zghira
Xitan inxtehet fuqi
hassejtni mahmuga u ghera
Meta hu fajjarili.

F'daqqa wahda ma bqajtx naghrif il-jum
U rquadt raqda fonda u mudlama
Hadd ma ried jghid, meta inqum
X'gabha biex irqadt daqshekk fil-ghama

Id-dellijet tkaxxkru meta ix-xitan gie
Bil-kemm instema' jfesfisi
Hlief li xi drabi smajt ismi
F'ilhna mimlija biza'u baxxi

Kull darba li ix-xitan sab fija bukkun
deher li qed jaghlaq bieb
u fesfes li xi darba ser inkun
tieghu u ma kelliex aktar hsieb.

Il-hbieb tieghi tal-iskola harsu strambi,
It-tbissima tal-ghalliema kienet ta' diqa'
Ma fittxux li geghluni naqra ktiebi
Jew canfruni meta kont mqarrba

Qalu lill-genituri gibed sabih
Biex b'hekk hassu hom mfissda
Ir-rapporti tal-iskola qalu biss "tipprova
Izda hija tifla ta' rieda"

Kbirt u tghallimt li nghid ftit kliem
L-injoranza u l-biza' smerrejt
Bgħatt lix-xitan lura fl-infern
U ghidtlu "Jien hawn, gejt"