

Mauru Maxia

Pagas poesias sizidas

(Some hermetic poems)



Imprentadu in pròpiu

custas pagas poesias
sunt istadas cumpostas dai su 1971 a su 1996

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Disterru

Cun su piantu in coro,
Cun sa mirada tua in ojos
Sa die ti lassei
Bidda mia amada.

Cudda sisia lebia
Si m'aeret cumpresu sos pessos
Mi diat aer trattesu.

Si diat esser fatta 'entu forte
De arreer s'andare 'e sa vittura.
La diat aer parada
Cussa dispedida guvalda.

Su 'entu mi diat aer cumpresu
E presoneri m'aiat tentu
In sos montijos
Ue li piaghet a sulare.

Non diat aer lassadu
Chi sos pessamentos
De atteros bentos
Aere intesu.

Ma sa sisia amiga
Creiat chi cussa
Fit sa essida de onzi die
Sutt'a s'alenu sou.

A tardu s'abbizeit
De sa traittoria
Ca maseda mi sigheit
A sa ribba connotta.

Exile

With tears in heart,
With the look in your eyes
That day I left you
My beloved country.

The slight breeze
If he understood my thoughts
She would keep me.

She would become a strong wind
So as to stop the running of the car
She would stop
That hidden start.

The wind would understand me
And would have kept me prisoner
On the hills
Where he likes to blow.

He would not allow
That the thoughts
Of other winds
I had heard.

But the friendly breeze
Believed that this
Was the output of each day
Under his breath.

Too late he realized
The betrayal
Because he followed me
To the known bank.

Dae custu logu attesu
Forsi pianghet s'amigu fuidu
E mi diat perdonare
Potendeminde istratzare

From this distant place
Maybe she weeps for his fled friend
And maybe she would forgive me
If she could snatch me from here.

Alassio, 25 de triulas 1971

A un'amigu

M'ammento de cuddas boltas in su restuju
Cando, cuados, chena chi nos aeren bidu
Pipaiamus sas primas sigarettas.

Serentinas serenas tutt'a sa luna
Cando, chena ischire, arriscaiamus
de brujare cuddos fenos.

Como dae tesu bi pesso
E a cudd'ora, a sero, ti che 'ido inie
Istèrridu in sa paza pungosa, pipende
Custas sigarettas de àtteru sabore.

Cando app'a a torrare
At a fagher friscu su sero
Ma cun tegus chelzo pipare
Sas sigarettas de tando.

Alassio, 28 de triulas 1971

To a friend

I remember those times on the stubble
when, hidden, without which there would see
we smoked the first cigarettes.

Beautiful evenings under the moon
when, without knowing it, we risked
to burn the stubble.

Now I think about it from a distance
and in those moments, in the evening, I see you there
lying on pungent straw, while
I'm smoking these cigarettes that have a different
flavor.

When I come back
The evenings there will be cold
But I want to smoke with you
Those cigarettes of that moment.

Populu

Populu animosu
Populu 'e pastores
Populu corazosu
Populu 'e 'erveghes
Populu 'e messajos
Populu balente
Populu 'e bandidos
Populu delincuenta
Populu chena timoria
Populu malaittu
Populu chena istoria
Populu traittu.
Populu

People

Courageous people
people of shepherds
Brave people
People of sheep
People of farmers
Talented people
People outside the law
Delinquent people
People without fear
Cursed people
People without history
People betrayed
People

Perfugas, 27 de nadale 1977

Gai est, Giompe'

Tues ses su chi passat
Die e nottes trabagliende
Pro no aer.

Ses naschidu sèculos a pustis
De cando bisonzu b'aiat
De zente che a tie.

Oe su milionemmesu cheret
Àtteras faulas
Pro sighire a drommire.

Como pagos nde faghes sonniare
E meda nde faghes a riere.
Non ses naschidu in tempus tou.

Pèrfugas, su primu de triulas 1977

So it is, Giompe '

You're the one who spends
days and nights working
to have nothing.

You were born centuries after
than when there was a need
of people like you.

Today, the Millionandahalfwants
more lies
to continue to sleep.

Now you do dream of a few people
and you will do a lot of laughing.
You were not born in your time.

Su milionemmesu

In mesu a cantos fiores
In su mundu ch'at
Su milionemmesu at
Seberadu su pappai.

No s'est abbistu
Chi su mezus,
su chi 'ogat su nuscù bellu
che l'at sutta 'e pes, allizadu.

Sos meres de su sonnu
Lu 'enden de colores meda, su pappai:
biancu e a rughera, ruju solu
e de tres colores.

E drommit su milionemmesu.
Drommende si paret
De esser ischidaru.
A sonniare li piaghet.

Su pappai drommidore
Est cosa mala,
Distruet sos àtteros fiores.
Iscuru a chie li piaghet.

Pèrfugas, 2 de triulas 1977

The Millionandahalf

In the midst of all the flowers
that there are in the world
the Millionandahalf
chose the poppy.

He did not realize
that the best,
what smells good,
keeps it faded under his feet.

The owners of the sleep
they sell it with of many colors, poppy:
the white one with a cross and that all red
or one of the three colors.

And the Millionandhalf sleeps.
While sleeping he seems
to be awake.
He likes to dream.

The poppy which makes sleeping
is not a good thing.
He destroys the other flowers.
Poor are those who love this flower.

A Bainzu

A boltas mi nd'ischido
A puntas de mesanotte
E isto oras pessendebei.

Ma it'est tottu custu
Morighinzu de cherveddos?
Ite semus, Bai'?

E gai leo su sultu
E gai mi nd'ischido
Fattende chena fagher.

Forsi nottes intreas
Dia drommire si àtteros
No aian drommidu gai meda.

Pèrfugas, su primu de triulas 1978

To Bainzu

Sometimes I wake up
around midnight
and I think for hours.

But what is all this
lapping in the brain?
Who we are, Bainzu?

And so I fall asleep
and so I wake up
doing without doing anything.

Maybe I would sleep
of whole nights if other
did not sleep so much.

Pessende

A matta piena so pessende
Chi b'at zente attesu meda
Chi in cust'ora est sonniende
De fuire a terra anzena.

B'at de leare custu màndigu
E de che lu 'ettare fora:
Unu bìcculu 'e saltitza
Lis diat dare sa bonora.

Ma non bastat su 'e pessare
A sa zente chi non ch'este.
Cheret de trinigare
Custa zente areste.

Cando sos mortos bios
S'an a ischidare
Non b'at aer pius
Fiores de fiagare.

Pèrfugas, 27 de austu 1978

Thinking

With a full belly I'm thinking
that there are people far away
that at this time he is dreaming
to flee to other lands.

Better to take this food
and throw it away:
also a piece of bread
would give them a relief.

But not enough to be thinking about
people that is not here.
We must shake
these people indifferent.

When these living dead
will wake up
not longer find
flowers to smell.

Tramuntana de istiu

Sa pessone pius bia
In custu logu.

Pèrfugas, 27 de austu 1978

North wind in the summer

The best person alive
in this place

Sardigna

Sonnio calchi cosa
Pius de custa.

Pèrfugas, 6 de cabidanni 1978

Sardinia

I dream of something
more than this

Pessos

Pessos pesudos che piumbu
Si mi sun pasende subr'a su coro.
Appo frazadu in duas dies
Sas làgrimas de un'annu.

Pèrfugas, 4 de bennalzu 1979

Thoughts

Thoughts heavy as lead
are laying on my heart.
I have wasted in two days
the tears of a year

Est pro nois

O zente,
abbistos bonde sezis
comente est andende
su mundu?

Est còdula codulende
E mi paret pius tundu
Onzi die in pius
De su die innantis.

Nachi lu sun computerizende
Pro codulare mezus,
pro nos fagher fàtzile
su chi nos paret diffitzile.

O zente,
abbistos bonde sezis
chi est a nois
chi sun computerizende?

A su còdula còdula
Semus tottu pius tundos:
A mereu pius mannu
Nos sun preparende.

Pèrfugas, 14 de frealzju 1979

It's for us

Hey people,
do you realize
how is it going
the world?

It is rolling continuously
and it seems more round
everyday most
of the previous day.

They say that they're digitizing it
for better roll,
to make us seem easier
what seems to us difficult.

Hey people
do you realize
they're digitizing
us too?

While we roll
We are all more round:
they are preparing us
to a greater dependence.

Campu 'e Fiores

A ti l'ammentas
Sa lassada 'e su calvone
Affoghizadu dai su diaulu
A facca a su giannile?

Cando mi torrat a mente
Si mi parat in ojos
Sa carrela 'e Campu 'e Fiores
A sa calada 'e sa die.

E tottu in d'unu torrat
Una carrela 'e mortos
Isgrande 'asolu
E carighende figu.

E alenat unu 'entu
Chi mundat s'impedradu
Imbarende sas primas abbas
De s'attunzu.

Casteddu Mannu, 18 de cabidanni 1996

Field of flowers

Do you remember
the smell of coal
enlivened by chop
in front of the door?

When it comes back to me
I see before my eyes
the way of flowers field
at sunset of the day.

And in an instant returns
a path of dead
shelling beans
and put the figs to dry.

And blows the wind
that sweeps the floor
waiting for the first rains
of the autumn.