

Poetry Series

Emmanuel George Cefai
- poems -

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Emmanuel George Cefai(12th March 1955)

Emmanuel George Cefai born on the 12th March 1955 in Victoria, Gozo, Malta is a Maltese philosopher and poet who published first a number of philosophical critiques in the Daily News (in past years and formerly a daily newspaper in Malta) and where Cefai himself developed his own philosophical system. Cefai wrote the poems published in Poem Hunter chiefly between 2004 and 2006. Emmanuel George Cefai graduated as Doctor of Laws from the Faculty of Laws in the University of Malta in 1977. The lyrical poems of Cefai contain a variety of emotions, from joy to sadness, from elation to depression, as well as deep thought and verses of sheer beauty. Cefai can indeed be called a poet of beauty, he is also a consummate depicter of human emotions. His poems are mainly in blank verse, but nevertheless demonstrate a musical rhythm almost throughout.

Cefai began writing philosophy in about 1977 at the early age of 22 composing around those times his only philosophical work published to date, a work named The Spirit of Metaphysics. In this short but seminal-intentioned work Cefai embarked on a new philosophy and science and the resultant reform in the methodologies, history and discoveries of civilization very much in the same way as Bacon had done centuries before. In this work Cefai also brought together Philosophy and Science, put forth revolutionary reforms like the elimination of the gap between actual and potential, theory and fact, hypotheses and science. Not only that but Cefai in a part of this work for perhaps the first time in history described the arising of life processes from non-living processes. Cefai went on to write scientific papers bearing revolutionary and landmark proposals like the elimination and engineering of Death and disease and the establishment of Immortality. In fact Cefai has written about a hundred of these scientific papers and these appeared in the learned site of [PoemHunter.com](#) and also in the site of Cefai himself at [www.EmmanuelCefai.com](#). These papers are apart from papers in the two scientific e-books Fifty Scientific Papers and Sixty Scientific Papers. In the note to this work Cefai declares that he has still as yet in draft form unpublished works in drama, epic and longer poetry, sociology, economics, politics, philosophy of law, philosophy of logic, philosophy of metaphysics, philosophy of aesthetics, ethics and other branches of philosophy and of civilization including more revolutionary and landmark scientific proposals. This Note runs as follows:

'...Besides this work I have put forth other works but which I still have in draft form and wish to put forth other works in almost all branches of civilization including in drama, epic and longer poetry, sociology, economics, mathematics, politics, philosophy of law, philosophy of logic, philosophy of metaphysics, philosophy of aesthetics, philosophy of education, philosophy of history,

philosophy of religion, ethics and other branches of philosophy and of civilization including more revolutionary and landmark scientific proposals. In a particular draft scientific work I overturned the laws of Newton, put forth an ever-expanding universe eliminating the Big-Bang Theory in the process and explaining the origin of things as per my draft work *On the Ultimate Origination of Things*. In another work I explained step by step and through precise scientific methodologies the origin of living processes and also how these processes can be originated. Much of my life has been devoted to the reforming and furthering of our present civilization; the civilization of this, our planet, that I love so much....'

'adjust'

'Adjust'

'How? '

'To all sorts of pain
Sufferings and deprivations:
And
Continuous as in ever-increase
Leave the rest to the brain'

Rattled the skeletons
Yet their heads they nodded

'Ah' said the Monsignor
And ceased.

Then continued the Monsignor:
'When the devils knock
Let the door greet them ever'

There was thunder
For I saw the hanging

Emmanuel George Cefai

'fifty Days And More

'Fifty days and more
Have passed
And yet
You have not visited me'

So spoke the Voice beneath
The damp stones of green.

Fell I on that blessed ground
And kissed I that blessed ground
That day.

'My mother, o my mother'

Emmanuel George Cefai

'the Night Is Near, Going These Ways

'the night is near, going these ways
The town will fade in to the
Eyes of heaven'
So said the Poet Seer
And stopped.

But
The people arose in assembly
And said:
'Our ways are ways of the multitude
See
We vote here in our assembly
And that be almost plebiscite'.

Then spoke the sword-bearing
Angel of the Heavens round his
Loins:
'the ways of the multitude
These are neither votes nor
Plebiscites
All bear their responsibility
For their ways:
And so this town
Irrespective of votes, majorities and
Quasi-Plebiscites'

Emmanuel George Cefai

'tis Given Us To Roam The Earth

'Tis given us to roam the earth
As broken-hearted ghosts
The sun-rays will too strong be for our eyes
And in the pale moon-light
The lakes will on their bosoms want
Our feet to glide and skim the waters wild.

The flame, the flame of life still burns
I wonder how: so many sufferings
Have assailed it: I know not how
The flame of life still burns:

And we still roam the earth
As broken-hearted ghosts
The winter frost doth pity take on us
The summer heat suspends
Where it sees us: and the green Spring
Brings birds and lays to us:

Still our ear hears, still the note
Of the dark nightingale in the lost wood
Strikes our heart and thrills our marrow cold
With a sweet thrill we felt full years ago

The flame of life still burns
The flame of life still burns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

'tis Hopeless Now I Know

'Tis hopeless now I know
they say that hope
goes last and that it should not go.
But now
But now
'Tis hopeless now:
The day's now ending in a sweet romance
The dusk is lighting up the city-lights
And the dark night the city now enfolds
Into its mantle that it may dream and sleep.
Full constant/Eternal pessimist, I,
'Tis hopeless now I know.

Emmanuel George Cefai

'tis Permitted Us Nay

'Tis permitted
Us
Nay
Our right
And duty
To excel
But
In
The
Kit
That
Evolution
Dons
On
Us

Chorus:

Clean the Earth
New beginning
Lightning and thunder
Primeval rains and motions
Sudden genesis arising of
Promethean fire
Anew
We do, we do, we do.

Civilization to all
Civilization of all
Civilization from all
What you and you and you
Write
Think
To civilization yield
Let it be registered quite
And without fussy requisites
Into the Book of Civilization
And this Book growing
Ever-increase

Ever-increase
Into the Book of Evolution

See how flowers thrive
So many billions of things
That as we
Breathe and live:
See, see.

We are the new generation
Duty of us to be new generation
Duty, duty, duty
New civilization.

This day as other days
But no!
The Thought
The Wish and the Yearning
That above
Thus expressed
Amongst all races
Amidst all nations burning
In to the breasts of all
The words
That Wisdom gathered
Above
Told
So many utterances of owls wise
Old
This day be the day
This day be the day
Oh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

'what Did You Eat To-Day? '

Asked she.

Said I:

'Today, my love,

I ate, and I ate sadness'

Emmanuel George Cefai

'you Are Slow Losing Your Teeth, ' I Said To Myself.

'You are slow losing your teeth, ' I said to myself.
At fifty I was armed well although
I had removed even long teeth:
I still preserved them; dirty and yellow
And shrunk the roots were still
Pointing as they were when blood passed in them.
O! hear the night-wolf cries! There must be
Spells moving round disguised as ghosts
And mists disguised as shrouds but not
Among the streets:
But in the vineyards of the Rhineland where
The Rhine winds between the bosky acres and
The towns, buildings and palaces and
Shores peopled almost to the edge with
Shrubs and trees and with the animals that live in them.
Hear! Hear! Come in the nocturnal scene!
And you will hear what Goethe heard
When he opened his heart to the sweet scents
Of myrtle and the Muse's secret perfumes:
There go I too to obtain as by right
The same experience and the same privilege.'
So said I and stopped and my teeth rattled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

1977

1977-I

that was a year
with a Roman 'I' afterwards
to manifest the verses
for that year
if they come again
I will let them in
even if through a back-door.
That year
That year
I saw the white root sprouting
My strength ah! give me that strength
of that year, those times.
that was the year
where the white root was sprouting
in the brain
and the first philosophy

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Baffling Cloud Rode Over

A baffling cloud rode over
The electric currents
The current waves.

Hummed the current waves
They passed the electric poles
Humming.

And it was night
And stars were out
Dawn was yet away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Band That Played

A band that played
Hedgehogs at night
In orchestra
In corner dark
Yet in moonlight!

How slow
How slow
The band
The band that played
Those sad, sad tunes
And slow
That night!

And hedgehogs played
Played in moonlight
Played mournful slow
Played demoralized
Without a script
Save the heart's script
And all played slow
Robotic slow
For sad was night
And sad starlight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Barge Mysterious In The Thick Of Night

A barge mysterious in the thick of night
Sailed slowly to the somber shore
Beneath the ramparts of the dreaming fort
How silent how austere how still
The lapping of the waves against the barge.

Whence is the barge coming in the night?
Whence did its journey start?
By night or day?

No reply came – and none in that still barge
Appeared to reply or move or breathe:
So horrid thin the stillness in the barge
The barge mysterious in the thick of night.

Anon near the shore it stopped awhile
And there without a pilot stood, without a hope
Of towing to the shore though near stood:
Slow imperceptible moved it with the waves
That danced in the dim lights of the old fort
That drowsed and drowsed ignored
The lapping of the waves against the barge.

And then of sudden lo! It moved as if
Sprung by some unwound spring or else
Like a thing startled at its guilt
At seeing the hiding draperies of the night
Slip slowly down before the toll of dawn
The barge mysterious in the thick of night
Sailed all invisible to another land
Where night still holds its scepter sway
And eerie bats their piercing cries emit.

Ay, ay that slow mysterious barge
Is into the long night so far away
Gone, gone from the eyes gone from the dawn
From good and virtue called it moved and went
To where the evil witches danced the night
In hidden lands by human eyes unseen.

And good and virtue and evil and all – are relative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Bastion In The Sun

A Bastion in the Sun

In the sun
the bastion burns and basks
yet
even though it not night
not sleeping times
it sleeps
it bends its head
dreaming
dreaming of olden centuries
dreaming of a slower life
and more serene in its misery
for serene propense be the miserable
while
the brain of the bastions
burns and basks
and in the sun below
the weary horse carriages of tourists
pass
with heat swamped
suffering horses.

The Sparkling of the Sub-Burnt Waters

in the old port
the sun-burnt waves
sparkle
yet in their golden glory
yearn
for the twilight color and
the friendly chill
of the red dusk
in the old port
the sparkling sun-burnt waters.
Even so

I
In my fast ageing
Yearn for quite life
a boarding of the barge
that departs from the land
on seas directionless:
and
in the midst of these waters
let my Soul solitary
cut off the chains from Earth
find liberty.
at last.
at last.

Emotions on looking from a Valletta Garden onto Sea

Ah! how I suffered in life
Suffering hand in hand with
ageing walked.

It still walks
now
the more passionate.

The brain thinks the eye
to thinking propense yet
distracted by the light blue
breasts of the flat waters
silent below majestic.

Emotions win by little
over the images:
the eyes look vacant
as the thoughts
brim the cup of life
for
how I suffered in life
Suffering hand in hand with
ageing walked.

Emotions on a Parting

In the parting
I had planned
no emotions.

But ah! emotions
to uncontrollability be
propense.

Emotions silent but pinching
as sadness knows to pinch.

Farewell at last!
Long, long last!

the curtains on the stage
fall
the last hand-shake
then turn
back broken heart
solitary in your solitude
uneasy walking.

The Emotions of A Return

In the return
Of one or more you know
or knew
there will be
emotions: vain
you try to keep
them in the bag:
like Zephyr's winds
escape

emotions of a return
chameleon
varying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Bell That I Hear

there's a bell that I hear
and
its sounds are distant
yet clear:
it touches my heart
vesper bell
it voice sinks
with the
deepening of night
as my Soul
my Inner Soul.

on the Hedge of Life
with fresh
and green garlands
I celebrate
even a last night
in the Shrine of Joy
with the bacchanalians.

Beauty be ever with us
even in the worst!

there's in this my madness
some point
which does not turn
and turn
directionless

and
that be Beauty
Beauty in the Soul's
inner gladness.

On the face outside
there be
the Mask of Life
Sad and resigned
yet

behind and below
there be
the Fire of Life
not
to be quenched
desires
burning
not to be stifled
roaring fires.

The rain drizzles a little
though it be July
and a semi-hot day.

For
there's a bell that I hear
and
its sounds are distant
yet clear:
it touches my heart
vesper bell
it voice sinks
with the
deepening of night
as my Soul
my Inner Soul

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Bird I Saw

A bird I saw
Hopping
Hopping
From bough to bough
In the ecstasy of joy
That it had since the Dawn.
Ah! my Monsignor,
The Soul, the Inner Soul
Of us
Needs so many times
The quiet of reflection
The thin density of solitude
A lens that thick
That thin,
Not more:
Small feet and
The small noises
Ah! these
The genesis of the larger
Thoughts.
A bird I saw
Hopping
Hopping
From bough to bough
In the ecstasy of joy
That it had since the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Broken Heart

A broken heart
An obscure present
A past that was
Carry I
In my hands,
Carry I:
Before you I
A broken heart
An obscure present
A past that was

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Buzz

There is a buzz amidst
the boughs clustered together
lovers from one tree to
the other:
clustered
clustered
bees are awake but do
not sting
they are in ecstasy of the
moon
they be in ecstasy of the fierce
stars that burn:
white as powdered by the moon's
light
and triremes ghostly
without hands on deck
and elsewhere, pass
as in a painting through
the dreamy sea-port and
the baffling mists:
ah! the Sub-Conscious!
ah! the Sub-Conscious!
the night be beautiful
if Dawn be so beautiful!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Call From A Cicada

A call from a cicada
at night!
at night!
the windows are open on the waters
of the gondolas and sighing dreamy
gondoliers:
the waters leap straight bosom parallel
to the levels of the canals
the palaces
and
in the night caviar of sounds
of violin over floating waters
to night
In Venice to-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cemetery

A cemetery

A doll

A fire

A fading

A thrall

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cemetery Of Desires

all lying open-mouthed
gasping
into the stars' nocturnal fires

I will not tell this night
Nor sing nor versify
Nor science, nor philosophize
No.

a cemetery of desires
all lying open-mouthed
gasping
into the stars' nocturnal fires

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Centaur Walking Valletta At Night

I
Poet Seer disguised myself
Into a Centaur
Came out in the
Depth of Night
To feel the pinch of
Beauty and delight
To feel the cold,
The chill, the frost,
And waning light
To hear my paces
Break the solitude
And
Thus walking yield
My Inner Soul to Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Chapel

A chapel
A distant bell
An evening vesper
A sad dusk to tell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Chapel Dilapidated

A chapel dilapidated
How many a time!
The brain goes to it
For there it finds
Its resting patch
From such daily
Hammering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cherished Song This Night

A cherished song this night
Is humming
Through its teeth
After with Zephyr conspiring
In his ears whispering
Out of his bag
Let out the winds
And
The winds gnaw
And
The winds neigh
And
The winds sorrowfully lament
And
The wind add drear to the
Drear
And
The winds add sad to the
Sad
To-night
To-night
In old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Child Lights Everywhere

A child lights everywhere
Now
That
We
Have
Dark
Dark
Dark deep night
And
Dropping a stone in the dark waters
Makes not sound
The heart of Earth sleeps
And the brain of Earth dreams
Better so:
That in the Sub-Conscious the Hand
Moves and guides and makes
What in the Conscious we enjoy

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Child! A Poet Seer!

A child! A Poet Seer!
One person I
See
Ah! two in one
The child in me!

And
In that child
There's thought,
Emotion, pride!

A child! A Poet Seer!
One person I
See
Ah! two in one
The child in me!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Child, A Child Running,

A child, a child running,
a child carrying a book,
a child carrying a book of
verses
whither you run my child?
whither you hide my child?
The spies are every where.
Yet
you still run and run
clutching always to you,
your heart,
the verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Church

A church.
Small chapel.
Mantles of snow
One on the other
As
Wave on wave.

In the frozen yard
A patch of red -
The devil so-called.

More stark
More noticed
There
Amongst the white
Of congealed snows.

And he was humming -
'Why? Why? '
His face was wry -
'Why do they call
Me devil? '

A small violet
Raised its head
Out of the snows
As by magic
Sprouted:

And
Said the violet:
'Every thing has
A name.
Yours that.
Accept it'

Then
Chin hand
Philosophically thinking

The devil spoke:
'Then I am resigned.
That be my name
Let it stick to me.'
And
From the churchyard
Jumped he.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A City Of The Sea

I yearn

A City of the Sea

I yearn

A City where gods dwell

And yet be human:

So

Civilization will

Rise and rise ever-higher

As in ever-increase

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cock Of Bronze On A Turret High

A cock of bronze on a turret high
Sang in the night before its time
Yet it so willed, and so it was.

The city slept and dreamt as yet.
Too loud the rains fell.
Too wild the gale-winds blew.

Ah! Will! Will! When you will,
You have your task begun and more
The rest extension of the Will.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cove

there's a cove
in the night
there's a hole
in my Soul
yet
the hole in the
Soul
as soon it
empties it fills
there's a pain
in my heart
there's suffering
in the Soul
there's Beauty
grasping yet:
and
in these nights of darkness
there's yet a life
there's yet beauty
though sad
it's serene

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Cross

A red cross
A blue cross

Azure sadness
'I did it – I will
Stay in a cage'

A brain stays in a cage.

Drear and cold around
Crosses turning round

And
There's dread
And
There's unhappiness
Ever-increase.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Dark Cast All These Months

A dark cast all these months
has come over my thoughts
my mother, my mother
would it be otherwise?
The Will with Pity combined
the two I saw whispering
their energies and
intelligence combined saw I
in to their union mutual swim
as in a crystal mirror
life's own film.

ah! now the graves rest quiet
only
disturbed by some lonely chirp
here and there
chance and probability
in play and execution
then
no more

the silence as a dagger holds in store
the film of images that were before
in the bubbling of life itself
life's bubbling now
transformed to this wretched cloud
and mist
that in the night arises to combine
conspire and in procession march
with other ghosts and shrouds that
torches bear and chant Gregorian sounds:
so we! so we!
thus
a dark cast all these months
has come over my thoughts
my mother, my mother
would it be otherwise?

A Day Grinds Slow To

A day grinds slow to
pass
but so does
every day
so did
every day

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Day That Declines

A day that declines
a night that reclines
a Poet Seer divines

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Desperado Will I Grow:

A desperado will I grow:
At least in that desperation
Wherever they take me I will breathe
Wherever they make me will I breathe
Whatever they take from me
I will breathe: New Year; it is
Fit to say so. There is be no shame
In being desperado in these circumstances.
Read, read, read, the poems and the lines,
In tune in to your heart the song and verse
That others sung and then
Pregnant await by the Rock of Birth:
There a Dawn will come and she and Muse
Will equipollent be
And equivalent:
And you will sing again
And you will sing again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Dialogue Of Satyrs Went Thus In Part

A Dialogue of Satyrs went thus in part:

[For part I heard, for at one point
the cunning Satyrs disturbed
alarmed skipped kangaroo-style]:

Satyr One: Look at the clouds
they frown and threaten rain

Satyr Two: No, I have made pact
With the moon; we be friends
and with just look and wink agree
without we speak.

Third Satyr: Then to-night the revels
will go on as we have planned
Since now a week from hence.

Satyr One: Prepare the banquet
within an hour

Satyr Two: Why? the banquet be the
knoll, see how the moon
lights it as Ocean's breasts;
no need to tables arm
as for our imbibing wine and ale
more pleasure here in the grass
to drink than on the table.

Satyr Three: Let the night herself
Prepare the setting, scene and things.
Beauty is on our side and calmness too.
Look there the citadel sleeps and
below the houses dream, to the east
disturbed spirits march as ghosts and
shrouds in their lorn cemetery yet
march not out; therefore they
disturb us not.

Satyr One: let us bring wine but no
the hares and rabbits dressed
in white napkins bring to place
the mugs and couples together uphold
the jugs of ale and wine.

You see when Beauty to herself
Is left?

No cares, no cares, but sleep your sleep

You will at least be stronger in the morn
and do what be necessary by strength that
you had not calculated then before.

Satyr Two: I hear a sound.

Did you?

Satyr Three: I hear and sense. Go we.

At this the satyrs rose and skipped
into another coppice disappeared they
that was the time I saw them last,
that night.

Then, being by now near midnight I
tired and sleep touched by wand of
Morpheus down the green moon-lit knoll
To the sad town I hid.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Dirge Of Hedgehogs

A dirge of hedgehogs
Dirge of lamentations
Mists white and
Colored incantations:
O let me go!
There's a hedgehog that
Yesterday was struck
By a harsh car speeding
At night
In the pity silence of starlight
A dirge of hedgehogs
Dirge of lamentations
Mists white and
Colored incantations

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Dirge To Sing

A dirge
To sing
To play
The violin
Tonight
Tonight
But
Then - we play
A dirge
For every tragedy
Every single day

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Ditty I Must Sing

A ditty I must sing
To-night
A sweet rosary
Of verses must I sing
To-night
Snail silver on the walls
Dream I
To-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Donkey Reveries

A donkey had reveries
Yet
He memorized them all
And
He became
As wise as the owl
Nocturnal Soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Drear Day

A drear day arisen, yet to breathe

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Faery Song!

A faery song!
More than one
Fairy song!
The tunes be in the air
Though
It has not liberated chill
Some
frost
from winter's reign.
Sing nymphs no human hears
Delight the music notes the ear
Violins in charmed trees play
Nightingales sing their lay
Inhabitants nocturnal play
For Dawn be far away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Feather In The Cap

A feather in the cap
Laws hanging on the people
Not only at night

The cemetery is full
The roads in it are still
A mini-stream in the light
Of the old moon.

The yews above
Mute sad-joy demonstrate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Feather In The Sky

A verse
A feather
In the sky
Afloat

So is my verse
So will I
So deserve

And
When
Laden with
Night-dews and cold
Relative
Slow
Slow
It fell
Unto the winy earth
Still
Warmed reviving in
The hands of Dawn
It still
Breathed the call of
Verse.
'That's bravery, ' said my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Figure

A figure
In the heavens
Large and airy
Yet with boundaries
Gigantic
Large
Saw I
And I heard
Its gentle laugh
And voice that
Through those heavens echoed
Wild
'My father!
'My father! '

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Figure Black

A fist to heavens.
Dripping rain.

Portal of delight
Yet the curtains of
Drizzling rain made
High wall of mist.

Eyes blind with beauty
It be Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Figure Saw I

A Figure saw I
Moving along the bastions
And we were by Hastings Gardens.

Turned not its face
The mantle black rolled round the figure
In the strong night-winds
And we were by Hastings Gardens.

With quick and stealthy step
Melted the Figure black
And we were by Hastings Gardens

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Fir In Hastings Gardens

In Hastings Gardens
the fir
points out
jutting into the night
chill is growing
as
the red sunset glows.

days come
and their zenith
have
for zenith there be
as coming
but
end was irresistible.

So hummed the fir
that night
and the other trees
in Hastings Gardens
stood still
erect and silent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Fish Flew With Its Fins

A fish flew with its fins
It was a night of spell.

A hedgehog jumped fast
Across the road
On feet of kangaroo.

An owl left her boughs
And flew a brief around
Inspecting stars and moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Flower Loses

A flower bends
A flower weeps
With discontent
A winter wraith
Smiles irony
The winter winds
Blow tragedy

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Fountain Of The Waters

There be
A fountain of the
Waters
Blossoming
The most at night
Hidden somewhere
Here
Yet
Its silent noise
Gives it up not
Easily
Sweat to find it
And drink your thirst
From it
To the front door and
Porch of Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Ghastly Face Have I

A ghastly face have I
A skeleton
A ghost
A roar of thunder
In the wild and hoar
In the dance of the ancient ghosts
In the hoar of the desert snows:
The ghastly face remains
Nay
To ghostly face transforms.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Ghost On Toilet

A ghost on toilet in the
Bath I viewed.
Through the chunks of the
Door but slightly
Open
I peered and saw
The naked ghost.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Giant Comes Out

they told me
they told me
he comes out in a land
where snow falls almost
all days
where winds blow almost
all the year
where the mountains
shine blue in their
snow
and
I
wish
I wish
and
I yearn
to be in that land
to be in that frigid
of snow
to be in a small
three or four rooms
a villa of cold
with a roof of red
to go with the white
and the gray of
the plain:
and
when
the giant
comes
out
I will go out with
stretched hand:
in the land
he comes out in a land
where snow falls almost
all days
where winds blow almost
all the year

where the mountains
shine blue in their
snow

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Goblin Green

Along the star light
Grates
And a green
Sheen

how hopped he!
All alone in
That solitude
Only by the friendly
Moon and stars it lit!

Soon and anon
He a brook sees
A pond-sort of
And goes to drink
Crystal the clear waters
In them bathe
Beauty's daughters
In the night
Deep night past
Mid-night but not now
Not now

Not now
So the goblin drank
The waters of the brook
Mixed
With night dews
And
Crystals thin of
Frost and chill

Opened his eyes
When drank he
He heard a noise
Leapt he
In to the nearest
Bush with panting
Heart.

Two figures balaclava-clad
Were there
Robbers that had a sack
Were still all covered
And
From behind the bushes green
He peered and peered
Silent as not to be seen.

The booty they amongst
Themselves distributed
Then on the lawn
They looked up at the night
The stars the moon
And slept with one eye
Open

But ah! at dawn
The goblin saw them gone
No trace
In to the magic brook
He washed his face:
'Too late! Too late! '
It said.

And so our goblin
Went
From that place sad and
Wry
Though Dawn was rising high
And the Sun rising slow.
But ah! that too
Was years, centuries ago
The old oak in the scene
Still stands and
At times
On lone and tempest nights
Of wintry hoar
It whispers to itself
The tale of centuries old
The old oak!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Good Measure Of Sleep

A good measure of sleep
Verses flowed

The Poet Seer loosened
His tired tongue

The parched throat filled
And there was chanting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Great Continent

In a great continent
I felt
the experience of
the Sub-Conscious winds
passing over:
and
as they passed
those winds
they intoxicated me
as chloroform

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Heart

A sigh
a heart
A Soul
that
yearns
A hunger
burns
a sigh
a
heart
A Soul

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Hen Was Walking On A Path

Of dust
Roses occasional grew
Where she trod

Ah what wild country
That!
Bring me to it and build
Me a humble bungalow
And
Leave me there unnoticed to the world.

Come not, here, my friends
This be our parting
At least
This be the parting knell
In advance it will bar
Future plan given
My self suspension of Immortality

As I was walking to my
Hideaway
The place of quiet
Final permanent stay
I met the hen
Saluted spoke not
Both went their way.

My neighbor the hen is.
Uncouth shadows in the
Night
Frighten me not
For in the hen
I see a neighbor.

We speak not
Yet
Fear shuns this place
Its desolation makes
Fear, fear itself

And shy away

in the throes of night
I saw around
In the air
Floating
A thousand candle-lights
And more
I was not frightened.

Desolation goes round
Here all time
All day all night
All seasons all the skies
The ardent heavens
Silently

just a verses distant
the dust
from the country lane
is flying
I saw the old sandals
Of the old figure
Passing
Throwing off dust
For
Such the desolation
That in that plain pervades
That even this Figure rare
That had roamed astray
From other Ghosts and Shrouds
Shied before close of night all far away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Horse

A horse

A rat.

Me.

The horse has family.

And the rat too.

I,

Am, not like them.

If I surpass in other things

In that I surpass them not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Joy

A kiss
a joy
a love
sweet lips
sweet eyes
swimming in joy
dancing
a kiss
a joy
a love
a sigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Kiss

A kiss
a sigh
so
blind
each eye!
And
blood runs high
all from
a kiss
a sigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Knight There Was

there
was
a
knight
there
was
a
knight
of
pain
the
ghosts
were
floating
round
him
the
shrouds
said
'Hail'
he
was
as
an
armored
Knight
protector
of
the
Holy
Grail
of
human
wisdom
they
saw
passing
to
and

fro
at
night
sometimes
from edge
to edge
of
streets:
sometimes
sometimes
the
Dawn
did
away
with
him
before
it
rose.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lady In Russet

A
Lady
In
Russet
After
Dusk
Inside
The
Palace
Halls
Walks
Restless
Moves
But
Inside
The
Palace
Only
The
Lady
Stays:
With
Cobwebs
And
With
Ire
And
Rattling
Of
The
skeletons
and
now
I fearless
I who
The Muse
Accompanied
Inside
The Palace of Fear

With courage filled
To hear
The sighs
The tears
The scream occasional
The lighted candelabras
In the whole dust of dark
And
Then the bursting
Of the new sprung morn...

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lake That Burns

A lake that burns
See
Its surface burns
Its bosom hot
With smoke that not
Putrid
But like incense
Smells
The lake that burns
The lake that burns in to the night

Over the heights of cloud
On cloud
The winds of Zephyr
Scale:
Ah! this scene and this
Place in the Sub-Conscious fit:
More than the beauties of the
Conscious
Though both be beauty.

The drunk wine
Potion
In the sacred cup of
Drear and glory simultaneous
Pours little by little
Drop after drop
Of the blood of the heavens
Evolved rain.

Soars the eagle with wings
Spanned and straight
Proportionate and uniform
As
From chaos and chance
And probability

It evolved by degrees and
By the hands of Master Time.

Sacred and smoking
incense to quiet the
Relative wrath
Of the old gods
There
In the high heavens
Seated
Seated
On uneasy thrones of gold.

Startled
From the warm of sleep
The miserable Poet Seer
The Poet Seer of misery
Walks
Paces
Pace after pace
In the bed room:
Midnight is past
And near three the clock
Chimes.

Shattered with
Gold and topaz
Twined
Diamonds of the East:
The uneasy Statue lay
On the cold floor:
So cold that mists
Emerged
Emerged in to the Sub-Conscious
Asleep at night
In the vessels of Life.

Tattered and torn

Fragments
Fragments that however join
The night is long
The night is uneasy:
The night is painful
Germ
Of the genesis of the
Next dawn.

Here
The Poet-Child-Seer woke
And
With opened eyes
And wild
Roamed
For he knew that in the
Reign of the Subconscious
Was
From the last remaining
Drops of Conscious.

Fingers that uneasy hang
And trembling
Thoughts
Each finger a cluster emitting
Like as to magnetic rays
The altitude of emotion.

For he woke:
The Poet-Child-Seer woke
And
With opened eyes
And wild
Roamed
For he knew that in the
Reign of the Subconscious
There
He roamed like a fish
In the delphinium of Time

There
There the years swim
Slow mute and silent
In the mists of the days
In the clutter of lives
In the mute flags
That sub-conscious
Fly
In to the depth of night
The Poet-Child-Seer saw
Storm-Child of the centuries
You must be saved
For you be Poet-Seer
And your nobility
Must
Let you rise
Rise
To the heights of the old days
The noble ancientness
Subsequent
The turnings of the globe
Of history
Sub-Conscious the brain mute
Looks
Looks in to the mirror of life:
The clutter
The mists that fly
The fragments of Sub-Conscious.

Castle of night
Castle
That glimmers in the lake waters
Castle
That smokes incense from
Its hidden dungeons
Where beauty hidden hides
From the night
Till
The casements of the castle

Open on the smiling gray
That is next dawn.

Beer
That smokes from the mugs
Of the channels of beauty:
Snows
That fall in the long nights
Flowers
That red and trellised
DNA-twirled
In the cold heights of the heavens
The night

In the ways of the
Town of the Brain
Beauties move slow
Mute and silent
In the canals of Time
That smile
Sphinx of the Universe
The hammer
Of the old ancient
Nobility of dogma.

Into the night
The red dusk fades
And unto his eastern cave
Flees:
The old Norseman with the helmet
Of iron and covering
Icicles of snow
Dripping
Passed by silent
His descendants he saw
In the town and the city
Entering
A bedroom a couple
Made love

Another bedroom
He saw an old man sleeping:
And there
There
Stood the old Norseman
With tears in his eyes
And white-red beard.

'You Poet Seer, ' he said to me
'have predilection for the
Winter, nights, stars, moon, and
Their brood:
Why? O why? '

Replied the Voice:
'Contemplate Beauty.
In the mute paces of Master Time
The Sub-Conscious finds its
Flowering:
And therein too therein
Lies its Spring:
In the mute paces of Master Time
You will walk too
And too
Be in the luck of Beauty withholding.'

In to the palaces of Beauty
For Beauty has many palaces
The Poet-Child-Seer of the wild
Wild eyes
Will barefoot pace
Walk
Wandering
Wandering amidst the maze
Of corridors secret
Secret passages
And halls of beauties
And of glories old:
Where shone the lights of gold

On many a festive night
Whilst
In the garden outside
The rains fell,
The rains fell
And snow.

O! this be the work of the Sub-Conscious
That magic wand
That touched, just touched
Will wanders write on earth
And in the skies
The heavens immense
Words noble and great and of us all
That taken to the heart and
In the heart
Will on the tapestries, the noble
Tapestries
The wonders of old beauty
Ancient
Manifest.

Smiled then
The Poet-Child-Seer spurning
Wealth and power
For wealth and power
Is the power of the word,
The Voice of the Individual Sovereign Will
The beauty, the night, the stars, the moon,
And then
The opening of day the Dawn.
Lullaby of the Poet-Child-Seer
Wandering through
The forests of beauty
The thicket of trees
The mists colored and deep
And thick with the scents
Of beauty and the dreams
The scepter of Morpheus
The song mute and lonely

Of solitude in dreams
Lullaby
Lullaby of the Poet-Child-Seer
Wandering through
The forests of beauty
The thicket of trees
The mists colored and deep
And thick with the scents
Of beauty and the dreams

Dawn that comes, dawn of beauty
Beauty that rises from the pebbles
Beauty that rises with the mists
The scents of spume and sea-waves
The genesis from the sea, the waters
That girdle
The tongues of earth:
Dawn that sings in the songs of birds
The rising trees of green that stir
Dawn that comes, dawn of beauty
Beauty that rises from the pebbles
Beauty that rises with the mists
The scents of spume and sea-waves

Night of the stars
Night of the moon
Night of dancing lights
Night of the faded twilights
Night of defeated dusks of red.

Dawn that comes, dawn of beauty
Beauty that rises from the pebbles
Beauty that rises with the mists
The scents of spume and sea-waves
The genesis from the sea, the waters
That girdle
The tongues of earth:
Dawn that sings in the songs of birds
The rising trees of green that stir

Dawn that comes, dawn of beauty
Beauty that rises from the pebbles
Beauty that rises with the mists
The scents of spume and sea-waves

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Land On A Main Road In Another

A land on a main road in another
Country
Permit to build round tourist
Industry
A village small and at the back
The trees at night will whisper and
Protest
At the intrusion of an alien fold
So
Will do the night creatures
Though farther inside the wood they
Go
And the night-birds that flew over
The land
When it was green, a field, their home
And now
Now
They shy away from home and relocate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Large Laugh

A large laugh
Rode along the hills
A large giant laugh
And
Boisterous
A laugh of knights of
Old
Knights of the round
Table
High

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lark In The Skies

A lark in the skies
a dawn in the heavens
a shark just awoke
by the bay round
the beach
and the sands that
are seething
seething
seething

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lark Was I

A lark was I - today
In the high skies

A Poet Seer's vocation
Is there

A Poet Seer's vocation
Is duty

The Poet Seer blind in
The light of Dawn
Sees Venus
Sings and bends
His head to duty
Absolute.

There be more larks
And they are in the heavens
Above
But they be not so much
Of Poet Seers
As me

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Leaf

A leaf was hung head downwards as in punishment

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Line

A line

Alters suddenly the verses:

As the surge

Of ovulation

After menstruation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Line, A White Line Over The Seas

A line, a white line over the seas
The dim lit seas off the breakwater
Of ancient Valletta:
And over the white line a ghost
Was walking
Following
A shroud a pilgrim grey was
Walking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Little Bit Of News

A little bit of news
That
Made
Me smile

A little drink or food
That
Made me smile

A night of beauty and
Of suffering
That made me cry

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lone Bird Sang

A bird
A lone bird sang
In the wide heavens
Below
Mists circulated in a rainbow
Trance
Ecstasy of beauty
Carousel of beauty
Circulating in the airs
And the thick shadows
Night was gone
And winter was suppressed
Albeit far
From her own ending:
Yet
As yet
A bird
A lone bird sang
In the wide heavens
Below
Mists circulated in a rainbow
Trance
Ecstasy of beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Look From Your Eyes

A look from your eyes
The fire
The desire

Sweat comes and
Burning my throat
Goes.

A look from your eyes
The fire
The desire

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Look! A Wink

A look!
A wink
And Love's arrow
Flies
From Cupid's bow

The people in the streets
Are
In their multitudes
For
It be Carnival

Hear the drums
Beat
They eyes flare
Up

The night is in my
Eyes
And
Dawn be in your eyes
That light
For Love makes eyes so
A million miles to go
Travel with speed of light
Tremble more than star-light.

A look!
A wink
And Love's arrow
Flies
From Cupid's bow
And it's Love!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Lyre

A lyre
desire
emotion
a fire!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Man

A man
passing without a head
yet walking
still walking.

I will walk
but walk
humble.

I am worse
than the man walking
without a head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Man Of Sad Proportions

A man of sad proportions
But well built
In intellect emotion and the rest:
He did not miss
To have in him that Hellenic soul
That on the shores of the Aegean
Heard Aeschylus and Homer sing
And
Was ennobled by so many humans
In drama
Aeschylus Euripides and Sophocles:
In history Thucydides
In philosophy Plato, Aristotle, Socrates
In science Euclid, Archimedes.
And then so many more
In so many disciplines
Where human to himself said
'Let me be, civilized and lord
Of Earth attempt in as proportion direct'
That spirit of primeval Earth
Still breezes over us today.
That spirit of primeval Earth
Thousands of years
Generations, centuries has
Remained with us and
Of us been.
We must continue and then
That in ever-increase.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Man Past His Middle Age Looks

A man past his middle age looks from
The dirty wooden bridge over the waters
That flow drear as the overlying
Heavens. Think, human, think,
How drear be life even in most joyous
Moments.

Of old are the charnel houses, we
For ourselves proposed Immortality
But are still struggling up the river
Currents against still
Not winning a medal.

A man past his middle age looks from
The dirty wooden bridge over the waters
That flow drear as the overlying
Heavens. Think, human, think,
How drear be life even in most joyous
Moments

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Mantle Of Colored Amethyst

A mantle of colored amethyst
Over the port to slowly glide seems
Slowly, slowly, slowly
Like passing clouds
Like the white mists
Hovering over cold Everest.

And in the near distance high
The peaks appear white and blue
Like azure domes full overturned in sky
Or like up-turned cups
From Bacchus' nightly revelries
In some green dale, some hidden dale
Of wayward Thessaly.

The waves do quiet swish
Against the pointed rocks
That raise their head
To look at Fort Saint Angelo
Unseen by human eye:
And in the sky the fireworks
Burst like gaudy flowers
In the din
Of mid-day glorious sun and drunken ecstasy
At the warm touching of the mellowing Sun.

The Poet sees and feels and sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Mask

Moves

Slow

And stately

In the air

By

Itself

Tombs and

Monuments

Fly

The night

Invades

The ardent

Cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Monastery Medieval

A monastery medieval
Not dilapidated
But old
With old
Rain water pipes
And musty libraries
And books
And rooms of monks
Joying
In its
Increasing ancient
Dilapidation almost
Monastery
That glides
When the snows
Fall
For then
The mists will
Have risen
Long before
Long
Long
Before
Medieval monastery
And
The Man said
He saw the heads
Of some monks peep
From out their casements
And
It was deep night
Far
Far past mid-night:
Yet
All the monks when
Confronted by the Abbot
Said:
'Sir! We were sleeping.'

A Monk With Red Brown Robes

A monk with red brown robes
they saw
they asserted

Where?

In the cemetery last night
they said.

He was attuning psalms and
prayers.

Around
the ghosts and shrouds and shadows
thronged around

Lights came and went; and went and
came.

Trembled with tremors Earth; then
ceased

A satin robe they saw before the
Dawn came; walking then
disappearing

And King Night furtive went down
Cemetery Lane.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Mourner Said:

A Mourner said:

'What pity those genes gone astray
with his passing away.'

Then

the Other Mourner replied:

'No, look at his works and in them you
see as in a mirror the genes.'

And the two Mourners silent marched
After the coffin with bent head and mien.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Mouse

A
Mouse
Tail
Bent
Stealthy
Moved
Across
The
Sods
In
That
Sweet
Verge
Between
The
Night
Declined
And
Rise
Of
Dawn
As
With
The
Satyrs
Fauns
Nymphs
All
The
Mouse
Betakes
Itself
Before
The
Dawn
Wise
Wise
To
Calculate

That
The
Feast's
Ended

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Mouse And A Rat

Dusk was fading.
Yet in a deserted part
Of the old town
Met Mouse and Rat.

The Mouse saluted first
The Rat then hailed.

The Mouse: 'My kin;
Though free; in freedom
Fear be; unless we
Cut the chains to earth.'

The Rat: 'Earthiness is
Tying down, down to her,
The Earth.
Freedom will not be.
That Freedom that you see
Is subject at all times and
Places
To the hanging swords
Of Fear of the Earth.'

And
Together agreeing that
Fear of the Earth prevailed
The two good friends
To a nearby tavern of mice
And rats together went.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Naked Figure

A naked figure
Yet
In black
Went down the
Streets
Up the stairs
Whispering
Whispering slowly
'My City! My City! '
My heart be broken'
And□
All slept and heard
Not
For it was deep of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A New Saint Francis Is Needed

So grappled we with Power
So grappled we with Wealth
So grappled we with all the rest
Of their family:
That on our eyes
A mantle-veil of dark
Descended has:
We need to liberate
Our hands from chains
Of all of these:

But more.

Our brains, our minds
We need to liberate
From these.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Night Walk Of Sophocles

I will not see you
Touch the earth
Kiss it on landing
Touch the rocks
No!
Island of my dreams
Home island
My feet totter
And
In the night I went
Carrying a sack
And bent:
I will so
I will so
I will not kiss
That sacred earth
Too hostile has it grown
For an old man
And sick
You will island
You will still
Be love
My love
My pain
My suffering
Broken heart

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Nightmare!

A nightmare!
A night!

The sirens sang
On their little rock.

In the small bay
The seas rose up
In revolutionary sway.

How high shrieked waves!
How high the sound!

For all of this
Was all of this
For all of this
A nightmare
A night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Pain In The Heart That Be Not Heart Attack

A pain in the heart that be not heart attack
In the sub-conscious floated
In Beauty and rich imagery
It gloated.

There was a silence of a sleeping city
After the hubbub of night
The sleepers took to bed and
Dawn they shout out.

They went to sleep again
Those sleepy marauders
But then it was a day of rest
But more it was a day of holiness

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Pilgrim

A
Pilgrim
Gray
Unto
The
Heavens
He
Soared
As
By
A
Spring
Propelled
And
The
Heavens
Darkened
More
With
Impending
Storm
Impending
Rains

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poem

A poem
a letter
a letter
a poem
not verse?
not song?
ah when you hear the Soul speak,
the Soul assert, the Inner Soul,
that be poetry and verse and song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet A Bird A Sudden Call

A Poet

A Bird

A sudden call

A cry

A fading song

A rising song

An All and One

A Prophet parched:

A soul that flies

A suffering silence

A Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Of The Night

A poet of the night, of fire
As yet
And the eyes of the night's ire!

Lonely and with bent head
The Poet Seer
Alone with tears in the eyes

Yet in him burnt desire
Unbounded as the Oceans wide
To sing and chant as wide as the night's ire!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer

A Poet Seer
so little appreciated
a scientist a geneticist
ignored in to the oblivion
assigned to the so called mediocre
in the bi-partition made
by our brilliant civilization:
and
for the rest philosophy
you can rot
the works go unheard of with the lot
rue not your fortune
your destiny
the same for drama, it's a tragedy
of tragedies and semi-comedies
and of rebellious fire
bursting of revolutionary ire
the same with prose
o! will continue the list
and
in proportion the heart-break continue?

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer In Love

A Poet Seer in love

jealous the Muse

yet loving him so much
she would not make him lose
the touch
the moment that the lyre took
enamored now
the more and more he sang.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer Is Come

A Poet Seer
Is come
He is come
To our village
Not far from the Rhine
So sang they
With merry faces
They
With red faces
They
With mug of wine
Frothing
They
Not far from the Rhine
Not far from the Rhine
A Poet Seer
Is come
He is come
To our village

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer Saw A Leaf

A Poet Seer saw a leaf
falling
falling sere
cast away with the winds
here and there
humiliated
as if it were garbage:
Said the Poet Seer:
'Look as this leaf am I;
so many years of work
yet unrewarded and
with the sword of oblivion
over me thrown here and
there as garbage.
Is that the Muse the happiness
you promised me? '
Spoke not the Muse nor
answered.
But left the Poet Seer to
contemplate of ages yet to come
and humans yet to come as in a
globe as Banquo saw kings
in his descendants.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer Shabby And Hunchback

A Poet Seer shabby and hunchback
down a drear hill went
and it was growing dusk
and it was growing red
and twilight shone the
waters of the bay:
and hummed to each other
the caverns and the caves
a vessel sprightly went
into the port without a hand
to row or pilot:
silent it glowed
under the white seething moon
and yet
though
the Poet Seer shabby and hunchback
weak and alone
who walking almost fell
yet
sang he a sweet song of verse
that told of olden days of
ancient times by just occasional rhymes:
and marveled the jocund red dusk
and danced jazz-like the
mighty stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer To Meet Cervantes Longed

A Poet Seer to meet Cervantes longed
and in the night he woke

He saw in the vague dark a light
not white but form grey and
diminished of Cervantes was.

And spoke they long that night
In his bedroom as it was their home
Till Dawn Cervantes made as shroud to go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer Tonight Slept On The Steps

Of Nix Mangiari steps
Half sleeping in the Sub Conscious he
Half awake to watch the sea for
The water-wraiths.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet Seer!

A Poet Seer!
Beauty and the Muse
Statues that compete
For the Poet Seer.

Though
Pressed in misery
Though in
Oblivion
Squeezed
You be a Poet Seer.

A fortune in itself
A Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Poet-Seer Wrote

A Poet-Seer
Wrote
Some
Children's rhymes
Viewed
And
Reviewed
Found
That
Was
Too
Great verse
Great song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Posse Of Bees

A
Posse
Of
Bees
Humming
Added
U
To
The
Genera
Humming
From
Everywhere
As
Sun
Had
Set
By
The
Horizon
Line
Dusk
Was
Reviving

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Prize For Taking

A prize for the taking
But ah! it needs work
But ah! it begs
Suffering
A poem, verses
Mirth of the words
A prize for the taking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Rat Moves Slow And Hobbling

while
the river gurgles under
the bridge and stars and the
weak moon:
He bears his years and age half
half on each moustache trailing
to ground in sorrow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Reddening Sun

A reddening sun
Into the azure sky fading
I seem to see:
My love, my love
My reddening love,
It seems to be:
Like ripe fruit in the sun
Like green boughs in the air
Like lazing children sleeping
In the hot summer afternoons
After the mid-day eating.
Like a soft-sleeping siesta
A-dreaming and all-beaming
A dulcet pair of azure eyes I see
Is this my child to be?

Along the fields of sun
And grasses green and trees
Head-bent with overloading fruits:
I seem to run without an aim
And looking in the sky
I want to speak and shout
And do not find my voice:
Such the mark of happiness
When to the brim
The red glass of happiness
It overflows and brims.
And in this feast of drunken wine
A dulcet pair of tiny ears I see
Is this my child to be?

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Rising Sun

A rising sun
of smoke the dun
of Day the gun
the shot!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Rivulet Runs From It

A rivulet runs from it
it goes down
down
from crag to crag

there was a child-angel blowing
trumpets over the city
tens of child-angels
in white and snow falling
flakes all around
yet with desire
burning

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Running Stream

A running stream
A gurgling stream
A depth
A thought
A line of thoughts
Cluster of eggs
Of evolution
All giggling
Matter: energy
And spells
That run on tiny
Feet:
On a hill
Glistening
In to the light
Of moon and song
Of nightingale
A running stream
A gurgling stream
A depth
A thought
A line of thoughts
Cluster of eggs
Of evolution

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Sad Bell Ringing

A sad bell ringing
In the distance fading
Eyes of the day waning
Waters to twilight turning
And to red dusk the hills be walking
And to the night
The caves and coves be hooting

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Shot Into The Night

A voice

A

Nightingale

A

Shot

Into the night

A

Song

That

Ceases

Sad

Bird

Falls

To

The

Ground

Amidst the velvets and the roses

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Sign In The Heavens

Sign in the heavens –
The Earth too much of woes –
And there will be more of woes

Looked upwards
anxious faces

Crowds gathered in orison
And penance.

But ah! the remedies must
Be in the Soul,
The Inner Soul.

And there's
The sign of the heavens
Relentless
The heavens will be
The Voice said
High
'You have not cleansed the Souls'

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Siren Sitting Was On A Rock

A siren sitting was on a rock
Around the dolphins swam
Around the shark swan peacefully:
Around the winds passed quietly
With a darling cool velocity:
And in the dusk the red
Soon turning to darkling red
As blood that was in sky
And in the night the blood
Redness increased
Increased in the enchanted sky.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Small Boy

Once a small boy
Now weighted with years
Blessed with work only
Once a small boy

Once a small boy
I see Oblivion after me
I worry for the Earth
Once a small boy

Once a small boy
Days, months, years
How different they!
Once a small boy!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Small Town

There will be a town
A small town
That sleep now
Yet it be bustling
Bustling with thousands
In the morning
The capital town.

Feet passing here, there,
Shoes, sandals bodies
All universes of emotions
There all chatter speak
Silent and go their way
Of life for as life goes
Life goes those ways.

Yet at night
Will disappear.

In the morning bustling town
A few ghosts and shrouds
Roam in early dawn
The last of more
Then vanish too as smoke
From a shot gun
As mists of chill that fade
On mere touch of the sun
They fade
They fade
And the bustling city leave
Leave to its destiny.
New day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Smile

A smile
What difference
To my heart
In my heart!
But to you
Just somber
Indifference

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Song – A Singer's Lullaby

A song – a singer's lullaby
A heart of a sad Poet Seer
In love with life so madly
To Spring he flutters wildly
And sucks beauty's nectar suddenly:
And on each flower stops and stays
For whole nights and whole days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Song Unsung By Day

A song
Unsung by day
But
In the night
Ah! then even the walls
Of Hastings Gardens
Sang.

Sang the fir trees
Sang the brawny oaks
Sang the tall elms
Sang the low bushes
Sang the beauty-drunken
Nightingales
They sang
They sang

A glow-worm passed by
And
He wanted sing
As others did:
A cricket passing by
Helped him to
Sing

In party full
All of them, a whole city-town
Alive
And bustling
In the deep of night
In one big party sang.

An eerie posse of shrouds
Passed by
And with the rest
The sang
In eerie whispers
And
In eerie undertones

Till

The first lights of Dawn

Faded all away

In one blinding lightning

That burst in day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Spirit's Monologue

I

Spirit speak, assert
this solemn night
detaching myself from
the other Spirit crowds,
do hereby speak, assert:

'I am the Spirit that because
of the sad heart
rose from the ashes
yesterday and airing
me
as with a wand a tempest
brought upon the woods
just outside of Floriana
going to Msida.

I brought the chill
that then extended
blowing Zephyr-like
to old Valletta

How frosty the streets grew
trembled the lights
of the old lamps romantic
trembled the starlight
over Floriana and Valletta
but not the stars.

Then not content
I brought the heavy clouds
placed them
over Floriana and
then old Valletta
and unfurled the edges
of the fleecy clouds
how many drizzles fell
that joining in a
cumulus

as in Fibonacci numbers
grew and grew
and brought rains that
thundered on the streets
and bent the heads of trees
made the boughs tremble
and the leaves turn yellow.

hOur after hour
passed: I brought
the thunder
the lightning rose
from over the Port
coming and going.

And those were times
And those I did
in centuries of past
Still do will do
in centuries to come
For Beauty's sake
And the Sub-conscious.

No Dawn stood in the way.
Continued
the tempest that
I held as
puppet on a string
thundering lightning
and raining.
No less the chill,
the frost.

But alack! Dawn at last
with her fiery entourage
on the distant horizon
appearing
stopped I and slid
as fast clouds glide
over the turbid heavens.

And those were times

And those I did
in centuries of past
Still do will do
in centuries to come
For Beauty's sake
And the Sub-conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Spirit's Monologue 2

My monologue, my duty and my right
I come, but let me speak me,
First.
My heart aches, joy has flown,
And I take comfort in this monologue.
So that's therapy, yet palliative propense.
See humans and imitate
Hear humans and be more wise. (i)

Of yews and symbols of the grave
Equation and song simultaneous
With season after season we go along
Together.
Blood, blood, blood,
The woe of the Earth is
Out of the human petering out
With every drop that's out
Years of gathered woe and
Clustered weeping.
Firs and elms and other trees
Who opened their sad song
Unto the night and
Unto moon.
When Night walks in the fields
Alone.
Free my nights
And
Free my hands
Cut the woes
And
Cut the chains
Spirits be essence of free! (ii)

Out of breath
Beauty
Leaves
Me

The
Night
Is
Burning
I
Feel
His
Red
Eyes
Searing
How beautiful the night
Continues in the Dawn!

I am the ghost that loiters
By a strait alley dark
In old Valletta
I am the Shroud who with
Bent head
And silent
Watches small children
Breathe and sleep
And roam the houses
Whilst hour after hour
Midnight approaches (iii)

I breathe into the night
When it be waning
That night will stand
Erect
Welcome the dawning
And
In that glorious still
Parade of beauty
His eyes all dazzle! (iv)

Come, come chorus of
Young and tiny Spirits
Breathe pure air in the
Town
Now humans sleep:
That tomorrow they will

Find a new air breathing:
Come, come ghosts and
Shrouds dance all around
This street no car be
Passing
No human foot treads
Or from the windows
No fearful face be peeping (v)

I am Prometheus yes, too,
I into him transform
And light with fire
The breast of humans
Downfallen by travails of
Day
And woes a-weeping:
I be Minerva
And in the sub-conscious
Inject the wisdom of the gods
At night in humans.
I be Narcissus looking in
The pool that's Earth and Sea
With it enamored (vi)

For
My monologue, my duty and my right
I come, but let me speak me,
First.
My heart aches, joy has flown,
And I take comfort in this monologue.
So that's therapy, yet palliative propense.
See humans and imitate
Hear humans and be more wise (vii)

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Star

Speaking with a star
To-night is charmed
The ancient battlements
Put forth their brave bosoms to the moon
That hides in half below the clouds.
For
To-night be charmed
To-night is charmed

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Star That Fell

A star that fell into a lake

The waters whistled and the caves
And coves bristled

The moon silver reflected on the
Swarthy green of hills romantic

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Star That Fell?

A star that fell?
A monument from the heavens?
I saw the new monument
Past-Dawn yet
Last dusk was not there
Right
At the entrance of the city old

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Statue Spoke

A Statue spoke
And it was night
And it was dark:

'Sleep Earth, sleep, '
The Statue said
'better sleep always
And sweet song
As lead on yours
Eyes weigh.'

'I am the one who suffers
Seeing you suffer
I am the one whose heart
Speak sad when it see you
In woe'

'I am the one who commands winds
I be the one who commands clouds
I am the one who commands rains
I am the one who the night hears
I be the one who advisor be to Dawn.

'I am, I am,
I am the One who speaks
As the heavens speak out loud
I speak in heaven's voice be
One with it, One for All, All for One.
I am
I am.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

A String Of Verses

A string of verses

All

All that I offer today

Up to this time

A humble offering

Yet

My heart carrying

Emmanuel George Cefai

A String Of Verses A Rhythm

A string of verses
That is
A string of line
A rhythm and not
Thought:
But
Yet
Conducive to the Thought
Just
A string of verses
Just that

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Surge Sometimes

There
Be
A
Surge
Sometimes
A
Surge
Weak
In
The
Realm
Of
Hopes
Weak
Electrolyte
Yet
Fluctuating
To
Low
Rather
Than
High
Thus
Brought
I
Hide
Me
And
I
Weep
Yet
The
Heavens
No
Pity
Show
In
My
Misery

Leave
Me
Ah! Resignation be
More painful
Than just suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Tear From You Fear

A star
A tear
From you fear
You throw:
My love let my head
Rest on you, dear.

And
Let the nights
Season and place
Despite
Be nights of love.

We
We two are here.
We
We two love so
That Earth's heart
To tenderness be moved.
And
Though the chains be
Not yet cut
A star
A tear
From you fear
You throw:
My love let my head
Rest on you, dear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Thief In Hastings Gardens

He walked
helter skelter
not moving much
and low
a shadow small.

Pink Panther-like
his steps
in to the dark
faded.

then
erect to the full
he looked at
the moon.

And
I saw him:
a hedgehog large
and old
spectacles
befitted him.

Out of Hastings Gardens
he then stole
and the moon concentrated
on him:
I saw him:
The Hedgehog.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Thimble Of Cascading Gold

There
Was
A
Thimble
Of
Cascading
Gold
He
put
It
To
His
Nose
And scented
Scent
Of
Bad
Eggs
And
Burning
Bronze
He
Scented

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Thousand Airy Harps

A thousand airy harps
a million showers of
dews, to-night.

The fleet in the port
sleep, the ancient
fleet, the ghost of fleets,
to-night.

sing
a thousand harps
a million angel tongues
spirits at loose
restless
to get in birth again
start all over again
not err as erred before
not
regret as regretted before
new life
new descent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Thousand Doctors

In the city a thousand doctors
Wear the immaculate blouse
Of white and have black
Moustaches.

They stand up erect in the
Hospitals; notebooks in hands;
And lovely nurses by; with a
Cross; the patients lie.

As children in a pram
The patients wheeled
Here and there from lab to
Lab; then to their hospital room
And bed

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Thunder – A Ghost – A Shroud!

How fast it comes!

How fast it goes!

So Civilization lights and goes!

And is by the next ever-increase replaced.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Tired Worker

'I

I am the tired worker
Who aches in back
Who scarce can move
Who draws his feet
Round

I am

The tired Poet Seer
Whose heart has seen much
Whose heart has felt much
And will go.

I

The Tired Poet
The tired worker
The tired Soul
The tired Inner Soul
Who yearns for all
To dissolve
For all to evolve
Round and round
The mists go that
Were things now
Transformed without sound.

For

'I

I am the tired worker
Who aches in back
Who scarce can move
Who draws his feet
Round

I am

The tired Poet Seer
Whose heart has seen much
Whose heart has felt much
And will go.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Toad

Croaked a Toad
Then all the
Toads
In to Orchestra of Toads
As an Orchestra of Toads
Sung and croaked
And there was a whole
Band playing
Not as sweet as
Nightingales
But
Of differences
long term a flattening

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Toddler, Piper Hobbling

A toddler, piper hobbling
merrily
Over
The town
Alone went he
Piping low
Vibrations just
Not silence to humans break
But ah!
That was enough
To thrill
Hedgehogs, insects, toads,
Rats, cats, goblins, dogs and all
All
After him to tread
The earth with flying soles
And wide eared of smiles
And feet that hurried fly
Under the smiling sky.
Of night
That night.
And
All of out the city went
To another distant land
Where peace is as the day
And no war even night
But peace and quiet all
Places and times and chimes
So
The wise band
That night
And
All of out the city went
To another distant land

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Tomb

aha! only
a tomb
only a grave
only a mute silent
and yet
and yet
there's some that will not win
there's work for you
there's work for your descendants
as they fragment you
more multiply
more fragment of you
aha!
only.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Tomb And Yet A Womb

A tomb
And yet a womb
Of life
Energy
That in the night
Roams a smiling sight
A ghost
A shroud
My mother

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Town That Screams

A town that screams

But

Furtive in the night

When ghosts and shrouds in sight

When house facades smiles

Slow

When dusk be done

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Town That Sleeps

A town that sleeps
A mill that turns around
A Sub-Conscious that
Smiles
Humble in its nocturnal victory

Bring the nymphs and fairies
From the night
Though after hours of dancing
And
Under spelled trees prancing
Their spirit still burns
Wild as in the deep of night:
Humans learn we from them.

Though Dawn be nigh
And the white line of light
Already scar the curtain of the night
Wherein shone eyes of glimmering star-light
Yet time continues slow and deft and
Sure
Just
One single dress.

Bring the nymphs and fairies
From the night
Though after hours of dancing
And
Under spelled trees prancing
Their spirit still burns
Wild as in the deep of night:
Humans learn we from them.

Sing Poet Seer not only in the
Night
Though the night be your favorite
Haunt
And though Sub-conscious be the breeding nest
Of thoughts, your thoughts!

Sacred and deep simultaneous.

Bring the nymphs and fairies
From the night
Though after hours of dancing
And
Under spelled trees prancing
Their spirit still burns
Wild as in the deep of night:
Humans learn we from them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Town Under A Town

A town under a town
That was
My dream last night.

Conscious
I extend
Town on town
Or town.

A town is an apartment
Block?
Town on town as
Thought on thought?

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Treaty On A Lady

On a lady
Coy and beautiful
But almost thirty five
A man and her mother
Spoke whispering.

The cunning mother
Increased
The temperatures of
The suitor
As he raised his offer
More and more
Spurred
By the mother
'I have to tell my daughter, '
She said jokingly
With mischievous
Eyes
Groaned the thirsty man
Becoming
More and more thirsty.

Till
To where the mother
In collusion with the daughter
They brought him:
Ah! women so powerful
So potent
On a man who's become
Thirsty
And more thirsty!

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Trip To The Heavens

It was on a trip
A trip to
The heavens
That I passed so
Many clouds
Heard so many screams
Then silence
Here I must stay
This be the place
Where
Suspended between
Heaven and heaven
We see fear from below
Distant
And
Immediately
We sing as the lark sings
Suddenly
In early dawns of gold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Twilight

Precursor
Of
A restless
Night
This night
This
Night
In
Old
Valletta

The wind already
Drifts
Through
The streets
Carrying dust with it
And some
Yellow leaves
I need to rest
I need to rest
From this Calvary
There must be rest
Here
In this old Valletta
Here
Now
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Verse A Chant

A verse
A chant
So small
And yet
This night
My heart
Your heart
Our hearts
It trapped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Verse, A Line, And Enough

A verse, a line, and enough
it will be song
if it be noble

Sang the Chorus:
'You experiment and so you must.
Verses and songs thrown
here and there as the parts of
human life and breathing things
must be.'

Then said the Poet Seer:
'But sing me noble and sing
me sweet, simultaneous'

this kiss we give
the Chorus said:
for that to us be inspiration
verse and song no, not now'

then the King said:
'Of all this bliss I will
turn the whole heavens
and they will rain
being made joyful they
will rain their sweet dews
that sweet verse and song contain'

then sang the Chorus:
'grains of sand that scent
in coming of the Dawn
how white her face
how irradiant the lawn
that up the green hill goes

the lark that in her throes
singing and heaven-leaping goes'

a verse, a line, and enough
it will be song
if it be noble

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Vessel Tumbling Here And There And

A vessel tumbling here and there and
ill-constructed, with creaking timbers
and with winds a-shrieking
this vessel on the green waves by
Pisa sailed on yet touched not the
shores
for the Fates willed that it shall be
the seas.

A giant wave of green came upon a

white faced Poet-Seer though youthful
yet
he held in hand the last few sheets
whereon the divine verse he sung
amidst those storms.

In vain, Neptune was not cajoled nor
the Fates sated.

O here on Earth - the Poet Seer - shrieked
to the ever-oncoming waves of green
we perish to transform, on seas the same!

No sooner said then a great wave-bolt hurled
by Neptune himself at the hest of Fates by cruel
toss the skiff, the sailors, the Poet-Seer overturned.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Villa With Few Rooms

a villa with few rooms
rustic to the root and core
will I perching over a hill
want where the cool autumn comes to rest itself

and
where the cool autumn comes to rest itself
a fragrance strange abounds hangs all around
the air is wholesome like baking bread
or mutton or pudding:
the heart pumps blood serene
hate flees away invisible
and there is happiness

and
though the cool autumn comes to rest itself
in this agreeable place and home
yet
some-time yearn I too
for a long winter full of drizzling rain
morning and afternoon
then as the red dusk sets
thunder and lightning's long fingers
over the hills above the village small
can I see, I want to see
from the casement as rain half-blinds
half-obstacles the view.

And then
The chill of the thunder-clap
The thrill in every marrow
I want to feel
And feeling this I feel
The richest and the happiest in this world.

Awhile the cool autumn cometh to rest itself.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Village Hamlet

A village hamlet
Small hamlet
Few street
Island amidst soils
And fields
Phone
Of the thunder of the
Night
The
Flower
That
Bent
At
The
Dusk
Rises
In
The
Dawn
Few
Hours
Separate:
Small hamlet
Few street
Island amidst soils
And fields
Phone
Of the thunder of the
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Voice Called Me

I heard a voice call me

In the woods

Inside

For I had slept

Then

I saw a fair girl

Transparent veils

Venus herself how

Would more beautiful

She be?

Then suddenly

Dropped the night stars

Found I myself

Lost in the wood

In total dark.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A War Of The Seas Of Life

The womb of the night
A measure of beauty
A chest of beauty
A rise
A war of the seas of the life:

A fountain of freedom
A gushing sprout of light
A light that comes and that goes
And falls
Down to Earth
From where it arose.

The womb of the night
A measure of beauty
A chest of beauty
A rise
A war of the seas of the life

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Widow Bird

I

A widow bird stood mourning for her mate
And to the leaden skies poured her distress
Silent stood the vale and the echoing sound
In piteous accents the grieving bird caressed
While a still silver stream encircled round
And gurgled its accents unknown with piteous sound.

II

The widow bird the haunting air did hear
And thus the widow bird she spoke:
'Where from my friend, did you last hear
The call of my bird love that days ago
With me in the nest did lie and with our young? '

III

To which the air replied to the widowed heart:
'Long many a day ago heard I the notes
Of your bird love over a distant hill
Ringing before the red dusk fell and night
With its dark mantle covered the tired earth.'

IV

And then the widowed bird disconsolate
Asked the crystal spring that passed by
And said the crystal spring: ' My friend
Myself I cannot tell and no news heard.
But my elder sister the sea-wave tells me
That they saw feathers floating on the sea'.

V

At which the widow-bird more disconsolate
Asked the grey rocks that looked upon the sea
And by the night the swishing waves were heard

Kissing and lapping at their granite base:
'Alas! Alas! .' The granite rocks bespake
'We saw a bird, a distant bird that flew
Fall sudden down into the ocean-sea'.
At which a tear rolled in each eye
Of the widow-bird

VI

And sat disconsolate the widow-bird and pined
Pined in the night stars and the azure dome
Of heaven pitying on her pining too;
She knew not day or night or heat or frost
And sicklier grew with every hour passed:
Till the day came when she in the nest lay
And could not fly to feed her chirping band.

VII

Till to autumn a harsher grey did follow:
The cooling breeze to frosty northern wind
Did turn and the cruel rains set in:
Winter had come.

VIII

And then sickness to pining added misery
And then her sweet birds chirped with pain
And leant their heads and more and more
Their eyes did close
And the white snows did come and frost
Bit with harsh whip the lips and nose:
And in the night the cruel rains did fall
And in the moon's light the lake froze.

IX

And pined the widow-bird and her offspring
Till their eyes closed
And the white snows did come and frost
And in the night the cruel rains did fall
And in the moon's light the lake froze.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Willow, A Sigh

A willow, a sigh,
underneath

I and you
underneath.

And you cry
at every embrace
sweet embrace

And
you sigh as we kiss
as we yearn

Then,
a tear from you starry eyes
and you cry
and you cry
and we kiss.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Woman's Will

a woman's will
so often propense, to move heavens
on Earth.

power and glory so often melt before
the woman.

we men are propense so often to dance
to the magic of woman

shall I hide these verses, beg excuses
to both men and women?

the woman is a magician and born
this way.

and women be gems, whatever, whenever.

the Individual in the women shines
in her own great way

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Word

A word

A couple of words

Night

Dusk that passed

Red that faded

The streams flows low

The moon shines slow

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Word Tells All Relative

I,
Poet Seer
Saw that a word
Single
In its proper placement
Made
Changed as magic changes
Is
Sacred as magic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

A Word, Just A Word

A Word...just I a Word

Struck by her beauty
The strutting beauty
The riotous blood
In me
Accost her made me.

In that madness
I ran to her
'A word Mademoiselle,
Just a word! '

Ha! She continued on
Strutting arrogant:
And I was left with
A bottle of words in hand
Just that

Emmanuel George Cefai

Abandoned

Why have you abandoned me
Thus

Thus with Fear only?

Was Solitude not enough?

Say!

Say! Speak!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Abandoned Chapel

Bell of abandoned chapel
Roofs falling
Rain over paintings
Altars with crevices
And walls and
Pilasters small:
Weeps
Every vesper
The abandoned chapel.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Abandonment - I

To laze a little in the
Afternoon

To be a nightingale
And sing the night

To be a lizard
And in night's secrecy
Clutter around and
The walls climb.

To laze a little in
The fading sunset

To look at wood-trees in
A pining dusk

To have red cheeks a-fading
As the dusk

To float face upwards in
The starry night

To be a frog and sigh
In the nocturnal mud of
Desolate ponds.

To be, to be....

Sweet, sweet abandonment
In a rosy wood..

Sweet, sweet amidst the
Twinkling briars

To reap the beauty of a
Night's awakening

To clutch a moment

In the rise of dawn

To do, to do....

To see a satyr

In the deep of night

And seeing me

See him leap

Into the waters and

Make circles round

On the waters' breasts

Without a sound....

Circle after circle...

To be a nymph in a

Grecian land

To swim

To swim

Up the Aegean

Near the shore

Where the waves spume

Against first rocks of old..

To be on a lea where

First the Earth is born from

The retiring sea-masses:

And the first grass spouts

To mix its scent with

The salt of the sea

In some Grecian shore and

Earth it must be

It must be....

To be an eagle soaring

Over Earth ah! in perpetual

Flight above the earth

And moving dinosaurs

Lush trees and tall

And vegetation green

To be, to be, to be...

To peer amidst the
Reeds of wakening Spring
Hear birds pipe and
In the heavens
Flutter high with joy
Alas!
That draws heartfelt sighs!
Alas! alas!

So many joys there be
In abandonment
So many, so many!
Alas! alas!
They be around us
And they be for free
To all, no riches needed
Yet we ignore, yet we ignore...

And then
And then to dream
To hear waters incandescent
Slip down the fateful
Rocks and the boughs bend
Over the noisy waters
They prefer, these boughs
A silence where to dream
Of Saturn overthrown by
Jove to reign fugitive over
Old stalwarts; to view
As in a bead flowers diverse
Colors diverse in a bead
Line the banks of small streams
Beyond the hill as you go
Up the dust from it
Lies to your heart
Your tongue in thirst
In agony of thirst
And sweat but still
You trudge and trudge
That's life
And then

And then
To dream
To have more moments of abandonment
To close first verses as
The dusk begins to rattle
Day towards the night
And fires swarthy the stars' light
Here end I my sweet abandonment
The first of more I will to come
And flourish for my heart's content
To come, to come...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Above The Ledge

above
the
ledge
the
lecher
of
the
books
thinks
looks
vacant
above
towards
the
heaven
fear
is
not
in
him
he
fills
himself
with
dews
of
knowledge
from
the
heavens
immense
falling
down
falling
falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Abrupt

Abrupt

The verses and the poems end

Abrupt

The verses and the poems wend

Abrupt

The verses and incantations flow

Then stop as river as a bend

Into a cul-de-sac it flows

And stops.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Abrupt The Poet Seer

Abrupt
The Poet Seer
Sing of
Raw verse and
Song.

The Ages pass!
He said
We grow
All were so young
All drank the fount of youth
All were small boys
Small girls
But now
Now
Totter in our ageing.

For all
The Ages pass!
Age his scythe mows
And passes
All
All
Nay
Even the Poet Seers
Below the Muse's hands
For all
The Ages pass!
Alas!
At last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Acrid Scent

The land was
Shouting
The waters screaming

There was an acrid
Scent
The nightingale heard it
And after one hour
Started her singing

The oak was wiser
Waited more
To taste next phases of
The weather.

For when the land
Be shouting
Waters be screaming

And
In the tintinabulum
Of time and ageing
Breathing be melted
In the acrid fumes
Of acids boiling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Across The Skies

Across the skies
A warning
Across the skies
Lone sea-gulls
Flying.
I heard the door close
hard and heavy
My Soul had I closed
into itself:
Began to peer inside
the universe inside me
I changed
the previous methodology
I changed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Across The Small Lake-Pond

Across the small lake-pond
the light flashed
yet
there was not the peal nor
rumble
of thunder

Emmanuel George Cefai

Across The Stairs

Across the stairs
That to and fro
Dangle across the skies:
A hundred angels flew
And the earth – our earth turned.

Across the stairs of heaven
A hundred angels held
Trumpets in their hand
To herald the coming of the soul

And it came.
White-clad and robed and sandaled
In fine proportions glistening
One after another up the stairs it went.

The angels saw and liked.
Amazed the angel Gabriel
Saith 'Lo on earth
There are fair creatures too my friends'.
And he rued his sexless state.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Adamantine Neck

Adamantine neck
In vessel placed
Amidst the
Battlefield.

I saw
A specter tiptoe
On the wall
Grey
Grey shadow
As shadows of the
Past
Wounded and
Silent:
The vodka bottle poured
Suddenly
Giant.

The giant spider
Drawled in the
Dim moonlight
Up the walls
With giant strides
Yet slow.
In the bushes
A naughty glow-worm
Threw
On the retiring spider
His lights
Searchlights of the night
Bold
Bold
Bold

Emmanuel George Cefai

Add Oil – The Light Burns Dim

Add oil - the light burns dim
This night of humid heat
And leaden-eyed dreariness
And throbbing unhappiness
In the red blooded heart!

Add oil - the light burns dim
Never so low
The light of hope has burned.

And before now I see
High on an altar full prepared
The chalice of bitter wine I have to drink.

The light burns dim - it flickers
On the wall its startling shadows dance
And the heart sinks with hope
This night of sacrifice
And dreariness leaden-eyed
And throbbing unhappiness
In the red blooded heart!

The burning embers go; the smoke goes up.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Add Up

Add up
Add up the lines
Together
Then stop
Then think
And
Your assessment
Bring

Emmanuel George Cefai

Advantages And Disadvantages

'I will not hide that'

'Tell, come'

'I am sixty'

'But does not any thing
Have advantages and
Disadvantages? '

'Agreed, I tell'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Adversity And Storm And Tempest

Adversity and storm and tempest
on these ride:
attempt the least,
or else
you will be with chance and probability
your lack-omissions to rue

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aesthetic Ecstasy

Aesthetic ecstasy

Religious fervor

Met

Dusk was beginning

Both

Liked the dusk

And pined

And

Then without a word

At

Simple glance of eyes

Towards the dusk

Went hand in hand

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aesthetic Pride

aesthesis out of this Earth
transports at last:
beyond
beyond
on magic wings it flies.

The powerful and the wealth remain
poor and miserable chained to earth
the more they strive to unchain themselves
the more the chains about them turn and fast.

aesthetic pride
aesthesis out of this Earth
transports at last
beyond
beyond
on magic wings it flies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

After A Few Days Of Celebration

After a few days of celebration
The Change fell morose
Into the string of drear
Day after day, of day
After
Day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

After A Long, Long Time When My Voice

After a long, long time when my Voice
Rose high unto the heavens to sing
And verse on verse I wove on things,
Emotions, seasons, fields, dusk, dawn,
Night, fairies and the rest of things:
It grew of sudden parch; choked the words.
And no verse issued from the poet's rock.
Its sides were dry and dust had gathered too
Seeing that in the watercourse of poesy
Dryness had made it overgrown with grass:
But
Suddenly the lightning struck; the Muse
Came and inspired; rose again the Voice,
That Voice that rent the heavens going
Upwards towards old ancient Olympus,
That Voice sang and verse on verse it made:
After a long, long time; a long, long time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

After That He Had

After
that he had
failed to get at Immortality.
Oblivion reached him
with her hoar hand
cruelly.
A thousand years and
more
more of Oblivion.
then
one fine dawn a few
professors proclaimed him
the re-writer of civilization
overturning Oblivion.
Too late
Too late.

Emmanuel George Cefai

After You Left Us

after you left us, mother,
I unveiled the treasure
That I and you only knew about

It was a work of immense intellect.

You dictated, your brain, I transcribed.

And I had the honor to be scribe
of such greatness.

Now mother your tribute and your due
Is only left for me,
my duty irremovable.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Again

Again

again the pincers of stress

pressed me

pressed me

to write verse and song

but

only

under the bleeding of the

pincers of stress

under the breast-heaving of

the pincers of stress

Emmanuel George Cefai

Again Again Again

Again

Again

Again

Like as when your country

Calls and calls upon you

You first be indifferent

Then confused

Then

In the surge of next-emotions

You

Will be strong from weak

And a patriot

And

Your blood you will shed

Again

Again

Again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Again In My History

Again
In my history
I am with back to the wall.

Again
So many times
The sacrifice avoided the carnage

But not now.
There will be carnage all will be lost
Saving a tortured Soul
The Earth grounds wandering
Restless
Ever, ever.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Again, Again,

Again, again,
in its pith life arise and
life falls
the works of old by others
constantly
replaced be:
and in that rate of replacement
and to it directly proportional
there lie the way to sheer justice
to works that in oblivion be
as in the limbo that I suffer now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Against My Will

Against
My
Will
They
Carried
Me
Along
The
Paths
Of
Hastings Gardens
The
Fauns of the
Red
Dangling ears
Carried me
Yet
Felt
I
Not
Pain
But
Rest
Rest
As
In
A hummock blest
And
Sweet
The
Music
Of
The
Dangling ears
Red
Of the fauns of Hastings Gardens
Made.

Agamemnon Sailed

To leave reserve
Agamemnon sailed
On his gold decked vessel
Down
The old Tiber whistling
And
It was night
A night of bustling
White stars that burned
With fire
That Prometheus had regaled
To human desire

Emmanuel George Cefai

Age Begins To Drum You

Age begins to drum you
Years will not escape you
You will not slide and slip
Through their tentacles:
Ah! Age! Age!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Age Has Placed Me

Age has placed me
Where
I will not ever
Rise now:
How much I preached
If you fall, rise!
But now
The match be closing
Seconds remain
And
The goals to be scored
Are a big multiple.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Age Is Stopping

Age is stopping
Age be melting
Under the warm blasts
Of science

Exact science
Precise science

Prodding
Prodding
Immortality!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ageing That Lights

Ageing
That
Lights
As
It
Slides
Down
And
Down
And
Down
In
The
Swan song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ages In Man

Ages in man
Ages in women
All are successive.

Till
Immortality arises.
There be no exemption.

In terms of beauty
Women lose the more.
These, the ages.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aghast

Aghast
the Shroud surprised
looked when it saw
the human relative
aghast

Emmanuel George Cefai

Agony In The Face Of Earth

I saw the agony in the face of Earth
I saw one tear single going down
I saw the face of Earth enraged in red

the
sea
waters
weep
the
eyes
of
the
hills
and
the
vales
are
red
the
faces
of
the
rocks
and
bays
are
gloom
the
time
is
come
a
strong
voice
from
the
heavens
said
the

time
is
come
from
all
sides
came
the
words
the
time
is
come

I saw the agony in the face of Earth
I saw one tear single going down
I saw the face of Earth enraged in red.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah How Love Burns How Eager It Thrills

Ah how love burns how eager it thrills
In every vein in every dropp of blood:
How all impatient is: how from the feet
It higher, higher goes like rising temperatures
Till the face reaches and the cheeks
At first with blood are tinged and then
Like idols as of old all brazen look:
And pleasure wells as incense in the heart
Before the shrine of heathen gods and stones
And having gained possession of the fort
Love turns general and all directs
The limbs and feet and hands and all
Become his foot-soldiers in his full intent:
And from its riot the body rhythm goes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah Ivory, Ivory

ah ivory, ivory
shines like the sun
and therefore loves
the mid-day ecstasy of wine
and lazy afternoons
and siestas.

But ebony
Ah ebony
Shines in the night
When the soft night uncovers the soft winds
That liberated thus
Over the sleeping port they blow:

There is a happiness in grief
And in the night
Your beauty of ebony shines bright

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah Power! Power

Ah power! Power
Goeth away
and wealth
goeth away
and night
and day
and dawn
and dusk
and I the mystery light
the Bighi light
the light of Bighi hill
will stay.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah When The Heart

Ah when the heart
Is touched
How vibrate
Its strings!

And when
The strings vibrate
How secret happiness
We feel!

Do not mind
Whether 'tis sad or not
But what will count
Is that
The strings
The strings of the lone heart
Are touched!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! All In All

Ah! All in all
Whether on a gold throne
You sit and rule
Whether you count the dross
Of monies, lands, properties
Whether you languish see
The dawn and night in misery
You will always come to
Dawn to night to New Year's Eve
And to New Year
Not less
Not less

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Beauty When It Is Ravished

Ah! beauty when it is ravished
How wild, how wild its eyes will look
All drowsy as if just awoke
From steadfast dreams by drowsing poppies numbed
How wild, how wild and drowsy will she look!
Not long enough will be
The hours of the night, the long summer night
And all its humid heat and sweaty drops
When the full body rests the welcome rest
From the long tedious day of laboring
And the limbs their muscled beauty relax
Unto the soothing night, the welcome night.
Below the casement a small rill with happy mien
Gurgles into the night its dark unfettered voice
And its unconquered syllables indistinct
And heard and understood by satyrs bright
That hold unseen their winy feast at night
Into some coppice still and olive-green and calm
While the still wind a single rustle does not make
In the thick foliage of the talling oak
Within whose highest branch the old owl rests
And with awakened eye half-opened half-closed
Looks all before at night she witnesses
The dances of the fauns amidst the green
And sheltered avenues sentinel by trees
And feasting satyrs red-lipped with warm wine
And hold cups and drinking to their god
That from his heaven upon them smiling looks:
Ah! long the night beneath the bending yew
It seems a pilgrim gray half-bending and all still
And by him lies his staff unmoving quite
And with him Time rested and did not move:
Ah! pilgrim Time the night has conquered too
Your limbs with its faint drowsiness
And faint half-audible caresses
That in the ear melt like a serpent hiss
Or like the sorceries of Circe when she lay
Into the cave to calm Ulysess's whims
Whilst waves reflected danced all long the rocks

That were the roof reflected from the sea
That down below down giddy heights
The sea-waves danced with nymphs that danced on them:
Full rippling the love-words of Ocean waves
When dreaming in the waters drowns more
In feeling their cool numbers to him flow
Ah! drowsy beauty wild untamed unfettered
By the musty parchments of conventions old
And hated as the ancient Saturn gods:
That Jove and his men duly overturned
The old though good with hate all covered goes
When time wills that it cede unto the new
A leaf that in its glory in the sunshine basked
When time doth make it sere 'twill hate itself
And wish its bough by its new spring replace:
How drowsy beauty is, how wild untamed
How magic are the castles that it dreams
And in it waves will leap
Over a hundred stories to the fort
Where lies love and grace and history
And that like lighthouse in the night
Shines its tall rays unto the welcome skiff:
That the tall bosom of the sea swift plies
Into the long night, the long welcome night.
How will the blood to the warm veins
Rush in delight like wine a-warming full
When Bacchus holds his feasts and revels full
And laughs resound from the dark coppice green
Where he and his companions revel full
Hid from curious eyes and human steps.
But now gray pilgrim Time stirs full and tall
He rises now and looking at his watch
He on his staff his voyage now resumes
And sands again now trickle down the glass
Anon unwarranted the eyes of Dawn
Into the dark nocturnal mantle peer and see
Making full breach with it: soon the dress
That satins the dark mantle of the night
Will here and there dissolve and loose
Its dark transparent gloss to a light grey
Wherein the rising Dawn by slow degrees
Tears the web of dark that night has meshed

Till the downy structure to its feet
Is like a castle to its crushing sent:
Awhile the sun a-shedding his stirrups gay
To ride into his car with joy prepares:
And dwindles the long night, the welcome night
But beauty still with ravished eyes and wild
Into the drowsy dawn will rise and look.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Better For The Weather

Ah! better for the weather
if it be tempest then let it be tempest
at home we stay together
you and I not cold outside
but in the warmth of home and love:
common emotion let it expressed in
uncomplicated verse:
no synthesis, special description
just straightforward assertion

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Better Leave To Chance

Ah! better leave to chance
Than plans and strategies
Beauty wanders a-randomly
And should she roam by plan (and strategy)
Then will not so enchant
But fade
But fade
Like the blood-ticking cheeks of violets
At the first touch of the frosty Boreas:

I saw and met with beauty wandering
Barefoot and wan-melancholy
Walking down Nix Mangiari steps all randomly.

Nearby I heard the day rolling into the sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! But The Man Will Not Live Alone

He wants a woman every day or nearest.

And if he will change a woman every day or nearest,
he likely will.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Cunning Poet-Seer! You Write

Ah! Cunning Poet-Seer! You write
Sing and versify like prose:
But in the words there's thought
And food for more thought
I guess and assert that you are
Fishing for the consents of the crowd:
Like Politicians.
Can an Artist be so?
The next thing I will have will be
An Artist with a fishing line for votes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Do Not Turn Off The Light

ah! do not turn off the light
so long as there is hope
after this bleeding
this night
I could not lie with pain
Nor sleep
Yet bleeding had diminished:
Till there is hope
Do not turn off the light:
And when
The time cometh
Then like the stars at touch of dawn
The light will itself banish.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! For Emotion

Ah! for emotion rather than for words
In verse
In my present distress!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! How I Would Quaff The Red, Red Wine!

Ah! how would I quaff the red, red wine
That brimming in the golden cup
Shines in the moon light to-night:
My thirst is deep and deep as a cool well
That unto earth's entrails full stretches
Such is my thirst: I would a flagon drink
And then one after other in full train
Would I quaff rapid as in the oasis green
When welcome foods and shades arise midst burning sands:
Ah! this thirst is nothing to my thirst for love!
My heart is torn and the more torn the more
Will it need love to requite it and breathe!

And in this night I would I would I drink
A whole long welcome full river of love
And feel it cooling and hiss serpent-like
Gurgling stream-like burning my throat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! I Yearn Now For The Burning Suns

ah! I yearn now for the burning suns
that I yearned to forego a month ago:
the burning sands I yearn
The restless bay
Where restless wavelets lapped so sweetly
When the red dusk fell heavily
Yet strange and cool and sensual over the bay:
And the strange bay
Was filled with spirit of the dusk
Cool were the waters where I bathed
And from the shore
The fishermen's boats prepared to sail.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Life As A Hummock

Ah! life as a hummock
treats us when we be lazy
it makes as sleep
hyponis
art of the sub-conscious

Restaurant of life
there are so many menus
there will be menus
humans
many humans will be in the restaurant of life

Ah! life as a hummock
treats us when we be lazy
it makes as sleep
hyponis
art of the sub-conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Life Begins When In Our Vessel

vessel

we meet glacier after glacier

and to pass we move

glacier after glacier

then life begins, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Lo The Light! - So Shouted Our Guide

ah! lo the Light! - so shouted our guide
We on one olive green Abruzzo hill did stand
Below the pines and the smokes from the vale
Where peasant dwellings hid their humble heads.

So here was the ghost - the night had still
Not fallen down its veil with slow enmeshing
Adown the olive hill where we did stand:
But from the skies low and one storey-high
The Light flashed in the dark.

'That is he! The ghost! ' - the guide excitedly:
The night did flicker with a thousand stars
That shone like silver diamonds on the sea
Of strange azure and rare that heaven is:
And the Light flickered all mischievously.

It seemed a playful ghost - but hist!
It spoke - at first a drawl I heard but then
Less indistinct the words came to my ears
And less and less indistinct grew with every word:

My friends! If you but appreciate
My ghostly status you will not look strange
At me or what I say.
For I my friends full murdered was
Here on this knoll, this hill,
Six hundred years and more did pass:
Ah! Love for you they murdered me
When the night stars
Shone in the Levant with lover's eyes
And the wind subdued sang in yon small wood
Between the trees a-mourning funereal:
The stone that murdered, the dagger, the blood
All I remember well and recollect:
They thought to destroy me, yet here
Am I six hundred years and more
And speak as living men and move and walk:
Only that the frailties of these men

I do not have: for no vile dagger can
Anymore harm me or trouble me:
And see I without seen; and hear without heard:
For me the wonders of the Spring
The same are as the gusts and frosts
That in the Winter hoar pinch the pine trees
And hang from them in frosted icicles:
When Christmas comes in snowy garb of love
And nightingales sit all lonely on their branch.
I am as living men and more and no hurt can
Damage me; nor can green envy shoot
His bolt at me; and green-faced conspirators
Cannot dagger me as they did then.
No harm toucheth me or ill
Will near me'

So saith the ghost - and then it stopped all suddenly
It uttered a few last words incomprehensible
As when a drowning voice is sinking in a well
Where time manifesteth to drown in silent spell.

And then the Light shone not nor more
it flickered to our eyes astonishing:
But in the air, the quiet air
There lay the touches of the veil of night
As it went down a-down that quiet hill;
And lights electric neon lit
Down in the valley where
The peasant dwellings hid their humble heads.

A down we went; a down Abruzzo hill
And in to Abruzzo vale we went:
The night was climbing in his regal car
And lighting one by one the stars
That like diamonds shone in heaven's face
Or like fresh tears in a woman's eyes
Where paradise in dwelleth in a lake

A down we went - no word we said
Our hearts were full - our minds not less
For we, we human prouds had learnt

In a few moments a lesson that had not learnt
In years of pondering study at university:

Cool was the wind and licked our face:
The night was climbing in his regal car
Lighting one by one the silent stars
That as diamonds shone in heaven's face
Or like fresh tears in a woman's eyes
Where paradise in dwelleth in a lake.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Love, My Love Like A Glow-Worm Shines

Ah! love, my love like a glow-worm shines
Like to a glow-worm it so tiny is
That a small hand can crush it:
Like to a glow-worm so elusive it
So hard to capture now here now there:
This love, this glow-worm this ship
Sailing out of the port alone this night
Pilot-less and sailor-less and in the night
It fades, and fades, and fades.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! My Leg Aches

Ah! my leg aches
Yet the moon shines.

The eyes of the moon are bright
And have tears in them
To-night.

My heart aches.
My heart bleeds.
My heart yearns.
That's all
And
That is enough
Too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! One Year Has Descended

Ah! one year has descended
upon you mother in your
new residence:
a residence for long
and the first year
will soon be sealed
with your destiny be sealed
so many destinies

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Pinches Of Cold!

Ah! pinches of cold!
How less, how less
Than sadness!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Read My Verse

Ah! read my verse

'There I found consolation'

'Just that? '

'There's more. There's
The mechanics of Adjustment'

'Ah! with Adjustment you can suffer ever
And the brain stand'

'Stand? Stand ever? '

'Till it be broken'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Songs

Ah! songs
Renaissance nights
Nights of serenades
Nights of violins
Sweet tunes
Though
More thought
Be desired
Though more
Experiment
In
Style
Less, less conformity
Yet sweet the music plays
Nocturnal before days!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Strange Inconstant Northern Star

Ah! strange inconstant northern star
That in your trail behind you seem to leave
A trail of frost invisible
Into the long night of the universe
Tall and half-visible strange inconstant star.

I, too will inconstant as you be
And be
A father to new stars from more than one
Roaming restless and macho in the universe
Into the long night of the universe

And then
A million seeds and more will ride
Down the trail of frost invisible
Into the long night of the universe
Tall and half-visible strange inconstant star.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Earth Is Bursting -

Ah! the earth is bursting-
Like a woman in labor-
The earth is tearing itself-
It's opening its bowels hideously-
All fly as the earth yawns
And in its pains
The horrid clangor deafens all
At last
What we have valued icon-like
Now like a broken pitcher lies
A thousand fragments.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Frost Bite

Ah! the frost-bite
How doth it sting with cold!
But sweetness of love
With every thought
Wells up pleasure
A thousand times as much!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Motion Of Time Passing – After

All Time is Motion and Motion Time

How, how long!

How, how long!

You hear this day Mister X passed

You hear next day Mister Y passed

You hear next, next day Mister Z passed

What is the delay that's keeping

Immortality of Ens so much at bay?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Pearls Of The East How Famed They Are

Ah! the pearls of east how famed they are
For them how many men with spears fell
Turned inside them while the thin fingers
Of blood rolled.

How many a maiden fresh and full demure
With love-looks and potion-laden full
With darting eyes and wild – she looked.

How many a modest maiden breast
Heaved at the touch of pearls of east
And when the even tinct the skies with spots of red
And the wild dusk heralded sensous night:

And when the moon shone on the bosomed sea
And when the owl called forth from the old oak
And when the clouds passed on the shadowed lake:

Then Night bedecked with pearls of east walked like a queen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Ravages Of Time!

Ah! the ravages of time!
Ah! the ravages of age!
The snows more cruel will not be
Against the frozen faces of the rocks
Hard grey and black supporting them:
Nor will the nights more severe stand
Where shielding clouds elude
The frowning of the heavens; the disconsolation of solitude.

Vessels have foundered on shores and seas
And then their splendor lay in wrecks
Disjointed wood; melting paint; and shattered glass:
And all the paraphernalia of all wrecks:
I will never rest until I climb
The mount of sacrifice from where I look
Upon the wrecks of all I built and made
In previous years and burning youth and fray
Then will I have a little rest and then
I will my pinions throw at heaven's face.

Then one long cry desperate and wild
After minutes of realization will I throw:
The jug I built and which I threw to earth
I see and weep - and yet not tears come
Nor words by which unlock my heart:

This me, this wreck, this hopeless case and wild.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Scientist The King Of The Earth

Ah! The Scientist the king of the Earth
And emperor he is!

You see,
You see he just suspended Immortality
He was on the track
But disgusted
Suddenly stopped.

Tell me
Tell me that the red dusk
Has come and that
The Poet Seer has not pined
Tell me
Tell me

For this Poet Seer and this Scientist are one.

See, hear, the seas are roaring
The bays, the coves, the caves
The huge waves are entering!
And there is hooting all around
And
Winged creatures black flying around
In to the frowning heavens full
Abound

Here hear the flapping
Of giant wings:
Of things that saurian flying
Sound
Huge sound, huge windmills
Turning
Turning
Turning
And fires huge flaming at once
And sudden giant burning.

The Angel that you painted

And on loudhailers
Defamed
As a brute Monster:
He's returning, wounded
And lost and tired
Falling
Falling
Look! The sound!
He fell!
Face upwards he moves not!
At last Vindictiveness has won
Though angels flock around and
Weep
Your spell has won!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Siren Song Of Ambulance

Ah! the siren song of ambulance
Of formalin
See a priest with stole and cape
Grim of face
Sick bed
Tears
Cry of horror
White of fear
And in the distant far
Sings the song of ambulance!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Venetian Violin

ah! the Venetian violin
how lay on the desk unstrung, unseen
by admiring eyes:
much less
the hall of applause full distant was.

And in the night
A silver faery came
Tall wan unearthy
And in her eyes
A wildness spake not words
And in her walk
A furtive pace of fear
And in her cheeks
A modest blush retiring
Under a cloud like to the candid moon
In winter nights on lakes and waters froze
Shining with feeble light.

And strung she the violin
And numbers flowed
And flowed into the night
Into the ancient walls and vaults
Of that antique tower:
And in the night
The music notes unseen
A hundred elves and fauns
And satyrs made dance
Like the Three Graces.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! The Word Cemetery

Ah! the word cemetery
how often mother to utter it you have made me
you
my mother of the cemetery

inside the cemetery sleep the residents
the sleep, the long sleep
while
the energy from underneath the cold stones
that seal the grave
escape and roam.

ah! the word cemetery
how often mother to utter it you have made me
you
my mother of the cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! Then A Quiet End, The End

And then a stop.
A grinding of the wheels.

I see the face of Immortality
Surprised.

And smiling devilish a face
We hate.

And in her hand a sickle held
That dripped slow blood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! When I Take My Lyre, As Merlin

Took his book of magic.

My waning health revamps, kindles
The fire that in embers crackled.

And the night bleak so bleak
Lights with the burning stars.

Aye! Aye! Blood courses, Spanish,
Passionate, Mediterranean, proud.

Nor does it renege its Italian ancestry
Nor lose the thread of Teutonic remote.

Nor the night sleeps, but dreams and
Speaks unto itself Valletta's history.

Ah! when I take my lyre, as Merlin
Took his book of magic.

My waning health revamps, kindles
The fire that in embers crackled.

And the night bleak so bleak
Lights with the burning stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ah! When The Heart Bleeds

Ah! when the heart bleeds
When the brain thinks not
But vague and parched
Wanders through valleys
Where thorns grow

The thorns that hurt
The feet
The thorns that hurt
The head
Throttle
The parched throat

The Voice that sung
At last
The day will come
When that Voice sings not
When the waters of Babylon
Too much of exile taste
To drink

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aid Me My Muse, My Mind Instill

Aid me, my Muse, my mind instill
And in my soul your warm breathe give
To sing of Morpheus and his pleasant dreams
I cannot sleep these days.
Aye! Aye! Aye! I cannot sleep
And thus came pilgrim to the Muse's shrine
And there to ask my prayer to grant
That I may rest my head in welcome sleep:
What gifts, my Muse, favor will procure
And cast me up in(to) your fortune's eyes
Sprinkle with myrrh my passage to your shrine
And fill with queer shapes its unwinding path?
What gifts, my Muse, will please you most
Amidst the gleaming jewels of the East
Which the hoarding miser strokes with trembling hands
In darkened solitude blest by a small light?
What gifts, my Muse, will enchanting procure
Your gracious favors to my anxious self
Make your scepter yield with wanton hand
And of your ordinance soften the content?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Airport Of Spells

Airport of spells
Mists and charms
You tell me my Monsignor
You sing so oft of these!
And then
Said the Poet Seer:
To sing of these be never enough.
And Life
Is sweet not only in these
Things?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Airs Are Rising

The airs are
Rising up
And there are waters
Hanging in the heavens
Scents just below
A throne for Beauty
Nearby

Waters
Thoughts
Nights
Sleepless
Rants
Rants
Rants
The waters of the brain
Blessed Earth
More than morning dew
This cold night.

Emotions one by one
Lackluster nerves
Freeze
Sub-conscious thoughts
Move slow
Yet
Growling
The waters of the Nile
Spoke to the snows
High peaks rattled
Avalanches
So much snow fell
Tinkling of bells
Of cuddled sheep
Below a Scottish alp
By Aegean waters
A Poet Seer thinks on his harp

Airs Of The Common

There be the airs
Of the common
The lackadaisical
Now and then
At least
Even
In the most inventive
The commons creeps
Into these even
Through the slightest
Crevices

Emmanuel George Cefai

Airy Harps

Airy harps in heavens
immense
strike and play

they be
the carriers and
the messengers of the
General of the Skies.

Ah! these Instructions
Not orders, my learned
friend.

No, instructions
at least to be practical
and
to be pragmatical
these the instructions:

'Bury war in the
cemetery I show you
It is watery
It be the liquid Sea
the vast yet confined Ocean'

'And be as one in All,
and One for All,
and One of All
full permanent.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alcoves That Bear Brunt

Alcoves that bear brunt
To thousands of
Whispers:
On lone nights rare
Of cold and frost
Yet
Also in summer steam
As arrows in the heart
The echoes saunter
In the solitariness
Figures dark and rattling
Pass by nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alien

Picked up from a band that marched
Skeleton after skeleton

From a fairly distant star on earth
Thrown

And now on earth on a rocky coast-ledge
Where wave with lightning combated
Rain with frost, chill with wind
In that general ire
How wild,
How inclement your reception here!

Yet on the Earth away
From eyes of human you voyaged.

With the strength of an Alien
The half-courage of the solitary
One;
Of survival, the burning desire!

Now
That days passed
That weeks passed
And months
And even years
Alien to Earth
You are not more an Alien
For by the laws of the immense heavens
You have become Earth's citizen!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alighted In This Place

I warble since the Dawn
Alighted in this place
This port this town
Here on Earth:
With me
Warble
A thousand birds that slept
In boughs
And more
The spirits, ghosts and
Shrouds,
Still in the womb of Earth
Circulating
I turn to the port breezes
For more joy
That has been rare
That always was
Rare
These last years in my life.
Rare joy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

All In The Flashes

all
in the flashes
all
in the whirl of days
for
these be only whirling,
whirling, whirling,
now
you be in power
them I
now you be in glory
then I
turn the wheel that's
already turning

Emmanuel George Cefai

All In The Light

all in the light
that flashes
all the night
all in the light

Emmanuel George Cefai

All Is Dust

There were tall verses, slow and
With soft voice

Uttered were they as the sun set
And the flagship of Dusk
Had entered

Fading
After a glorious hour
The Dusk repeated:
'Ahi!
Ahi!
Ahi!
All id dust
All id dust
All is dust! '

Emmanuel George Cefai

All Must Rise, All Can, All Will.

All must rise, all can, all will.

Rise up humanity but not in violence

In masses yes, but in the intellect.

The Revolution of Violence was done.

And now the Revolution of the Intellect.

Emmanuel George Cefai

All Over

All over

All over the rats

Black rats

White rats

Dark rats

Grey rats

All

Scrambled over

Ah! the Sub-Conscious!

Emmanuel George Cefai

All Your Emotions

All your emotions are
In up and downs
Now:
As graph lines that ascend
And then descend
And
Then ascend again
Common to all times there
Be
Just relentless restlessness
The fruit of stress
The times we live.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alone

alone, solitary,
they brought a bier
put in and confined him
confined him to the grave.

Season after season came
season after season passed
on the tomb light, then
cancelled was his name.

and the heavens unhappy
thundered in anger full:
and the stars were still
asleep from the night's stand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alone In Grief, Alone In Thought, Alone

[The Pieta']

alone in grief, alone in thought, alone
the mother stood, the mother wept,
small, silent, tearless tears at the brim
that never came:
The Pieta'

Around the gloom, around the dark, and hopelessness
She held her son a piece of flesh
Alone in grief, alone in thought she stood
The Pieta'

She saw him hit, she saw him fall, his eyes
She closed herself; hers the last kiss
Hers the last touch, farewell:

Alone in grief, alone in thought she stood
Pieta'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alone, Alone - I

Alone, alone
You walk, you toil and lose
You work for years
And day and night
And then robber-like
They steal, they steal from you
All your fruits, all your work
When will the pity of heaven come?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alone, Alone - Ii

Alone, alone
Perched on a high bastion
The palm-tree stood
It looked dejected
With every dusk.

And
With every quaff
Of wind
It moved
It moved
Its bent head it moved

How bent
Its head
Like the Pieta'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Alone, Bereft, Abandoned

Alone, bereft, abandoned,
Unkempt, half-dressed, unsavory,
Walking, slow, pensive, moody,
Demoralized, head-bent, vacant-looking
Pot-bellied, tired, tired-looking,
Shunned, despised, persecuted
Unhappy, leaden-eyed, cast down.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Along The Gravel Walked The Solemn Sea

Along the gravel walked the solemn sea
Apache!
The attack-call!

The brain confused and stress will not
Yield yet
And in as proportion direct be
Restless

I saw the green frothing
The anger red
The clothing
Before the bull's eyes.

The white matador I saw
Turn round and round
The cloth

I saw the white matador
On the ground
Turning round and round
As dust turned red.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Along The Ridges

Along
The
Ridges
Blow
The
Snows
In
The
Wild
Lands
Of
Patagonia
Along
The
Ridges
Move
I
Where
Men
Of
The
Earth
Will
Reach
Me
Not
Or
Else
With
Such
Difficulty
That
I
Will
Fly-transform
To
Heavens
Further
Up

Should
They
Reach me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Already Felt I My Flesh Fall

Already felt I
my flesh fall
one after one
naked
the bone appear
suffering and
skeletal

A ghost was I
becoming
till
a ghost became I

And donned
the Shroud to cover
my nakedness of bone
bending
under the suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Already I Be In To Exile

Already I be in to exile
I have long prepared
I have long begot my
thought and my resolve
in the hours of stress
In stress was born
my will to exile and
ancestor of my exile:
Already be I in exile

Emmanuel George Cefai

Already In The Air And In The Sky

Already in the air and in the sky
Lead color sometimes appears:
'tis the sign
That summer will soon end:

I long for lead a little lead of sky
After the glorious suns of summer
The blood coursed red and raw and fast
But now
Less coursing I feel it wants to be:
More cool, perhaps more rational
And welling up more pleasure all the same
It longs to bask
To bask away from suns
Into the mellow autumn coolness that will come.

But night, this night
Will soon cover all
The little lead of sky it goes
And night buries it
Buries in its folds of dark
And with it goes
There goes the first glimpse of Autumn
And its strange serenity.

To-night, this night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Always At The End!

Always at the end!
Smiled at last
After so many disappointments!
Yet
There remained an hours few
A days few
And
The end was disappointment
This time too!
Mother! Mother! Help me
My heart breaks
The last straw lives
Only lives
And
All the rest is all broken
At the end
Always the end!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Always Routine

Always routine
always drear
the earth rotates

but
that is what the mass universe dictates

that is what Principles dictate
Proportion sovereign

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amalia!

Amalia!

magic name, common name, rare name

Amalia!

But in your name there is
a person behind the scenes:
there was a heart that beat
there was a heart that had to beat
for more years

alas! Amalia!
the gales of misfortune carried you
you were speaking with red face
the day before
the day before
you spoke not more
and face upwards lay
in the hospital bed without a move

and I
I
entered without sobs,
for my heart was too broken to make sobs,
and
I felt that I was treading sacred ground
I touched your cheeks now
becoming cold
your hair grey of suffering
I touched
and
begged them give me a little tress
that was all.

That was all.
The mass, the funeral, the tomb,
the cold morn of the entombment,
your shroud remains
Amalia!
your blood remains

Amalia!
and
that was all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amidst

Amidst
The last lines
Now
The last of verses

Age
Has made his clutch
And
Hapless as a sparrow I
In the eagle's clutch
Lie.

Ah! Age! age! Age!
What change and havoc
Wrought
Till one or more
Will come and stop you:
Till then
You oft sadistic pleasure
Take
As the coffins in to the
Screaming graves
Are laid

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amidst The Desert Sands The Violet Rose

Amidst the desert sands the violet rose
In the mirage blinding transformed
And re-transformed cyclical:
Realizing it itself unseen
By human eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amidst The Nights

Amidst

Amidst the nights

Bones in skeletons

Assemble more

Assemble in the skeleton

Assemble in the night

Skeleton to skeleton

And then they march over

The sea

Drilled and non-stop

Towards Dawn

Over Ocean and seas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amidst The Woe

As
In football
Amidst the woe
And breaking:
Amidst the disaster
On disaster
He found
With sacrifice
Strong work
And hard
At last
A leap of brain
That got him over
When
Choice was just
Either get over
Or else fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amidst, Amidst

Amidst, amidst
Amidst the waves
The ocean-waves that sparkle on the pilot sea
And glisten in the night to dancing forms
Of elfin size in silent prancing lost.

Aloft, aloft
My soul I have let go
That it may find at last
Its home, the yearning-prize
Wherein it must go now:
The ocean-sea that sparkles in the night.

I hear the chains cut
I hear the pains fall
I hear my dress of breath
Fall in the channel sea, beyond the straits
Where the wide Ocean beckons and awaits:
Where the wide night yet sparkles full as day
Where the dawn riseth from its eastern cave
Where beauty surfeits by excess of love:
Where the Good rests and stays
My soul will sail.

And from the triad of rocks that menacing
Stands in the ocean path
The sirens sing their lay.

Yet the night shines and there is light
The soul sails on, the siren-song by-passed
Withers and loses in the ocean's vast.
The breezes blow, the breezes blow my face.
And the soul sails, still sails this night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amnesia Of Beauty

Amnesia
Amnesia
Of
Beauty
Yes
It
Was
But
Now
The
Hand
That
Slept
Revives
But
Now
The
Lyre
Sings
But
Now
The
Violin
Plays
But
Now
The
Heart
Sees
Full
And
All
Be
In
Earth
And
Heaven above!

Amongst The Trees

Amongst
The
Trees
The
Spectral
Dance
Now
Goes
A
Poet-Seer
His
Eyes
Of
Wonder
The
Cemetery
The
Very
Deep
Of
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Amulet Of Singing

Amulet of singing
Bird that jewel
Eyes sports
Even in the
Day
But what eyes
Diamond of East
And amaranth
In every night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Adult Love

an adult love
so
is ours:
and
on transgressions
so-called based too
the greater the so-called
transgression
the more our ecstasy in love
and
weaker in Love's
hummock grow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Ailing Sun

An ailing sun
Now
Today
Will forge through
The Port straits
Low on the horizon
As red dusk
Mounts over Valletta on his steed
And
All the city pines
And a mantle gray
Covers its face.
Just as a passing posse of
Clouds.
The night's still on its way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Early Dawn

this dawn was early
and an early dawn
is welcome more
more so
after night's sufferings.

another day.
another day that's gone
that lights
up cheek of heavens
with such early dawn.

the heart weighs
less
though
behind a corner hidden
Sorrow and Pain conspire
whispering

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Even Song

An even song!
So said the Muse
I will
To fire songs.

The more and more
As winter
Goes along!

It will keep you
In your hearth warm
Your house
Your castle
Delight in fairy
Song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Hour Ago

An hour
Ago
There
Was
The
Hubbub
Of
The
Feast
The
Guests
Chirped
As
Birds
Chirp
Wine
Flowed
And
Whisky
Made
Glasses
Clank
And
Ring
But now
But now
The feast is finished
Now
Dispersed in all directions
The chirping guests
Now
There
Is
Silence
Knife
Of
Quiet
Sadness
In

The
Place
Of
The feast
Only
A
Slight wind neighs
Slow
Slow and slight.
And the
Dust
Goes round.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Indifferent Dawn

Dawn, here, today.

Dawn in Valletta.

It was indifferent.

Now that it has melted into day
That it was so indifferent we
Will say.

Before night's drear trembled and
With it trembled all
Below the heavens on Earth.
The usual stress and angst
And drear.

Now day's preparing a banquet
That was fixed days ago.

Slow it lays utensils, wrapped in
Drear
After a dawn indifferent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Iron Will, A Rod Of Power,

An Iron Will, a rod of power,
That was of others, not of mine
For I am broken.

An arrow red that
Through the heavens flies
Speedy as velocity of light
Of the lustful stars that burn and glow.

For here
In this menagerie of churning history
Where history rides on brooms
Day and night
And thus right on the face of the
Heavens
It engraves and writes
An Iron Will, a rod of power,
That was of others, not of mine
For I am broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Oar

An oar
An oar paddling the waters
An
Oar
Prodding the waters
Circles round
Sweet humming abounds
Sweet music ferries
From side to side
Shifting and rattling
In Beauty applied.

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Old Owl Sage

An old owl sage
Sate her on a fir
In Hastings Gardens
Midnight was nigh
And said the sage owl:
'Choose the night
Do not hate the day
To hate never a way
But choose the night
The stars, moon light
Already in the night
So many humans come
So many discoveries
So many verses
Dramas plays and prose
Philosophy economics
Sociology – all civilization
How much of it
Was begotten in the night
Quiet!
And more must be begotten
In the night
And we individuals must
Take on us, wear
The mantles of the night
In what we do and think and make
And then together will we be
The more; the less of war;
How much
Begotten was and must in the
Night quiet!

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Unfortunate Slip

To an unfortunate
unfortunate slip
when I was walking
trudging, trudging
I fell
now air raid after
air-raid
On my poor shelter
rings:
the giant boxer rains
his blows
yet with each of these
blows
courage rebellious grows.[

Emmanuel George Cefai

An Unpretentious Night

An unpretentious night
Of awarding the delight
A goblin green in sight
A verse a glowworm bright

Glittering
Glittering
The scent of Peace
But past
Long past and
Irreversible
The flesh and blood

Now
Skeletons and ghosts and
Shrouds
Rattle in their bones
Tremble in their Souls
Sit at tables by night
Have powers each of them
More than king and emperor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Document

An old and ancient document
With fervent eye
Examined I
In my delight and
In my curiosity.

I willed
all round me
Still
As door nails:
In that incandescent
Revelry.

Roared outside
The winds and rains
And thunder and
The shivers down
My spine sent the lightning!
And more nights and
Days and occasions as
This night,
will I!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Houses

Why ancient houses
Old so oft
Attract the winds of
Chill
The paling frost
The sere and cyclic
Leaves that round and
Round
Fire the earth with sound?

Ah! the faces of the
Houses
Ancient and old and
Crumbling
Burn:
For it be dusk and
Sunset is now gone
The woods
Outside the town
They tremble
They vibrate
With the thrill
Of
Nocturnal awakening
Come! Come!
The first stars are already
On the horizon
In the dun of heavens

Why ancient houses
Old so oft
Attract the winds of
Chill
The paling frost
The sere and cyclic
Leaves that round and
Round
Fire the earth with sound?

Ancient Houses Old So Oft Attract The Winds

Why ancient houses
Old so oft
Attract the winds of
Chill
The paling frost
The sere and cyclic
Leaves that round and
Round
Fire the earth with sound?

Ah! the faces of the
Houses
Ancient and old and
Crumbling
Burn:
For it be dusk and
Sunset is now gone
The woods
Outside the town
They tremble
They vibrate
With the thrill
Of
Nocturnal awakening
Come! Come!
The first stars are already
On the horizon
In the dun of heavens

Why ancient houses
Old so oft
Attract the winds of
Chill
The paling frost
The sere and cyclic
Leaves that round and
Round
Fire the earth with sound?

Ancient Mother

let us together go my ancient mother
let us together go
dusk is past and night time come
for us.

come take my hand
I fear not your ghastly hand
nor the misery of your sufferings
in your pale withered face

at least you are not skeleton
and decked in the old flesh
that before your last illness
were.

so let us go.

the caravan awaits, the ghost
horses neigh occasional
and now take my hand, mother,
now alight

and let the driver
take us where he will
all places now for us be
just the same.

and there be drear even when
we reach Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Prometheus

The thighs and muscles of ancient
Prometheus he had.

High up from rock to rock with
Giant legs
He muscled his way up.

Blinded the sun rays beating and
Increasing.

But ah! he too had
Hanging around his neck
The carcass of the albatross.

And of the tired dusks switched off
By lurid nights.

Time is the Master of happenings
And
By and by
Though our present-day Prometheus
Dripped with sweat
As he climbed to the peak he had
Not reached:

Ah! how many peaks we will to climb
But reach?

Let us stop now; a welcome ledge
Now beckons.

And let our Prometheus fade with day and
Rest at night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Too

Through
The bushes
And
Hastings Gardens
What happens every night!

What tales the firs they
Know
They saw
What tales the oaks
Enclose!
What tales the garden paths
Even
As we were of old!

And
Then how many fled at Dawn
With first signs of
New day
As the seas lighted
Smile
From house to house and town to town
Its spread
All simultaneous

Times fly as motion flies!

The ancient remains and the present
Ancient too!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Wars

The magic of our ancient wars
And of the bastions in the red
Of cannon firing and light
That magic recall I
But through my verse.

The houses trembling with
The sounds of war:
Inhabitants and humans
Who roam about
As ants
When
Seen from above.

The magic of our ancient wars
And of the bastions in the red
Of cannon firing and light
That magic recall I
But through my verse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ancient Yearning

Parched
The document
Attention it tears
Easily!

In the midst
Of ancient hills
And valleys
Stand
For sake of learning.

My heads nods
With tiredness
And sleep
And my spine
Bends.

Dust rages as I turn
The ancient manuscript
Obnoxious to my
Nostrils turning

I mind mot
For in that document
There be my yearning
My heart be sinking
Back to those
Folios of the document,
The Ancient.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And

And

In the square the angel statues high

In semi-circle on the pilgrims look

They always look and look

Even when the rains come

And the sun shines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And A Lone Nightingale Was Singing

And a lone nightingale was singing
Solitary
Solitary lone singing
Cold was the frost
Wild the lightning
Dawn in hiding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Back

the light turns from
here to there
and back.

I am out in the cold
countryside
in the cold winds and
rains.

A fire in the nearby
chapel lights.

And I see coming out
droves of white-clad
sprites

And on their faces a
small black cross.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Bell And A Cock

And bell and a cock
Together unlock
The beauties of new
Day
At the white of the dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

And In The Distance

And
in the distance
the thunder

tremble the monuments and drenched tombs

the shrouds and ghosts
their procession nocturnal
cancel.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And In The House

And in the house
All is now silent
I rise and grope
In the dark, dark
And lo! Before me
A blue light I
A thin blue light
See I all a-shining
And leading me
And guiding me
Into the dark
In the long night
In to the long night!

Ah! father, father
Where are
You leading me:
The thin blue light
Now veers to here
And then to there
Now up
Now down
It plays:
And in the night
The long lone night
The seconds turn and turn!

And in the house
The lonely house
A soundless sound
Is humming:
The light
The thin blue light
Is leading still leading
And in the night
No time is passing

No hope of dawn
Or day

Is coming:
But dark
And dark:
Yet in the night
This night
Of black
A thrill felt I
And happiness
That never felt!

Emmanuel George Cefai

And In Their Buds The Flowers Hide

And in their buds the flowers hide
The beauty of the future
So my grief:
It hides in it
The future of beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Lo! Into Another Hall

And lo! into another hall
where played a hundred and more
the violin; all played as if
a different tune yet
in that magic excellence
they played the uniform relative
and the same
Asked I turning to Minerva:
'Why of so many experiments
there a One that sweetens more
with Time and Motion passed? '
'That is the tune that civilization
Must in the future take
the more that All in One,
even the human, locks occurs
the more in ever-increase Evolution goes
and that the way that the human
must be indicated and encouraged to'
I spoke not; humbled by
the wisdom of the uttering of those
words.
And with Minerva in a stately walk
into another hall she pointed
entered we.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Over The Lake Marge

And over the lake marge
She wandereth;
A-holding in her hand
A candle – the flame
So flickered in the wild wooing wind
That ran about the lake
Rippling it with waves

The lake – how raging white
It looked with rippling waves:
That foamed all white
The lake looked like a mouth
That foamed and foamed and foamed.

And over the lake marge
She wandereth;
And in the trees around
No bird singeth;
The nightingale mute looketh
From her rustling branch;
And on a thick oak branch
The owl all-ruffled resteth.

And all the world
Seemed to turn round
And round;
The moon seemed not
To smile
In its familiar white
But red it turneth
And like a fire-ball
It burneth;
And o'er the lake
A sudden red appears
As if a war occurred
And waters stained with blood
Ran everywhere.

And high on high
The azure heavens lost
The usual blue
And turned a streak of red
In the long fading background
In the lost distance
Where planets turned mysterious.

And down, and down below
The lady in crimson red
Now lonely walketh;
And in her hands
A candle flickers slow
With every pace
With every wind-gust

Life flickers on the wall, warm, here and there

Emmanuel George Cefai

And The Masks Turned And Turned.

And the Masks turned and turned.
Slow they danced with measured steps.
Studied each step and pace and slow.
And the Masks turned and turned.
And though the winds
that Zephyr sent to blow such
frost and dreary chill
yet they touched not the Masks
that underneath their identity hid:
and revelled in the mystery of it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And The Nightingales Were Singing

And the nightingales were singing
Do you remember that?
The wine was not liquid but like gum
And it fell slow and seeping
Down the trees it fell.

It was mimicking the Milky Way.
Where the milk of the stars
Was trickling down
Drop after dropp of milk
Gum like in those giant gums
Of immense distances.

For the heavens have such tears.
And the immense heavens have
Immense tears.
For immense things propense are
To immense things.

And then
Throughout the night when Zephyr
Watching with glistening eyes
The summit stars decided
To unwind his bag of winds
A little – just a little;
Then
There cascaded in the immensity
Of the night blue heavens
There cascaded
The solemn winds and on the sea
The sails swelled.
It was centuries ago.

But from the Milky Way a Star
Was observing film-like
Centuries ago before its eyes.
Ah! The transposition of time
And motion in a ray – it is
Just like a film, just like a film

It wanders in the silence of the nights.

It was an intelligent night.
And the moon smiled and shone
Even on the seas it shone
Silver and white alternating
In the ups and downs of the waves
Small and introvert:
And calm.

Ah! Verse and song
ah! Verse and song
For You
I will not exchange this or that:
'It is your duty, sir, ' he said
'Yes, ' I said, 'I will but await;
First I must sing my song and verse
And string till moment come
That I string not
The lyre the Muse gave and that
As regards use is loaned to me:
I cannot sir, duty must be, but
Tarry yet.'

And the Human smiled for he understood
And in him too the Muse entered too
As magic spirits in the trees of a wood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And The Ruins Of Ancient Rome

And the ruins of ancient Rome
I looked and saw
On the Internet:
I looked and looked
But more
Thought and thought and thought
For
In those ruins I saw
Falling
Falling
The ruins of my All
My Fates
My Destiny.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And The Spume Flies!

And the spume flies!
Up and down
The vessel hoots and
Falls and rises.

In the town
Diseases carried are in human forms.

Yet all the houses are alight and clean.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Then Of Sudden There Camne A Sound

And then of sudden there camne a sound
strange as if from the nether earth
from soils damp and wet arising;
and
it sang in a strange microphoned tongue
'Be merry sirs, no human sees
Hum hum around like nightly bees
Or like the crickets on the summer nights.
But merry be.
The waters trickle.
The gutters full.
Slope the water-rains.
The heavens open remain.
Rain falls.
Thunder opens white in rage
its mouth.
Then vibrating Earth
it sounds.
One after another Light
after Light
the Thunder goes.
One after another Sound
after Sound
the Thunder goes.
And the day is in throes.
The red dusk fled.
Throne has been left
Into the hands of night.
Be merry, Sirs, the storm
Has ushered humans in:
To their warm hearth and home
And most now sleep profound
Go round, round and round
For no human espies
Long, long and far
the Dawn be; your faces
have many hours to whiten
with pale fear of new Dawn and Day.
Be merry, dance, round

and round,
without a sound, silent,
ghosts and shrouds, animal,
bust and All, dance, merry be:
The storm will last as long
As the night be with me.'
So said the Voice then stopped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Though The Pitcher Is Not Broke

And though the pitcher is not broke
Its heart is broke
And still the song that rose and sung
And in the dust the lyre lies.

The chords are torn and broken
And if
Some-day some hand the lyre strings
Its silence it will break with echoes hoarse

Then better lie the lyre silent here
Where dust and ages mate:
Torn are the chords and broken
And hoarse the echoes are and raw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Violin

And violin
how sad and slow and sick
the string, the notes, the play.

the dusk has suffered and has
gone weeping
the night followed close.

I saw Night pensive chin in hand
and furrowed head-brain
and silent pacing, pacing, pacing

Emmanuel George Cefai

And Yet

And yet

Yet

To purchase a few drops of breath

Emmanuel George Cefai

And You Will Pine

And you will pine
Away
And you will pine
Away
Swollen the feet
That trod all
Afternoon
Disheveled the hair
That sweated through
The night:
Weary-sleep the eyes
That
Through the sunset
Slept:
And now
Now that it be dusk
You will pine away
You will pine away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Anger Brewing Constantly

Of innocence lost
And of
Anger brewing
Constantly
Justified anger
Now
Thrive I.

In my eyes
In my brain too
Beauty no longer
Dwells
Alone
In solitude
But with things
Other things

Civilization of thirty
Years ago
And
more
By now
Be too dim
Too dim
And
There remains
Still flickering
Civilization
Alternative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Anger Hangs

Whilst anger hangs on boughs
Where does hatred hie?
I saw hatred hie
Into a thorny cave and
Stealthy hie
As the Figure of Judas passed by.

Vale on vale, mountain
That rings with cow-bells,
Climbing, to the dense
Clouds ever-reaching
Ever-nearing
To the dense clouds
To the dense clouds

Corn bending for
It was night; the waters
Were lusting; the little
Snow that was left
In the highest peaks
Was melting.

Ovum and egg of civilization
The brain begetter too
Master-general self-appointed
Yet as of merit
Not lacking
Though
In ever-need of ever-increasing
Forces.

Again
I saw the Figure of Judas
It does come but be gone
As soon as it comes –
Seconds – light flashing
And going and tempest rains

That peter down on
Roaring tempest gales and
Bursting clouds
Roaring lightning
Ever
Till a wide-smiling rainbow
The cruel patch-work
Sever.
And night on parallel train
Voyages to
The end.
As Dawn begins, begets
Her light and smile
And waking and tempest-vanishing
Too
Be on the same train
Parallel.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Angry Doors

I heard angry doors
slamming at night
I heard thunder there

There were goblets of
poison on table
strewn everywhere.

Doors creaking and teeth
of Draculas biting and
sucking just blood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Angry Stars

when were the stars
so
angry
as
tonight
Whispered
a cloud:
A century ago that was!

I remember the day
the night of clouds
the tempests and the
gales of wrath deluges
waters in gutters
flooding of streets
wrath everywhere
and the night had
a hammer in its hand

but ah!
that
was
a
century
ago
a
full
century!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Angst Of The Tragedy

Angst of the tragedy
More angst exponential
In tragedy upon tragedy

We
We humans travel the Earth
In day and sleep at night

Let us reverse humans and
Our day will be the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Anguished Soul

anguished soul

the figure stood

the night stars shone

sea-waters swept

he spoke not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Anguished Souls

the anguished souls
they gather on the plain
as chaff together
clustered by the winds
that blow

they pine

a lonely soul
swims dark through
dark waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

Annoy Me Not Earth

Annoy me not Earth
But bless me
With the fruit
From Beauty's berth.

Give more rights
Individual sanctity
But more than that
Nobility.

Annoy me not Earth
But bless me
With the fruit
From Beauty's berth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Another Civilization

Here
Another civilization
Here
In the cemetery
There is silence
A small lark in
The first light sings.
The rest is white light;
Silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Another Day

but what a day!
my life changes today
with you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Another Day That We As Yet Survived

Another day that we as yet
Survived
The dawn
The curtain raising of the Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Another Year

another year will go.

the verses have yet come.

and I sang.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Apart

How long apart
How long apart
The seas in front
They roared
Rattling the pebbles:
Wild and lone
Stood I on the shore.

I saw the fading
That went with my ageing
Yet verse was still young
Yet suffering.

I hear
Bells from churches
In the distance
Ringing
Ringing
Yet my verse was still young
Yet suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Apartment Eight

Apartment eight I
love
you
just the same as the
woman
who resides there.

Apartment that brings
So mellow-gentle memories
and sighs of
love
desire
in my breast that heaves.

I must sing more than once
Of you.
I must whisper to Muse many
many times of you.
I must versify many a time
Of you, my dearest, my love....
- whisper
as I kissed you
and you kissed me
our lips melting to each other
our hearts leaping
beyond
Apartment Eight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aphorism

Aphorism, verse

Verse, aphorism

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aphorisms Resounded

Aphorisms resounded in the
Heavens.

Below the storm, the tempests
Roared.

The cacophony of sound was a
Sweet mellowing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Apostles You Must Be

Apostles you must be and
Never stop

And never fear never stop
Never hold

Apostles of civilization new
Ever-evolving
The baton is for you to carry now

Emmanuel George Cefai

Apples That Hung Tempting

Apples that hung tempting
Garden filled with smokes
And hisses
Was it not filled with mists
But yesterday?

Towards a night where
Marches and drills of
Ghosts and shrouds
Alight the ways of the
Cemetery.

Apples that hung tempting
Garden filled with smokes
And hisses
Was it not filled with mists
But yesterday?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arab Drums

Arab drums
and
Arab words
and
Arab singers
and
Arab verse
and
Arab dancers....

on and on
the song
slow and rising
as a lovely snake
amidst the desert
immensities
so
wound the song
the Arab song
as water that willed
not to stop
amidst those parching
sands

ah! desert civilization
fair world
as chains are cut
as you
in those immensities
hide
and yet
still on the Earth abide

For little lovelier
for little sweeter
be
than
Arab drums

and
Arab words
and
Arab singers
and
Arab verse
and
Arab dancers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arab Horses

The Arab horses neighed and
Opened their nostrils as
Fierce they pawed the reddish
Sands.

In the short distance
Rose
The walls of the walled city
Tall and square:
The closed giant door
The sentinels
The red domes of pointed mosques.

Night helter skelter
Came
And hiding said:
'I will wait.
Time will come, as
It will come to all.
The red dusk will my
Precursor be.
Ancient and noble'

Time passed by too quick
Fleet as lightning
Holding by the hand, Motion.

Awhile
Again
The Arab horses neighed and
Opened their nostrils as
Fierce they pawed the reddish
Sands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Are Not We Skeletons?

Are not
We skeletons?
At the moment
Clothed in flesh
We hear
The bellman in the streets
We hear the paces
From our beds and
Warm rooms:
We glide
Into the pressure-oven
Of Time and clear waters
We will move slow
That Age will not
Stifle us that early
Gain more time:
Though
I am underneath and
At heart
A skeleton

Emmanuel George Cefai

Are The Fates Sated? Ourselves Are

the Fates of ourselves?

When will we make our world a city of
all for all?

When will be abolish division between State
and State, race and race?

When will all cities be villages of the same
Earth?

Civilization of now to be over-turned by the
next civilization ever-increase
continually
from moment to moment.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arise

Arise
Open the dimming eyes!
Open!
Eyes are made to see
And you must see
To the very
Bone.

In
The humid
Soily
Graveyard
Tombs
And
Graves
Asserted
Their
Possessor
Rights
Nor
Feared
Day
Thought
Their
Pyramid
Rose
Erect
And secret-sacred
In
Deepest
Night

Lo! Time passes!
Look
At
The wrist
Watch
Time passes!
But

We
Have
Sworn
Not
To
Heed
Time
Not
To heed
Dusk
When it comes popping
Red through waning
Skies
Nor night that the
Heavens immense and
Treads the servient stars
Nor
Waking
Of
The day
Nor waking of the seas
The first stirrings
The relative end of dreams
When
The vessel of the sub-conscious
Leaves port
Re-enters
The conscious stark.

The
Whale
From
Its
Snout
Snorted
Waters
Into
The
Skies
Disrespectfully?
Ask the waters;
Ask the day;

Will they speak?

Light is on,

Now.

Come, my Monsignor

Come, take my hand.

We go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arise Bent Shroud

Arise bent shroud
Though it be dawn
Though night be your time
Your site
Bent shroud

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arise From Your Tomb

Arise from your tomb on the appropriate

Day

Arise my mother, and be glorious,

Yet

At least once again once more again!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Around

Around
Around
The incense sound!

The coffin white
Of brain the scythe
Of chill the blight!

But of all woes
Age pales the face
Makes the heart throes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Around The Fountain

Around the fountain
Danced
Children of delight.

Future years were for them!

For me stone-walls afront
And blight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Around The Site

Around the site
I walked arising
For
I needed to shed
Aside the torpor
Of holidays
And re-start work
In the forges of
Blood and sweat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Around The Space There Grew

Around the space there grew
the density of particles
then
there grew the density of
stones
there grew the wrath of a storm
there grew flying asteroids
but asteroids of verse
there grew the bleeding of
love
there grew the anxiety of
despair
there grew the pining of
eyes
there grew the round globes
of wrath
there grew the seas that went
back and went forth
there grew the mountains compressed
from the grinding pressures of
Earth
there grew
there grew

Emmanuel George Cefai

Around, Around The Earth

Around, around the Earth
of blue
the moon glides
around, around the Earth
of blue, the swishing of the
tides
around, around the Earth
of blue
o golden chariots separate
beauty herself rides
rides

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arrive Late

You
Will
Arrive
Arrive
Late
there's
A
Long
Queue
The
Heavens
Are
High
In
The
Heights
And
I
Poet Seer
Look
Up
At
Them
And sigh
Sigh
For
The
Ever-riddling
Wait
And
Opening
Of
The
Doors
Vacant
And
Immense
Before
To

Ever-increase

Emmanuel George Cefai

Arrow Of Consciousness

From the arrow of consciousness
That flew
Straight in to my
Breast
Pierced my Soul
And
Blood came out
Tickling
And
Red
From the arrow of consciousness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Art

As great in Art
So in Science
Let be as great:
Though great always be
Relative.

See
What we request
Is what we need
Not of vindictiveness
But of necessity
Not of hate
But of the desire to
Heal wounds
Desire
To make happy
Where for years
Suffered
Had distress
Misery
See
See
Now Justice need be done
And there is no other
Way
No, no other way.
A Prospect where we ask
Ask the necessary
Do not ask for not what
Is not ours
But ask conservatively
Ask for us
For what is ours

You
Have the power to
Rise
You have the need
To rise

You have the duty.
You
That have the
Gold of wisdom
Before you
Take it now
And be you
The first to light the flame
In History:
In another hundred years
History will light that flame
All the same
And you
You will have lost the chance
Of being the first
To light the torch in History
The first to lead the way
To our Earth
To History.
Do not lose the chance!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Art Work

The art work on your life
It fits the store
Of honey built over a
Year by humble bees
In thousands gathering
Industrious crowd
That without humming loud
Silent in their industry
The sweet produce usher
In.

So
Must your tongue be
So
Must your thoughts be
Poet Seer
Hear these words hear
And practice in your day
From dawn to night
A suffering to glory
All along the way.

The art work on your life
It fits the store
Of honey built over a
Year by humble bees
In thousands gathering
Industrious crowd
That without humming loud
Silent in their industry
The sweet produce usher
In.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As A Lovely Flower

As a lovely flower
A thought
Even
A chanson by a nightingale
A rustling by the fir
Nocturnal
In the perched garden:
Even as these
Dream and breathe
Wild and raw magic
The people of the night
Walk
In Hastings Gardens
Hand-in-hand
Satyr and hedge hog, cat
And nymph, bacchanalian
And glow-worm
So many
So many
As a lovely flower
A thought
Even

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Aged I

As aged I
I the Poet Seer
turned the Coin of Life
from Conscious to Sub-Conscious
face
around:
no, no silent sound
but
in my verses crept
graves tombs and cemeteries
and
shrouds and ghosts and marches
in the nights of sabers long
marching, marching
trudging:
and sighing bridge, trees bent,
after dusks, mild and violent
nights of stars
and otherwise: tempests
and glooms
hanging as the swords of Damocles
hanging
as the guillotine over Danton
over the old City houses
time to go:
leave
just leave
the Coin of Life turn to Sub-Conscious face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As An Exhausted Sea-Giant

As an exhausted sea-giant
that
has hooted for so long
that
has swam the churning
primeval seas and
oceans
as an exhausted sea-giant
amidst the burning fires of
distress
the extrinsication of stress
and stress
the extrinsication of despair
and
despair the extrinsication of
fear
and
fear the extrinsication of the
sub-conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Dante Found The Ferocious

As Dante found the ferocious
Animal in his way
So I
So I.

And in this my outcry
Let the heavens tremble
And the earth rend.

And drear be every where
Dies irae, dies illa!
The waters rise, the
Rivers overflow their
Banks.
And drear, drear,
Drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As From Behind Tree

As
From behind
tree and tree
the Muse played with me

such homely verse
as prose and talk
it was
without the pin-point
laws of style and
principles

from tree
to tree
ran I
and
on each time
a new thing learnt
from my mistake.

Till
that I learnt
by experience - not
by rote
But of all took note
inside my Inner Soul.

And thus
this cunning nymph of Muse
thought me without
the need of classes
to be Poet-Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

As I My Steps

As I my steps
Along the grated streets
Of sweet Valletta I retraced
I passed from street to street
And I me thought that I could find
The dwelling where you lived.

For me those streets familiar quite
Became as dearer and dearer
As I from city street to street
My steps retraced their bearer

Aye! Aye! The streets became as dearer
And beautiful more than I had seen
For years and years before:
The pregnant windows frowning black
Unmoving ghosts in city pent
I wandered quite what did they hide
Behind their closed doors:
The small quaint front doors in the street
A few light inches the cobble stones above
With memories faint and dim
And with fast-fretting hither and thither
The hazy residents of those small abodes
Hid from my anxious questioning sight.

And as I passed along the street
A chimney high I saw smiling with glee
As it played child-like with white passing clouds
Above the warm sun shone on the old stones
That dreamt and dreamt and dreamt of years untold.

Aye! Aye! The city old
Above the harbor glideth
In my warm dreams:
The sailing clouds
Above the trees
In the small garden passing:
The green leaves

In their high towers
With each to each
In their wild love-making
To each and each are rustling:
The citizens in city streets
With hurried steps are passing.
And whither do they pass
And thither do they go?

The silent steps
In the small sullen street
I start descending
As if some thief to catch
That in some city nook
From me is hiding:
A lazy cat
Watches with half-open'd eye:
Little beyond
The stench of its urine
Drown'd by the sweet sense
Of roses pent in mortar cask
And hanging from the city wall.

Yes! Time is passing
In this sweet silent city of my dreams:
Let me allow it pass
Into the ocean sea-blue
That in midst of it
Like as in lover's arms
My senses and myself will sink.

And I will not speak
And I will not sing
If not my lyre speaks
If not my lyre sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As In A Dream

As in a dream
Closed
Closed walls
High walls
And I
I inside
The tomb
Face upwards
Reveries and reveling
But in dreams
In dreams of sweat
My mother calls
'Come!
Come to me!
I wait.'
The cold wind blows
Breaks the surreal quiet
And
Some leaves move.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As In A Dream I Voted

As in a dream
I voted

As in a dream
I wrote

As in a dream
I exited

Emmanuel George Cefai

As In To The Sweet Memory Of Things

As in to the sweet memory
Of things

We go out roaming to the
Open fields

And shout our parched throats
To noontide freedom
Cutting off of chains

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Inspired I Sing

As inspired
As inspired
I sing and I chant.

Plays the lyre.

And my love
Is a plus
For my love
By be near.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Many Nights Were

The night is long
As many nights were
Long
As many nights be long
To come

The wise owl on her
Bough
She sits

The nightingale silhouette
In to the deep dark and moon
To the white stars
To the dark heavens
To sleeping towns and all
Sings
Sad yet continuous by night
Sings:
Opens her beak
Just sings

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Of Night

As of night
the Shrouds shrieked
the night heavens too
bore the sign
just look at their face
and at the seas' bosom
the seas' place
the raven too
hearing the Shrouds
with a pigeon's coo
As of night
the Shrouds shrieked
the night heavens too
bore the sign

Emmanuel George Cefai

As One Poem Stood

As one poem stood
the verses and the song
were at war

but the Muse seeing
with Minerva intervened

And verse and song were again
at peace

Emmanuel George Cefai

As Stars At Night

As stars at night
On humans hang
So the laws hang.

But stars and laws
Be not the same!

The humans saw
The laws as hanging swords

And
The stars were smiling gods.

This night of nights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As The Bull Dozer Moves

As the bull dozer moves
So the hordes of green goblins
In the night
The chains that tie us so
Are loosened quite
And humans will more
Humans be
And not just rest
But
In the sub-conscious reign
Propense will be
The brain and mind will reign
In
The powers that they lost
In day
Into the hubbub of dull life of
Rote:
In the conscious where the
Beauty dazzled eyes
Propense to close
The night walks on velvet
And dark satin wears
The trees were chill and
Their ears open
To the wisdom of the
Owls
And to the boughs of the
Night-singing nightingales.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As The Car Whizzed Off

As the car whizzed off
To start going
I saw them waving after
That I waved to them
They were at the entrance of
The cemetery
Dressed up in black
So often
so often
the heart in its tempo
whirlwind of emotions
throbs the same verses
or at least similar
not just an incantation
but testament of the
emotions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

As The Dry Meseta Stretched

As the dry meseta stretched
So stretched Bacchus
Heavily asleep and overttok
By chiding Dawn:
She passed him and smiled
Continued on her way on the fast Earth
And Bacchus
Bacchus woke in the sun
That blazing in his eyes:
Blinded his eyes to waking
'At last! ' said the sun
'At last! ' Bacchus said.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ascending

The slow ascending
Chant to-night
As to the muezzin's
In the turret high
So
The chant of the Poet Seer
Erect
With open eyes and wide
Though
Night was deep in hours
And sweet beauty:
Dawn dazzling with her
Wanton beauty
With Venus stood:
And Time with Motion
Stopped; then again
Started to run and
Turn the Mill of Time
Again.
And still
And still
The slow ascending
Chant to-night
As to the muezzin's
In the turret high
So
The chant of the Poet Seer
Erect
With open eyes and wide

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ashore, Ashore With The Tide's Flow

Ashore, ashore with the tide's flow
As in a sack some thing washed in:
And lay amidst the shells
And pebbles of the shore
Amidst the lapping of the waters rude
And the sea-waves' roar.

Ashore, ashore with the tide's flow
The sea-waves washed her in
One eye was closed the other open
And on her golden hair
Were drops of red:
Wild lapped the sea-waves and the cloud
Frowned on the sea-shore
Amidst the lapping of the waters rude
And the sea-waves' roar.

How many winters rude have skimmed
Their frozen fingers on the white breast
Of the pale moon-lit lake a-dreaming sound
How many a Spring of green
Has come and gone:
Since that ashore, ashore with the tide's flow
The sea-waves washed her in
Her clothes that rich were tattered were
Unseemly with the smoke of cigars
And the drunk smell of alcohol
Her look was wild and sad and raw:
Wild lapped the sea-waves and the cloud
Frowned on the sea-shore
Amidst the lapping of the waters rude
And the sea-waves' roar.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Aspects

Aspects

Aspects

They were asserted

They were facts

Now

The night-dews were

Already falling

Some stars were

Juggling

Blue in the dark

Was sweetly melting

From windows

Strung and played

Violins and notes

In old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Fifty Now The Time Is Come I Think

At fifty now the time is come I think
To make the sums, to draw the line
Already the guns smoke and stink
With smells of acid powder:
The battle-field is dwindling. With it
The battle is dwindling too.
The last smokes are crawling from the guns.
Remote and rolling more remote
The roaring of the guns.
The time is come, my friend, the time is come
To make the sums, to draw the line
And add and count and sum.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Her Desk Tonight

The Soul was writing at her
Desk tonight
Before the stars
Trembled.

The ghosts and shrouds
Of Time
They wept
And went

Left Dawn to face the
Dreary day
Unfortunate and
Alone in solitude
Beaming and smiling
Light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Last At Long Last

At last
At long last
I cut the chains
That my brain to the land
That kept it hammering
Hammering on land
Oppressor of new found freedom!

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Last Emerges

The Inner Self, the Inner Soul from
behind the mask

the frightened wraiths dip down
into the inner depths

the Inner Soul wanders, wanders up
Nix Mangiari steps

And up and down and down and
up
Restless below the tall linear
bastions glides

at last emerges

at last the Inner Soul, the Deep Soul,
the Individual Sovereign Will.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Last Exhausted

At last exhausted
the Poet-Seer on a rock giant
stretched himself as
vexed Prometheus did

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Last The Discovery

At last!
At last the discovery
The Poet-Seer
Given some due
His verses
Students read
His verses
People sing and
Love
And
Housewives at work
Hum.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Least

at last decided
the grave beckons
more a magnet the cemetery
the pines, the firs, the yews
the other tall trees and
in the candid nights so often
so often
the processions of ghosts and
shrouds!

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Night The Watch-Clock At The Palace

At night the watch-clock at the Palace
Rang the hours full distinct and clear
The wind wafted the tintinnabulum of the sound

Two lovers press together in the corner
Thinking they are unseen; a woman spies
From behind her window curtain.

But all that was a hundred six full years ago!

Emmanuel George Cefai

At Sixty

At sixty
Then
I will not have
A beard hanging from
My chin.

I will be a buffoon.
I will rise higher
And higher in this new profession
I will set target:
Buffoon of the Earth.

And
Below the smiling
And the dark joking
There will be
An ever darker heart
Sad and pining.

Emmanuel George Cefai

At The Altar Of Incense

At
The Altar of Incense
The slow ghost
Stopped
And started
Thinking.

Outside
The chapel funereal
The cypresses
Whispered though
It was not yet
Night
But only dusk,
Though deep of red.

In life
Things to us attach
Mostly by order of
The Law:
But the Law faints
At the door of the cemetery:
For there
Other laws, if any,
Reign

Emmanuel George Cefai

Atoms

Atoms
In the particle filled
Airs
Circulating
Diadems of fires
Burst
In those celestial sites
And
Spaces

Ah! this be poetry of the spaces

Ah! this be verse of the celestial
Things!

Dawn, dusk, sunset, night and day
Are down below.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Attack Here

Attack
Here
To
Left
To
Right
No
Leaves
That
Fell
Sere
Were
Left
Unturned
Here
The
Line
Was
Getting
Drawn
Here
The
Guillotine
Fell
Here
Here.
The
Moon
Was
A square
The
White
Stars
Rectangle-shaped
Burning
With
Lust
Of
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Authenticity

In the beehive of authenticity
A Poet Seer arose and said
Loud and clear:
'There be relativity
Even to your authenticity'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Avenue Of Night

Along
The
Avenue
Of
Night
There
Drove
A
Car
Alone
No
Hand
At
Steering
And
No
passengers
how
wild
how
eerie
that
silent
car
and
as
it
flew
velocity
full
along
the
night
desert
boulevards
little
by
little
above

the
asphalt
flew
driving
still
still
into
the
air
in to
the dark
till
it
flew
high
as
roofs
and
chimneys
and
beyond
that
silent
unmanned
car
without
a
hand
at
steering
without
a
passenger
it floated
flying
flying
unmanned
into
the
dark
into
the

night
into
its
promised
land
the
land
it
had
to
reach
before
the
Dawn:
Ay!
That
Land
No
Coasts
But
Air
Air
And
Air
And
Rumblings
Of
Thunder
Flashes
Of
Genius
Lightning!
That
Was
Where
It
Disappeared
The car
That
Along
The
Avenue

Of
Night
There
Drove
That
Car
Alone
No
Hand
At
Steering
And
No
passengers
how
wild
how
eerie
that
silent
car
and
as
it
flew
velocity
full
along
the
night
desert
boulevards
little
by
little
above
the
asphalt
flew
driving
still
still

into
the
air
in to
the dark
it
drove

Emmanuel George Cefai

Awaiting Dusk

Snail
That
Awaiting
Dusk
To
Emerge
Its
Horns
Puts
Out
To
Hear
Every
Sound
Of
Earth
And
Of
Under
Earth
behind
The
Cloud
The
First
Sound
Of
The
Night
On
The
Floor
Of
The
Ox
Came
Rumbling
Sounds
Then

Ceased:
Censer
Of
The
Skies
Giant
That
Skims
Around
The
Stars
Trembling
There
Be
A
Snail
On
EarthAnd
It
Be
Trembling
For
Issuing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Away From The Old City On The Plain

Away from the old city on the plain
Wide long and stretching linear
The ghosts and shrouds meet
All in their domain.

And I, I, Poet Seer out of the house
In restless summer or in tempest hoar
Roam out helter-skelter to the plain
Where ghosts and shrouds meet.

Ah! there how dance we, we together
The ghosts and shrouds and me!
Hand to hand, mute, silent we!
And the night hour after hour strikes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Away!

the clouds sail in the
night
in part obliterate the
moon
already it shines low and
weak

oblivion's sweet in things
that we praise not
but desperation in our
things of praise.

the waters in my eyes they
leap
and light blinks dim.

blithe the Moth of Destiny
flies around the town
our ancient self Valletta
from balcony to balcony
from roof to roof
it flies
resting sometimes.

in the last night
adown the muddy stream
below the rows of buildings
screamed:
but in such silence
that none woke to see
the slime of Styx that
passed by in the stream
slow and engorging
as a lava flow
from red-hot Aetna.

nocturnal
without words but yet
with masks of yellow-green

around a cobwebbed table
gather we
in the centre spirits yield
white light
dark rest envelopes
again
the we is I, I,
Poet-Seer!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Away! Away! At Least For But One Hour

Away! Away! At least for but one hour
Cast out the drear thoughts, the horror
Of the hour:
For it be gained, even
If an hour:
What be gained, be gained.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ay! We Humans Have Just Ended

Ay!
We humans
Have just
Ended
A complex
Succession of
Thoughts raveling:
We
Suddenly
Fall silent
For
We know

Emmanuel George Cefai

A-Yet! A-Yet! Blood Flows Pencil

A-yet! A-yet! Blood flows pencil
Like and thin a-down your face
a-down your lips
A-yet! A-yet!

The helmets crash
The armors clank
The shields burst
The fire sparks fly.

The morn is up
The dawn has come
The dawn is gone
Yet bleak the day.

The earth is dry
The earth cries
The earth is in misery

A-yet! A-yet! Blood flows pencil
Like and thin a-down your face
a-down your lips
A-yet! A-yet!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ayi! When The Fields Turned Red

Ayi! when the fields
turned red but
not with the
red of the dusk
the soil was damp
and wet:
the humus beginning
to flourish:
that was the war,
the screams, the shouts,
the shorts, the cannons and
the airplanes.

Ayi! this be Earth
you see what happens
again and again often - so
Earth does not learn
so often from the past
from the funereal
History.

Ayi! you ask me
ask me for these lines
what they be worth
the future seed in them
you ask me.
when
the fields are
now that the night be coming
and red dusk ended
the fields are
with bubbles at the surface
bubbles red
not bursting
but growing, growing,
growing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Azure Eyes

The
Azure
Eyes
Of
The
Sweet
Inner
Soul
Through out
The
Azure
Windows
Of
The
Bosom
Of
Heavens
Peers
And
Peeps
Though
Day
Be
Not
Faded
Yet
Though
Night
Be
Not
Yet
Sovereign

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bacchanalians

Garland on head
In place.

Your hands dainty
Delicate
On the Capitol
Will crown me.

For in the throes
Of the wine-drinking
My soul of verses
Find I
Rising:
The anguish in
The Inner Soul
Produces.
I,
The Bacchanalian
Crowned and green.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bacchus - I

Plodding slow
In one hand staff and cup
In another
A large pitcher still
Steaming
Now
Every half minute
He
Quaffs
Quaffs now from one
Then other
His look is blank
be he sad or
Sad joy betook him?
I, Poet Seer
Will not
Leave this King
Even if beggar dressed
I would still follow:
My Muse give me
More than a few verses
Stop not,
Yield not,
Continuous Bacchanal verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bacchus In Concert - It

Horse shoe formation
A hedgehog
In the midst
A violin
Playing.

Thousands sit
Imbibing as in
Magic nights:
They dance
In the sub-conscious
Not wild
As yet.

Beyond the cliff
A sea of waters
Smoke and incense
Fly as yet
Over it:
Here the Sacred:
Here
The Cliff of Verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bad Smells Tobacco-Clouds That Rise

bad smells tobacco-clouds that rise
continually from earth unwanted;
the earth stinks - we are on it, condemned!

The globes of white light that shine
White in the evening serenade by Hastings
Taut thin and earthy shine and raw:
Hours will pass - till they start flickering
And waning at the touches of the dawn.

I think I saw green goblins on the walls
Of the high bastions - in the night
The owl unruffled in its feathers slept;
The nightingale hath refused to sing
The ants in mourning garb funereal crawl.

The earth stinks - its wounds will never close!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bags

That
Fluttered
In
A
Corner
Of
Valletta
The
Old
Ancient
City
Town
The
Winds
blew
for
the
day
was
windy
yet
it
was
not
stormy
but
the
bags
fluttered
indifferent
sad
in
a
lazy
corner
in
a
dirty
corner

in
old
Valletta
The
Ancient
City.
And
My Soul
And
My
Spirit
Inner Soul
Was in those
Bags
Fluttering
Fluttering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ball Of Dusk

The
Ball of dusk
How
Sad it moved
In it
Faces of yellow
Or masks
Stood
The ball of dusk
That
Moved slow
And sad
And
Drear

I
Saw
The
Population
Grow
In
That
Sad
Ball
In
It
I looked
And
My feet
Dropped
As
By
A magnet
Drawn
Into that ball
Around
My
face
A

Hand
Put on
A
Mask
I
Felt
And
Round
My
Back
A
Cape
Of
Red
Was
Put

Danced
We
All
Danced
Danced
The
Ball
Of
Dusk
No
One
Spoke
And
Silent
All
Moved
Slow
And
Dreamy
In
That cankered
Ball

I
Heard

I
Felt
The
Chains
Of
Past
Fall
Down
For
I
Was
Dreamy
In
The
Ball
Of
Dusk
I
Was
I
Was

Sinister
Lone
Dreary
We
Danced
And
Danced
And
To
Each
Other
Spoke
Not
But
Danced
And
Danced
Into
That
Ball

Of dusk:
Then
As
Night
Broke
And
All
The
Silent
Stars
As
One
By
One
They
Came
And
Grew
And
Shone
I
Heard
A
Scream
The
Dancers
Ran
Fading
In
Mists
Of
Drear
As
They
Ran
And
Alone
In
Funereal
Solitude
Remained
I

Standing
In
The
Ball
Of
Dusk

Emmanuel George Cefai

Band That Moves

Band that moves
moves slow and sad
along the streets
the band moves
the coffin they bear
slow
slow
slow
yet
these be the things
that move towards new
civilizations:
these I will
to move
towards the civilization of the night
from
the civilization of the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bare Rock And Raw That In Its Rawness Hides

the beauty of a thousand mornings
the treasures of a million dawns

Emmanuel George Cefai

Barefoot Monks

the barefoot
monks
the
bell
that in the
night
solitary
rings
the language that
I hear
in my head
as I
chant
all these
verses in English tongue
the
language
is
not
English
yet:
be
it
some
language
of
deep
hearts
and
possessed
brains
of
a devotee
of
the sweet Muse?
Say!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Barge Of Magic

Along! Along!
The barge of magic
Steer.

The waters high
No danger throw
Save of joy
Shocks and fear!

One song on song
Song
After
Song
O let me sing
Before
Dawn rings!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Barges That Shine And On Whose

decks
lights tremble twilight-like
though it be night
though sound the fort
sleeps snoring low in the sea-port
barges that shine
barges that shine

Emmanuel George Cefai

Barren Land

The barren land
it was to produce
but produced not
we
came early this morning
to see
at least
some of the seeds sowed
sprouting
no, no,
you waste your time
my Monsignor to come
here on this bleak rock,
solitary
in solitude
that soon
and too
will crack and go
under the utter hand
of sheer extinction.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bastion Palm

The bastion palm
Yes
How many nights
Awake
It loitered there
Suffering
The blasts of the
Chill wind
The insults of the
Pattering rain-drops
The comfort
Of the night-dews.

You
Experience
For
You suffer

That suffering
Has thickened
Your trunk of age
Already thick
And loaded
With the strength
Of the life saps
You dream as
Wise kings dream
And wake as Artists
Do
In time for seeing
The Beauty of the Dawn
More than I see.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bastion-Like

I had around me
Built bastion-like
The walls of thought

Inside occurred
The fermentation in
The mists
Of thought

Thought upon thought
Multiplied more
Than fungi in infection.

Boathouse, a soul-less barge
Images
Floated.

A satyr with a prong
Not Neptune
Gloated.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bats Screech

Bats
Screeches
Cries
Sounds
In
A
Town
Of
Silence

Ah!
Contrast
And
Similitude
Side
By
Side
Walk
Hand
In
Hand
In
The
Wise
Town
And
Beautiful

Beauty
Spread her wings here:
And
Dawns want not to go away
Here
Nor the star studded nights
Of diamonds.

The waters wild
That leap from crag to
Crag

Though not here
Are in the heavens echoed
Above
Here

Vibrant
The night in the mantle
Of its own silence
Sheer:
Vibrant
The town huddled and
Colored
In its own silent line
Here!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bay Of Echoes

In
The bay of echoes
There are small coves
And caves
Not a large bay
But how many
The caves and
Coves!

You will not
Whisper
But
Hear the coves
And caves
Chirping
And
Uttering.

Not even a reed
The humblest grass
Will escape
From the orchestra
Of spies and
Informers:
A rustling of lizard
And
The screeching of a snail
Will be reported.

And if a Poet Seer
Coming by
Determines to chant
And sing?

Ah! then
There will be another
Hell
But not of burning fires
But

Of
Burning voices
Or just
Let's assert:
Another Babel

Emmanuel George Cefai

Be Kind

Be kind: it be night

Weep not

For kind tonight

The old starlight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Be Riddled Eyes

I
Am
Still
Still
With
Be riddled
Eyes
I
Was
Watching
The
Long
Chin
Of
The
Heavens.
I
Sigh.
My
Soul
My
Inner
Soul
Yearns
For
The
Flight.
I
Want
Flight
To
Be
In
Ever-increase
In
Those
Regions
Immense
Ever-extending

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauties Roam In The Night

Beauties roam in the night
Fairer than deep starlight

And violins music sing
And quiet shades will bring

And the seas sleep full deep
Till Dawn tiptoes to peep

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beautiful Lake, Wide Shores

Beautiful lake, wide shores and
quiet lapping of the deep blue
waves

how my emotions with every lap
leap!

and thus beauty of things to beauty of
emotions be conjoined!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty

Beauty
Thrilled me
All my life
And
All my breath
Where my feet
Went
Where my heart
Stood
Where my heart
Burnt

And
To beauty
All to beauty
Gave my Soul
My Inner Soul
Pain and sadness
Full despair
Rotten
Desperation
Al
All became
My companions

Out
Out in the wilderness
To sing went I
Roaming
Skipping
Without joy
Yet
Without thought
Opiate I
Changed my mood
For in desperation
I
Was drowning
Drowning fast

Drowning fast
Yet
I
I to Beauty
Gave my Soul
My Inner Soul
My All, for All.
All to Beauty
All for Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Be Thine!

Verse upon verse

Line

Upon

Line

Beauty be thine!

In old dressed

Or our times

Beauty the same shines

When Beauty it be!

Your eyes smile

Though

Inside a hell of sad

Invades

For so

Beauty be thine!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty But In The Airs

The teeth touch beauty
Feel
Beauty but in the air!

The heavens rise.
The heavens sit.

The waters glide
And beauty faded
Fast
This night of cemeteries!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Catapulted Me

Beauty
catapulted me

Look! in the fairy pond
in the fairy garden
a swan white paddles.

And in the night she
bends her head and
dreams.

Dreams of beauty under
the night stars:
not seeing the night stars
the moon
but in more beauty.

Look! in the fairy pond
Dawn will wake the swan
Beauty wakes Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty In The Words

There's beauty
In the words
All words

But in the words
That common ancestor be
Such as the sun, the dawn,
The dusk, the night

These rise above the rest
Are genesis of most
There's beauty in those words,
There's beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Inside The Hormones

There was
Writ beauty inside the hormones
And the genes
Those breathing Spirits over
The fields and country looming.

Here
As we approached the sea cliffs
My anger
Started to subside.

And then
And then
I watched from the edge
Of the sea cliffs
With relative serenity
The waves, the bathers shouting,
Children running, the bees buzzing,
The flies biting,
The sun straddling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Is Wild

Beauty is wild, the Artist
Wills her.
Out with palette he goes.

The beach waves roll
The caves echoing
Thunder.

In the roars of fear
The screams of raging waves
In Artist beauty are full
Synthesized.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Medieval

Out of the swoon
Of
Beauty medieval
The lights\were
Coming
Then fading
Alternate
Ah! lights
So trembling!

The horses
Without soldier in
The saddle:
A cavalcade of
Fire
With no drivers

Then
Heard I
An Egyptian song
Saw
Palms
Oases
Felt
The
Scent
Of dates
I was in am Egyptian land

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Must Of Thunder Be

Beauty must of thunder be
And roll as thunder
Growl as thunder growls.

Too wild, too wild
The jungle in which beauty
Thrives.

We must be of the jungle
That one jungle
Same
Where beauty dwells.

The wild, the raw, the hard
All this be beauty
And high
Rises the Soul, the Inner Soul.

For
Beauty must of thunder be
And roll as thunder
Growl as thunder growls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Queen Of Love

Beauty queen of love
Maid
Though in your thirties
Still as lovely as
In your twenties
Mistress of kisses
Once
Begun I will
They do not end
Ever to restart
Again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Speaks

For
Beauty speaks
As the wise man speaks
Without speaking at all

And
We
Need beauty where our thought
Be dim or fails us

Beauty conquers all including
Power and glory;
The Inner Souls said that.

For
What be humans without
The nobility of an Inner Soul?

We cuckold beauty till
We find that we need it
Despairingly.

Maxims and aphorisms speak
Propense the more
Proportional to their brevity.

Where you hear speech and see
No speaker
Then look into your Soul,
Your Inner Soul.

So much lies in beauty
It be as inexhaustible
As it be indispensable

Oblivion places so many things
Unjustly under her dark wings

Beauty be insatiable
Goes on and on
With evolution herself
Head to head

The love of wisdom is our
Propensity to survival

Survival signifies that out
There are so many obstacles
In line one after the other
Hanging above our heads

Bravery must be grown with
Sacrifice

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Vanity Is So Justifiable.

Ah! for Beauty vanity is so
Justifiable.

It gives beauty more color in its
Beauty.

It awakens motion more and more
Both in the beholden and
The beholder.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beauty Was Of My Body

Once

Beauty was of my body
But now not so.

Once

Strength was of my limbs
But not now so.

Once

Flashes of thought
Shot through the brain of
Youth
A fire that burnt quick
Shone
Speeding as the lightning
Speeds:
The halo of strength
And beauty relative was
In my hair:
But now not so.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Became More Blind

We fell together
In Love
And in Love's ways
And
Become more blind
Every-day
More dreamy-drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bed Of Colors

the world
I plant in a bed of colors
no, not the grey of
the drear
and the black of the
night
no
no

magic nights and haunted
stellar nights and beauty
and
the dawn's enchanted!

a whole Gordian knot
cut and
unleashed
upon me here
in this world of drear
fire
fire me from sad
to enchantment of joy
and wine
night and moon
women and ale
- a world of colors

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before

Before my brain
Before my eyes
You bending
You smiling
In the rain
By the sea
On the beaches
Then
Writhing in
Pain
Then
Shedding blood tears
From your eyes
Sweet kiss
Sweet embraces
So many things
So many things
Before my brain
Before my eyes
Of you
Of you!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before Aged I

Before aged I
aged as the oak
before aged I
dawns rose and went
and now
that I have aged
dawns too come and
go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before I Was Not That

Before I was not that
I was
Sibling to
The civilization of the Day
Which loving so
With patience and with
Sacrifice
I rewrote:

Then
Finished the task
I turned my steps
And way
Towards
The Sub-Conscious Way.

And
In vaults of spacious night
Another civilization
Of the Sub-Conscious bright
I brought
Nurtured and fed
Before I was not that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before Me

Before me
The stars look on the waters
And the reflected moon.

Calm the trees now
From the winds
That neighed at sunset

Glow of night
Throbbing heart
Throbbing more and more
Round midnight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before Me Sour Soul

Before me
Sour Soul
Holder of the grave
Watcher of dim
And rugged
Towers
Serpentine passages
Moving hogs and
Talking hedgehogs
Businesslike and
Bespectacled
Before me
You have become a Dusk
A fading
A losing
A waning
My very Soul
In its ennui song
Of the swan-song
My very Soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before The Farewell

Before the farewell
I hand in hand
with you
went out
went out

We saw the green
we saw the fields
we scented waters
flowers, all.

but ah! the heart-break
was sweetest
in the sweet dusk's
thrall!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before The Glimpse Of Dawn

Before the glimpse of dawn
With parched lips
He spoke one word
Then he moved not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before The Heartless Time Designs To Run

Before the heartless Time designs to run
His frosty hand over my heart's red blood
And his white scythe a frozen river make
Where before coursed the warmness of red blood
I will and must bethink myself
To make successor of my labor's wealth
And in him and his seed my labor will
With every generation's turn revive
As doth the Spring after the Winter's frost
So doth my blood in my seed revive
And every generation will unthaw
The blasts of the cold hands of heartless Time
And by green lush new-born Springs it replace:
Which seeing Time hath cursed his fate
And went unseen in a cold mire to drown

Emmanuel George Cefai

Before The Night Has Patches Of Blue

Before the night has patches of blue
to be seen by the stars and
the rotating moons, the slow
rotating moons, only,
only, I repeat,
and by some Muse-chosen Poet Seer
with tears in his eyes looking
looking profound a thinker
too
for answers, for inspirations
from the darkening heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Begun, Begun To Drum To Play

Begun, begun to drum to play
The drear funereal notes
For me alas!
They begun years ago:
And now the pain of sorrow
Has grown hard to bear:
Begun, begun to drum to play
The drear funereal notes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Behind The Oxygen Mask

Behind the oxygen mask
The skeleton was peering.

Behind the helm of the ship
Of night a secret helmsman
Steering

Before the glow of dawn
A dim lamp giant
On sea and ocean smiling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Behold My Monsignor

behold my Monsignor

behold!

the

body

of

the

verses

I

presented

equals

a

Poet

tall

as

the

sun

sweeter

than

nectar

but ah!

beyond

us two

what others will

know

the secret between us

that

I will open?

Oblivion

green-faced

lurks

behind

the

corner

Emmanuel George Cefai

Behold The Dusk Extending Street To Street

Behold the dusk extending street to street
And its wide fingers caress the Port skies:
Behold the dusk like a cloud of immensity
Sprinkle with somber red wherever it pass.

Soon will the hanging bat non-hang itself
From the sooty balcony-top adrift above
The sixth floor looking sideways to the sea
And soon the dusk air will
Be as an ocean high wherein it sails.

And in the dusk-red skies an immensity
Of stubborn silence holds – the sea
Without a wave all startled as with guilt
Overloaded holds or else in sympathy:

Down the old steps a pair of footsteps
From step to step the lingering silence break
And in the distance fade and in the past:

On high the eerie bat-cry sounds from time to time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Behold The Wild Boar

Behold the wild boar
Behold

Through the western skies
He travels fast as arrow
To the East

There pearls
There dances magical
And genii rise in mists

And spells
And lurid sensuous chants
And sultry dances

But learning and civilization too
In much not alien to the Orient
Too
And oft the genesis of the West
In civilization too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Belching,

Belching,
with blood
dripping.
Blaring
at
the
music
glaring
for
it
was
night
and
the
stars
were
making
music
of
the
spheres

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bele Fei Sedik Kere

Bele fei sedik kere
Tuli dosi noset poli
Jeri sweti hile sere

Emmanuel George Cefai

Believe In Me, Believe In A Poet Seer!

Believe in me, believe in a Poet Seer!

Belief as assertion be and as assertion
Power has.

Believe in me, or at least in my heart!

My heart be large and wants to embrace
All!

And yet independence to all
Individual Sovereign Wills
Leave.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bell That In The Distance Rings

Bell that in the distant rings
Silent.

Mute the fields and country
Though
In some small watermill
Gurgle slow late waters.

One word
One kiss
One call
Will make the distance
Short.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bell That Rings

I am the bell that rings
lone into the night of
cold and frost and
pinching rains
and roaring thunders
and vivid lightning
I am the bell that rings
the Poet Seer stopped
singing
a
few
days
he
stopped
he
ceased
but
then
he
rung
again
and
chanted
chanted
O capture the Emotions globally
globally
be careful! they slide
cunningly:
humans are in them for
humans of emotions be
and emotions are driver-seats
and drivers
for the human biochemistry:
stag
red
that
ran
in
to

the
night
skewed
mists
that
went
about
her
high
an arrow shot
the stag fell
raced not more
rang the station bell
hooted the old train
the Doppler effect
memory in the awnings
stared the owl
from her deep wisdom
woken.
tere liken sipe
kolin gere pilen
sere
sere
bloki metar de pere
acquus sivar te mere
ah! rhytym be emotion,
emotion rhythym
sang the strong Stag
with frosty mists of
breath coming
from its nostrils
deep inside.
The times pass, the ages pass
the
cunning
joker
laughed
out
his
sad
heart
in

the
midst
of
the Circle
and
the people clapped:
he smiled outside
and cried inside
the Buffoon.
kolin gere pilen
sere
sere
bloki metar de pere
acquus sivar te mere.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Belles Nightingales Prophets

Belles
Nightingales
Prophets
Of
Wild
Dawn
Next
Day
Wild
Day
O!
That
The
Weeks
The
Months
The year
Be
Of
Wild
Days
Wilder
Days!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells

In the distance – bells ringing
How taut – how
Altered by the wind
Yet more romantic!

The day be just begun
The week be just begin
Yet ring the bells.
The church bells romantic

Ah! we these moments need
In our lives – not all the time
But oftentimes
To hear
To joy
The altered notes
Majestic wind
inaudible
In bells romantic!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells That Ring

Bells that ring
Into the night
Alone
Alone

The shore is dread
And sad
The sea a quiet
Shed

Sleeps deep
The ancient town
And its inhabitants

Cathedrals, churches,
Palaces, edifices,
All silent and all
Sad

And
Bells that ring
Into the night
Alone
Alone

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells That Ring Into The Night

Bells that ring
Into the night
Alone
Alone

The shore is dread
And sad
The sea a quiet
Shed

And
Bells that ring
Into the night
Alone
Alone

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells That Ring So Distant

Bells
That ring
So distant
So sad
So forlorn

Bells
That rang
The vespers
Just an hour ago
Now
Silent in the dusk

So
The brain
That hammered in the day
Now
Quieter lies
In its vesper hours

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells That Ring Eyes That Weep

Bells that ring
eyes that weep
as yet

dusk is past
night
is time for pining?
Deep night more
is adapt
for ghosts and shrouds
marches in cemeteries
and whispers silent
rustlings loud.

dawn
be yet
so far away!
and
in the distant day
in the distance
the bells ring
the eyes weep
broken hearts
from leap to leap.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells That Tinkle, Yet

Bells that tinkle, yet
Looking here, there, all round
I am indifferent to where be the bells
Were they invisible as energy?
For cannot energy sing?
For cannot energy sound?
For cannot energy bring forth
Sweet notes that penetrate the
Violet mirage of the declining Earth?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bells Tinkling

bells tinkling
up the alp.

cows of the snow
their hoofs dig
snows from birth.

their hoofs take
them
where freedom sovereign
reigns
up
up the Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Belly That Groans

belly
that
groans
into
the
night
slow
yet
whispering-audible
you
see
my Monsignor
the
body
showed
full
new
phenomena
because
of
love
lovely
rod and
all
my
laurels
in
love's
throes
ecstasy
fall
and
Cupid
trod

Emmanuel George Cefai

Below The Bridge, The Arch, Drear

Below the bridge, the arch, drear
Waters flow, and dirty and in the
Grass rustle fat black rats.

Of course it be evening: the sun
Is set down; and red dusk
Brings blushes to the faces of the day.

Declining, declining, the waters plough
The ticking of the time their motion
The sick Poet-Seer by the banks pacing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Below The Fort

Below
the fort
skeletons washed at night.

Eyeless and hollowed
eyed
yet looking as with eyes
the night dark and moon light
passed through their
hollow eyes

they moved little
but
of their will
for as in a sweet hummock
lay
on those low waters
the waters of the night
below the fort
where stayed they.

as
the night deepened
one by one
sometimes
group by group
stood up
and marched from sea
to land:
you would hear their bony
feet
divide those salt waters
clean and clear and bright.

then
up on the land
they as in a drill
set up in marching order
marched

at shout of the major one
a band ordered and
a band organized
and
one by one into the heavens
high
amidst the rare clouds
at those height
disappeared they.

the Dawn rose up
and lighted by the fort.

Waters clear and pebbles
that rolled
yet remained
from the last night.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bend

Bend, bend trees
Your time be come for
Bending.

Arrives the funeral cortege,
The coffin, the mourners,
The grave diggers wait
Impatient.

The grave open yawns
At the edge of the dusk
A fall, a coffin falls
Into the earth it
Rests.
Disperse the sad crowd
Silent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beneath The Cold Stones Grows A City

Beneath the cold stones grows a city
breathes a city
at night if you be a Poet Seer
you can hear whispers
and you will hear breathing, breathing,
breathing underground
every where you tread
in the vast cemetery of
monuments and crosses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beneath The Palms

Beneath the palms
Head upwards to the
Skies
They placed him
Heaping a heap
And then of sand
And mud a mound
A Poet Seer sang a dirge.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beneath The Thunder Cloud The Storm

Beneath the thunder cloud the storm
Growls – angry door of coming night
And of the flashing pink twilight.

The verses sound but the voice
Of the Poet Seer though rising
Loud and hoarse against the heavens groans.

And in the colored amethyst of the wild
Looms large and angry a mist of green
Envy of that which has long been.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Benighted

The night
Benighted
Light
More than the light of
Day
Today:
For today
Was it not Tempest Day
Day of the rain?
Day of thunder?
Day of cold vibrating teeth?
Day of dark frost?
Day of sad winds?
The night
Benighted
In my calculations
Choose I
Today.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bent At The Keyboard

You will see me bent at the keyboard
Ticking, ticking, ticking.

But you know how much I am in
Suffering?

My pain burns ever-increasing; my debts
With life crushing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bent Under Age

Bent under age
But
Bent more under
Sorrows.

Less than a year
Ago
I blessed the
Morrows.

Now
I rise affrighted.
Even so
I thank for yet another day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bere Lore Fete Sore

bere lore
fete sore
here hint
dere dint
kelem di
sortet ni
bulent er
sexe berre
heften bul
siste rul

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bereft Father

I am now bereft
father
Near to twenty years
passed.

Some ups, much, much
more downs
your emigrating
made me.

And
now I roam as spirits
do
in the wild nights
to be in soul with you

Emmanuel George Cefai

Besides Doctor Dawn You Can Turn

Besides Doctor Dawn you can turn
To sage Minerva; I forgot her then.
Now I remember her, and do well.
So I assert I.
But the best is that when you have
More than one remedy your turn
To all of them, attempt to use,
All of them; so please do.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bespectacled

bespectacled

bee-buzzing

halos around my head

yet

stress

stress

stress

I look at the ceiling

A Neolithic stone

presses upon my sternum

bespectacled

bespectacled

Emmanuel George Cefai

Better Not Learn!

Better not learn!
If that be to turn
From sad to desperate
We,
Humans
Like me
Already be
Just desperate
Just Poet-Seers!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Better Thirsty And Sing

Better thirsty
and sing

To run lacerated
amongst the parched
fields
in the parched suns
and country

yes its pain

yes its suffering

but if the Muse
orders this
so that I will sing

I will run lacerated
amongst the parched
fields
in the parched suns
and country

Emmanuel George Cefai

Better Thirsty And Sing 2

Better thirsty
And
Yet sing
As a bird
Wander I
In the country
In the town
In my hand
I bear my heart
Carry lyre
Sit and string
Verse then comes
When it comes
And I chant
And I sing
Yet
Till then
Better thirsty
And I sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Between Forty And Fifty

Between forty and fifty
And yet I pray
I suffer; am in misery
And grumble yet
Yet I pray.
The tears fall
The tears roll
The eyes are wet
And yet I pray.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beyond The Outside Sounds

Beyond the outside sounds
Of the waves were the
Finer sounds
The whispers of the night
The whispers of the conspirators
The sigh of Earth yearning
Beyond the outwards sounds
Of the waves
Finer sounds
A Poet Seer detected and then smiled
At the sea waves' roar.

Beyond the outside sounds
Are veil-hidden the instructions
Of Mother Earth
And its minions as
The General of the Skies
Finer sounds
An orchestra gregarious
Hedgehog led and horse
Directed:
Where instructions spelt
With sounds
Beyond the outward sounds
Of the waves
Finer sounds
My Monsignor they for your grasp be
And for your taking
At the sea waves' roar.

Beyond the outside sounds
There be Inner Souls that
Beat and join
Into an Inner Soul that speaks
Crucible of agony of sound
They pass
They pass
The wafted violin notes
That as knife-arrows penetrate

Even the hardest hearts
In the New World Order
After New World Order
Accelerated rate
My Monsignor you pace and
Pace
restless
And not in vain
For
You as the Poet Seer you
Gain the ear
With sounds
Beyond the outward sounds
Of the waves
Finer sounds
From airy harps in heavens
Played my magic hands
All for the taking
All for the making
At the sea waves' roar

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beyond The Wall

I know what be beyond the wall

I know for my brain
I the prerogative have
Of the Idea of Infinity.

Therefore as I think Infinite
All in all, I know the All
And so
I know what be beyond the wall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Beyond! Beyond! - So Says He

Beyond! Beyond! - so says he
As he pointed to the citadel
That as an elevated square of red
Rose up unto the skies
Like flames of red.

The wind how weird it neighs to-day
The wind how doth it round
The citadel!

How dank and humid are its walls
And here and there
By grasses over-grown
The fortress-walls do weep their old neglect
While underneath
The houses slumber on
In the dark night
Whose silence only jarred is
By the tower-clock
That in the lonely night
Fights on its way.

No winter frost hath frightened it
Nor snowy blizzard hath
Disheartened it:
And in the thickest rain
High taut and thin
Its strokes come thro' the rains.

And now
And now - to-day
In this vast starry night
Where glow-worms seem to dance
In summer's mad delight-
And the lone cricket sings
Unto his mate
That on her wing now rests.

And now

And here
To-day
Let me dissolve my clay
In this vast wonder
In this oasis bright
In this new paradise
This night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bibliotheca Treke

Bibliotheca treke

De li nous fer betete

De li tout mer sepete

Con ti nous sol fertete!

Et dawni Gloria et

Lux magnificens ursete!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bird

bird that from
long distance
this day
flew
over the ocean vast
yet calm
till
seeing our land
you
from your traveling
arrow-like
on the first tree
rested
that was indeed
in Hastings Gardens
your mouth
half-open
your
breath
panting
your
light red tongue
in and out of
beak
panting
so
I
I Poet Seer
soup of
thoughts
too me out of house
but willing
in to the storm's nocturne
and
with you bird
panted
in the storm
in Hastings Gardens:
that I view

the beauty of the raw
storm raging
that I might
feel in me
the chill of a lone night
nocturne of perils.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bird In The Skies

A bird in the skies
a lark in the hand
and to wit the voices
of nightingales to blend

how the waters spring
up to the heavens
but reach not
but touch not

And this all for it be
the night:
and this for all it be
star-light

the stars wanton be
along this path of poesy
this the Milky Way
of verse full all the way.

amidst the rushes
birds random here
and there hop and dance
two bird loves in a trance.

the centuries pass
the centuries pass
and the verse that in oblivion was
sudden sprouted green and
great and sung

I chant, I sing, I versify
better than nightingales I
these only sing melodious
in the night; I surpass them.

A cup of venom golden lay
To trap me; but I drank
and drank with will

I fell and lay still

I will sing not then
Nor will chant; I leave
the nightingales my work to do
and in the nights sing too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bird Of Cunning

sharp
bird
of
cunning
skies
you
fly
not
now
nor
hop
over
the
clouds
delight
in scaling
cloud after cloud
no
dusk
nay
sunset
ceased
that
and
now
you
in
your
hefty
leavage
hide
and
tree-bough
bear
you
bird
that
as
the

lark
was
of
the
skies
neither
the friendly
moon
will
entice
you
emerge
no
rest
where
you
are
night
be
not
your
stage
no, not your stage

Emmanuel George Cefai

Birds Of February

Birds of February
that from first January
came.

In the cold Dawn
You challenge frost
And sing

In the cold February
You daily challenge
Drear
And sing.

You be the bird of life!

As blind
Though not
February whistles
February sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Birds Shelter

Birds shelter

Shelter in the trees

However miserable

However empty

Their stomach:

Yet

I

A Poet-Seer

Roam the earth with empty hands

Grains

Grains of sand

That fall

Fall

Fall

Slowly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Birth

The parting womb
Gave birth
And in the drear of
Earth
The baby's cry was
First and fount of mirth!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Birthday! Half Moon

Birthday!

Half moon

The other moiety in cloud

Mists sweet and dense

My age grows.

Another day in drear of

Days

Succeeds

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bitter Lemon

Bitter lemon
though acerb, so acerb you be
you be not acerb
as my Soul, my deep Inner soul
this Christmas

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bitter Rattling

Bitter
Rattling
occasional
joined
each
to
each
in
their
screamy
lamenting
and
the
times
pass
and
the
times
pass
and
whirr
the clock-hands
furious
round
and
round

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black Bier,

Black bier,
Heavens that frown on earth
You see my Monsignor
The heavens circumspect our Earth
And find it dirty somewhat
Relative
And thus growing dark in face
Load
Themselves with clouds that frown
That frown
And rain
'This night will rain! , '
So
Said the old boor returning home:
He looked in to the heavens with fear
He looked in to the heavens with mercy
In his look
Then went his way beyond
Beyond
The horizon of the vesper sleep.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black Dress

I saw you in black dress
and your sweet maiden ship
in beauty grows
much quicker than flowers
or the violets in spring
and country faces
in their new born throes
your face more red more
more grows
your hands more
white they grow
and beauty after beauty
in your face will blow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black Figure Of The Snowy

Black figure of the snowy
Pines that as electric
Poles the snows ascend
Over the small mount:
I saw a lightning
Pass from
Pine to pine
I saw the snows melting
In the suns
And the black figure smiled
Smiled as the Sphinx
Sardonically.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black News

And
I had to wait the day
Before
The black news came.

I arose blacker.

I was a hanged man
On a tree.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black Romantic

Masks that turn round
And round
Figures
Dancing
Black
Romantic.

The heart too loaded
Be
Too loaded
And there's a point of
Collapse and
Breaking.

Yet
Awhile
Masks that turn round
And round
Figures
Dancing
Black
Romantic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black Suits Funereal

A song for suffering
A funereal bell
For waiting:
See
See
Already the grave-diggers
In black suits funereal
And white gauzes
Wait not more:
time has come
Yet
You may stop
The hands of the watch-clock
Call in again
A still uncompleted Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black-Eyed Scholar

The black-eyed Scholar
Now
Found the new manuscript.

With hands feverish
Through all the night
He pored and pored
And turned and turned
Through a dim light
Through the whole night.

Discovery was made
Yes, for discovery was made
Of a new work
That night.

Tired the Scholar rose in the very
First lights of Dawn
And fell
But Dawn coming through the
Windows old
Rose him again.

For the black eyed Scholar
Now he made discovery
The black-eyed Scholar
Now
Found the new manuscript.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Black-Hearted Bone

Rind of marrow in it
Giant bone

It came with this
It went with that
But all in all
An average remained of all

The moons hum first
Then sing
Then the waters leap
Over the cataract.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bladder

Bladder

That drops one by one

Of blood the drops

Hung

By a nail

Crucified

In the universe of hatred

Green hatred

Bladder

That drops one by one

Of blood the drops

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bleak Ancient Brown—grey Mediterranean Pitcher

Bleak ancient brown-grey Mediterrean pitcher
That smiles subdued now
Trimmed
By the feet of centuries past
Passing your face Mediterranean pitcher:

How many a humid night of Mediterranean summer
Your wine perfumed the luscious table
And the words of togad speakers rose
And fell and rose again around you as you lay
Carrying the cool earth to them and ruddy face.

Your face no longer ruddy is but languid-pale
As the moon shines in autumn nights
Or when the grisly clouds bypass the mere
Frozen and shuddering under Winter's hand:
Your face no longer ruddy is but languid-pale.

Still unbroken lie you though around
The voices are not heard that long ago
Muttered and chirped around you near each night
And flames burnt in their torch on the high walls
And mugs of merriment rose high and high
And ruddy faces shone and ate and spoke.

Unbroken you lie now though around
The centuries have passed by and silently
And voices are not heard that long ago
Muttered and chirped around you:
Your faded luster looks at your colors subdued
And both
in silent conspiracy rue the time that passed:
Your face no longer ruddy is but languid-pale

Down on the floor; dust-covered lies
The lyre that long ago was strung
When you were passed around in merriment
And carried the cool earth nigh every night
Still is the song that rose and sung with it:

Your sides are still unbroken; your heart broke.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bled

Bled
The stars
And
Bled
The night
The heavens
Dropped
Red
Bled
The shady clouds
Bled
Tears red
The stars
Bled
The white Dawn
At
Beginning of day
Bled
Bled
Still bled

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blessed Be The Time When I Grew Up

Blessed be the Time when I grew up
From childhood in song and poesy:
Yet
It was a quick time; my heart
Quickening as my emotions
Thrilled
And reproduced in to a birth of
Beauty that the Dawn herself admired.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blessed The Dust

Blessed the dust
That fell off from the sandals
Of the bearded missionary off
The town that banged
The town-doors after him:
The sacred cow
They saw floating in the
Heavens
And pigs fat and fleshy
Without wings
Floated high too:
The waters of the river
Next to the town whispered
Amongst themselves
Floating on the triremes of
Small clouds
That melted in the sundry
Mists:
That sang the song of solitude
For the night
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blind

Blind, blind,
The blizzard,
The blinding rain,
The chill of pain,
The frost of thawed rain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blind The Spiders Wove

In the dark light
Blind the spiders wove
And wove
The web of culture

And
Dawn stopped not:
For they were as
Of the Dawn herself:
And so
Continued in the
Light of day
Even when the sweaty zenith
Had reached up to the sun

Then
In the fainting afternoon
They lazed
And sighed
As sunset clasped
Her belongings to go:
Sighed
More at fading of the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blinded By Stress

Blinded
Blinded
By stress
He hurled
Himself
And into that wide vale
Hit rock to rock
Screaming
Screaming each time
And every time
The chains
Around him cutting
Cutting
Cutting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blinding Figure

The blinding figure of
The Poet Seer
It rose
As a vast giant mountain
In the night
For it was night
Austere and dark
His somber silhouette stood
Majestic
In those silent realms.

He spoke not
Nor versified
That time
That night
But round him
That is right above
To left to right
Shone bright
And glimmering
The myriads of the stars

Alone
Out high and
Jutting
Stood
The Poet Seer
Black in
The
Night
But blacker
Than the less dark
Night
Lighted by stars of
Light
Alone
Out high and
Jutting
Stood

The Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blinding Lights

Of blinding lights and
Thoughts and calls
And language of old
And Biblical
We be enamored
Rilke, Gibrain were
From our ages not far
Rumi was farther:
But all three
Though not exclusively
By far
All three were Muses
In alternation
At one Time or other:
Why not?
Time was moving
And
With the Time the evolution of a Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blinding Scarf

Blinding scarf
of white irradiant light
that from the heavens
emanates

though it be night
you outdo the stars

yet
stars be not envious and
smile

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blistering

The stars to-night are raking

To the sub-conscious the Moon
Itself is smoking

The satyrs to the nymphs
Tonight are piping

The Dawn to its midnight rest
Slow wending?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blizzard Of Storms

Blizzard of storms
Sad eyes that wander
Wander in the drear
Of sad and dwindling days:
Where tempests light
In the horrors of a night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood

Trickles

Yet

It sings happily!

That

Be

The

Blood of martyrs!

Once

The

Guillotine be done

It be

Fallen

The head

The rest

At

Last

The rest!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood Red

Blood

Red

Flags that flutter
In the groans
By heaving winds
Uttered

A snake makes
S-shaped inverted motion

Heavens whose breast
Heaves silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood Curdles Slow

The blood
Curdles slow
It remained liquid
This particular blood...

Then in one hour of the night
It curdled suddenly
Transfixed
As by a million spells.

In the gorge
The river
As yet
Bubbling
Gurgling
And liquid
Flowed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood Rising To The Rim

Blood
Bloods
Blood rising to the rim
Of the thin tube
Blood
Boiling
The painted limit-line
Exceeded
Now
Is
Blood
Smoking
And
All
Goes
Round
Is
Round
Blood
Smoking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood Sucked

Blood

Sucked

a pipe inserted

drop by drop

into the cruel phial

drop by drop

fills the phial

falls a body

cutting off the pipe

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood That Boils

Blood that boils
blood that bubbles
but we are human

On the battlefield
strewn unmoving bodies
and red of blood
but we are human

Blood that boils
blood that bubbles
but we are human

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blood, Blood, I See,

Slow drip from your mouth,
And on the ground
Stain the innocent dust
Coalesce with it
And be
Dust with dust finally.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blooming

Blooming

Blooming in to the nights

And pagan snow

The Pig of the Trough

Snorted

Wallowed on his belly

On the flaky snows

That melting were

And

Looked up at the melting

sun

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blow Upon Blow

Blow upon blow, if then more blows
Come yet again, already being
Miserable we will not be worse
Than former misery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue

Blue apart
And
Green of
Jealousy
Eyes
Giant
And
Red
The
Colors
Speak
How
The
Colors
nigh
Nigh
The
Thunder
Sparks
The
Lightning
roars
Speak.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue Be The Mists

Blue be the mists
Then red
Then less of red
To twilight
As they settle
On the sea that to the Oceans drives.

Our eyes
Be privileged to witness
These sights.

And more
The Artist who woke up the night
To paint the elusive Dawn on
Viewing her.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue House

'How eerie to the bones'

'Doors, windows clank'

'And the ghosts are elongated in
the
nocturnal
gales'

'Ha! Ha! the house have turned blue
with chill and frost
yellow with fear
therefore a combination of colors
have they'

'Give me the fire,
the subterranean fire.....

'Call yon nightingales make them
sing'

'At night's masquerade in
Hastings Gardens? '

Silence

Silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue Light That From The Wild Dark

Escapes into the moon light
Strays into the path of flying insects
Round the neon lights:
And shuns the path
Out of respect
Where ghosts and shrouds lament

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue Lips

blue
lips
blue
lips
in
the incandescent
twilight
to
the
fires
of
the dusk
I
saw
you
before
me;
I
saw
you
as
in
a
mirror-pond
come
come
life
needs
the
colors
of
a
rainbow
and
it
needs
them
quickly
come

before
the night
be
deep
let us go before
the Altar of the Night
and fealty swear
to the Civilization of the Night
let us go
let us go

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blue Spider

Blue spider
That relentless and
Obstinate
Climbs up
The Parliament façade

The town sleeps
But
The blue spiders
Move
Without quiet
Without sleep
Lust
And excitement
And angst
Combined
Together in a mix
Of the emotions.

For the mix of the emotions
Let it be supreme
Over
The emotions separate
That be
To Evolution's march
The nearer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Blurred Eyes

With blurred eyes
And sleepy
Sleepy eyes
He saw through
The dense vision.

He gave eyes
To the vision
He gave breath
To the fainting light
In its dim credo.

Throughout the night
He ranted
But not loud
Only
In a heart-broken voice
Furious whispering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Boar's Head

The boar's head
It grew
And grew
And multiplied
Head on head
With the boundaries
Ever-increasing –

The boar's head
Was in the brain
In the mass universe
The same
Whirling round
And round
Whilst
The sleeper
Slept with a breathing sound.

And
Then
A hundred boars
Came on trotting
Breathing loud
And belching
Wide red eyes
And wild
And sweating
Down their backs
On their wet tails
Glistening
Then of a sudden
A noise
Was it from Heaven above
The night stars, the sly
Moon?
Faded the boars as sudden
As one second.

Boat To Lethe

Let me dream
In the hummock of the Soul
There!
There's the boat to Lethe.

I want to be there.

I want to breathe
The sensuous listlessness
The freedom tied
With the sweet snake of
Ever-honeyed sensuousness

Who will come with me?
Who will not come?
The boat stands ready and
The Soul disposed.

The Soul be the ferry man
And
It be too whisperer of
Knowledge and wise saws
There will be helping hands
I will not look and
Let the Spirits work
As I am ferried
As I am ferried
Ferried to Lethe.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bobbed

bobbed
up
in
the
sea
by
the
vessel
where
the
king
paced
on
the
ship's
deck:
yes
I
want
a
burial
said
the
bobbing
flesh
stinking
half-rotting
but
more
I
want
justice
and
my
Soul
you
did
not
hang

not
was
thrown
in
the
sea
but
flew
long
long
before
almost
as
the
rope
tightened
my neck:
now
hear
my
echoing
crypts;
for
these
haunt
even
beyond
my
will
beyond
desire
Justice be that
Justice
works that way

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bone Of Man

Bones of man trembling
The frost blows gust after
Gust
And it be night.

Bones of man trembling
The frost blows gust after
Gust
And it be dark.

Bones of man trembling
The frost blows gust after
Gust
And it be Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones

Bones that in the night
Shine
But not only on nights
Of moon light, even when
The moon behind the clouds
Frowning and huddled in the frozen skies
Hides.
And the swans in the lakes where
Are they?
No longer their chants or songs of
Nightingales.
But only
Impulsive gusts of wind blowing
Blowing random and discretionary
This night
When the bones shine irrespective of the moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones Crack

I heard the bones crack
though
still
the skeleton hopped on
and on

I heard the bones crack
the waters dyed to red
by magic cysts
I heard the bones crack

the ghost lament elongated
united
into the heavens
melted
I heard the bones crack

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones Of Magic

Bones of magic
They hid
Themselves
In part in the
Strewn soil
Under the old firs

How long,
How long,
We will not live
This life!
The life of magic and
Of wild beauty!
Life is given to these
The wild and the
Beautiful!

We live this life
Let us
Abandon the old cast
And don
This exchanging the past!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones That Danced

Bones that danced

Round

Round

Round

The Figure of Emotions

Round

Under the hammer of pressure

Bones that danced

Round

Round

Round

The Figure of Thoughts

Round

Under the hammer of pressure

Thoughts-Emotions

All confused

Stressed

In ever-increase

Yet

That's Evolution!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones That Rattle

Bones

Bones that rattle

Skeletons whose few

Remaining teeth tremble

vibrating:

smoke that is the fruit

of chill and frost

December

Trees

Shorn of their pride and

Humbled:

Streets strewn with sere leaves

And sliding rain waters

Snow occasional and

Rare

Clocks in church

Desolate

Closed after the vespers

Trembling walls

Dreaming

Of ancient centuries:

Bones

Bones that rattle

Skeletons whose few

Remaining teeth tremble

vibrating:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bones Walking

Bones walking

Bones walking

Desperation stalking

A couple of wild eyes

Bones, bones, bones.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bony Skeleton

The Bony skeleton
that's I
In my sub-conscious
I cease temporarily to
versify
and dream.

Ah! to dream may it be
to versify!
Will it so!
And to versify to dream!
Will so!

the bladder on the rocks
screamed with circling
sea-gulls: the mists
rose as in Amsterdam
or vales deep in the dawn
and early morning

Let me point my finger to
you that's bony.

I saw too an obese
skeleton
and it was clanking
clanking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Book Of Songs

A book of songs O!
O said the Muse
A whole book too!

In the high seas
In the high winds
The spells
All fly
Tonight!

A child with
Locks of gold
And lovely scents
Is in the skies
Where bats of gold
Circle and fly
All night
To tune of
Silver star-light
Tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bored From Painting

Bored
from painting
I took
to chiseling
last night:
I chiseled a crucifix
and a broken-hearted Mother.

Come! I'm out!
At night
Early night before
the deep of night
passed darkling clouds
on earth
I went out.

Slid
through
the
door
closed
the
door
slowly
without
sound
as
a
rat
fleeing.

now I have arrived
at the edge of the village
the last street
and
of that last street
the edge.

come! come! into the green!

the green that still appears
black
in the moon's light!

I turn
I jump
I turn
I turn
and
turn
again
Joy!
Joy!
Joy!
All drear be gone!

I walk,
turning and turning.

Round,
round
the stars go round
the moon goes round
the night revolves
around me!

I will not
return
before the edge of night.

Here! The bottle!
Ho!
Ho!
Ho!
I will get drunk
make me drunk
willingly, I know!

It's
like a suicide!

But no!

No, I will return!

I fall asleep
atop the hill
that I have climbed
tomorrow
let them find me
return me
from the grass
haunting me
from the dry fig tree
above me.

Come! blanket, night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Born Of One Kiss

born of one kiss
another kiss
and another
and another

shame frowns
and flees away
and burning
lights.

till as the day
the cycle done
in full
the lovers both blind fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Both Science And Philosophy.

Now
That in equal woe
We lie
The brain works
Thus
That the same
Woe
Is neutered by
Both science and
Philosophy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Brain

Brain
That is
Filling with soot
Power station of
Disease
City of dirt

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

Gamma evolution
Through
The city walked I
Through
The deserted city
Stress
Stress
Stress

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

Thus goes life
Beauty and not
Beauty and less
Of beauty grades

Beauty as dawn
Beauty that gives
Birth to Dawn
Beauty that hand
In hand
With Dawn carries herself.

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

I walked in the sand
My footprint
Stuck in the sand
I walked in moon light
In dark only lit
By the stars' light:
I walked
I walked in the sand
And it was night.

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

In the sand
In the magic
Of the night
The diamonds
Hidden lay
Blinding throughout
The hectic day

Of Earth
On Earth

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

It be the dusk.
In the background
And helter-skelter
Figure after figure
Black and grey
Moves as
On the film:
Stealthy yet bold
Are these the specters
Of all nights here?
The ghosts and shrouds?
The rattling skeletons
Of the rattling teeth?

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

Figure of bronze
That affronts so many
A wintry day
The tempest prongs
The frost
The rain
The snows

Look! The snows still
Lie at the base of the
Obelisk.
The waters frozen
Caught
In an X-ray
A photo static
Universe of remembrance
And of pain
And of emotions
Most combined!

Light and clean
Grasses bright
On these we tread
On this tiptoe
When the moon comes
Out of the clouds
To gladden us.

Sing the night-winds
Sing the waters
Sing the night-waters
Sing pyramids
Tall and pointed
Under cold Egyptian skies
Verona plays and Venice
The violins strings:
A cathedral in Cologne
Stays up at night
And organ music heard
Playing behind
The closed cathedral doors.
At Saint Paul's there
Be
No noises, no sound
But silence
And a crowd
Motley and subdued
By the sweet Thames:
Sing! Sing! Sing!

It be so frosty! Warm
Up the heart
For the crowd down
Speaks not
Humble frustrated
And demoralized

Under the cold heavens
Under the cold skies
The waters freeze
Stay up; and in
The heavens form
An adjacent rainbow
Of a narrow frost:
Red noses in the clouds
Reflected in twilight
Waters and shadows:
See the bat shrieks aloud
Whirls its stealthy way
Out of the light of
Both the dusk and day!

See the closed doors
Open them to the waters
Of skies that pour
Not cruel waters cold
But rays of a new Dawn
And a new day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Break After Break

break after break
between the verses
the song
break after break
genesis of
Inspiration
time
for the oxygen
of Innovation
time
for the oxygen
of Evolution
break after break
between the verses
the song

Emmanuel George Cefai

Break Down The Caesuras

Break down the caesuras

And

You will have a prose of

Gold

Said the Poet Seer

Smiled the Monsignor

And said not word

But smiled and smiled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Break Though The Night

Break though the night I
heard the glass of night
break in silence
though no quarreling voice
or high.

Three trees together
in Hastings Gardens
whispering.

And
I said my prayers
for I had been long
in praying.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breasts Be Desert

your breasts be desert
and
your throat is dry
but
and
yet
the beauty inside
as a lode star
draws me to sing
and versify
and chant and sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breath From Olympus

From great Olympus
A vast snow
Into gases and waters
Melted
Under the eagle eyes
Of magic.

That breath be sacred
Coming from a sacred
Temple of immensity.

And
Where it passes
The sacred so oft be
With the noble
That even cement walls
Start speaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breath Passionate Warmth

Breath passionate
warmth
on your passionate
breasts heaving.

Your face turns red
I feel the heart
throbbing.

Your skin burns
your thirst burns
with expectation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breath Slow, Breath Slow

Breath slow, breath slow and
yet
the lungs open to verse
to poetry:
the Muse outlines
the Poet Seer divines!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breathe, Breathe, Greek Breath, The Pines

Breathe, breathe, Greek breath, the pines
Are hanging down for they pined
At the parting of the red dusk:
And since they bent their head
They will not rise, no, not even
Night-stars lighting after the other
Will do the trick: they still bend
And further bend as the night deepens in
Even though the winter chill bites not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breathes In Porto Ercole

The Orchestra of Sounds

It

Breathes

In

Porto

Ercole

hundreds

Of

Years

A

Noble

Soul

Stretched

On

The

Beach

And

Moved

Not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breathing Slow

Breathing
Breathing slow
Breathing heavy
A very Leviathan
He lay sleeping.

Tall as the beach
He lay on
Almost.

Careless he was
Of men humanity
And Earth:
Not aggressive
But
Just indifferent.

On the beach
He rolled
Lazily.

The sun baked him not
Nor when the sunset and
The dusk
Conspired chill.

Or when the night-shrouds
In his ears
Whispered.

They woke him not.
But
Still continued
He
Indifferent.

He deemed himself
The greatest Poet Seer
But asserted not:

He did not bother
Ever
To sing or versify.

Breathing
Breathing slow
Breathing heavy
A very Leviathan
He lay sleeping.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Breeze Of The Cursing Night

Slow

Slow

Breeze of the cursing

Night:

I, the Poet Seer

Am in the cemetery.

Yawning and

Creaking

From here

From there

It be past midnight

In such deep

Everywhere.

For

Slow

Slow

Breeze of the cursing

Night:

I, the Poet Seer

Am in the cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bridge

Bridge

Seas

Fort

Clanking

Night-lamp

Hotel windows

Open to the sea

Moon

Silver path

Sea-bosom

Shipyards

Working

Subdued

Covered

noises

skiffs

vessels

barges

rare

but

moored

or

moving

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bring Laudanum

Bring
Laudanum for
The night
The waters
In the well
Of sights
The ocean waves
That
Come
So many secret
Whispering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bring Me

Bring me
Bring me the uneasy steps
Of goblins green and
Long-eared rats of
Magic.
The rhyme that rhymes
Through music
Yet
Be no rhyme of mouths
Of word to word.
Rhyme that be no rhyme
But the offspring of
Sweet rhythm after rhythm
I want
I desire
Yearn for:
Bring me
Bring me
These things bring me
Else
All outside the skeleton shard
Of the sleepy brain
Bring not
But only these
Those skeleton walls of
Brain
That are unconquerable
When all be conquered.
The brain inside
Its citadel
The highest power oft
By armies so besieged
Under its very walls by
Armies sitting down
By it
So much involved
Bring me
Bring me.

Bring Me To The Waters

Bring me to the waters
Let me climb
By Neptune's daughters

For myriad be
Neptune's daughters
Every wave of the sea!

The Ocean vast stretches
And loud rolls its laughters
Attesting the might of those waters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bring On The Hours

Merry first
Then sad
The music slowly
Slower gets
Slower gets
Till to a halt it grinds:
Then
Will faces turn white
And the feet that trod
The magic grass and
Magic night
Hurry one after one.
The curtain rises
Slow.
The day alights in the first grey.
The Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bristling Of The Seas

bristling
of the seas
the waters
the beach sand all
are pouting
pouting
winds swept
and
frozen
against
might
of
glaciers
abounding lands of
old tongue
cold
and burning
with the chill of thongs
and iron clasp
that rattle round
from block of ice
to block of ice
fuming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Broad Expanse

In broad expanse
As when the isthmus comes
And on the Ocean vast
It opens
Yet encloses
With its land tongue
Of that vastness part
And makes the part
That part feel as the
Whole
In vastness
In broad expanse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bronksi Lehti

bronksi lehti
sarem sesti
in du riann
keli sian
yeten lon
gurte son
fefti pot
celik sot
furste sint
mehten pint

.

starets im
bortend pim
kulder sulder
durum pilder
ghetan sit
petran mit
fedet pirr
sinats mirr
celike statere
murien sodere

.

trian fah
doren sah
pilte kronn
mulit tronn
veret in
simli tin
trin de drin
emelte de krin
simlet dran
parite bran

.

ritmus ritmus
versus versus
in de lind
perite sind

kukli dros
hente os
frting sinting
drete pining
fere krint
simol sint

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bronze Statues Glisten

Beneath the moon
Bronze statues
Glisten
Just as their marble
Peers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Brook

Brook

That as bell in
Vesper rings
And ushers in
The silence of
The coming night
The potent stars
That will come
And
The sly moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Brother Of The Voice

I am the brother of the Voice
on Horeb heard

I am the father of tempests and
tragedies at sea

I wreak mischief but I be not vindictive

I unsettle seas and winds and lives
and countries

I wind through towns and cities modern
age

I make obstacle on obstacle to discoverers

I sow the seeds of fear in thinkers
bold

I pass by graves and tombs; they open up
and the skeletons yield

I am the King of Cemetery after Cemetery
and flee at Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Brought Time Forward

The
Well
Of
Verse
It
Brought
Time
Forward
To
May
For
It
Willed
Spring
And
Spring
To
It
Attached
The
Waters
Close
The
Waters
Close
My
Monsignor
And
The
Eye
Bends
Inside
Towards
Subconscious
Land
And
Dreams
Of
Horror

Mirrors
Of
A
Past

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bruising The Earth Steps

Bruising
the earth steps
out
of the furnace of love
where snows continual
melt
I heard them falling
bit by bit
rough and fleet
and quick
melting.
And
I remembered that
I was on Earth
just on the Earth
remembering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bubbling Waters

the waters rise
the waters rise
the waters bubble
bubble restless
to-night
the tongues forked
yet sweet
of dark-fond figures
sing
golden and silver notes
notes to the Gods of Wrath
and to the Gods of Pain
then
stop
then
One alone and sad
sings all alone to
the God of Silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buds Of The Fields

Houses
Buds
Of
The
Fields
Waters
That
Slide
Down
Walking
Over
Nocturnal
Plains
Boars
Head
That
Issue
Forth
At
Dusk
Wolves
That
Dance
Round
And
Round
Pattern less
To
The
Sound
Of
A
Mountain
Violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buds Still Open

buds that still to
open
be
and
yet
smell
sweet
as
opened
sweetly
sweetly
the night fans
the
lake
mirrors
a
sun
in
it
above
the
stars
ah! changes and
transforms to all phenomena
the mass universe
we,
we humans chang with it
for it
we humans!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buffeted On The Waves That People The Red Sanded Beach

Buffeted on the waves that people the red sanded beach
I realize the sea is frothing at the mouth
As if a marine war ended in carnage
The rocks re-bounded the strange sounds and raw.

How long and drawling every wave of sea
It reaches the rocks exhausted. The remaining strength
And substance of the wave is broken on the rocks
That rise tall pointed black bleak and raw
From all around the bay and that
Re-bound the strange sounds and raw.

When will the sea
Tire its liquid siege? Its legions
Of miry waves on the black rocks spent
Replaced no sooner than destroyed
And the sea
Froths at its mouth with vigor green
Renewed as in battle.

No generals lead the waves save their own ire
And the inexhaustible surging of being a wave
That on the rocks high pointed bleak and black
Re-bound the strange sounds and raw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bulgarian Village

Come! we are on top
of just a hill
but
it
is
giddy
yet
giddy
giddy
giddy

below the clouds
where the
clouds open
the houses of the
village stretch
the streets?
four or five in all.

Small yet lovely.
Beauty here sits.
In silence.

then
in the dark
the stars glide
fixed:

yet wavering
trembling
shying.

below the clouds
where the
clouds open
the houses of the
village stretch
the streets?

four or five in all.

Dark is dispelling
LO! in a few minutes
there's change of
scene
in the fast drama.

Drama to other drama
leads.

Suddenly a white vortex
immense:
the dawn.

Yet
as soon as the face of day
the white of smile
assumes
from the edges
fast
clamber the darker grays
the frown
the scowl.

This the drear, my Monsignor.

Here
the universe nears
Emotions as I
have.

Come! come! let's go
over the hill
yon hill
that scowling cloud
of dark thickness
will soon get drizzling.
On me and
the village.

Come! Come! Let's go!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bundle Of Beauty

Bundle of beauty
Walking a cloud
A mist
In to the frigid air
And dust
Beauty that beauty
Admires
Beauty that to thrall
Fires.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buried In The Tomb

In the harsh sunlight they buried
In the tomb

Dusk was on the wing but not
Beginning.

Grating as the coffin slid
To its new city

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burn Themselves Out

Night

Fires in the heavens

Burn themselves

Out

As here below

Burnt themselves out

Emotions

Desires

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning August

Of
Burning
August
There
Be
Born
And
Grow
A
Burning
Brain
The
Burning
Of
The
Brain
Of civilization
The
Burning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning In The Night

a town burning in the night
and yet no fires except
orange neon lights.

a town that sleeps
a town that wakes
a town of ghosts and shrouds

a town of ancient days
a town of ancient tales
a town of centuries
for centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning Incense, Eerie Deep Silences

the house was that, the Earth
was that - there was the smell
and scent of burning incense in
those eerie deep silences.

house that temples twisted
large hairs and locks of
gold and bronze commixed
twisted...

from the high minaret
sung the wind and lowered
down - smiled the
Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning Of Desire

Fire

Fire

The burning of desire

Penance is burning

Burning in a pyre

O the subconscious is

Beginning its reign

Come shrouds and ghosts

Of night

And with you satyrs wild

And fauns and nymphs

And

Naiads

All dance

All dance

All dance with cup

All

All

Al

Fire

Burns

Fire

Burns

Fire

Burns

I

Had

In

Me

The

Existential

And

With

The

Subconscious

Began

Away

The

Conscious
Ran
Away
Away
Dusk
Changed
To
Night
And -

The Timbrels started rolling
-figures dressed as animals
-dancing
-dancing
-dancing
-dancing

Dante with Beatrice
Is dancing
The sexton with the tree
The water-wave with the desert sand
The races of Earth
Together
Face to face, land to land

The wind is rising
The flowers bend not
Dusk pleasant blows
With Zephyr;
Circe with Ulysses
From her far cave
Pines at the Dusk
Soon
Will the night-stars
Deck the sovereign
Face of Night!

Zum zum zum zum
Zum

Hum hum hum hum hum

Hum

The lakes are filled
Of water
The reservoirs glitter
With water
The small hamlets sleep
Surrounded by the snows
And by the waters

The wind is rising
The flowers bend not
Dusk pleasant blows
With Zephyr;
Circe with Ulysses
From her far cave
Pines at the Dusk
Soon
Will the night-stars
Deck the sovereign
Face of Night!

Let me see the Dusk
Displaying

And
Let me see the Dusk
Wavering
And
Playing

And with the beauty
Of the flush-faced
Sunset
Vying!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning Of Life

Burning of life, yes,
Burning - - there was a Figure
That passed into the night
All helter-skelter
Following the ghosts and shrouds
there were jewels - those were
eyes - diamonds from the East
talking
talking
the leaves and trees were
whispering
In the cemetery
Yesterday
at night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burning Swords

In me
There be burning swords
My Love
A child will I conceive.

In me
There's life battling
Wanting to extend
Even humble degree.

And then
The burning swords
A fire will churn
And charm and
Rise and leap
And
Then
A child will I conceive.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Burnt Amiss The Dread That Was

some time ago;
the rift is not cannot be for in between
there be transformation to transformation
and then back cycle to
cycle;
e = mc² Einstein carried in to literature
not just the lyric; but extended more
as from ancient Mecca the Mohammedan lore
and conquest and new religion grew;
as from a cell fertilized a human
grows:
and all the ways and modes by
which from low to high the things
extend and grow:
burnt amiss the dread that was
some time ago;
the rift is not cannot be for in between
there be transformation to transformation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Bury In The Tomb

Bury in the tomb
The yews
Move hither and
Thither
Restless.

Be quick
With every second
My hearts beats itself
To bursting.

Lower the coffin
Close the lid
The tomb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

But Ah! The Hours Fly Though

But ah! The hours fly though
Danced they slow:
The measured paces served not
To delay the motion of Time:
And soon
One called – it was the Voice –
That spoke in to a nasal microphone –
'Look the Dawn within the hour
Will on the shore pebbles be
Treading: prepare you
To Vanish in the airs and Vapors Blue
Whence in the night's beginning came you.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

But The Chill Was Strong

But
the chill was strong, the chill was
heavier than the rain,
the malice in the eyes was green,
but
but
that was the position that night
of envy
and inglorious quiet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

But Then Let Me Think

But
But then let me think
Though it be night
The more inviting
Be
The solemn sacred silence

Emotions that swelled
That rose high
And that fell
And then rose again
These emotions
Now lie in plateau
Level-plain

The bosom likewise.
But
The emotions are still there
There as the stars
As the night
As the moon
As the paces secret and
Mysterious
As the marches of shrouds
And of ghosts
As the furious humming silence
Of the moth round the dangling
Lamp-light of the night
Down under
Down under the bastions
Mourns the sea
In and out
In and out
Rise and fall, come and
Go sea-wraiths.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Butterflies

Butterflies

Of

Thought

Opening

Yours truly, wings

And

Closing

Them

Again

As

Soon

As

Open

And

Then

With

Every

Opening

I

Scent

New

Beauty

Issuing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Butterfly Of Early Dawn

Butterfly of early dawn
Here and there
Flitting boisterously
Without possessions and
Without
Even the thought of power
Yet
You hold
In your soft pollinated wings
Promises and things
More potent, more noble

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buzzing

buzzing
at
night
warmth
of
the
frost
whispers
that
thaw
the
chill
that
grew
in
the
dusk
that
was
of
the moon
the
early
of
moon
the
sands
that
slip
by
from
my
hand
that
tremble
as
tremble
the
hands

of
a
Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Buzzing Nymph

Played
Round and round
The buzzing nymph
Bee-like seeking
The sweet and the beautiful
She played
Till on a thistle
She
Pricked her finger white
Came forth
A tiny bead of red
Blood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By A Fair Pond Adonis Sat And Stared

By a fair pond Adonis sat and stared
And in his gaze was glory of mid-day
When the stark sun feeds itself on its glow
And feeling it the more it glows and warms
Like coursing blood of lovers newly made:
Anon a maid of fair proportions tall
And locks of gold and curled and tressed
The fair Adonis by the pond espied:
At which her heart inflamed at once like to
Torches that burn alight on castle walls at night:
She racing came over the green champagne
And with a smile the flowers she ravished
By her wild beauty: sweet the sun shone
In all the glory of his warm mid-day and smiled:
But in her haste she a wrong step took and
Into a grisly well and deep fell unawares
Whilst by the fairy pond Adonis sat and stared
And in his gaze was glory of mid-day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By Fields

House building in the fields
By fields
Surrounded
And by the spirits
And airs of them
Let me lie here motionless
Gaze at what
The immense heavens give
Undress
From dawn to night
Then night to dawn again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By Fire Hurled

By fire hurled, ejaculations of
the lustful night, fires that burn
on old Antarctica
melting white glaciers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By Law And Fear

A world that rules
By laws and fear
And by punishment
Then
Boasts human freedoms fundamental:
A civilization we built
But not all things that live
Conjoin and share
Under her weight
We chafe and despair
And groan
Grumble and change
But change be like
As the donkey round
The watermill miserable
Round and round and round

Emmanuel George Cefai

By Order Of The Law

If things attach
By order of the Law
Then
They detached
Upon
The expiry date of the Law
And the human law
Stops fainting
At the doors of cemeteries

Emmanuel George Cefai

By Slow And Trembling Steps

By slow and trembling steps
The bearded sage
The Sacred Mount ascend
Began.

Wild howled the winds around
Him
And
In his heart felt he the cruel pain
Of all those that conspired
Against him.

Yet
Undaunted he still
Climbed and climbed
By slow and trembling stage
That bearded sage:
Yet
For his wisdom though
The mount did he ascend
The bearded sage
And though he on the top
At last
Below
Saw glittering all the wealth
Below
And all the towns and universities:
Yet in his heart he felt
The pain of solitude and more
For Earth indifferent behaved
To him
And in oblivion had she buried
Him.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By The River

By the
River
Sate I
Opened my book.

Read.

Of beauties and of
Wondrous things.

Wondrous things?

All normal propense and
All relative.

By a spring
I stood
I stood up with parched
Throat

And
Sang of beauty with just
A parched tongue.
Just.

Emmanuel George Cefai

By The Sea In The Secluded Bay

By the sea
In the secluded bay
In ancient times
A giant tied with chains
To rocks
Of entrance to a bay
Roared at
The stars at
Night
Wept by the suns of day
Lazed
In the afternoons.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

By The Sides Of The Blessed Mountains

By the sides of the blessed mountains

Wept I

They read my verse and poetry

By the rock face of the mountains

Wailing snow of dripping snow

And

We do so to wail, we need,

We humans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cabaret Of Night

Minerva organized
The Cabaret of Night
All day preparations
Went on
By red dusk
So intensified.

Spirits, nymphs,
Sileni and fauns,
Dryads and one-eyed
Figures and the rest
Onto the garden
Stamped

The Orchestra
Was played by Hedgehogs.

The nightingales were
The special singers at the
Cabaret.

Bacchanalians served wine
Clothed in green.

Clanked pitchers, rose glasses
Voices loud as the night
Deepened

And the venue was
Fair Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Calculation After Calculation

Calculation after calculation

The
Hammers
On
The
Brain
Ticking
Ticking

The Poet Seer taking to
The Port of Mathematics
Linked together as in
Chemical bonds
Verses and figures
Verses and symbols
The chants were then
A whole mathematical plan
The Poet Seer was foisting.

You see
You see my Monsignor
How
Symbols fire
Even in the even cemetery
Light
That at first burnt low
But now flames out and
High
In the wild burning desires
Here
Here
You see
You see my Monsignor
You see.

The barefoot monks are
Chanting psalms
In the tormenting marble cold
Of the night cloisters

The night pity takes
But not more.

Then midnight deepens with
His subject clouds
The monks to the respective
Cells
Hasten their casement close
Yet
Within just a few hours
To open the casements yet again
On the new Dawn

*

The Poet Seer
Ah! the old cunning Poet Seer
Like wine he bettered more
And more
As his hair grayed
Then whitened
Then his back arched and
Bent
A little
From the studious days
Since childhood uninterrupted
The Poet Seer

As with a magic wand
His tongue and brain
As Prospero and Merlin
From scene to scene
He takes us at his
Will
In ever-increasing beauty.

And
Then
We utter 'O'
As the night curtains fall
And with another swing
As yet of wand
Ushers he
The new Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Call

Call

Call

Your cry

Though it be scream

After

The mishaps of your

Destiny.

For

Here tragedy trod

Upon the heels

Of tragedy:

Here

The wilderness

The extinct

The barren

The parched.

Scream

Scream only

Emmanuel George Cefai

Call After Call I Will Not Cease

Call after call I will not cease
To tell you to reproduce: while
You still breathe though slow,
Though obesity
Makes you in danger and increases it:
Yet
The more so you should thrive
And your blood to delirium warm
Even if it be the coldest winter day
To make new children in your wake.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Call, Call For More

Call, call for more

Birds

The trees await

Now that Dawn's awake

Now that the Spring smiles fair

Now that waves ripple sands

Now that alight immense coastal strands

Now that the lark soars high

Now that there's burst of song in sky:

Now that the flowers wake

Now that glimmers the lake

Now that the sun rays light

Now that the day's crowned bright

Now that Spring shows its might:

Call, call for more

Birds

The trees await

Now that Dawn's awake

Emmanuel George Cefai

Calm

Calm stressed spirit.

The cutting of the chains is nigh
The heart will break.

The eyes will blind
And desperation will do the rest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Calm And Sleepy Dreams

Beach that calm and sleepy
dreams
under the rearing summer sun
ah! how different
how different
from the night before
when every rock and stone
moved restless full
as the wide Ocean waters
roared the caves and coves

Emmanuel George Cefai

Calm As The Woods That In The Winter Dream

Calm as the woods that in the winter dream
Beneath the frosty gusts of Boreas
When icicles thin pencil-like and white
From overladen boughs all numbed do hang.

Serene as sits the owl when on her bough
She all around reviews and thinks
Unruffled in ruffled feathers sitting
She thinks and utters not a syllable.

Fair as the fields that gild with corn
Their crowned forehead in the tepid Sun
When Spring young trumpeter of the coming boon
Fruits and corn and laden trees heralds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Calvary Of Suffering

I
Said
My
Calvary
Of
Suffering
On
The
Fuming
Beads
I
Said
It:
The
Politics
Were
Of
My
Father
And
They
Passed
In
The
Blood
To
Me
And
In me
I
Had
The
Fire
Of
Prometheus

Emmanuel George Cefai

Candelabras Hanging

Candelabras hanging

Red floor

Tiled masonry

Palace of the clouds

Yet feet on earth

Ah! verse soon

Will be ready

And the monument

You yearn to build

Be built.

Then call

The people to view

The landmark

Masterpiece.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Candles

I saw
candles, candles, candles:

I saw the mask
of up-lying face
I saw the mask
and I felt the cold

on the wood
the coffin lay
and the mask lay
and said I;
Speak! Speak Poet Seer!
Speak!
Arise!
For me at least, arise!

No
he spoke not, nor arose

And I still
saw the mask
of the up-lying face
I saw the mask
and I felt the cold

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cannon Of Lightings

Cannon of lightings

Fired

At intervals of

The raging tempests

The restless night

Of palms moving

Moving restless

With the wind and chill and frost

Last winter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cap

cap
on
his
head
the admiral
from
behind
the
cap
profuse
locks
entwined
with
a
rough
beauty
raw
with
tides
and spume
and
the
smell
of
salt
of
stormy
seas
and
Oceans of Awe
I
saw
you
on
the
vessel
but
that
be

hazy
for
I
was
in
bed
then
I
saw
your
body
that
was
hanged
silent
cry out
why?
why?
why?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cape Of Sadness

Cape of sadness
Black wrath of concentration camps
Clouds that hover angrily
Mists of hopes that fall
Downwards
Downwards
Into the vale of Conscious and
Sub-Conscious both:
Thread mill that loses the breath
The Poet Seer gasps, looks at the
Heavens but their face is angry.

We are in storms to-night, see the thunder-light!
We are in the reign of sadness to-night,
See, see, even the drear fading starlight!

Cape of sadness
Black wrath of concentration camps
Clouds that hover angrily
Mists of hopes that fall
Downwards
Downwards
Into the vale of Conscious and
Sub-Conscious both:
Thread mill that loses the breath
The Poet Seer gasps, looks at the
Heavens but their face is angry

Copernicus with us, the vessel by
Columbus moves and there be land in sight:
Tempests subside a little
Are still green as yet
As yet.

You see where you have brought me to?

You see?
You see?
Cape of sadness
Black wrath of concentration camps
Clouds that hover angrily
Mists of hopes that fall
Downwards
Downwards
Into the vale of Conscious and
Sub-Conscious both:
Thread mill that loses the breath
The Poet Seer gasps, looks at the
Heavens but their face is angry

There be such low depths now that
I feel the bottom

Where have you brought me to? Why
The precipice? Was not the Calvary
Enough?

With pince-nez in the fading light
You examine my thoughts that
Your refined computer transcribes:
Like an electrocardiogram
The transcription goes:
The red dusk is in its throes
The light is yielding to the dark
Draw the curtain.

Fragments that make the block
The One from Many then comes:
The deed is done, the job.

O! dark thoughts dark, dark thoughts!
Yet though the stomach churns
The lungs feel some warmth and

Some breath:
The brain enclosed in an iron
Sheath.

See, see where they brought me:
The edge of the cliff is ready
Below the giddy heights
The raging seas, the green of waves,
The sea-wraiths and the spume

And then in the night the restless
Ghosts and shrouds:
Pacing the city restless: come!
Come! I will be one with you.

Cape of sadness
Black wrath of concentration camps
Clouds that hover angrily
Mists of hopes that fall
Downwards
Downwards
Into the vale of Conscious and
Sub-Conscious both:
Thread mill that loses the breath
The Poet Seer gasps, looks at the
Heavens but their face is angry

There was an end, it had to be,
That was a bitter end and
Yet
Yet before the Calvary:
With every day I prayed its end
My prayers heard at last?
The bottom I assert has now
Been reached.
The summit of the agony, the Cross,
The yellow of paleness
The last sweating

Stop.

Did I a Poet-Seer deserve this?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Carnival Floats

The King of Masks he
rides the Carnival floats
his face he dyes
he hoods his eyes
he smothers song
he weeps, he sighs
floats on along

Emmanuel George Cefai

Carnival Of Rain

Mask that carries forth
The Carnival of Rain
Though tempest it be not
As yet

Tremble the young hearts
More romantic
A Carnival of Rain than
Sheer just carnival.

Figures that for few days
Around
Around
Circulate
After all
They be
Civilization alternative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Carry The Civilization

Carry the civilization of
The heavens
All to Earth
Excellent berth!

The snow mountains in
Their peaks
From our Earth to the
High heavens point.

So must we.
And
We must the civilization
Of the heavens extract;
Carry unto our Earth:
That be revolution!
And
Our duty practical.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Carrying Your Lovely Body

I withdrew you
Carrying your lovely
Body
Into my cavern of desires
Where lay together we
In the happiness of
Rising fires

Twenty four hours times
Millions ever-increasing
The day we wished to be
We
In the happiness of
Rising fires

Alas the sunset came
And the red dusk
After
Then the night
The day had closed:
Still we continued
Our sighs beacons of
Our happiness continued
Lighting as the stars and
More in ever-increase
Even through the dawn
In that happiness of Rising fires
Sighs
Whispers and kisses
Embraces
Sighs
Sighs
Desires

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cart

rumbled the old stones over the cart
rolled the wheels over the cart ruts
fell right before midnight the moon
that had risen over Santi and Mtahleb
in arms of Gnejna.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cascade After Cascade

cascade after cascade
night hours turn
as ruthless wheels
the mornings are afar
as be the Dawn.

pay care for me
my Monsignor the night
is cold

and the elongated spirits
roam about
in their wise chants

Emmanuel George Cefai

Casita

Casita

Dripping rain

Dripping blood

Where are the yellow moons
of yet
Another season reared?

Where the white stars that turned
Pale faced at sign of coming
Dawn?

Where
The lone clouds of suffering?

The utterances of the Poet Seer
Despairing?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Castle Grey Age Bitten

Castle grey age bitten
Walls
Even
In
The
Pining
Dusk
Manifests:
Castle
That
Grey-black
Looms
Even
In
The distance.

But ah! at night
How red
How burning
Burns
How burning
Lights
The white stars
Have fear
In
Their faces
And
The moon
Behind
The
Clouds
That reflect red
And
The background vault
That the shell of the heavens immense
Turns
Be burning
Be red.

Castle Monastery

Castle

Monastery

Night

In dwelling waters

Dancing white

And veils

Transparent

Ghost

Light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Castle Of High

Castle of high
Heights
I think of heights
So
Recently:
The bated breath
The red eyes
The sorrows
The dreary waking up
On every morrow
High girth
Below a stream
Below the rocks
To blaring cataracts
Give birth:
Let me
Let me in this deafening sound
Shut out the Conscious World
And in the lap of the Sub-Conscious
Fade.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Castle That Burst

Castle that burst
The leap of thunder
Roared
The wolves nocturnal
Howled
All
Simultaneously:
And furrowed
The earth round
The castle that burst

Emmanuel George Cefai

Castles That Lights

Castles
That
Lights
On
Rare
Nights
Small
A
Glorified
Fort
But ah!
Breathes
The
Centuries
Old

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cat Of Mysterious Eyes

Cat of mysterious eyes
The red dusk is come for you
And your eyes glisten.

Nearby the bending trees
Are holy pilgrims who pray
To the mysterious heavens.

The first star rises twinkling
A sacred humming passes by
From the high heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cathedral Of Spasms

the Cathedral of the Spasms
it expands
contracts
and seconds pass
then ages pass.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cats Wild Eyed

Cats
Wild
Eyed
Glistening
Red
Red
Red
In
Depth
Of
Night
Eyes
Throbbing
Throbbing
Throbbing
Heart
Of
Eyes
Heart
And
Eyes
Throbbing
Throbbing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cefalu!

Sea and ancient
Spume of sea
United joined
To scent of ancient
Unique Cefalu!

How many tales
How many nights
How many tales
Between your streets
Your walls your green
Up to the houses and
The stones.

If stones could speak
Speak Beauty and
Speak Venus
Arising from an early
Sea-shell marble-type
They would speak
And speak loud:
Cefalu!

The houses here dream
To seagulls' screams
Under the wings of
Morpheus
The songs of Mnemosyne
Under the spell of island
Where you stay
Under the distant smell
Of burning Aetna.

If stones could speak
Speak Beauty and
Speak Venus-Dawn
They would speak
And speak loud:
Cefalu!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Celebrate With Pain And Suffering

To celebrate with
Pain and suffering
But ah! they produce
There be a whole inventory
And civilization be enriched:
Beware! Suffering be necessary.
Zoomed into the pebbly beach
The sordid waves
And it was lightning of the day
New day, new life
Old habits, old infirmary
By time of Night-Nurse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Celebration, No,

Celebration, no,
but if tempest be
outside
the wilder

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cemeteries

who has not been to cemeteries
must issue from this ball!

who has not loved red dusk
must clear from the way!

who has not loved black night
please leave this dance.

FOR gruesome be this dance and
behind masks are all.

Mask to mask, hand in hand
occasional, all dance

without a sound, without a
word, all stare, all dance.

an orchestra of hedgehogs
also in masks, they play

drawling sounds and slow
at night, from sun and light away

for even the stars dark this night
obscure their light from bright

and clouds hover in heaven and in sky
while under gales pass by.

and the society of night continues on
and melts at the first Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cemetery Of Emotions

I have a cemetery of emotions
I feel it as the waters of
a well
going up me
waters that want to
emerge
and sparkle in the
dark moonlight
and leap from crag to
crag:
Running I saw souls
Even in the face of
Rising dawn:
White was its face
But somewhat ruddy orange
round the fringes
along the fringes
And it throbbed for emotions
to throb be propense.
There was emotion
That was emotion.
running

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cemetery Owl

an owl, the Owl of Wisdom
flew
into
the
night
from
a
bough
on
a
tree
that rose itself erect
in a lone cemetery.

Done were the vespers
done the dusk
and night sailed calm
and noisy in the subject
stars
confidante moon.

an owl, the Owl of Wisdom
flew
into
the
night
from
a
bough
on
a
tree
that rose itself erect
in a lone cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Centuries

They were feasting
But centuries old
ago
For
On them
They had
The costumes of centuries ago.

The milk seeped through
The grey rocks
Ledge on ledge
The waters mixed
With milk.

Outside
The band played
Inside
They slept and
Dreamt.

The band! What
Gruesome band!
A hedgehog, lizard
Toad and
The rest!

Centuries whirred round
Ageing
Out of breath
Stopped momentarily

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chain

For the chain
Be broken
The chain of the green eyes.

Now the eyes be red only
Deep red.

There be no anger in the eyes
But only the slumber propensity
Of dreaming.

I would not hear the chains be
Broken.

A whole town was broken
The gales yesterday
Wrought havoc.
That town was the Town of My Soul.
Yes, it be called so.
It be so.
And it be broken
And the chains cut.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chains

I heard the chains
Chain after chain
Chain after chain
Chain after chain
The sounds not stopping
The sounds not yielding
I heard them:
Long continued they
Then stopped they.
And then
I rued their stopping
Then suddenly
At night
They began again
Screeching the ground
And rooms
The sounds not yielding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chains Of Suffering

here
here on Earth
the chains of suffering
attach
attach to me
wherever, whenever.

with them
they bring restlessness
everywhere, whenever
and the parched Soul
cries
'I'm thirsting'

No friendly hand
brings even a mug of
waters.
But the suffering
continues
Destiny smiles cruelly
'I'm thirsting'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chalice Of Silence

In the chateaux of moons
The moons round circle
Silent
Attention! As not to tread
On each other's heels
They rattle
They shift
In them fires
That ancient
Chalice of
Chance and probability:
Flats
The chalice of silence
In the chateau
In the middle
Around
As planets the moons turn
Around
Obedient planets
Of chaos in chance-and-probability

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chances Of Life

yet
as in to
the chances of life
life by chances
lurking
there's Beauty too in
hiding:
we
in our childhood
are blindfold to much
of the Emotions
we hover round the
mid-point of their mountains
yet never go the peaks
stay back
thus rarely fall off
then
in the drunkenness of
youth we upwards ply
to discover the peaks
and joy and experiences
and
in the first strengths of Youth
ignore
the slippery edges and
ledges
then
with the first calls of Ageing
one by one
we fall into the abysm
where in the least
the waters of Lethe bathe
us amidst mists and
clouds:
there
in to the saving arms of
the Sub-Conscious
at long last and
whatever the Ageing

we turn to the Child
once again
Sub-Conscious pitying:
and there
the cycle starts
and ends
there's Beauty and there's
sadness
so much!
so much!
that's after all our experiences! [

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chanted To-Night

Chanted to-night
the trees of the
cemetery
chanted to-night
the charnel houses
and tombs and graves
and lit
the monuments
and
lit the walking robes
past mid-night:
For to-night
there occurred What
Was To be Done
not here on Earth
elsewhere
yet
yet here on Earth
Trembled the Earth
Herself.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chanting Soul

The Chanting Soul
Innocent and wide eyed
The soul of the
Big black eyes

But more
That certain Chanting Soul
Had the big heart
And
That with its verse-chanting
Was all
That it needed
For a worth into this Earth.

She had no palaces crowns
Power or their ilk
But
The Chanting Soul
Innocent and wide eyed
The soul of the
Big black eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chapel Closed

A bell
A hamlet
A vesper
A chapel

Bell ceases
Hamlet quiet
Vesper done
Chapel closed

And
In deep night
Hum constant slow
The wild star-light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chapel Old Derelict Stone

A
Chapel
Old
Derelict
Stone
Of
Old
Upon
Stone
Of
Old
Built
Waters
Were
Here
And
Old
Age
A
Well
Fell
One by one
The stones
Into
The
Well
Amidst
A reign
Of
Sounds
Things
Be
So
And
Things
Fall
So
And
Things age so,

My Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Charm, Charm, Sadness Of Verse

In you
The mists of magic turn
Transforming to the depths
The pitch of sadness:
Rise
Rise inhabitants of the ancient
Wealds ancient and old:
Rise
Your bones strew in the depths
Of tree-roots rise and go
Charm, charm, sadness of verse
The head is bent
The mouth eating black bread
The lips sipping drear water

Emmanuel George Cefai

Charnel House

In the charnel house
the temperatures burn
and rise to furnace
heights.

But not in the day.

In midnight.

Turn over and over
cephalic bones and
heads with eyes of
holes

hear, see, human!

There be a leveling hand
and
that leveling hand
be just!

The Vocabulary of Resignation

My Monsignor
when times will be
propense perhaps
to consider me
out of the
burning oblivion of
my soul,
my Inner Soul,
my Monsignor.

Those times will
wipe out the
injustices of years

and centuries
where
in to the tomb
descended a Poet Seer
with bent head
in resignation and a broken heart.

For, my Monsignor, Oblivion
an injustice be,
that burns for years,
for centuries,
the Voice and the vocabulary
of resignation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chateau

Chateau

Above

Château

above

the

clouds

below

chateau

on

other

chateau

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chattering

Chattering
Chattering
Chattering
The
Waters
Wild
From
Crag
To
Crag
Their
Cool
Shocks
Bring
Yet
White
And
Solid
Shine
The
\rocks
In
The
Face
Of
The
High
Raised
Moon
And
Of
The
Quiet
Of
The
ValesBelow
Said the Monsignor:
'The waters do not
Speak

Where be their tongue?
The waters do not
Speak'
Replied an Owl:
'Sir, waters speaks
Different
So you their perfumes
Do not scent
Much less
Their meaning'
And all fell silent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chief Of Night Dews Unlike The Rest

Chief of Night Dews unlike the rest
The night-dews
Giant and diamond of the Orient
Glimmers
Glitters
In the night of the glow worms
And of the shining socket eyes
Of ghosts and shrouds
Shades and shadows that go round and round.

And the Trumpet of the Sick Night
Sings
Sings
What surfeits it had at the red lust
Of the red dusk
When
The rabbit limped into the bushes
Where the silver aged trees bend to
The soft running stream and
Rushes.

At last
At last
The day they have fixed
To take to the guillotine
My head in effigy
They have already made in
Wax
Already made
Already made
To burn next night.

And
the night dewes will weep
And
some humans will weep
And
the silver aged trees will weep
And

the bells that vesper sung will weep
And
the nymphs of the night will weep
And
the goblins that race the plains will weep
And
the arcane rocks of the cliffs will weep
And
the face of the sad will weep
And
the Sphinx will stop grimace and weep
And
The bees that hummed drowsing weep

Limped slow unsteady on its tiny feet
The aged hedgehog.
By the hedges taciturn
It hummed all to itself
A wise nocturne:
Owls heard; their ears pricked
And from another coppice of the trees
Began to sing the lovely nightingales.

Chief of Night Dews unlike the rest
The night-dews
Giant and diamond of the Orient
Glimmers
Glitters
In the night of the glow worms
And of the shining socket eyes
Of ghosts and shrouds

Emmanuel George Cefai

Child In You

You have to bring out the child
In you

Then you will feel better in
Your sufferings

Pain will be with you but also
Some jocosity

Pragmatic be:
Your calculations make.

Choose jocosity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Child Of The Loaf

Child of the loaf
Dark and black
Bread
Swarming in the streets
At night
Picking
From dust-bins.

The chill and
The heat
Be
Indifferent.

Yet
The wisdom of the
Owls
The songs of the nightingales
Bring tears in his eyes.

And the night high above
Continues its silent revels.

In the fields
At night
A farmer of three jobs
Works by the night
Tending his sheep
And crops
Tilling the earth
By the light of the
Moon
By the cool of
The breeze
His face was shrouded
And a strong waft of
Wind
Unveiled that shroud
And
Then

Unveiled a ghost
A rattling skeleton!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Childless

To the so-called childless:
Let out your sperm
That matter: energy
Be born
That be indestructible
And
In that matter: energy
There be descent and
Immortality
In as direct proportion
To its indestructibility

Emmanuel George Cefai

Children

children be gems
jewels in our crowns, nay, they make
our crowns
more than jewels make them.

yet
they be too amongst our many anxious days
and sufferings

yet for all
and in all
children remain the gems.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chill

The chill
It cut my face
Just as the razor
More than the razor
But blood
Remained inside the suffering.

At that rate
Suffering increased.

extravasations of blood
would do the trick
reduce sufferings and
reduce brilliance
but not eliminate
them

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chill To The Bone

It is chill to the bone to walk
at night
solitary in ancient Valletta.

Ay! when I was younger
I lost the more chances
that I had

And now the little that remains
screams, screams, screams.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chill-Dripping Trees

chill-dripping trees
it be not yet
Christmas or New Year Eve
yet
you
drip
drip
the
anxiety
and
the
stress
in
chill and frost
tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chorus In A Night!

Chorus,
Chorus in a night!

the chorus is of ghosts!
but
interspersed there be
Sileni, fauns, nymphs
hedgehogs, squirrel, rat,
lizard and toad and
more.

blessed when a chorus
sings
there's beauty
here
it came from afar
to stay.

o la la la
derime tinki fa
herem de mata
siglet de sartar
comber de manhar!
o la la la
beri tele kale
de findi pale!
ulem ghati solen
aster de fi parten.
o la la la la.

sings
so the chorus
ghosts included.

rain
starts to drizzle
asphalt is starting
to be wetted!
time! time!

time passes
open your mouth
from heaven fall
night-dews!

o la la la
derime tinki fa
herem de mata
siglet de sartar
comber de manhar!
o la la la
beri tele kale
de findi pale!
ulem ghati solen
aster de fi parten.
o la la la la.

sleep,
sleep, village small
amongst the mountains
low
not snow peaked.

o la la la
derime tinki fa
herem de mata
siglet de sartar
comber de manhar!
o la la la
beri tele kale
de findi pale!
ulem ghati solen
aster de fi parten.
o la la la la.

Come! do what do!
dawn will soon be
over!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chorus Of Ghosts And Shrouds

with eyes that from red redder
turn and dark grey faces that
to charcoal black turn and flicker
in the candles that they bear,
they, the Ghosts and Shrouds.

Heap scents where the Ghosts and
Shrouds pass and walk:
bring the showers, bring
the rain
in the joys of pattering dissolves
pain

Tread, tread Ghosts and Shrouds while
the phosphorus rare and proud
they tread lightning glow-worms that
come and go
come and go
and awhile the procession goes.

Candles, smoke, incense and chant
faces straight and disciplined,
No Ghost speak to Ghost or Shroud
No Shroud speak to Ghost or Shroud
only all, with one intent, see
they move,
they move forward in procession,
see they move
the vessel moves, the crowd.

Heap scents where the Ghosts and
Shrouds pass and walk:
bring the showers, bring
the rain
in the joys of pattering dissolves
pain:

See the bulls of the red night,
See their horns glisten, radiate

in the twinkling light moonlight
and from the wildness of the stars
and from the clanking of waters
bright
dancing nymphs arising, arising
with white water wraiths
out of waters, out of seas.
in the trammels of the night.

And the harps by hands of sprites
energy not mass nor white
colorless-invisible
in that magic, in that night
where in every corner spell
hoots in caves where it dwell

And the night amidst the nights
and the spell amidst the spells
candles shooting, moon alighting,
and the nymphs of night all dancing
Neptune with his fork all green prancing
on a secret hidden lawn:
before springing light of dawn.

Chorus of Ghosts and Shrouds
with eyes that from red redder
turn and dark grey faces that
to charcoal black turn and flicker
in the candles that they bear,
they, the Ghosts and Shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Chorus Of Spirits

Chorus of
Spirits
singing
slow
as
over
tide
and
waves
you
ride
and white
images of marble beauty
glide:
chorus
of
Spirits
though you fade
in the first touch of Dawn
remain
to protect Earth in her
coming woes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Choruses Of New Song

I

In chorus I
the Dawn has come
the Dawn has whittled
the tearful drama of the night:
quiet!
the waves roll not but plain
stretch immense full a main.

Quiet!
Magic words for hearts
that pained and
suffering go:
and
frozen groan the stars
and night-dews scent

Scant
the waters in the palace
song
roll by the beaches in the
empty halls
where
ghosts and shrouds in
conclave
groaned last night.

the hedgehog
sleeps
too tired for food
has been roaming
the day
for food to search
to feed its young ones

open your eyes my Monsignor
for you will beauty be
soon

deeper than in deepest
night
and fervid dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Christmas Be Coming

Christmas be coming
but I
of skeletons
am dreaming

I
Poet Seer feel
the rattling of the Skeletons

I
Poet Seer joy
with rattling of the Skeletons

Emmanuel George Cefai

Christmas Of Pain, Christmas Of War

civil and pain

treachery and disdain

though I suffer as the exiles under
the leash
suffer and pray

Emmanuel George Cefai

Christmas, The New Year - What Then?

Christmas, the New Year - what then?
the same as before
fifty six
without the children useless
to me
however the civilization made with me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cistern

In the cistern
The leaves fell off
Gradually.

In the wide yards before
The rooms the tree-garden
Scented.

'We are in Lija! ' uttered
Our guide.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cities Of Hanging Shrubbery

Cities of hanging
shrubbery
flowers that
reflect
in the waters
resting:
winds
that
change
direction
every now and then
Zephyr that as a
bandmaster
directs
the winds obey
the winds obey
in the cities
of hanging shrubbery

Emmanuel George Cefai

City

In the city
The sun burns.

People in black
Together collect
And walk.

Then as the sun
Starts fading slow
The music of the graves
Begins its eerie chant.

That was the Day of Wrath,
The Day.

And in the cemetery
Under the sad trees of
Broken hearted silence
No sun burns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

City Of Dusk

city of dusk
we
my Monsignor so often
write of dusk and things
as it:
from our humdrum civilization
we move
better a sackcloth of spirits
high
and joys
than whole centuries of drear
and fear

Emmanuel George Cefai

City Sprawl

in the wake of the
city
that sprawled merrily
and
grew, grew every day
sung like a ditty
the more everyday;
of a supreme thought
the underbelly: ah!
my Monsignor that was where
I learnt to measure
view in details
view under the lens
the supreme thought
make it bear more thoughts
sublime
offspring thereof;
then
in time a whole descent of
the thoughts;
that was where I arrived
at that level, and stopped
to take breath
but then
froze in the sun light
with no hope of thawing:
so resigned, with bent head,
I prowled round and round
in my fury-frustration
in the whorls of the net
in the city
in the calm
in the silence of palaces
and streets that be strait
in the expectation of dark
and of sunset and dusk
to look from the belvedere
from the high silent city
the Medina on so many other

towns and cities and
settlements.
on the whole of the star-lineages
the mantle of silver comprising
the moon
the mantle and me
we touched, communicated
as through a thought, then
more thoughts till
reason was sated.
the roll of the jazz was
the roll of the thunder
the flash of the lighting
the call of the crowds
the waters full gliding
through
mists up surged
from the levels of our Mother
the Earth.
I smelt the smell of the chemicals
the bowels of Earth
in the working
the belly of thought and
the sump of the doubt:
the pride of assertion
of assertion
of assertion...

round about the day
as it wound round and around
the tinkling of bells
my Monsignor the time has come
to hear me
to the heavens my ear I place
my ear
my ear...

and a whole constellation -
a whole, I repeat,
with the dazzling of my
eyes
I trace

Emmanuel George Cefai

City Streets Below

The
City
Streets
Below
Be
Full
Of
Rats?
So
On
The
Ground
The
Rats
Come
Only
Around
In
The
Depth
Of
Midnight
Just
Just
Just

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Alternative

I write these days
Of ghosts and shrouds
I saw they form so much
A part of things
In this our Earth
A civilization alternative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Alternative Bay Of Cold

Night
New
Civilization
Alternative
Bay
Of
Cold
Hidden
I
Saw
A
Poet Seer
Meet
With
A
Ghost
Witness
Was
A
Shroud
They
Spoke
They wrote
And
Signed
And sang
The
Poet-Seer
For
Dawn
Was
Not
Yet
Come
Ah!
Civilizations
Alternative!

Civilization Changed

They always were prone to say:

'Look around that date
Civilization changed in so
many areas thereof'

Then
a hundred years after
they say:
'No but in subsequent dates
Too changed civilization:
The former magic years
were just more loaded'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Of Colors

Today
In the beginning
There was a vagueness
Everywhere.

Then little by little
A thin mist
Veiled
Started to form.

And
In as direct proportion
A whitish color that
To twilight turned

And then to red
Then
Subsiding from a deeper red
To a pale yellow turned
With shadows of green.

In the harbor of
Civilization the masts
Of the vessel began
To dangle here and there
Pendulum like and restless

There was a quickening
A quickening of the All
I felt it
All felt it
Touched it with the hand

It was first a horse
Of clay that turned to
Bronze
Then three orphans hand
In hand

Weeping and walking.

Ah! civilization then
In this rare day
Had its pyramid in
Statues:
Masterpieces whose
Genesis
Was vagueness first
Then
A little whitish mist.
Yes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Of Night

the civilization of Night
ah! it be no less than day
no less
than civilization of day:

at night discoveries
at night thoughts noble
and thoughts great
at night great prose written
and verses noble, great:
and at night too
is born play after play.

at night I Poet Seer
work at my keyboard away
quiet and silence inspire
and combined with desire
lighten wild and fierce
that wild Promethean fire
under whose forge
civilization great be
made,

The nymphs, the fauns, the bats,
satyrs and Sileni,
and all - owls,
nightingales trees - so
long a list!
a whole civilization great
that grows with every night
touched by Evolution's light!

For
the civilization of Night
ah! it be no less than day
no less
than civilization of day

Civilization Of The Day

Ah! the Civilization of the Day
From the back ground of sun light
Thrives.

You see its results.

Then look the other way.

See night almost equal in

Hours

Counting with it

Dusk sunset and twilight fading:

See its results.

History speaks.

And History without words

Speaks.

You see even the plants and green

Unto the sun light rise

Then bend

In to the more rational realms

Of the night-stars that fierce

Burn their way

At end of each woeful day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Of The Earth

Of things
That in my verses
I have mentioned
Full
The civilization of the earth
Be made.
Such things sang
I
As dusk, and sunset,
And
Dawn
The windy days
And tempest morns

But
Also sung I things
Of
Yet another civilization:
Such
The cemeteries, the ghosts,
The shrouds, the eerie
Winds
The haunted houses
And
The haunted clouds
The haunted bays
And
The haunted seas
The haunted caves and
Coves
And
The galleries of tombs and
Graves
In sullen cemeteries.

In between
Boasting both
Conscious and subconscious

Wealth
The owls nocturnal
And
Nightingales amorous
The hedgehogs that
As dusk beholden be
Cross the soil paths
Under the tall trees
Erect
Firs, elms and the
Strong oaks.

Of these
These many things
Sang I:
Both conscious
And sub-conscious
Always
Mixed to some degree
Now prevalent this
Now that
Now equal mixed.

But most of all
Of humans sung I
With love always
On all occasions by
And all emotions,
Thoughts - a whole gallery!
And
Of the warmth-current of
Things that
Kindles All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization On A Cliff Edge

On the cliff edge
A Figure with a Sheath
Giant loomed.

It has been there
Since before Dawn
Right on the cliff edge.

It relished the genesis
Of Dawn and Beauty born
As Venus from a sea-shell.

Behind
A plain of rock
Stretched level.

Around
The deafening silence
Of a thousand bees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilization Will Be Of The Moment

Civilization will be of the moment
let it be a violet that springs
beautiful for a drunken mid-day
just one, just one, drunken mid-day
then fade with bent head in the dark
and cold frosts of a winter night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilizations Alternative

Civilizations alternative
of night
when the stars fierce burn
and
the Band of the Cemetery Ants
plays to the moon
civilizations
when the skeletons and bones
afford not to stay quiet
rise
open the tombs and graves
yawning:
civilizations alternative
Duchess of the Night
of hollow eyes and rattling
chains
one after one
the chains rattle
the chains groan
the chains sparkle in the night
the chains pain and suffer
the chains experience gain
civilizations alternative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Civilizations I Gave You

See, see,
How many civilizations I gave you.
See.

The civilization of the day

The civilization of beauty
The civilization of dramatists and
Scientists
The civilization of the sociologists
The civilization of the lovers of the
knowledge
that be mad for it
That of nymphs, Sileni, fauns and
Spectacles till
The stars fall for rises
The eye-dazzling dawn Venus-Beauty.

The civilization of the first light of
Immortality
Then I suspended it
Grieving

The civilization of ghosts and shrouds

The civilization of power and glory

The civilization of materialism and discovery
And science
And power and glory

Then the shades came
The shadows fell
The faces darkened
The brows furrowed
And
Issued the Souls

That groaned
Had tears in their eyes
The very Inner Souls:
There issued forth
A new civilization
The civilization of the night

With it parallel
The civilization of the sad
The civilization of the resignation
The civilization of the night with stars and
Tempests and firs and nightingales
And owls and Orchestra of Hedgehogs.
The civilization of the cemeteries
The civilization of the skeletons
The civilization of the tombs
The civilization of the graves.
And these
be still with us, of us,
To us.
These civilizations from
The civilization of the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Click After Click

Click after click
on the keyboard
thrills.

words appear and
verses.

I feel on my head
a kiss from the Muse
look round.
No Muse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cliff

Cliff
Edge of the things
Line drawn
Yet
There I feel
No regrets
For drawing of
The line:
Often I hesitate
So much
So many times
But now
But now
I am sure
I am strong
I go the edge
And I will not fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Climbing

Climbing
Climbing
The night towards
The Ramparts of Fire:
They scald
Yet such is Night's desire!

A Statue
Over the Heaven's
Panorama looms
Great and unmoving:
The doves below it
White
And rest
Dreaming.

The scent
Of the sub-conscious
Everywhere
It lies
It hies
And moves as a serpent
New liberated from the
Lair
That held it unjust captive
Of the stars.

Now the forges where
The verses are blown
And heated
Cool a little
And further cool little
By little
Out! Out! Into the open!
Into the woods and the
Dark infested Champaign
Scent
Scent
Scent everywhere

Still
A Statue
Over the Heaven's
Panorama looms
Great and unmoving:
The doves below it
White
And rest
Dreaming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cling In The Tomb

to every day
we cling in the tomb
of horrors
to every day
with our nails
and yearning Soul
our fingers and our nails
slipping
slipping
to Earth's womb
we cling
falling
falling
come brothers,
come sisters,
the Time be soon arrived
for the Vessel of Departure:
already lined
in a long queue and straight
with blanched faces
wait we
unwilling to board ship
fright with every passenger
who goes up
passenger after passenger
fright after fright

Emmanuel George Cefai

Clock Of The Time

Ah! would the Clock of the Time
Stop
And frozen
Fix itself
In the hours of the night
Sweet
Cathedral strikes the sound
Every quarter
Every hour
Romantic night!
Sweet and distant
The sweet songs
Of the love-mad nightingales
And
Quite near
Rustling heard
Of the sea-waves in the
Port
And
The whispering of stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Close Of Gurgling Formalin

Close of gurgling formalin
Waters that smell
Mountain over whose
Crown
Thunder after thunder
Lights
Decisions are in making
Winter so deep
Is not in the favor
Of the Olympian heavens
Now
Winter has overdone it.
'We pass through difficult
Times'
There was a nasal sound
Full of emotion
Yet from above:
The immense heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Close The Wounds

Close the wounds
Close the wounds
Too many
Too many wounds
And
Now
The heart and head
And spine
Towards the earth
And quiet
Turn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Closed World

to
live
in
a
closed
world:
yes
for
after
all
to
a
closed
world
we
always
be
condemned
the
distance
be
only
relative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Clouds

Clouds

clouds

shattering against the thin thick barrier walls of frost

shattering

shattering

down

down below the human pass through streets and square

in the old ancient city:

put

forward

fast forward

see how the paces hurry

trembling in an ever-increasing manipulated flurry

those

those humans

lone

lone rotating march

in the vast flurry of frost particles

genes

gene particles relative

of the searing of the leaves, the fall,

the rustling on the garden paths,

strewn

strewn

with leaves that fell

fell

happless and hopeless

lone

lone rotating march

how drear the day

how dreary the earth moves

the earth rotates

how dreary

not much of variance

no spice to smell, no taste of spice

and burning tongues:

no,
the usual drear of day even if sunny
the usual days of grace
then the fall of the guillotine
the sad monk to his cell betakes his way
and loud his voice resonates in his pray
dusk, vesper, night to come
the cloister-earth lowers its warmth and
frowns
the cicala and the grasshopper
a dialogue attempted
then stopped, stopped

in a distant mill the water gurgles deep
and slow
in a distant plain half dozen farms alight
dogs bark
as night lowers the curtain of the dark
mute and rapid flees home back a lark
and screeching a wise owl
a bat
circles around and then it shrieks
a moth
the bat emulates circles and hums
droll the sea-waters enter in the creek
amidst the hideous heights of brazen cliffs
and it is night

ah! attempt! if you must succeed first
you must attempt
that's order chronological
order of the universe
order logical:
how dreary vapor from the heavens fall
from beneath the iron-waxing stars
yet they light white and smile
by half
the other half a wry, mask of the cynical:
rustles high the spume carrying waves
the cruel seas all Ocean-prompted rage
an owl
flies off her safe branch and to earth

takes a short walk and sage
for it is night

a figure tall, how tall
its top the Poet-Seer looks high:
and
a look of fear on his face he bears
walks the tall figure
always
becoming taller, taller
in ever-increase
without limit in that space of breeze
nocturnal
that the heavens and the mass universe present
and the sombre immensity they represent:
a figure tall, how tall
how elongated
and ever-fiercer tall and walks
and is not sated
for mid-night quickly rolls:
an hour
ago it was that distant
now
it is come a moth passes
against its face
by mistake with fear drops
down
where a procession of shrouds in full gown
proceeds candles in hand some
others torches bear
the gruesome gathering without direction steer
into the night
into the deep of mid-night, yes,
for it be night
damiente de lucens sapiente.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Clouds Small Medium Large

Clouds

Small medium large

Clothing of the heavens?

More conspicuous as dark

Grows

Let them flourish

In a night of burning stars

And tears

Emmanuel George Cefai

Clouds That Shuddered

Clouds that shuddered
Yesterday
Over Hasting Gardens way
Before the Dawn ushered in the day

Spirit of mountains!
Not mass, but little of it
The rest in wave currents
In energy moves in hiding
Yet from pass to pass it goes
The Spirit of the mountains!

Even so
I would be as you be
Spirit of the Mountains!
And would my verse
More in your spirit be
To cut the chains
And fly away from Earth
Except free mountains
Be
Just
A Spirit of the Mountains!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Coasts Have Tongues

coasts have tongues
that they mass
kiss the Earth
and
feel
as humans feel
the ecstasy of love
when water enters
in
to the land
ready to receive
and welcome
all that Sea and Ocean bring:
so I
in love with love
welcome all that Love doth bring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cobbled Stones

Cobbled stones
Facades of houses
Ancient and loaded
With the seed of
Centuries:
A pregnant window
Protrudes
Dark into the silhouettes
And shadows
No ghosts no shroud
Roam now
Though it be night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cobbled Streets

The cobbled streets
They the paces
Accentuate:
Ah! ticking of the
Ages that pass
The times that fly
The regrets that were
The wild running of
The clock hands
These were wild
Wild, indeed:
Awhile
The cobbled streets
Romantic and patient
Receive the soles
And paces
And the time passes
With every pace
And the time passes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold

So many glaciers
Yet so far away!

I feel the oxygen
In the sub-conscious
Cold.

And
The gas mask of winter
In my sleep.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold Day

cold day
the chill of winter
so large part
of new civilization be
this winter.

cold day
you have driven
me
to a bed where
the light of the Muse
shines dim
and verses hate this.

cold day
the chill of winter
so large part
of new civilization be
this winter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold February

Cold February

Yet

I hear the paces

Of Cold and Frost

And Drear

And the whispering of a Soul

My mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold Night

How cold the night this night
How Venus sleep in her wise
Shrine!
And the owl on the bough
She wisdom thinks:
And smiles
Next bough
Sing thick sweet nightingales.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold Of Graves

then
in the cold of graves
you will not find chains
they remain outside
they be polite.

But ah! they hurt so much
during so many years...
but wait - they did not
do
on purpose -
so say they at least
they said
'We be confessing'

for fires
be as of night
and night the leveler
it assuages pain
even when heaviest
chains weigh most -
and
then
in the cold of graves
you will not find chains
they remain outside
they be polite.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cold Screams

Cold screams
the first breathings in and out
oxygen in abundant circles
in the lone mist
you scent
you smell
oxygen
oxygen
oxygen
oxygen and cold screams

Emmanuel George Cefai

Color Face Green

Color
Face
Green
But
It
Be
The
Night
The
Stars
Are
White
The
Stars
Are
Fire
The
Stars
Are
Undulating
To-night
Are
They
dancing?
Hearing
The
Music
Of
The
Spheres?
Their
Bosoms
Heaving?
Below
The
Sea
Contents
Itself
With

A
Plain
Level
Bosom
Lined
By
The
Silver
Streaks
Of
The
White
Moon
The
Wolf
Of
The
Sea
Walks
On
The
Land
Below
The
Fort
For
He
Is
A
Vast
Shroud
Chosen
By
Shrouds
And
Ghosts
He
Prowls
The
Rocky
Coasts
The

Few
Still
Unbuilt
Round
The
Grand
Harbor
This
Night
Is
Magical
This
Night
A
Whirlwind
Though
No
Wind
Yet
Blows.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Colors

Colors, clothes, the passing
Of the hours,
The thumping of the
Fingers,
The rails moving,
Shutters lifted,
All sounds,
All sorts of sound
Now
That Dawn has risen:
And
I
I in the middle
Dazed, aghast,
Confused and angry
Looking without
Looking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Colors In Them

the waters at the through
They have the rainbow
Colors in them.

But in the heavens
There's just restlessness.

With me
In me
Strife and restlessness
Loom summit

Emmanuel George Cefai

Colossal Strength Of Brain From Puny Body.

Colossal strength of brain from puny body.

Promethean fire from the dust and water.

Boiling of evolution multiplied by ages.

I assert and I assert brief and short.

You will have this and that or this not that?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Column

Column on column
Mist on mist
Blue mists advancing
Slow but
Determined
Through the pilot passage
Between mountain peak and
Mountain peak
So high
So high
The waters melt
The waters melt
And have
A satin softness in
Their stamen skin
For mist on mist
Be building
Be advancing:
Teli kerek sedis talet

Emmanuel George Cefai

Columns Of Fire

Columns of fire
That's desire –
You human
Have indeed
So much of fire
Enough
If you desire
And desire.

Let your desire
Be in ever-increase.

Let your desire
Know
No horizons
No dawns
No sunsets
Palliative of pain
And so much
Heart-breakings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Combination

A combination
A combination in the
tempest rose
colors were mixed
winds with rain wild
doors and windows together
creaked
houses in fear together
in frost shivered.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Combinations

In the permutations and
Combinations
Of time the stars twinkle.

The masks of white
Below them
Restless gases
Hide.

And the calm-bosomed seas
In the Port hide the
Restless undercurrents black.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come And Sing Be Merry

Come and sing
be merry
the ring
of life has
turned
from winter hoar
Spring has seized the oar
Come and sing
be merry
it's the Spring!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come Early For I Want To See You

Come early for I want to see you
Arise me from my bed
By early Dawn and let me
Let me for the first time see you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come Out

Come out
Come out
My friends
The goblins
Dark has
Brought forth
Myriads of stars.

The waters flow
Listless
And soundless
Midst of the
Upper Barracca

So many vessel
Passed
And this night
Through the port
Just a ghost vessel

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come Out Of The Thicket

Come out of the thicket
That twines your
Thoughts
Wires of flashing
Electricity
Thoughts
Deep too deep for
Trembling
Fears and deliriums
You will need a long walk O!
To reach the borders.

Beyond
The waters wait still and
Austere.

Thought weighs upon the waters
As rain-laden clouds
Before the tempest-storm
Breaks forth this night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come Through The Fog That Hangs!

Come through the fog that hangs!
Chilly ghost of the reel of the future;
Cut my hair now before it grows not
Cut it you will hold it
In a reliquary of forgotten humans:
Who strived not to be forgotten:
Who wrote, who thought, who asserted.
Come through the fog that hangs!
The clock of age is to be reverted as by magic.
Magic will be the mechanics by which the clock of
age be reverted

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come, Come, Come? She Said

Come, come, come? she said
In a half weeping tone
Suppressed

And her lovely arms out
Of the darkling waters rose
For her sweet love

But ah! little by little
Her arms sank and sank
Into the deep night, deep sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come, Come, Dry Your Eyes And Tears

Come, come, dry your eyes and tears
Cunning woman, whose every day
The clock of reproduction closes
Tears a leaf from the calendar.

Lake that was fire in the twilight
That
Now under the moon light
Shines
Reflecting the night's desire.

Mount fairly tall but where
The snow whitens the dark
Of night to blue-azure:
In the long distance better glimmering
Over the burning lake shimmering.

To-day
The moment comes for me
To trace my steps to this site:
As night closes round me
My heart in fear leaps
My heart in fear leaps
My heart in fear leaps.

Below the pomengranate tree where
Warm reigned in summer, where
The night could be heard breathing sweat
You lay
Into the ecstasies of love and kissing
Panting.

Then your cunning
I kept at bay in your ecstasy
You had to choose between it
And cunning:
Just like percentages or
Two glasses: you add one

And by the amount and proportion
That you add one the other
You decrease:
That's proportion inverse.

No longer you yearn for the tower
But you do yearn for the summer garden
Trellised with remnants of the Spring
Trophies of the yearly renaissance:
You yearn for that and I with you.
But now
Now the cold, the cold blasts roll
Over the garden, the trellised walls
Lanky and thin and dilapidate
By the night-rains wetted lie
Dreary and cold and thin:
Haggard they look and speak not
Nor our kisses warm nor our ecstasies
Light the smoldering chimney fire
But looks, furtive looks, just that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come, Come. Take Cheer

Come, come. take cheer
Though all around us all
Is falling part by part
Bastions that are dilapidating:
Ah! bastions long ago
But that was long,
Long ago:
And now
Of air around us, and the sun,
The dusk, the dawn, the night
Of these
Only we can take cheer:
So let us adopt these, our
New children:
And let us be one family with them
Come, come. take cheer
Though all around us all
Is falling part by part

Emmanuel George Cefai

Come, Sing A Song

Come, sing a song,
That the child sleep
That the small child
Smile serene and not weep.

A fairy song be Beauty
And therefore you must
Sing a fairy song
Where image on image
Sub-conscious and nocturnal
Throngs.

Come, come, for Time with
Motion quick, flees through
The hours.
Mid-night be done and soon
The Dawn must find you
Sing a song
A fairy song to child,
The small child.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Complete The Lines

Complete the lines

Just a few lines

Today

But

Heartfelt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Compounded

Suffering
Compounded be when
The sufferer to joy
Pretends and feigns.

The heart seeps
Blood
The Soul yearns
Crushed.

Yet the sufferer
Goes out in to the
Streets and gardens
And squares
To the people speaks
And smiles
And sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Concentrate

I threw away all things
On a child to concentrate
O! the time for ghost
Children and
Heart-breaking pains
Must be made to
Cease.

Ghost child to child
Transformation incarnate
But what lies in that
Incarnate!

Else
All that transforms be
As that into which it
Transformed be:
The other way round
Too, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Confused The Brain

Confused
The brain
The thought
And all the hair's
On end!

Hazy
The eyes
The sights
The lights!

A bell rings
Far
A nightingale sings
Afar
Vesper songs
For Dusk's away
And
Fading the day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Congelment Of Icicles

The wanton frost
In winter its blood warms
In the congealment of icicles
In the numbing of bodies
So many other
So many other ...

As the peripati
They
They walked through the frozen
Glass
And the smoke-filled room
Of the hubbub of voices

For
The wanton frost
In winter its blood warms
In the congealment of icicles
In the numbing of bodies
So many other
So many other ...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Conscience Raw

A conscience raw

A man of guts

Reaches out oft

Feared by all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Conscience Was Walking.

Conscience was walking.

I asked her boldly:
Whither?

At first she smiled and spoke not.

Then pointing to the Courts
She said: 'Away from here'

Conscience was walking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Consider This: A Million Harps Sing In This Storm

Consider this: a million harps sing in this
storm

An avalanche slow gathers from the snow.

The fields below untilled deprived of the soft plough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Conspirators

echoes
of
sea
of
conspirators
whispers
echoes
of
caves
cousins
to
echoes
of
sea
therefore
syllogism:
echoes
of
caves
cousins
to
echoes
of
whispers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Constancy With Dusk

You see, my Monsignor
The transferring bit by bit
Part by part
Of civilization from the
Realm of the Conscious:
The Sub-Conscious in as direct
Proportion grows.

You see, my Monsignor,
Our constancy with dusk
And night and stars
And moon, and dark,
Silhouettes and caves,
And coves and caverns
Echoing:
With satyrs, fauns,
Graces and nymphs,
Mists, magic and beauty
Separate and combined
And all the rest:
Read my lines
Chant my verse and
Know the list –
You see, my Monsignor.

You do not speak, my Monsignor
But hear always
Attentive in the ear:
Think so profound
Dream in the sub-conscious
Smile at the civilization
Alternative
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Consume

Dark liquid
Yet juicy
I
Think that chemicals
Are in it:
No,
Not chemicals
Of the sun, the
Seas, the environment,
But
In a smoky factory
Developed
And I
I
I consume.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Continue

Continue

Continue on this plain

The game has started

I

I am searched and roughed

More than in wildest witch-hunts

O that I would fade in thin air!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cool Airs

Cool airs
The day has been sad
The day has been as
Of gloom
Continues more
As it fades more
To its fading doom

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cool Waters

These waters are cool
Cool are the waters here
So sit here by me if you
Will.

We will be speaking
Little
But more of thinking.

The day declines
The dusk and sun
Fade slow
And lanky
And night will grow

Meantime the waters
More cool they get
As in the deepest well
Level deepest

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cool Will The Sea-Spray Be On Our Skin

Cool will the sea-spray be on our skin
And long and beautiful the red dusks
And warm the sands beneath our feet
And the sea-waves will from their rage
Calm the sea-beach with lullabies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Copper And Zinc

Copper
And
Zinc
And
Mines
Large
Sounds
And
Fumes
In to
The bowels of the
Nether Earth.
A dove
With
Peace tidings
Flew

Emmanuel George Cefai

Corpus Of Verses

The whole corpus of verses
My friend read
The whole my Monsignor
You sing and chant
You have the whole day, Sir,
Not the Dawn only

Emmanuel George Cefai

Corrected By The Night

Corrected by the Night
I saw him fume
At having to work.

But then the stars
Burning did some of
His work.

And Night remained
All the same brilliant
All the same wild
And raw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cottage Blest For Work

A cottage blest for work
Though tired
Though of dusk
A few poor embers
Burning
Over the poorer dust
But
They make warmth
And
The cottage with a homeliness
Be blest
That a wise soul
Would say
'Here I will stay,
Not move at all
Enclose myself in here
Let the winds howl outside
And fire rains fall.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Couldron Of Powers

a cauldron of powers is the Sub-Conscious
magic

dispelled the puny offers of the
Earth

the Sub-Conscious scoffed at its proposals
politely

the Sub-Conscious has temporary Emphyteusis
that comes each time

between, in between it re-charges its
mighty batteries.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Country Arise From Slumber!

Country arise from slumber!
With all the rest we go
And yet
We feel among the last!

This should not be, my countrymen!

From slumber open we our eyes
At least
After such sleep
A New Dawn will light our eyes
Give its light to our eyes
Country arise!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Country Throes

Through the country throes
The water torrents in
Night's desperate storm
It goes
Bursting the field walls
Dancing
At lightning
Eager for fighting
The bending violets and
Flowers that
Into the earlier dusk
Shivered all wet
With the dusk dews that
On them cruel fell
Haunting those silent-growing
Glooms as with a spell!
Clutter of voices
Under a broken field wall
A posse of hedgehogs in
Council.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Courage In The Backdoor

Courage in the backdoor
knocked
the ghost ship sailed
to the chants of shrouds by the shore:
and the night grew pale
and the moon grew pale
and the stars grew pale
the cliffs, the hills, the coves
the caves,
are those of the post-dusk,
when red has gone into the
night and its black curtain
courage in the backdoor
knocked
the ghost ship sailed
to the chants of shrouds by the shore.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Courage Of A Fading Day

To bolster up the courage of
A fading day.

The white stars shone from heart
To fringe

Sad and heartbroken – Night
Had put a mask on them

Night had instructed them
To smile

And so obedient servants the stars
Smiled

Yet behind every smile a broken
Heart lay

As waned and faded the tired woes
Of day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Covered

Full covered
With hair as the
Sheep
I
I, the Poet Seer.

Ah! clothes!
The warmth of them
Is the scent of the
Verses.

The glow of the face
Red, buxom, livid.
Is the heart of throbbing
Notes
Throbbing verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Covert Brushes

In the covert brushes
The wind neighs
And the wind-driven
Liquid sea rushes
Up the golden sand
And dashes
Leaping dolphin-like
Before
On the dry hinterland
And rocks of grey
It ancient crushes.
Even so
In my youth
I jumped
My genes were strong
My genes were budding
In to the throes of puberty
All
All smiled and gladdened
No blood
Through any wound seeped
Nor
Horrid dream
At night in the Sub-Conscious peep
No
Wise owl laughed loud laughs
And
I stood perplexed
Surrounded by the dark
Surrounded by the night
I
Human
Nor
Blew the gelid winds to make
More drear and sad
The sunset-scented pathways
That no longer scent
No
No

No

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cradle

Cradle

Cradle of white snows

In the deep summer

Cradle

Of the thoughts

In the hand

Captured

As we captured

The butterflies in boyhood

Bladder of throbbing

Hearts

Blood in the veins

Ruptured

The night be long

The night be long

And weary

And there overhangs

A hummock

Cradle

Cradle of white snows

In the deep summer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cradled In The Dust

Cradled in the dust
Almost
Almost amongst a cobweb
My mother's last
Hair-comb
The white hair
I kissed
On my knees
I feel
And my hands trembled
I will not exchange
I will not exchange
Mother in the dust
Others more aged
Still
Breathe and live and smile
But
Your face red
And
Lips of red
With tears

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cranberry Hill

A rivulet runs from it
it goes down
down
from crag to crag

from frost to hill
to fading
from the drunken glory
of zenith of the day at
noon
to the frost's fading
and
rising of the dusk
red
and the twilight seas and waters.

and
now
now in the frost abundance
there's children
playing
playing with the flakes
at each other
throwing
the salt of earth's icy roots.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crawling At Night

Crawling at night

I

Poet-Seer

Into the shadows

I walk

On my hands and

Sing

Around me

Not so far

I hear rustling

Animals of the night.

And I sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Creaking Door

Last night I could not sleep till after
Midnight.

And I heard still even till after
Midnight.

But then when one struck after
Midnight

I heard creaking, a creak, at first,
Then more, after mid-night!

Aid me my Muse to withstand
The fear that comes again
That I felt then, then
After mid-night!

And bring another Dawn:
That braver may I grow
As needs I be
Against the creaking doors
The doors that started
Creaking
At one, and after mid-night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Creaking Window

The creaking window
In
The dilapidated
House
Clanked
And
Clanked.

A violin
Was heard
To play
On wild nights
In that vacant
House of cobwebs

Night walks over
The house
Tiptoeing on
The roof, half-falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Creep

Creep
The hours
Hour after hour
The days
Day after day
The nights follow
Suit
The haunting bats
Cry eerie
Breaking the putrid
Silence
Sending trembling
That shakes
The walls and windows
Of the sleeping houses
Of the sleeping city.
The town drowns.
Wealth power the rest
Become irrelevant
And not just
Relative.

The whirring of the clock hands
Begins and continues
Furiously.

Till
As with every reign
The brunt and heaviness
Begin to weigh in
Favor of another reign
In to the solitudes of
The darkness.

On the lake sad Charon
plies
an empty boat of
no passengers
not even a shroud or

ghost.

For these
Be inland lamenting
Processions of
Flambeaux and
Singing.

The night drowns
Thinks sub-conscious
Reasons sub-conscious
Breathes sub-conscious

And around
The whispering of
Small night conspirators
In favor of a coming Beauty
And coming Dawn.
They whisper,
Whisper continually.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crestfallen Heavens

Crestfallen heavens no more storms
See the Dawn is but an hour near.
And both the skies and the stars clear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cricket That Sings

Cricket
That
Sings
To-night
You
Sing
Of
Love
I
Hear
As
Poet Seers
Hear
And
From
You
I
Of
My
Own
Love
Think,
My love
Dear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crickets Calls

night of the moon
crickets calls
are rising
in one song of love
they rise as
emotion rises:
to-night
to-night
the alleys of the country
with white dust
light
throughout the
depth of night:
a chapel in the
distance looms
small
yet against the plain-cliff
rising:
in a silhouette
melting:
how silent is the silence here!
how sweet and noble to be here
and stay as long as you wish
here!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cried

Cried
The red dusk
Lining
In the marsh
The sickly marsh

Wading and waddling
A figure black
Beginning of the night
The figure's
Still
Waddling in the marshes

Lone
And scared
The figure black
Looks here and there
And the red dusk
Fleeing
Cries
Cries
Cries.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cried The Sad Seagulls

Cried the sad seagulls
Over the sandy sea
And
Rattled the skeletons
In the charnel house
Thunder broke out
Rent
The Earth asunder

Emmanuel George Cefai

Criteria For Release

Criteria for release

From the spell of the Moon

The round and yellow moon

That was of yesterday

The yellow Moon that

Froze

The flesh and bone and blood

Of all these silent humans

Into statues as of stone

Deep into silence.

The criteria were

Lumped in a musty document

Rolled up

Into the heavens and bound

By threads of intermittent gold:

Dawn must be invoked

By holy monks all night

This night

To break the spell and

Move these humans

To blood and bone

De-freeze them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Criticize So Much

Romantic wench, travertine
Of sound and screams,
And cries

We criticize so much, but
Then
End wandering.

Our eyes float in the heavens
Amidst
Rotating planets.

Under a cape Woman marches
With regular steps
Measured by
Probability and chance
Developed by now
From chaos chance and probability.

Romantic wealth
All this
All this
and you still criticize

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cross On The Small Mountain

On the small mountain
The Cross
Stood in the face
Of gales and tempests.

The centuries passed
Pilgrims in sacks of grey
And bent heads
Under the heaviness of
The years they bore.

As yet
Mourning by day silent
The Cross stood
And
In the night
A Satyr passing by
Once in those distant
Retreats
He heard sobs
He heard cries
He heard a broken heart
Of the Cross mourning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crowed

Crowed out aloud the morning cocks
For it was morning
For it was dawn
and they wanted to be first
alighted by first light
to show the All
that they were first, supreme and
great.

Only
an aged Cock of Wisdom crowed
not
For he spent night contemplating
the Wise Owls that on nearby bough
sate
themselves and heard their speech
and learnt
and now all tired to the other cocks
he spoke
the cocks that crowed.

'Ah my friends, my relatives,
crow not too much,
not too continuous, without
stoppages and rests,
nor with the volume that you
crow now.
For soon
your brilliant crowing will
after the first wave of
enthusiasm be
a common sound,
a jarring sound,
and you throats will be hoarse
and day as all days turn
from the first brilliant spurt
to day of drear.'

Crowed Out Aloud

Crowed out aloud the morning cocks
For it was morning
For it was dawn
and they wanted to be first
alighted by first light
to show the All
that they were first, supreme and
great.

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For he spent night contemplating
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after the first wave of
enthusiasm be
a common sound,
a jarring sound,
and you throats will be hoarse
and day as all days turn
from the first brilliant spurt
to day of drear.'

Crucified On The Old Hill

Crucified
On the old hill
Above the open plain
The level rock
Of pain.

The chill
The frost of pain
That a whip wields
Made of dried figs
Sere

Crucified
On the old hill
Above the open plain
The level rock
Of pain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crunch Below Our Feet

Crunch below our feet
The pale sere leaves
That had fallen that
Very dusk before
Just hours before
Took sway above
Together with his elves
The night stars and
Younger sister moon
I say – I assert – how
Beautiful the plane port-waters
Glide silver and straight
And
In them dolphin-like shadows
Leap and dance
from time to time
above
above
the fort shines with lights
that come and go
and fronting on the other side
houses and humans sleep
and the Sub-conscious reigns.
How beautiful the ancient town
The crackling bridge that sighs
Of olden centuries and sights
Here
Here in this very place of us –
Sweet old Valletta!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crushed

Crushed
Our naked feet
The thorns that trapped them
Yet
Though blood spurted out
From here and there
The view of sea and ocean
Before us
Too tempting was
For Beauty
We would suffer thorns
In life
In us
And see before us
Suffering
The vast Ocean and seas
Immense abounding
Beauty and Venus on them
Walking:
And figures of gold
Music to the ears
That thrilled enchanting:
And
Blood from our feet
And
Blood from our feet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Crystals From The Eye

From his eye he wept
But
Instead of tears
Crystals came out
Small fine dust
As tiny as dust
They came out rattling.

From the universe inwards
Much that be, be sacred.
Yet there was who kept
A non-sacred hand.
In that mass universe...
In that mass universe...

For we are all sacred
And our bodies all
Be sacred
And our brains all be universes
That be sacred
Then we must be treated
As sacred
As sacred as we be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cuckoo Sings, Cuckoo Flies

The cuckoo sings
The cuckoo flies
Oft day
Rare night!

It earnest looks
To the star light
But that's too high
A heave - some sigh!

The cuckoo's heart
Is wounded yet
He flies with bats
This night
Tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cudgels On The Brain

the cudgels on the brain
the sharp tongue, the written
critique
the lack of appreciation,
nay, no critique even
for
when you have critique
they speak of you.

and
when they speak of you
then you will not in oblivion be.

therefore
as by reasoning
syllogistic
welcome critique, will it
for it will from oblivion
save you too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cunning Star

You speak not
Word.
Time passes
For you feel
Around you
The gyrations
Of motions.
With Time you feel
You feel Time
As a snake around you.

You have wisdom
That you got
From centuries
No need of
Evolved
Brain
Just
Its equivalent.

Come! Come!
If Earth be on fire
Will you remain
Cynical and silent
Utter no word
Do no deed?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cunning Words

cunning words
the life of thirsty things
the cry of the night wolf
the cunning of the thief
who steals all, and the last
beauty as good wine deserves.
I saw him in garbled clothes
to kill the cold
but more than that
to hide him at the best
for out of place was he
where he know and knew
he should not be.
but there he was.
I heard the clawings of
a strange and savage
beast
I heard the utterings
wafted on the rain and winds
I heard them
I heard the frost crunch under
the increase of cold
I heard the blood congeal inside
my veins
I heard the things of night all
in a hum
and it was night
for it was night
and peace has by now left
my Inner Soul, and exile
went looking for more Sub-conscious
in another land.
Yea! my Monsignor, open your eyes
the Dawn comes soon to aid
the owl presently wise.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cup Of Youth

Let us this night
Take up
The cup of youth
Raise it high
High to the heavens
Favorable and beaming
Skies:
And the sweet moon
On looking smilingly

For in our youth
Our years are little
And in youth
The hopes of further
Years spring
As from the seeds
The trees
As from the buds
The flowers.

We here are in youth
And
In youth our bodies
Young
Keen to reproduce
Therefore
Bring the wine
Around
The willing damsels
Smile
Shoot arrows from
Each eye.

Anon, anon the
Night
Passes:
We know
We know
But still young

Let us the few hours
That past mid night remain
Enjoy and high
Our glasses raise
And drink.

In Youth more to be
Allowed than when
The roasted body
Sinks with crumpling
Age and wrinkled lines
Therefore let us together
Celebrate:
Not stop, continue
Till the sign of Dawn
Drive us silent
From this happy place.

Green is the lawn
Not dark
For under the moon's light
It beams
Glistens
Under the fierce star-light
And
The sweet presence of
The nightingales.

Ay song and wine
And beauty!
Girls your time too
Be come:
Made to reproduce
Your time be come
To do the noble task
Becoming mothers
Perpetuate our race
Into the further generations
When
Our ancient bodies fall
Into the dug-up ground
With lessened trace.

Lo! The stars, the moon,
King Night himself
Be all favorable
And Cupid with his darts
Waits little behind.

And therefore
Let us this night
Take up
The cup of youth
Raise it high
High to the heavens
Favorable and beaming
Skies:
And the sweet moon
On looking smilingly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Curdled Milk

And wanton mists
And flowered walls.

Thralls and secrets
Shrouds and ghosts
Tempest nights

Structures fall
Fears that nibble
The grass of hope.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cure Blindness

Pass you
Through the verses:

You will cure blindness.

Destiny will weigh you
Down
But you arise.

I saw two lovers
Kissing.

I see day
Failing
failing
Failing
Dimming lights
Fading
Beauty in pining
Beauty in fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Curled Were The Waves

Curled were the waves
the sea-borne waves
and curled the mermaid hair

The hair of the golden mermaid

And sang that night
it was a starless night
and mermaids' songs

Emmanuel George Cefai

Curtain Of The Sun As Not To Blind

Curtain of the sun as not to blind
violin of lonely sadness-solitude
band of the hedgehog and his gruesome friends
garden of delight, shrinking at night
star errant and from the other peers defiant
portrait of old duchess seeping blood from her eyes
on nights occasional
cloud twilight and trembling, verve of coming night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cut

verses cut
short
the bee the
honey took
the head
is cut

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cut My Hair

cut, cut my hair
profuse it be
profuse you cut
my head will brave
the cold -
it will be as fire
thrown amidst the
glaciers and the
blocks of snow detached
in sea....
lyric stops so
often stops yet
that's a healthy sign
and health I need it so -
cut, cut my hair
profuse it be
profuse you cut
my head will brave
the cold

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cutting Edge Of Crystal

Blinding light
Just in a
Fading twilight
A heart that falls
Yet rises to
The nocturnal heavens
For the taste of immensity.
I will not protect you more
You acerb goblin
Too long, too long
I heard you
Hum a song
Though garlanded with green
You hop the lawn with wine
And nymphs
Night after night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Cyclical

I know
The vespers in the heavens
The waters flooding
High
I know
I know

Cyclical
The days turn
One after one
The cliff edge near
Be
All suns have set
And Beauty is here
No longer
Nor strength
Nor wisdom clear.

Amidst the drear
That be of each day
Now
I
As a Poet Seer
Versify and sing
My duty do
In sacrifice
Though
Amidst the drear
That be of each day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dance

Dance

dance

dance with light steps

the night will only

deepen now

the night will rise

its head that be in shroud

light steps to here

light steps to there

hopes are fires

that alighted melt

the frozenness of cold

ah! dancing

breaks the cold

even the hardest snows

so

must your words, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dance Exquisite

You
Dance
Exquisite
Though
Past
The
Fifties
Going
To
The
Sixty
In
A
Few
Days:
You
Dance
You
Dance
Exquisite
Not
Need
The
Brilliantine
Creams
For
Your
Hair:
It still shines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dance To The Magic Night

Dance

Dance to the magic night!

O!

There's yet little starlight

Though

Dawn be nigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dancing

Dancing

Smiling

Merry

Waves

Merry

Smiling

Dancing

It be day

Dawn

Rising sun

Dancing

Smiling

Merry

Waves

Now

With

Clouded

Face

And

Frowning

I view

The decline

Frowning

Static

Sad-faced

Waves

Pining

Pining

In

Red

Dusk

Pining

Pining

In

Fading day

Pining

Pining

Even so
We
We humans
pine
Pine
pine
When
The
Time
Be
Come
For
Pining:
All
Inescapable
All
Irresistible
All
Irreversible
We
Humans
Pine
Ine
Pine
And
We
Humans
Fade
And fade
Crumble
As
A
Monument
Once majestic
Crumbles
By centuries
Dust to dust.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dancing Nymphs

Night!

Dancing nymphs
On toes dancing
Dancing
Dancing

And
The fountain rises
High
Explodes water
Bursts delight
And
It be night
And
The dancing nymphs
Are still
On toes dancing
Dancing
Dancing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dancing Steps

I heard steps dancing
and it was heaven's floor
that rang with castanets
and guitars in the
distance.

Strings of harps and
a flute occasional
of waning and of swan
song lamented.

At least to soothe
my sadness in the twilight
pride.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dantesque Dance

Spirits that dance
The Dantesque dance
The yellow dance
I said to be green rushes
And wild palms and
Rushes:
Naiads that sing sweet
And with
Nightingales nocturnal
Keep the owls alert
You will keep
Wisdom walking:
There were things
That floated the black sea
And troubled waves
Bearded and yellow-green
In the night
Through the tunnel underground
A whole crowd
Clustered all around
Spirits that dance
The Dantesque dance
The yellow dance
I said to be green rushes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dantesque Gowns

Below the town
In Dantesque gowns
The spirits roam and
Run
And dance
Below
The tunes be heard
But no, not above earth
Of asphalt
Streets that suddenly
Became nocturnal wry mouths
Town that into a ghost
Transformed and
Re-transformed back to town
At Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dark Arab Horse

Ben-Taleb

Dark Arab horse
That froths and
Rises high.

Restlessness be in you
There's beauty to
Thought married

I hear the sea-waves on
The shore
You
Coming from the sands
And nearby sand-dunes
The stars are so away
That only light for your
Restlessness
Be a smiling of moon's light.
Ben-Taleb!
Ben -Taleb
I hear the chains falling
You
Here Arabian music
On these beaches
And rushing seas
To-night!
See
Their glittering clanking
In to the night of dim
Light and silhouettes
By the sea-shore's a-roaring
Ben -Taleb the restless
high!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dark Comes Over The Eyes

when the dark comes over the
eyes
then
you
will
not
verify
in
the
bleak
blank
nor Hastings Gardens make
joy in the eyes
and sparkling wit of owls
wise with old wisdom:
no, the earth will just rotate
when the dark comes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dark Light

In the dark light
Blind the spiders wove
And wove
The web of culture

And
Dawn stopped not:
For they were as
Of the Dawn herself:
And so
Continued in the
Light of day
Even when the sweaty zenith
Had reached up to the sun

Then
In the fainting afternoon
They lazed
And sighed
As sunset clasped
Her belongings to go:
Sighed
More at fading of the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dark Ocean

Look
Look over the rim
Of the dark Ocean
And
Of the Souls
That pass
Over the waves
And the Ocean bosom
One of these be mine
And lithe as the others
Dances.
For
what remains
So little be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dark Well

In the dark well
Simmered the night

A cock looked down
From up

A star reflected
The image of the cock
Non-crowing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Darling Of The Skies

Darling of the skies
Now
That it be dawn
Lark
That flies
Minister of new day
In the Cabinet of
New Dawn.

Yesterday
You roamed amidst
The tombs
The monuments
Of the drear
Cemetery.

Now
Turncoat that you be
You fly
Sky high
Transformed
From the torch-bearer
Ghost and shroud
And
Shadow
Of last
Night
Just
That.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn And Dusk A Wager Made

Dawn and Dusk a wager made
As to who would win the Poet's favor-
They contested together like friends - no envy
Felt they - they are not human.
When Dawn the Poet arisen just
It lightened up the brightness of its flame
Burning like gas self-replenishing
And ever-replenishing its flame:
Bright grew the face of heaven and on Earth
The thrill of happiness rings everywhere:
And to delight him more with magic wand
Without a sound by words known to gods
She to Aeolus called and to her hied
The king of winds in russet baggage clad
Wherein imprisoned winds at will he held.
The which seeing the ardent damsel
The King of Winds asked her, her favor
She with sparkling eyes
Begged him refresh the air more than it was:
No sooner prayer made than prayer accepts
And the soft winds more mellower made
The growing morn amidst the light of day
That from the horizon's edge grew and advanced:
A fringe of gold appeared and attached around
The wavelets riding on the bosomed sea
And more and more the gold shone in the light
As Phoebus smiled upon the merry scene
At which the Poet pleased began to sing
A song of mirth wherein as in a mirror fair
The fair resplendent world he painted full:
And on that wealth of pleasant lordliness
A crown imperial did he pile and stall
When his emotions he unfurled full and all.
Happy grew the day; and happier grew
The damsel Dawn and many an hour lay
With locks all flying on the wafting breeze
Unknown and un-espied by Poet's eyes
She on a crag unknown unseen did stand
An oak that like a lord proportioned stood

Hid her among his foliage green and thick:
Thus lying she full many an hour stood
Enchanted at the Poet's song her bosom heaved
Up and down with emotion'd ecstasies
Through she happiness felt as never before.
But time full expert is at stealth and soon
A growing heat, a humid temperature
The damsel Dawn felt growing up the crag
Wherein she stood from sight sheltered:
As when the serpent turns around his prey
And with contortions wild and strong it holds
The hapless victim is in its strong press
So did the heated vapor turn round the Dawn
And as the hanging icicles from down the trees
In woods where owls by night do haunt and hide
At sight of warming rays of Phoebus' car
Melt first a little with the first drops and then
Drop after dropp falling melting all
So Dawn did melt in the hot grasp
Of her unwanted love, the mist of day.
And where stood she a few dew drops remained
Of all of her and fed the violets
That on their stalk stood up to welcome day.
Full soon the Poet rose and stopped his song
And with full heart and fair went down a hill
And there he went his home and dreamt a dream:
The day arose and glaring shone the wheels
Of Phoebus' car as faster sped they on.
As in defiance of Jove's mighty reign.
Amid the heats and turmoil of a summer's day
The Poet dreamed and rose
When the afternoon with retreating steps
Descended a small hill that looked to west.
Full subdued was his look; and in his eyes
The fire of the morn no longer shone;
But full instead a tear in his eye shone
And twinkled like a star down Saint Anne's way.
Grey grew the vault of heaven; and the air
A cooler shade assumed; the flowers bent
Their raised heads all more yet to the ground
No longer in its face the ruddiness
Of the merriness of day when they drunk

The golden wine of Phoebus as he passed
Nearer and nearer warming from his car
And rallied they in wondering ecstasy
That in the laze of surfeiting afternoons did pass.
Sang the Poet and his lyre tuned
The notes the Muse inspired by magic wand
No merry tune they gave; but full instead
A sober shade of gloom as midst the trees
Of olives green and thick and foliaged full
The white-robed seer in slow steps slowly paced.
There was yet in that sadness a swift note
That tasted of happiness never before
And as the grey with more grey tinct the skies
The song full sadder rose and mellower.
Dusk came transparent in his airy car
And from behind the Poet's form he heard
His song and in his eyes appeared
A tear his emotions welled and made:
Gods weep as we frail humans do.
Of wars and loves lost and forlorn
The lyre strung and sung;
Till redder grew the fringe of firmament
And far above the north star shone alone.
And sadder grew the song and wilder strung
The Poet's lyre and redder the firmament
Till with a pencil of dark a veil appeared
With full advancing step towards the Dusk.
At which full startled Dusk bethought him
To go and so to depart did he prepare.
With shy retiring step the Dusk betook himself
Unto a hidden knoll and there the Dawn
In a faldetta garbed waited -
As when in our country fair in centuries past
The women did their modesty promote by garb
Dark thick and folding so the Dawn
In her enfolded garb lay as the Ind
Within the turbaned sari coloured lies.
At which the Poet noticing
He took the hands of Dawn and then of Dusk
And with them joined his hands in amity
And with tears in his eyes thus wisely spoke:
Sweet Dawn, fair Dusk my friends,

Both of you in the contest for my palm
Have lost and won, for in poesy
You both induced me and fanned by Muse
There is no exact weight in Poesy
By which to cut and draw the lines
And if this be done, then proportionally
Will Poesy be the loser of this deed.
Therefore my friends you both have won
And gladdened me with your deeds and stance.
So said the Poet; then the Dawn and Dusk
Looked into the other's eyes approving full
And with some token they want to thank
But the Poet moved his hand and further spoke
Thank me not my friends for all of us
Are debtors and creditors full reciprocal
And our friendship must needs ever be
That thus I in my lines will place
The friendship of us three in to eternity.'
So spoke the Poet and then he bade them come
Down that green knoll for dark was gathering
And in the sky strange birds and sounds were seen:
And so they hied them that long night
Unto a merry tavern
And there they had a meal and after that
They to each other drunk a toast
And joining them fair Bacchus full himself
With all his merry fauns and satyrs went
Unto that tavern proud anon he heard
That the Poet was there in that long night.
And all together they made merry there
And drank and toasted: never more plenteous
Did wine brim burning from the pitchers cool
Or more foamy from the making smell.
But that long night, that long night is now far
And into centuries long full lost and hid
As into a vast wood of million trees
The searcher looks for one and finds it not:
But Dawn still rises in the merry morn
And with her locks refreshes the soft day
And wipes the wounds of Earth and men
Reviving by her kiss the loss they made;
And Dusk, sweet Dusk, still red,

Paints the plain heavens soft and sad
And many a lover to this day and more
Pines in sweet Dusk and loves.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Come Away

dawn come away
said the Poet Seer
come with me
leave
a drear day for
me to sing and chant
and versify
And Dawn went with the Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Easily Qualifies As One Of

Dawn easily qualifies as one of
my mistresses.

Mistresses of the flesh yield
pleasures of the flesh.

Mistresses of the flesh yield
children-products of the flesh.

But Mistress Dawn yields children
too.

Thought, ideas, verses, dramas, songs,
epics, all, civilization.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Is Dancing

Dawn is dancing
Waves be smiling
And
The fort and bastions
Waking!

Far away
The first sea gulls
Flying
Flying
Crying
Crying

I
I, alone
Pace Hastings Gardens
Pensive, sad, and wandering,
Hopeless, desperate, fading
I,
I alone!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Is Far Away.

Dawn is far away.

Call her to the shores

At least

Though it be night.

And cold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Is Nigh

The Dawn is nigh
One by one
The stars on high
Fade in the new light
That ushers day to sight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Over Valletta

Over Valletta
The Dawn glides.

In the dark
The water wraiths
Scream and rise

Then in the
Dawn
Subside.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Today

Dawn
Today
Solitary
People
Ignored
Slept
Sunday
Reeds
Whistling
Light
Rains
Drops
Drops
Drops
After
All
A
Dawn
Of
Winter!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Waking

In the Dawn
Waking
The grasses
Stirring

The hill
Freezing
In the light
Not of stars
Lighting.

The scene has
Changed.
A New Act begins.
The play continues.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Wanted To Celebrate Her Beauty

Dawn wanted to celebrate her beauty
she therefore a secluded beach chose
and on the strand she lay in beauty
statue of the sea, the spume, the morning salt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Was White Today

Dawn was white to-day
so white
though green
the seas
and the Ocean away
fretted with billows white
and large
and chilly clouds
the heavens lined
with drear of new drear day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Will Not Change Me

Drear

Drear

Dawn will not change me

In bed I lie resigned

A sigh

Not even to a groan

The wounds are

Too many

Beleaguered Soul

That suffers and groans not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn Yawning Crying Weeping

Dawn

Yawning

Crying

Weeping

The

Fate

Of

The

Increase

In

The

Cemeteries

The

New

Day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dawn, Beginner Of The Day

Throughout beginning, Dawn, beginner of the day
I heard a sound of gnats
Walking.

Your Zeus descended in a posse of mists
Snows from the breasts of
Patagonian mountains
Scenting of the immensity of
Himalayas.

Everest was there with circles of
Puny mists around its Eastern crown.

Your Zeus be everywhere.

All rays, all light, tremble and
Vibrate

Shrink to line relative and
Tremulous filament.

Now day begun, the first sun rays

Trumpet the coming of Helios

And the Earth grows warm

Stir the grasses, rushes, trees

And the birds on the wing

They hop as kangaroos of the
Heavens immense.

The water unloose their chains
In open revolt.

You rise, you walk, magnificent

Object of Beauty,

Subject of Soul resplendent with

Every pace studied and

Majestic.

Now day has begun though it be

Drear and humdrum

Your presence lights it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Day After Day

Day after day around the
Water-mill of life we go
As donkeys.

Yet were are happy so.
Yet we are honored so.
Thinker deep laugh wise.

Round, round, round,
The mill stone of Time
Grinds the centuries.

You love the donkeys.
We humans go like them
In the respect described.

And that is no disrespect
But honor for us
Humans and donkeys.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Day And Sunlight

You will not come with me, for I
go in to the night

And you dwell in the day and in
the sunlight

you dwell in light and see the
dark

I go to the night to dwell in dark
and see light

fierce ring the lights of the
scalding stars

the snow on the scary mountains melts
and drip from crag to crag

you see, my Monsignor, we are in
a new civilization

calculate again, my Monsignor, calculate
and come

here with me,
here be
new thoughts, new sites, new sights,
new deeds

Emmanuel George Cefai

Day In The Life Of A Cloud

Cloud fluttering in the heavens
Sinking
Sinking
Sinking
But ah! the heavens have depths
The heavens have lure
The heavens yield
Wanton temptresses and
Yielding mistresses.

In the day of clouds that frowned
A cloud had to follow
What? Would it be ostracized?

No, no, no.

Towards noon, the Sun we blocked
And in the zenith of the day
We frowned
I frowned
We frowned.

And then in the afternoon we did
Not reduce our black faces.

The more the day declined
The more we competed
Between ourselves in
Blackening of faces.

Frowning immensities in more
Immense heavens!

Deterrents of joy, then as the
Day declined
As our nerves and muscles
Started to tire:
There came to our aid
Of a general tempest the ire

The thunder rolled
And then it light
Light after light
Hoar, frost, rain
Lighted the infernal fire!

How below us
People as ants hurried
Hither and thither
To their places:
Doors closed
Houses lighted:
And we,
We,
Frowning immensities in more
Immense heavens!

Then as tempests replaced us
We retired
Into the general claxon
Of the orchestra of fire
The tempest night
The dark
The ire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Day Of Dripping Rains

Day of dripping rains
When the heavens
Cut off their chains
So broken-hearted were
So dark and black they saw
Day of dripping rains.

Along the distant main
Horizon and sea together lock
In one drear muddy green
Bosom that moves with
Spurts of white waves between.

Drooping a figure Black over
The Port alone and weeping
A Shadow from the Past
With hidden chains sweeping
The asphalt road before
Saint Anne's Bastions:
Drooping a Figure Black
Drooping.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Day Stirs Slow.

Day
Stirs slow.

Already
The early cocks
Stopped singing

Already
The first birds
That chirped
Are throat-parched

Already
The sweet cool of freshness
Is
By the raw hands of uncouth
Sacrifice
Tainted

Emmanuel George Cefai

Daylight Power Grandeur

There be a whole civilization
Other than our civilization
Of daylight power grandeur:
Nay
More than one civilization.

There be civilizations
In ever-increasing number
Heard me the Earth say
And sing and chant.

And I saw restless Earth
Stir more relaxed
Stir less yearning
Less in groans

The statue of the Earth
Grew in stature
With every new civilization
And in humility
Seeing thus in this
Of grandeur nay
Of civilizations themselves
The relativity

*

Deep thought
In small does
With verses
And songs and
Chants

Emmanuel George Cefai

Days After Days After Days Are Lost.

Days after days after days
Are lost.

Life bleeds.

The calendar pages
Tear

One by one
Inexorable
Irreversible

The dawns come
But how long
For me?
How long my Monsignor?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Days Dawn

Days dawn
But over your grave
Drear Sorrow always sits
Never abandoning:
For
Light at night
Up in the heavens
The glad stars
Looked silent and
In awe
Father
My father
For light by you
In the quiet cemetery
The tiny glow worms glistened
And the tread of
Bony phosphorus:
Left quiet to itself in those
Rare hours:
Yet with the other Spirits
Not ranging far
Far from destined site
Of resting
You talked and whispered
Only Poet Seers will view
Only Philosophers and deep-browed
Thought understanding feel.
And
When the glory of the day
New day
Erected itself from the pains of
Nursing
You were still there not
Fugitive round Earth:
For then you feared not nor
Had to fear.
For in your sweet sorrow
At all day's routine hours
In succession striking

For you my father
Days dawned
But over your grave
Drear Sorrow always sat
Never abandoning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Days Within Cycles

the days within cycles
stand.

and these cycles in other
cycles wend.

So cycle in cycle cog in
wheel together.

The kiss and then the other
kisses too
be these not cycle?

lovers are blinded into this
cycle

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dear Dawn

Dear Dawn
Upon a pole I saw your head impaled.

Dear Dawn
These days carnival will be soon.

Dear Dawn
These days will be
My heart-break

Two years ago
Two days from now
I lost my mother dear Dawn.

Dear Dawn
My eyes weep not; my heart
If her crying were transformed
Would make full hollow eyes
And ghastly dark
Dear Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dear One

To you dear one
whose look is sweet
but eyes are sweeter far
then those unpainted lips
in their full beauty
sweetness increase;
your cheeks if else be
beauty's shrine
your cheeks of beauty
are a temple great
and your sweet manners
these beauties preside
as on a queen a crown
Ah! my diadem! you cost
less being willing than
the costliest;
but being coy at times
you will cost infinite

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dear One,

Dear one,

I am sorry to hear the bad news about your colleague.

Probably it will be a sad new poem (from me) .

Here it is cold weather too but not as in your country.

I am not very happy with cold weather and winter weather.

I always and often get flu.

But the worst tragedy is that last winter took away my mother.

Kisses

Emmanuel

Emmanuel George Cefai

Death's Malicious Guillotine

Death's malicious guillotine
cannot cut off the heads of
genes that themselves spread
into the works of civilization
at which
Death furious leapt into the sea
of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deciduous Forest Crown

Deciduous forest crown
On my head
Emperor with the votes
Of verse
And enchanting of
The crowds
With song and chant.

Marbles and founts
Walking of fire
Waters of magic
Fountains:
Eye that lonely and
Detached runs
Swift after a swifter
Eye: quarrel in the
Night.

Deciduous forest crown
On my head
Emperor with the votes
Of verse
And enchanting of
The crowds
With song and chant.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Decline Of A Sun

The sun declines
The sun declines my love

The dusk be near
Come press more
To me and
Let me kiss
Your lovely face

Now
I want that universe
Only:
The wealth and power
Of all the earth and
Of all history
Have melted in just
Your first kiss
And melting in
My arms, my love
My love.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deemed Joy, Liquid From Graves That Seeped

Deemed joy, liquid from graves that seeped

In early morning all they saw a shroud walking.

And then round the corner turned it in the Cemetery

For after all it was in its city.

And the Poet Seer was foreigner from the upper city.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep

Deep

Deep

You have to be

My Monsignor

In Thought you

Have to be deep

And the more

Deep

The more

Whet

Your appetite.

And

With Beauty

The same song

Same cast

My Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep Clad Mists

Deep clad mists
Oranges that fork
Tongues
Waters that seep
From dangling water-melons:
Mists that weep
Gloom-clouds that rise
Slow above a red horizon:
Above all these
Thought with a scepter and a
Crown
Reigns smiling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep In The Night

The ghosts and shrouds
Gathered together.

They had marked on a paper
The graves and tombs
They willed to visit.

They had a whole night
Hour after hour:
In that hoar dark of
The sleepy cemetery!

Till a grey line in
The curtain of the heavens
Drove them away:
The ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep Night

Deep night
The more it deepened
yesterday
The more wild
The more its eyes
Had beauty of Beauty's own child.

In Beauty's hands
The breath of whispering
Nocturnal
Passes over every wall and
Thing
Over closed eye-lids
And
Tempts all to dream
Sub-conscious!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep, Deep Night The Eyes Of Injustice Close

Deep, deep night the eyes of injustice close
For how injustice hurts, such a disease
Of pain and aching heart
That needs of drugs such dose!

O I rhyme, but the rhythm counts.

O I versify, but my heart counts.

For then
My heart speaks.

And when my heart speak the heavens speak.

Aloud.

Aloud.

And my poor heart, the poor heart frees
Itself from the clutches of injustices.

Give me a heart that is sad,
Never mind, the sadness,
But a heart that reads well
By a mere glance the heavens.

Just that.

Just that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep, Deep Soul

Deep, deep soul
Of thunder.

Deep, deep, waters
Cool, nocturnal.

Night walks in the woods
Deep, deep, deep

Barefooted thinker of the night
Shunning star and light.

Ancient moon of centuries
Small lake exploding bright
In the livid restless night.

Aloud, aloud the horn
Of plenty and of mug
From the fields ale is born.

Bleat the sheep to-night
Spying through chunks moonlight.

And in the old Meseta plain
Fall dews of night and rain
That magic mists transforms.

Deep, deep soul
Of thunder.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Deep, Deep, Too Deep

After the vesper
The dark of night
Deepened with storm
With tempest:
Trembled the village
Tossed in their beds
The restless villagers
Centuries ago,
Centuries ago, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dejected In My Room

Dejected

In my room

A Voice sudden

Said:

'Will you

Start appearing as a

Ghost? '

Replied:

'Cannot I suspend

The freezing of immortality? '

Emmanuel George Cefai

Delight Of Dancing

Delight of dancing
nymphs that fly
dancing
and times that go
back
watch hands that flow
back
in time
Renaissance dancing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Delirious Suffering

Delirious suffering
Delirious misery
Delirious life
Delirium of the Soul
That yearns each night
To walk in cemeteries
That yearns each dawn
To walk barefooted.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Delirium Of The Dark

restaurant of the pilot heavens
sweat of the uneasy moon
spine of star marrow
chill of talling oaks
fever of ageing
morning fever of pregnant mother
rash of fresh Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dense Bushes

Peering

Peering through the dense bushes

My eyes met on the other side

Of the same bush

A couple of other yes

Couple to couple

Human eyes to goblin eyes

And we

We stared into each other's eyes

Fear lasted in the goblin's

Eyes

As with a jump and shout of

Dread

He out of the bushes

Kangaroo-like leapt

Emmanuel George Cefai

Depraved

Depraved

Night

Black

Bat

Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Depression

Depression
made up hiccup words
so I hiccupped
words
and had depression

Emmanuel George Cefai

Depression, My Monsignor

Depression, my monsignor
is
when you lose and you
lose
then misery remains
and tragedy
and famine
and then
top of the pyramid
age and sickness.
So happened to a Poet Seer.
And he ceased singing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Descendants Of The Duchess –

So he said
And his voice resounded in that vast hall
As the sea waves that enter and leave
Caves and bays and coves
When the high winter tempest the sea moves.
Along the hall, along the walls, my eyes
Scoured painting ancient one by one
None moved, no sound, but stared
And there was thought in that staring
We (I and the portraits)
We communicated as by reciprocal glaring:
The sea-waves move; the brain waves
Move; the wave – currents move;
Here and there
The descendants were not here
But all around the world, the country:
Destined for an Earth a planet that will shrink
And melt in to its own fires in a wink
When the Time comes
When the Time comes:
And
With it wither, all, all of humans,
'Amongst all' the descendants of the old Duchess
All comprised:
Then will her portrait rattle in its throes:
Ah! all of us humans are as the painting
Of our noble Duchess:
All destined for paintings if we get to them
That most:
In our descendants the rest, from thence
Down the giddy path of an extinction with
The planet.
That's where we go: so far
A human who reproduces does surpass
A human who does not so reproduce.
And
If he bothers to see his descendants
Work, toil, and broil
Then the equation further changes, Sir.

But

Let us revert to the old Duchess,
The old painting –

Emmanuel George Cefai

Descends Today

How fast the sun descends
Descends today
Over the rice fields.

How wan the dusk not
As red as always:
Not as yesterday.

Ah! things change and change
From day to day
How fast the sun descends its way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desert

A dryness

Desert

Desert

Desert

A snake that rattles

Stealthy

Dryness

Dryness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desert Bells Ringing

Desert
Bells
Ringing
Sheep
Cliff
Haircut
No
Longer
Tall
Hair
As
Zeus
be
violet
of
morning
opening
its
mouth
in
the
ecstasy
of
dew

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desert Panes

Desert panes
Glimmers and mirages
I like them
For in dote
On mirrors of life!

Desert music
Lingers
In the distance
Then sudden springs
Louder
Louder
Louder
As with loudhailers
Growing
Growing
Growing
Desert music
Lingers
In the distance
Then sudden springs

There's a dancer
A girl
That on her tiptoes
Turns
Thyat in veils transparent
Turns
Turns
Turns
And
There's a Poet Seer
Who in one hand holds
A violin and plays
Then lays
Down the violin
And the fair lyre
Strings
Dancing and verse

They fly
They thrill
Be life

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desire

on hand Desire -
the early morn
the fire that not of
night -
rotten mists neither
scenting nor
smelling -
pause after pause-
lyric sub-divided -
pants and bosom falls
and rises -
I see Love rise in you
slow and sensual -
'I go' you said -
'So early' - I
'Yes for the Dawn
calls me
and with Dawn Venus be
I will return my Love
for you more beautiful
for your enjoyment-
enrooted to the earth
by chains I have to be
set free
by some Prometheus
to follow you -
days pass quickly -
quickly, quickly pass
then
disappointment occurred
night on fire
bed of sighs
and only desire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desire To Versify

Ah! In me
There's desire
Desire
To
Versify
And
Sing

It
Must
Not
Be
Stopped

It
Be
A
Water-fountain
That
Gushes
Gushes
Eso
The
More
Age
On
It
Passes
More
It
Grow
May
I
Be
Like
it!
So!

Desolate And Ramshackle

Desolate and ramshackle
At night
How fear rises in
The spine
As the ramshackle windows
Rattle
Proportionate direct
To every gust of wind
They rattle.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Despair

Despair
Delight was often
Rare as yet:
Majority of despair;
Tyrant.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperate Spirits

night of the desperate
Spirits
to your cotery
belong I
take
me
in
let
me
march
with
you
lead protest after protest
in the silent cemetery
where no permis need
nor police cordons hold
nor a State reigns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation

Desperation
the cry - the screams
the vase of the heart
that breaks
into
fragment after fragment

dark
dark
dark

a man
solitary and broken hearted
walks on the
bare streets
and
the chains
rattle
rattle
rattle as of desperation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation Children I See Weep

Of desperation
And in desperation
I have breathed such

Benighted
I walk in the lonely
Nights

My hair on end
My eyes are wild

I see children and
I weep

And
Think of a cliff
So steep
That desperation
However much attempt I
Throws me down and
Down
Ah! desperation!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation Does What Long Years Do Not Do.

Yet desperation must be extreme.

Yet once its fire be as wild as to
Do all
Reckless of calculation and of
Cost
Then desperation acts itself
Either to a tragedy or
To glory.

Both and either redemption are.

And preferable more extreme
The desperation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation In The Eyes

There's
Desperation in the eyes
Despite
That before us
Life brought the menu
That she herself
Wrote for us:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation Is Descended

Desperation is descended

Thus

That twilight turned to

Red

The waters cried

The heavens cried

The hammer on the brain

The heart wrung cried

What more?

What more, my Monsignor?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Desperation Made Up Go Up Stairs And Down

To feel the legs no more as legs of wood.
To feel the slow but sure motion of suffering.

Though suffer I, my mother hold I suffering.
My suffering is hers, hers my suffering
Hers too my hope, and mine her hope.

To suffer, to think, to hope, to despair:
All these together with emotions more
Together war and churn inside my Soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Destiny And Shambles

Mistake after mistake
My lot
Destiny
And
Shambles

Young
I dreamt so much!
Yet
Working and
Laboring
All days
All weeks
All months
All years
See
See the shambles!

My whole body
And brain
Tell me
To go where
I hide
Permanent from
My shambles

Emmanuel George Cefai

Destiny Be Benign To Me

Destiny

Be

Benign

To me

Remember

My

Lost

Father

Remember

My

Lost

Mother

Remember me

Emmanuel George Cefai

Destiny Poet-Seer

Poet-Seer

of

value

for

you

destiny

is

of

value

value

is

a

dot

that

suffering

grows

an

embryo

to

full

adulthood

and

the

flashing

splendors

of

the

coming

Youth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Destitute

destitute of love what Soul
will front the fear-ghosts
of Earth bravely?

destitute of love ah! sigh
upon sigh not just the Soul
but brain and heart and body!

the blind man and the blind
lass of love
be blind
but not of
love destitute nor of their bravery!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Destructions

Destructions

carts that wander bizarre
absurd cart wheels that fly
from the carts disconnected
and
smile in their havoc reign
old chance and probability

Emmanuel George Cefai

Detach My Soul

I want to detach my Soul
But is be hard.

I want
To go away
Fly
Beyond even Sub-Consciousness.

I
Want
I will
That even my Sub-Consciousness
Lies on the road unmoving.
I want
I will
To throw myself away
Here on this road
My mask even

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dew

dews
dews
dropping in the
afternoon sadness
from
the frowning heavens
dropping
dropping
dews

the heavens were frowning
but
down on earth
there roamed
animal after animal of
blessing
thought = animal
animal roaming

why! said my Monsignor
you
have introduced algebra
symbols
in the verses!
Said I
You see if you like
or else hate.
Smiled my Monsignor
and his head nodded

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dews Of The Night

The dews of the night
A Spirit mischievous
As they fell
He caught them in a
Cauldron
Floating high in the
Clouds:
Warmed them with his
Breath passionate
Warmed them to
Steam of the skies
In the heavens of
The night
Funereal
Mourning
Sights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dialogue

There came a dialogue.
It was
Between me and
My Monsignor.

Said my Monsignor:
'Why sing you not today?
It is nine in the morning.
Dawn has been up -
And melted
Into the day.'

Said I:
'I sing when the Muse
Wants.
When she wants
She warms my heart,
She goads me
And
Then she kisses me that
My tongue with mellow-versed
Words burst forth.
And that's the song.
And that's the verse along'

Said my Monsignor:
'Then has not the Muse
Kissed you today? '

Said I: You will have
Answer when you hear
Me sing.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Did They Not Say

Did they not say
That the Winter is colorless?
They depict him as hoar that is
White.
And white is a mixture of colors.
You can call him a mixture of colors.
You can call him a rainbow of suffering.
You can call him a rainbow of pain.
You can call him a rainbow of tempests.
But to give color to suffering and pain
And tempests?
For did they not say
That Winter is colorless?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Did You Hear This Night

Did you hear this night
The gelid icicles falling?
In a golden warmth
I buried my sorrow
In a golden warmth
My misery entombed:
For a few hours of that dawn
Now a night of horror
Awaits me as the day unfolds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Different Souls In Counsel

I am in counsel.

With my different Souls
we
at a counsel table in
a council room
all ours
sit together.

We,
I and my alter-Egos
to each other speak
equivalent of the I
in monologue.

Our souls
jitter their teeth.

Still
we
I
here
I and my alter Egos
sit now in fear
now
reviving little:
discoursing grave
with anxious faces
there
is a heavy smell of
strong stresses
With my different Souls
we
at a counsel table in
a council room
all ours
sit together.

Dig Deep In The Earth

Dig deep in the earth
It be of fairies' the berth:
Dig deep, dig deep,
The earth is fraternal:
Now is New Year's day
And it is still
Like to a baby imbibing
With the spirit of Christmas Day and New Year's Eve!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dilapidated All Things, My Things

I know
I feel my morale
Dip
My conscience
Numb
My brain in icicles
I feel

Ah! time has passed
So much
So much of time
And
Though I sing
Age delved in me.

Civilization alternative
I yearn for
A sun has set
And early
And
More suns set
As sand
That slips from hand
One by one fall
Dilapidated all things
My things
Ah! time has passed
So much
So much of time
And
Though I sing
Age delved in me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dilapidated Building

In the corner
Of dilapidated building
He stood at night
Singing through his teeth
And suffering
Yet Fear came near
Tried not to back
Failed:
And
In the corner
Of dilapidated building
He still stood at night
Singing through his teeth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dilapidated House

Dilapidated
Dilapidated house
We
Celebrate Father's Day
Your day Father
In it modestly:
It be a house
As fit for trysts
Of ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dim Eyes

dim eyes
that peer
through the dim veils
that light
and dance
transparent light blue
before the red dusk:
ah! for these moments!
so rare
in many a sojourn
so rare!
one moment even
worth
a whole sojourn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dim My Eyes

Mother
Mother
Dim my eyes

Mother
Mother
Dim my soul

Mother
Mother
Heavens frown

Yet from midst the roar of clouds
Yet
From midst the din of storms
Yet
From darkness of horror nights
From amongst the horrors
Loud
You come forth
Bursts as the sun
Smiles of love!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dim The Light

Dim
Dim the light
Of my fading
Day
Dim
My spirits
My Soul
My Inner Soul
And
Parched
The Sub-Conscious
Blinded
The Conscious
Dim
Dim
Dim

Emmanuel George Cefai

Diminishing Returns

Of diminishing returns

I

Now experience

In verse and song

The Muse

First frowns

Then

Cries

I

Stand before her

As statue of stone

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dimming Mists

Dimming
Mists
Snows
Brimming
With
Night-lights
Peaks
That
jut
high
and
giddy
above
the hideous
heights
to
depths
of
mountains.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dip In The Waters

Dip in the waters
They be frosty
There's a wraith
I spied from Nix Mangiari steps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dirage Of A Closed Night

dirge of a closed night
of a closed vesper time
and florid dusk:
there were waters
flowing
flowing a little
high
into the fountain of
the dusk
and in the compressed
eyes of sad
compressed:
you will not go
alone
nor will you go
without me:
let my voice and verse
the dirge terminate
for it be sacred
and
sacred the Voice that chants

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dirge For The Past

Dirge for the past - I

Freed from its chains

At last!

Time has slipped

Alas!

And

From my fingers

Slipping

I still see

The sliding grains of me

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dirge Of The Verses Few

Dirge of the verses few
Much thought although
And much emotion
Dry your eyes
Furrow your brows
You be a ghost now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Discover The Seas

Discover the seas now
the waters
burn in the sun
the surface only
the deeps run cool
and fresh from day's
beginning:
hang
up
the straits
sing
sing
sing
the
morn
is risen
the waters sparkle
the lark on its wing
the first bough rustling
through thickets green
animals are bustling
in
their first conjunction
with the Conscious after
cutting off
the umbilical chord from the
Sub-Conscious reign.
discover
discover
the verses now,
today
will they flow more
than they did yesterday?
Ah! as snows melting
they slide in glee
the verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Discoveries The Thrills

Of discoveries
the thrills
why they were large
and laughing:
they were
binding of the trees
the woods the rare
but quick non-restive
thunder at night
and
suddenly
the crack
the heavens explode
no harm is done
Bless!
the houses and the streets
and woods and lakes
and hills below
are all safe
and untouched
and all subconscious
dream

Emmanuel George Cefai

Disheveled Hair

the slow stars disheveled hair
delirium of a vale
night of bacchanalian
greetings from a ghost

I too saw clanking
I too heard clanking
clanking

the verses experiment
themselves
let them!

iconic star image of
foxes that bay at night
caverns stiff chill
and blue-tinted herbs
of poison magic

the verses walk the
verses talk
the night hides in a
cape
disheveled hair
delirium of a vale
night of bacchanalian
greetings from a ghost

Emmanuel George Cefai

Disheveled Life

Disheveled life
Breathing as worms breathe
Gothic nocturnal bell
That rings vesper-like
Though vespers be well passed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Disjointed Pieces, Bits Of Torn

Disjointed pieces, bits of torn
And butchered flesh, strewn randomly
Around a battle field of smoking dun:
These, these present verses, so I willed
So my Muse willed dictating to my mind
Sub-conscious all unconsciously:
She led me to the desert, and there
Parched and burnt
I asked her for her water which she gave
I imbibed it without a look at it:
And in the night the cold fell from the skies
And in the night the desert vultures came
And in the night the desert wolves did howl
And in the night the desert strangeness came
Appearing like a mist, a restless ghost:
And in the night the cold fell from the skies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dismay

Dismay
place her away!
place her in
stocks:
be it
not enough
the world's
and Earth's dark woes?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Distance Is A Prayer

Distance is a prayer
For
Each minute of walk be suffering
And
Is not suffering a prayer?

The city wakes
The city sleeps
Then wakes again
The city.

I saw them putting up
A monument in the city
And it was Dawn
As usual.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ditty

Ah! Youth sweet youth!
When we much younger were
How clearer the vision stood
When we at the fields looked
Or trod the summer sea
With oars and paddled boats
Or else swam in low depths
And basked on the warm sand
In some half-hidden cove
Along the rock hewn coast
Of Circe's silent isle
A-dreaming in the dusk
Its long, long years of past.
With closed eyes were we
A-dreaming and a-musing
Without a thought a whim
Of fathering our children:
And now and now
A pair of ruddy legs I see
Is this my child to be?

Ah! What strange convolutions
Gray thought when drunk
With red and warm-lit wine
Goes through!
What secret passages
Throughout the brain
Zig-zag in its hewn rock
Adown the humid earth
It looked child's play
Or some snakes and ladders
Through long lost years
Of silent history
In fetters bound
And striving for its liberty:
With its lithe hands and feet
A child's lithe struggling hands
A pair of struggling feet

I seem dimly to see
Is this my child to be?

Turquoise and shining pearls
And Eastern amulets
From the deep ocean seas
Of Indian oceans stolen
And glittering necklaces
Of some Valois princess:
And mirrors brought from Crete
To shine and all display
In damasked Venetian halls:
And all that beauty thinks
And all that beauty finds
Does come into my eyes
And your sweet face methinks I see
Is this my child to be?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do Not Come Evil Night And Keep Away

do not come evil night and keep away:
my breast burns its hot temperature
keeping both love and lust away:
and in their stead
and in their stead
disease and shame and sin
have drifted in their bed.

Do not come evil night my eyes
Are painted with dark evil lashes pharaoh-like:
And in my shrine
Thoughts evil fester and abound and multiply:
Suspensions, dreads, and dark thoughts
Beset me with disease and shame and sin

And in this hovel my brain has arrived
To its delirium heat and roams and yearns
Like a fool's idiot basking in the sun
Or like a violet withering in the first
And chilly touching of the reddening dusk;
Thoughts evil fester and abound and multiply
Suspensions, dreads and murder-thoughts
Beset me with disease and shame and sin.

And in this dreary hovel nay at times
I find contentment, sparks of happiness,
High peaks and ledges followed by the drops
That lower fall each time, each dropp arrives:
Thus illusion and delirium work my brain
Thus they plot both my overthrow and ready
With daggers are.

And in this hovel has my brain arrived
In this delirium my eyes wander as lost stars
Falling like shooting stars down the hard face
Of the silent heavens in cool autumn nights
That pale their looks with night o'er the seas.

I yearn, delirium rises and I see

Its dagger ready.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do Not Come Here

Do not come in
Do not
Come here
Here tragedy
Has made her
Home
And breeds.
Do not come in
Do not
Come here

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do Not Come In

Do not come in
Do not
Come here
Here eyes weep
And
Weep not.
Here
Pining lights
And wanes.
Here tragedy
Has made her
Home
And breeds.
Do not come in
Do not
Come here

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do Not Press Me

Do not press me
Do not press me
With time.

Now I have aged
Now weakness reigns
In my limbs.

I think mistakes
I made and made
Into oblivion
Of mistakes the cumulus
Will make me fade.

The day is done
The life is closed
All youth is fled.
The book is read.

Do not press me
Do not press me
With time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do We Not Dream

Do we not dream
And
Dream to dream
We,
All?

Challenge
People of the Earth
What you have heard
Before
What has been chanted
To you
Before
As the fakir song to the
Bedazzled snake

Do we not dream
And
Dream to dream
We,
All?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do We Sleep?

do we sleep?
do we wake always?

At night we dream
so in sleep we wake.

And in the morning
tired sinews sleep
sub-conscious and secret
while the body machine works.

We wake and sleep
and sleep and wake
and march
together
a cluster and a herd
we march
we march
conscious in part
sub-conscious in part
always, always.

We, who are we?
It is the I, myself!
We is I.
We is I, the Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Do You Remember

Do you remember
When the coasts roared
With angry waves and
Spumes?

White were the roars
And angry
Solemn plained
The winds over a snow less plain
Where the rocks harsh
Stood in their parch ness still

And
Over the horizon slowly
Faded a vague eye of mists
And waning spells

Emmanuel George Cefai

Does Evolution Go Back

Does Evolution go back asked the
Monsignor?

Said the Poet Seer:

Yes, at times, not always, rare,

Transforms, is transformed,

But it be Evolution

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dogs That Bark At Night

Dogs that glide
Hounds that speed
So much
I heard the hoot of the owl
I heard the amorous nightingale
Then the dogs blew:
I saw the owls clustered together
And a few nightingales
But of the dogs only heard
The sound.
And that was all
But that was enough
Just
For my Sub-Conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Domed Houses

A tear
A drop
An eye
And
An
Ear
Infection
Of
Beauty
Our
Great
Mistress
Statue
We
Place
In
The
Square
Of
Red
Tiles
And
Domed
Houses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Door

Door that knocked
Yet no hand knocked
Door that creaked
Yet no hand drew
Door that slammed
Yet no hand slammed
Ah! all this in the
Nights of winter!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Down Cranberry Drive

Down Cranberry Drive
We went
Tiptoeing
In the early night
On crunching leaves
Betraying their sere state
We went
Down Cranberry Drive
We went.

The
Waters
A
Little
Away
In
The
Cool
Coppice
Rose
And
Fell
Fanned
By
The
Excited
Lust
Of
The
Artesian
Well
That
In
The
Bottom
Lay
The spring
Of rising

For in Cranberry Drive
For from Cranberry Drive
The moon though half-moon
To-night
We saw
Glistening and
Rising
More wonderful
As the clouds moved
Slow.
That was
In Cranberry Drive.

And
I will dream here
To have dreamt once
At least
once in Cranberry Drive
before
the breath goes out
this very night
in the excitement of
the parting.

For here
The scent of strawberries
Suddenly arose
As they awoke
To compete with the
Cranberries
In beauty and in scent
Here
The scent of strawberries
Now far
Now drawing near
Yet
Always in it
Be
The intoxicating scents
Of dreams and liberty
And verse and song
And wine

And Bacchanalian lassitude
This night
This night
This night of magic
Here in Cranberry Drive.
Here.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Down Raspberry Hill Went We

Down

Down Raspberry Hill went we

For going down be easy

And sportive to the feet

The hues we passed the surprised

Animals the snoring plants

We met down on our way

Made us run and jump astray

As goblins going downhill

Would that all humans spend

The whole and sacred day

Going down

Going down

Just going down

Raspberry Hill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Down The Slippery Steps

down
the
slippery
steps
the
daemons
will
lead
me
blindfold
down
the small
steps
and
slippery
down
the high
walls
of the
valley
once
down
they
will
place
my
feet
in
the
low
waters
of
creek
in
the
rocks
that
be
the

vale.
I
felt
a
cool
in me
around
me
that
was
of
the
heavens
after
the
fearing.
but
then they led
up
blindfold
how
many
times
I
was slipping
and
from behind they propped
me
up!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Down The Stars

down!
down the stars!

bring in the Dawn
rein in the Dawn
light
first light of eyes opening

We need our eyes to open
open more!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dragon Laugh

I heard the Dragon laugh
a horrid laugh
it was
in that silence nocturnal
blue pulses hammering
slow
and yet persistent
I heard the Dragon laugh
a horrid laugh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drama Of Verses

In the drama of verses
I saw more than in the
drama of life for I saw
very little of rote.

open the door - let in
the night winds and the night
ghosts and shrouds - in their
company you will pass your
sadness.

do not grumble about destiny -
no, do not - let it steam-roll
it takes where it wants
we must obey
and with bent heads
go down the stairs of the stage
when Destiny decrees
the drama finished.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Draught

The draught
The ice
That fell
The dew drops
Nocturnal in the icicle

Crystalline eyes
Veils
That fly
Dancing wild
And sane

Cricket that
Falling
Into the well
Clambered slow
With slippery feet
The well walls
SavedItself

I
I too
In the night heard
The cocktail of the waters
Spuming
Rising high
And
Fall
Fall again

I saw a figure walking
And it was
Beginning of the Dawn
Ah! Night! Night
Had traveled to its
Rest
This side of Earth

Draw The Curtains

Draw the curtains

Give me

A cigarette:

Let the tempests brawl

That be outside these walls

I be inside

The Sibyl said:

Time be flying

Beware!

And I:

Let it fly

So long as

The little time

Minuscule

Here enjoy I'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dream Images

Dreams images

Things

Thoughts

The daily earth

Its deeds

Its images

Into the sub-conscious

Glare

Fade

Fade

Fade

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dream Line Tall

Dream line tall
Tall
Long-legged
And fiery!

The waters gurgle
And
The waters bubble
Dark
In the dark night.

See,
See the clock is
Ticking
I hold it high
Midnight strikes:
Away!
Begin and free!
The time is come you see!
See,
See the clock is
Ticking
Hold it high
Midnight strikes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreaming

Dreaming

Dreaming

Amidst the grass that swells

With magic mists

The scent of sounds

The rustling of the Ocean

Far

Far

Yet near, near how!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreaming Of Cemeteries

how dreaming of
cemeteries
and past before
as in a film:
that was Sub-Conscious

For it blurred
past present future
rolled them as balls
in the urn of the lottery
as motion of shifting
as motion of rattling
as motion of shifting and rattling

the rattling skeletons
heard the motion
heard and rattled
the more
each to each in competition
and
the cemetery cloud gathered
all the individual rattlings
into one great giant
nocturnal rattling!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreams Of Old

Ah! Dreams of old
Dreams of censer moving
Here and there in the old monastery:
And here moved torn apart
That night
Like the old censer the young legs
Moved in a passion
And a child was born.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreamy

Dreamy
Dreamy
Dreamy and panting
He lay at long last
On a raw rock
Already
Though just dusk
Besotted with
Night-dews
And there
Within just seconds
Came sleep and
Morpheus
Dreamy
Dreamy
Dreamy and panting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drear Day After Drear Day

Drear day

After

Drear day

Passing

Passing

I work but

Feel

The grains of sand

Slipping.

The thunder of a shot wave

The apple

In William Tell

Last dim flames

Arising

Counterbalancing of

Sand slipping.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drear In The Morn

Of night's beauties
the proud pheasant melted.
Suspension
of drear in as
proportion direct melted.

Night of stars
the Sileni went out
the nymphs danced
to tunes of Timbrels
fauns leaped
in
joy
goblins round
the trees and
bushes
hedgehogs crossed
here and there
in the non-traffic street
at night
over the asphalt
with hedgehogs cats and lizards
crossed
streets
became
bridges
beauty
crossed
from
side
to
side

then Dawn evolved
and with it
it brought smiles.

Smiles?
That's drear that rises

as a dark mist
as soon as Dawn
enters port.

Day is going drear
and drear will
grow.

Dawn will not blow
beauty
today.

Dawn will be
silent.

Night
its
scepter
yields
to
just
the
mists
of
Dawn
soon
they
will
further
ascend
to
the
heavens
be
clouds.

Dawn evolves
but drear
faster evolves

Dawn revolves

but drear faster
revolves.

What
was
the
scope
of
defeating
night
then?

Night would as well remain.

At least
I would sleep
on
and not see drear
and not hear drear
no
no experience of it.

now
drear has from mists
ascended
to the frowning clouds.

the day is done
the day is drear.

Wait! hope
in the sun?

No, wait till the dusk
red dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreary Day Draws After Dreary Day

After each day
Each dreary day
Another follows
More or less
Drearier.

The march
Goes on and on
As blind and
Blindfold and
No questions asked.

Though heavens be overcast
Out of the march of crowds
I do not pull but stay
Even
Though my verses I have
To say
From lovely Beauty, away.

The march goes on
And on
And on
My spine to it yields
My feet follow
The way.

The dusk comes
And then goes
The night approaches
Yet I stay.

And in the time warp
Fade
That be what a heart
Yearning
Wills.
Then does,
Fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dreary, Dreary, The Year Of The Martyrology,

Dreary, dreary, the year of the martyrology,
I will see auctioned property by property,
I will see the debauched past year rise
Its head and smile
Sardonic and mysterious like the Sphinx
With a querying look of mischievousness
Like the old Sibyl that ages not:
But re-incarnates time after time
Cyclical:
And I trudge, I find I trudge,
The old and weary way to martyrdom
I have not cared to calculate
How many paces (that is days:
One pace per one day) I must make
Nor how many a-panting of the breath to make:
But hist! is this discourse that one says
In the first day of a Year at any rate?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dressed In White

the night of figures
dressed in white
yet underneath
the black
the night has now arrived.

the arrogant figure
that came from the grave
it gave its back to me
not view it from the
front
not shock me.

and there's the gathering
of holy sufferers
their laments stick together
glued in one lament
towards a black heaven.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dripping

Dripping from the heavens
The drops fell
From the giant fingers
Pointing down to Earth

Ah! the Earth is beloved
Despite her many wounds
Despite the frowning moons

Hogs flew with blue wings
Over the twilight heavens
Breaking the dark silhouettes of trees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dripping Caves

Dripping caves
that night of spray
have withstood
but
now calmed seas
in the dawn time
you behold:
dripping wet be
less and old
ah! the film of what
happened in night
slowly
slowly
dreamy unfolds
and experience be a
dream
for this night at least
at least!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drone Of The Lonely Moth

Drone of the lonely moth
dust of the phosphorus cemeteries
glow worm of phosphorus mass
cold of the phosphorus
rainstorm of shroud processions
brainstorm of ghost lamentations
lake enchanted as by incantations
hill of the blood oozing castle
cascade of thoughts

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drop

Drop

drop

drop

crystal and clear and

free

and full awake -

the Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drop Of Blood

In
To
The
Woods
Blood
Blood
Blood
A
Drop
Of
Blood
An
Ink
Of
Blood
A drop of blood
Here
There
One after the
Other
Path of blood-drops
Field of blood
Screaming
Under a moon
Beaming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drops Mellow

Drops

Drops

Mellow

That from the Milky Way

Fall to the Earth

Our Earth

Today

Tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drops Of Life Trickle Down

So long
So long
As the drops of life
Trickle
Down and down
And on and on
Beauty you see
Even from a cage
Of iron:
Beauty you
Feel
So long
So long
As the drops of life
Trickle
Down and down
And on and on

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dross Coins And Wealth

i.

Dross coins and wealth
Dross coins and wealth
Dross coins and wealth
You wallow in them
You think of them again, again
Dross coins and wealth
Dross coins and wealth
Dross coins and wealth
One even grey a blank vacant sterility.

ii.

Round the green hill
The rivulet glideth:
The birds flieth
The owl singeth
How happy is the earth to-day!

iii.

From the small dale
The shepherd voice ariseth
Into a sweet canticle
As the day falleth
As the red dusk cometh
And night in mantle dark
By the next dale is coming
Coming fast:
Coming fast
Like sleep
Sleep
Sleep
Welcome sleep
The night cometh
The skies are darkening:

The stars are twinkling
And one by one
Coming like Morpheus with his wand
Into the next sleep beginning
The eye-lids how drowsy lie
And flicker like torch-lights
Slowly
Slowly
Slowly
Morpheus is breathing slow
His hot and wanton breath
Over my forehead:
So sleep cometh, welcome sleep.
And dream I with open eyes
And through the night
Look I upon the stars in sleep

And dreaming wake and waking dream again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drums

The drums
The drums of war
And
Strife
They beat
They beat
They beat
How beat!

A lovely maiden
Sings

Amongst the drums
The lovely maiden sings
Amongst the drums of war
The lovely maiden sings
The songs of peace.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Drunken With Wine, Not Much, And A Little Absinthe

Drunken with wine, not much, and a
little absinthe

the satyrs naked almost lay upon the
couch

but ah! at my coming in to the room
how leapt, the prank, out of window
that he opened fast!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dry Earth Of Dust

Dry earth of dust
Red with the hammer of
Parching

Gazelle-shadow in the night
Grey amidst the dark silhouettes
Lightning

Rains kept in check
The canyons thus be cold and parched
And to full picturesque
In Dawn's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dry My Eyes

you caught me dry my eyes
I willed to hide
but now you caught me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dry Sawdust

In the walls
Dry sawdust in
The heat and drear of
Centuries:
There's liquid
Tickling
Down
In silent nights
Blood mixed with
Water
Yet
Blood thicker than water

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dry Tongue

In the dry tongue
You have found
The pearl in a towel
The pearl of the Orient
You had long
Looked for
You found:
Come!
Night is a landmark building
Night is a jet across the black silhouette
Night is a jar of scents
Night is long hair of silk
Night is a thunder in the summer
Night is the cool first cool of Septembers
Night is the blue turned dark
Night is the sea, the Ocean
Night is the night-watch on the bastions
Night is the naked palm wind-swaying
Night is the pearl that you looked for
Voyaged for
Traveled for
Even in Orient lands
Advanced
Still had not found.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dry Your Eyes

Dry your eyes
change your black in time
cut off sleepless nights
for
there be joy
though the body transforms slow yet
sure in the upper earth
yet
ring your bells
don a smile
for the Ideas remain
and multiply

Emmanuel George Cefai

Duchess Roaming

There was a Duchess
Yesterday roaming
Amidst
The haggard trees
She roamed and
Groaned
And that was yesterday.

Why roam you
Duchess
I saw your portrait
And
You emerge from it?

White
Turned the face of
The Duchess.
Into the wood
Backwards
Walking
Quick
Retired she
And
Faded she.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Duck Of The Brass Neck

Duck of the brass neck
you
too
in the waters
swim
graceful
along with the others
hear
the buzzing of red eyed
dragon flies
drunken and madly
in love
with the mid-day
blare of sun:
you too
with others
will seek your place
of rest
in pining dusk:
forget your neck, you
be now one of us,
and
in this diversity we
found our common monadity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dumb Cows, But Quiet-Silent

Dumb cows, but quiet-silent
Through hoops of fire
That around them dance and
Still to flee show no desire.

Not too wise cows yet in their
Lack of wisdom (though a
Minimum must always have)
They ignored fear all indifferent.

Desperation teaches mistress of
The wise class. The experienced
The mustached from her learnt
And how! Dumb cows.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk

The dusk
Let it receive the ghost
Of my ghost-child
Blood
Blood
Wounded my heart
A ghost child

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk And Moon

And dusk and moon
Together
This night as in
All night
And the wine of
The nightingale in chant
And songs amorous:
Ah! that this Earth
Of ours be of this,
In this!
A lone violin
Sad
Sweetens the air
The sea spume
Scents salty
In the airs
Let off by Zephyr:
A light-house turns
And
Turns
A night-lamp clanks slow
With the wind's rhythm

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk Be Gone

The
Day
Is
Spent
Now
The
Dusk
Be
Gone
The
Night
Today
Adds
To
The
Drear
And
Skeleton
To
Skeleton
Whispering
The Day
Is spent
And I am spent
My friend, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk Came, The Flower Closed

Dusk came, the flower closed
In preparation:
Yet of all petals one as yet
As yet it remained open:
Alone, the others petals closed,
Alone, open to the frost-bite
She chose to suffer so to see the moon
Trembled she in her heavy breathing:
The moon took and pity saw
And warmed the erstwhile petal
With his rays confident and kind
Survived the petal, survived to see
The early Dawn, its birth, as
Its siblings had not:
It risked more than them, suffered
More.
Yet risking more and more suffering
Made the erstwhile petal see What its sibling petals saw not.
For you, my Monsignor, to read and think!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk Had Now Risen

Dusk had now risen
In its glory
Not like cocks it crowed
But silence spread
amidst the town and field
amidst the human animal and plant

ii.

O red color that from
the orange of the sunset goes
and as the day fades in its throes
winds round the Earth and throws
its twilight on the waters stunned
from the day's and Earth's events:
and the wounds:
O red color of dusk twilight of waters!

iii.

Till then round old Valletta
circling the woods
around caught its eye
and then it settled on those sites
that as the night approached
more and more devoid of humans
turned.

iv.

Already Night was on his car
though Dusk still reigned:
and on his car
Night already lighted had
one star
then
the cunning sovereign
continued lighting star by star

v.

Till all the immense heavens
shone; Dusk saw; turned pale;
with quick step down
towards the seas and Oceans
trode his way
to safety and rest and
out of the fading day.

vi.

Thus settled Night new king
new Sovran but of a fading
day by half
and of the other half of day
the first sovran and yet
in the dark part
when humans to subconscious betake
and conscious leave

vii.

The new king Night till mid-night
ruled as a new king
then as the mid-night deepened in
his reign more colored yet more
lax became more tottering
with every hour
till at sight of Dawn
Night with haggard hair of white
replaced the youth that
hours before ascended heaven's throne
to watch our Earth:
and fled before the Dawn.

viii.

Till in a wood of old Valletta old
an ancient spirit roamed desolate
desolate in flesh
desolate as skeleton

what more destitution be made?
he lamented low though quite polite
and his sad notes like arrows
entered and broke the very heart of night

ix.

Of how an early end tuberculosis
brought him to:
when in the height of youth
the first joys of life in cumulus
had brought him to life's first pinnacle
and last:
yet humans this enjoy albeit decline
yet this lone spirit faded before he
made offspring of which full lament
he made under the stars and to the moon.

x.

All heard; all pitied; yet still
the spirit tormented restless plained
and ran around with vacant eyes and
red amidst the bending trees and sad.
Still sate the owl, and the nightingales
few that were chanting stopped and
heard and pitied in their heart the tale.

xi.

Till by the Dawn as spirits will to do
so oft this spirit unfortunate
he too dissolved as a frail flake of snow
at touch and attack of a fervent sun:
so ends the tale, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk Is No Scoundrel

Dusk
Is
No
Scoundrel
Though
You
Called
Him
so
no
dusk
is
the after-vesper
and
the
night
the
night
is
after
all
the
harbinger
of
the
Dawn
Her
Predecessor
On
The
Throne
Of
Earth
Recorder
And
Producer
Sweet
Of
Grapes

Of
Morning
Dews
Of
Soft-drenched
Walls
Of
Gothic
Shades
Of
The
Night
Prepare
Here
Here
Their
Territory.
Till
Dawn
Do
Shy
Them
Away.
Softly.
Softly.
Softly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk Is On The Wing Each Day

Dusk
Is
On
The
Wing
Each
Day
As
Bats
Be
On
The
Wing
And
Waters
Secret
In
The
Secret
Night
Fall
Fall
From
Ledge
To
Ledge
Birds
On
Wing
Arise
Vultures
There
Be
No
Carrion
Here
But
Only
Sorrows

Sorrows
And
Echoes
Of
Angst
Angst
Here

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dusk, My Monsignor

Look at the Dusk, my Monsignor
For the Dusk in its silence
Speaks, my Monsignor.

Rare the birds fly past
Now; the sea without a sound
Round.
Except for some rare rustling

Above
the churches in the
Ancient town
Ring fading day as things that
Fade transform and change
Away
Almost, my Monsignor, each day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dust Of The Soul

Dust of the soul, when it
Crumbled

Frost of the hands where
Ageing has begun printing
Furrows

Watch my son for the dusk
And then it be time
To enter the cemetery

Put on the spectacles of
Justice you will see

If during day you had pain
And had suffering

Otherwise let go, this
Time

Were you not
The prophet of the open plains
That glistened to the night
Of stars and moon
That by just past
Midnight
Formed a white-silver cross
Over the immense plain?

Short and stout in
Rejoicing
Was the wraith
That appeared at the
End of dusk
Beginning of the stars
And flow of night

My eyes be frozen
And
My eyes be leaden
It was the night
And it was the dusk
Before
Afterwards the dawn
Yet still
My eyes be frozen

I drunk and drunk
So large my thirst
I drunk the flagon
Of the Tired Wines
And eye-closing sub consciousness
I drank
I drank the flagon.

Still
Thrown
From the high heavens
As a meteorite
Down
Down
Minute meteorite
That fell
Down giddy heights
In Himalayas and their
Wetted snows.

White waxed
The face of the High Angel
As the graves opened
And
The inmates up
They stood
Silent and speechless:
For
White had waxed
The face of the High Angel.

Down

The spectacles of an Angel
Fell
Down
Down
Till on ledge of hummock snow
They stopped.

We are as of the warmth
Of the hearth \of cottage
In the woods
That Heart be called:
You heard?
That was the garrulous
Wise owl.

And
Littler further on
The nightingale sings
Her heart to the moon
As she willed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Dust That Dawn Discovers

There be a dust that dawn discovers
Once
By day
By ray of sun
It evaporates as
The morning mists and the night-dews
The dust that fell at night
From walking bones and
Skeletons and shrouds
Phosphor and acid of life
It fell
Then evaporated high
There was a dust that dawn discovers
Once.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ear Of Knowledge

Ear of knowledge
Hear the waters of discovery
Gurgle:
Just view and
Pick.

Let it be not difficult
To discover.

The Earth is the law.

The lower elements of night
Roam through dust or soil.

And the immense heavens are
The Constitution of the nether stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earlier We Had Seen The Dawn.

Now

We view the black moon

And the black skies

Fear in the heart

Hope thrown away

Now

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earth

Earth moves

I move

Earth sings not

I sing!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earth Be Dancing

Dancing

Dancing

The Earth be dancing

Round

Round

As thirsty eagles of the blood

Converge

A new race of black toothed

Bats:

They be of Dracula for

Their pointed teeth

Lust for all blood

Ah! how poor the sheep

Merciless under their sucking

Teeth

These new bats of no pity:

Whilst

Dancing

Dancing

The Earth be dancing

Round

Round

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earth Melting Into Bits And Pieces

Earth
Melting
Into bits and pieces
Jigsaw puzzle of
Destruction
Justice
Be
Done
At
Last
Descent
Extinct
As
Other
Things

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earth Thirsts

The earth thirsts
For milk
To-night

I can hear
The soil separating
Small canals between
Burning withy thirst

Tell
the stars for milk
To-night
And the Earth will
Have rest
And the thirst of the
Earth be satisfied

Emmanuel George Cefai

Earth's Diurnal Chains

in
the
night
there
be
healing
from
the
Earth's
diurnal
chains
and
rabid
dealing:
there
was
a
breath
it
came
from
the
north
there
was
a
breath
it
came
from
the wood
there
was
a
breath
it
came
from
the

night
of
dreaming

Emmanuel George Cefai

East West

I
I in my verse
Hook in
The East
The West

And
Their in their commixture
I sit by a small stream
With small reeds
And green rushes
And look face upwards
To the heavens
In quiet.

I
Drink on night-dews
Soft fallen in the
Night and early dawn
And
In the clouds and mists
Of East and West
Combined

Emmanuel George Cefai

Easter Bells Rang Today

Easter bells rang today

Briefly

Easter bells rang

And the sky hatched

With frowning clouds of rain:

We in the Spring

Today live Winter:

And would that Easter bells

Ring

But ring back to New Year!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Easter Valley

In Easter Valley
The roaming skeletons
staggered over bones
bones
bones
so thick
and dense
the air.

Sadness had made his frown
The Artist in his gown
Held high his palette
And painted sadness.

In that dark valley still
Flowers and plants and
Trees
Grew crooked and bent
And withered.

That was a sad site, my Monsignor!
That was for sad souls, sad
Inner Souls, as you my Monsignor
And me!

For that
Was Easter Valley
And
In Easter Valley
The roaming skeletons
staggered over bones
bones
bones
so thick
and dense
the air.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eat Bread

I saw a ghost eat bread
and
it was black bread
yet
white shone its beard
venerable
and holy in the moon's light
and
in the trembling light of
receding stars.

aye! the night be beautiful
though
it be one long drama of horror
act on act
scene on scene
climaxing towards end
in bathos
fleeing at the Dawn's fast
light that early
sails and permeates
the first of day.

I saw the grey eyes of a
sullen ghost
Blue were the tears of a
swollen shroud
there
was
a
waltz
and
strong
Wagnerian
tones
and
notes
Wagnerian
notes

and
and
and tombs they opened
as houses in the morning
they opened in the night under
the stars
below
the curious moon
the aching sighs of Souls
and Inner Souls a-pattering:
aching
sighing
aching
be this the stolid nights
so many night as
in so many centuries
be these?
be these?
I wandered in the cemetery
in thought
yet I lost not
one scene
as scene on scene
scene after scene
they wafted as the wind
into the tunnel whence
any return will they not
all
awhile
three ghosts and shrouds
fight friendly towards
the edge
of night where its eyes
hide
from sight of Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eating Grass

Eating
Grass
A
Ghost
I
Looked
At
The
Medusa
Eyes
And
Ate
The
Grass
A
Ghost
That
Sang

Emmanuel George Cefai

Echoed

Echoed

From mount to mount

The voices of freedom

Whispering:

For

What conqueror will

The chains of mountains

Snowy

One by one displace?

Or leave the mourning

Of the borrowed founts?

Sub-Conscious is like that:

The words you feel the

Words you experience

And not analyze.

I heard

And will to hear

The voices of freedom itself

Whispering

We

The besieged inhabitants of

The shady earth

We

The besieged inhabitants of

The humid heavens.

We.

We.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Echoes Of Sea

echoes
of
sea
of
conspirators
whispers
echoes
of
caves
cousins
to
echoes
of
sea
therefore
syllogism:
echoes
of
caves
cousins
to
echoes
of
whispers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eerie Night, Let Humans See

Eerie night, let humans see
the light

and in this dread
the sight

of the glory of the Individual Sovereign Will
in the auto-humility of the common factors
with the other Individual Sovereign Wills

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ego Perched

Ego perched
On a sea rock
Just as a mermaid-siren
But in dawn
But in dawn

You
Must have woke the night
And looked at the night stars
Seep through the veils of beauty
That nights yields.

You
Feasted your eyes on
Twinkling of the stars
The love-sickness of the moon
The rising veils of mists
From the sharp sea-waters
And
Then
The slow but sure rising
Of voices
At first slow and low
Then louder and more
Of a hubbub
Ghosts and shrouds and
Shadows of wise night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eighty, Goat Street

That address
Exuberant
- Said the young man
- Let's go.

But then
The others said
Where?
Do we know?

Said the young man
'Of life's virtues
We
Are laden in their glory
To us to know as to all
It be to know.'

'We go, we go, '
Shouted the multitude
The young multitude.

So in a troupe
They all; went
Searching
Searching intelligently

The street was found
The house they found
Yet it was closed.

'So how go we in? '
Said a youth
'Shall we throw
The door in? '

'No, that's never way.
If all do so, wars will
Fade, peace have the day.'
We knock and civilly

Though persistently

And so they did
Till from the cobweb
Balcony
A head with horns
They saw come out
And told them
'I come'

Opened the door
The Figure with Horns
Stood all erect
And all saw
In with respect
Went they.

Long, long inside
Remained they
For dusk was red
And dusk had gone
And the night lamps
They lighted
The stars were out
The moon was out
The waves and seas delighted
And slept the town
And dreamt the town
When
By themselves
Through open door
They went
And all talked
About all new things
Ideas they had learnt
And
Into this our Earth
They went
And told of wondrous things
And men who heard
Closed eyes and smiled
And men told other men

What wealth
What civilization what
Pride
In the sub-conscious lay
And how their life had
Changed
In but a single day
In but a single day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Electron Giant

Electron giant
Eyes
Ears
Ticking hearts
Or the equivalent
Ruthless
Precision
In
And
Out
Of
Energy
Breathing
In
Crisis
Face
Blanches
Not
Remains
The
Face
Of
Ever.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elegance Undone

Lizard eyes
Alone
Without a lizard

Transparent veils
Torn
Eyes red
Frizzled hair
Elegance undone
And with bare feet
Stood
The Lady of Red Dusks

Vague and
Bleak
Her red eyes
Looked
Staring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elegy For Pain

Elegy for pain
And closed eyes:
Elegy for rest
At last!
Without preaching
In silence teaching!
See the mask
Of the silent Poet Seer
And yet it be not mask
But his unmoving lips
But his unmoving face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elek, Meri, Teli, Selek

Elek, meri, teli, selek
So whispered the waves
So whispered the sea

The night is out, the moon
Turned red, and silent
Is the sea.

The heart of the sea ticks red
And beats and beats in silence
Beats.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elf

Elf that dangles
Hanging
On a thread
Spun a blue spider
Thousand of meters
Above the low hills and
The town
That froths of day.

You
Will not own the earth
You
Are addicted to the
Higher spheres
And to the music of
The airy zones.

You
Will not wish to lie
A skeleton of bones
Within a tomb
Nor feel the seeping
Waters of a cemetery:
Nor
The lone warbling of a
Sad bird near:
No,
No, you will burn with fire
To see
Below
The Dawn arising in the morn
New day
There burn with sweet desire
When tired night-Earth has
Been nursed and cared:
And
Albeit convalescing rising
Brave
To a new day

Another newer day
There
There you will want
There desire
There be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elfin Sight

One day
One night
A traveling train
Of elfin sight
Ferrying across
The deep, deep heavens
At night.

A storm
And
A
Tempest
In the garden
Within the heart
Very heart
Of our city
Our own Valletta
Confined.

One day
One night
A traveling train
Of elfin sight
Ferrying across
The deep, deep heavens
At night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elfin Song

Elfin song

Elfin song

Verses sweet

To ears meet

Dangling

Dancing

Elfin feet

And a Hedgehog Orchestra

Plays and plays

Elfin hands

The lyres string

And

The notes

All around

Ring

And

The heavens dance

Dangling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Elves Of The Woods

Elves of the woods
On micro harps
Your song ring
Whilst satyrs sing.

Fairy song
That surfaces
Again and again
As life goes
Along.

And
Lights of night
Shine brighter
On and off
The more
Reflect
The cadences of
The fairy song
Whilst golden oxen
On a sedan
Draw the Poet Seer
Towards Dawn along

Emmanuel George Cefai

Embarking On Verse

embarking on verse
and song
embarking on a journey
be.

the sun sets too
the sunset and
the dusk arrive
and go.

then verse arises in
the night
propense

Emmanuel George Cefai

Embraced On The Grass

embraced
on the grass
fall we.

Stolen glances
to see
that nobody be here.

and we fall
and we fall
and we fall

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotion Views

Emotion views emotion
Emotions witness emotions
There be mines; for emotions are
as gold mines or as silver mines
you have to climb up often
to find them
to enjoy them
climb so high
below you see the fleece
of clouds
soaring:
I will investigate more
Precisely
More clinically
The white shroud of the Dawn
The dark cameo of Night
The brazenness of dusk
I will

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions

Emotions
emotions turned to light
and thence
to music notes
wavering
tapering
in to the chill star light

O star light! how much mentioned in my verse
and song!

You will say this be unmerited.

To which reply I: Unchain yourself my Monsignor
from the chains of power and glory and of earth
freedom discover in the higher airs

emotions
emotions turned to light
and thence
to music notes
wavering
tapering
in to the chill star light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Are A Universe

Emotions are a universe
as large as dawn
and sun and noon
and dusk and night
and the rest
together summed.

you will hear them
the emotions
walking at night
slow and
helter-skelter
silent
in their own troops

and when they meet
the ghosts and
shrouds and
shadows grey of night
they call them
brothers, sisters of the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions As A Rock Jut

Emotions as a rock jut
yes, a rock jut
and emotion to emotion
in to the troubled breast
on board the storm-tossed vessel
rock jut to rock-jut
emotions of the rock-jut

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Become Blurred

When the emotions become blurred
and the eyes look vague
lose their focus relative
specific object-things

when those emotions
decide to become whirlwinds
they change destinies

they plot too and at night
whisper in conspiracy
while the wooden bridge
of old centuries, sighs

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Breathe

The emotions
They breathe
They jump
They joy
They hear
They see
They have fear
Throbbing in their
Hearts
That's nearest!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Cloud; Emotions Expand

Emotions cloud; emotions expand.

The areolas of the Dawn's breasts
Expand and point.

And the shy mountain by the sea
Closes her eyes.

At Dawn!

Just at Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Loud And Blaring

Emotions
loud
and
blaring
compact
stars
emotions
of
a
night
let
loose
in
the tavern
brawl
of
the
heavens
sporting
in
the
glorious
white
star
light:
riding
on
am
elfin
cloud
near
the moon
small
size
small
size
dot
emotions
these

on
the
higher
level
than
human
conscious
level
to
be
reached
at
least
aimed
at
in
to
the
sub conscious
washes
of
the
night
and
rivers
of
it

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Occurrences

Emotions occurrences

O! the rest of life

Turns us

Round and round

Cyclical

And we be in it

For it be

Cyclical:

Therefore

Irreversible to us

Pending efforts supreme

It be

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emotions Run As The Donkey

Emotions run as the donkey
Round the watermill

You say:

'How almost always the
Same emotions go round
And round'

But in the mass universe
All has a percentage
Of Conservation however minimal:
And that percentage in Emotions
Rises.

This was in centuries old, my Monsignor

This be in these times and days, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emperor Of Clouds

Emperor
Of
Clouds
Holder
Of
The scepter
Of
The
Wise
Heavens:
Rising
Rainbow
Covered
With
Unfortunate
Dun
Of
War
So
My
Muse
Plays
So
I
The pipe
Of my Muse
Be
Obedient
To
All
Promptings
Of
The
Muse.
Obedient
To
All
Signs
By

Beauty
Made
Beauty
Instructs
And
Orders
The lyre
Plays
Obey
And sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Emperor Of Thought

Wanderer
In the fields and
Lanky realms of
Midnight hormones.

Night has come
The marches in the cemeteries
With torches and flambeaux.

A martyr
Slides
With wounds
Down to the floor
Blood
Red
Dripping from
Everywhere
Pity weeps
An assassin with open eyes
Dagger in hand.
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Enchanted Grail

Enchanted grail
The palace
Was distant by far
From city
And town
The monastery
No less

Ahi! To be in to
Those places
And
Those times was
The spirit of adventure itself
Walking!

From height to height
Over or little less below
The clouds of price
Flying
Below a storm
Though winter's edge
Be brewing.

And fires
Crackle
Crackle
In the chimney singing!

For time be life and
Life be time
And in those nocturnal sovereignties
The Olympians of ancient days
And their households of
Satyrs, nymphs and Graces
Thriving
Thriving into the night
Before yet another Dawn
Bring hopes and tragedies to
The Mother Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Enchantment

Enchantment heavy
under the soft stars
the sail some of the immense
heavens towards the south
soft stars single
collective herd
of beauty and of
milk and the night-dews
that starts to fall as
midnight strikes and deep
deep into the night
row sprites and ghosts
and shrouds on olden boats
are ferried slow
over the mist hidden lakes
and streams
till Dawn comes till Dawn lights!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Enclose

Enclose me in
A room
Three meters by
Three meters
Square

Enclose me
Enclose me

And in the enchantment of the sad
I will bring in the genius of
What they assert as mad.

Emmanuel George Cefai

End Is Sweet

end is sweet
fading sweeter
for fading then
is a prolonged ending
and after all
let us assert
the ending was always
ending
always prolonged
and yet
no ending.
(just transformation) .

Emmanuel George Cefai

Enemies

A counter-strike

Value in increase

Bow not my head

To the arrows of the enemies

Emmanuel George Cefai

Engulfed By August

Engulfed by August

Heat and stress

I

Went

Out

Last

Night

And

Of

A

Sudden

Saw

La Valletta

Riding

On

A

Steed

Of

White

Towards

White

Clouds

Into

The

Domain

Of

The

Stark

Heavens

Nocturnal

While a nightingale sang

While a nightingale sang from

Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ennui

Ennui is of us
Ennui
Ennui is within
It need no horse
Of Sinon.

The waters move
But then
The ripples fired
Return
Sooner or later
To their shabby starting

You
Will say it be cycle:
Cycle it be
But you see my Monsignor
In every cycle
There he
Quantum of shabbiness relative.

Yet turn the coin:
In every cycle too
When the erection
Takes place
Under
The
Promptings of fire
And mixing desire
With desire
Then the cycle, every
Cycle too
Is a burning fire
Prometheus sees and smiles
What will you do, my Monsignor?

For
Ennui is of us

Ennui
Ennui is within
It need no horse
Of Sinon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Entered The Wind

In to the town from
The gates

Entered the wind
Without
Knocking without
A permit

Notwithstanding the sentinels

Emmanuel George Cefai

Epitaphs

Epitaphs were not my past.

Yet you asked me
to sing one.

I must not break your
heart
more than it be broken
in your mourning loss.

So I must you your due
epitaph.

Short it be:
'Here be one who mourns
and fades'.[

Emmanuel George Cefai

Erect And Sad

A
Poet Seer
Erect
And
Sad:
A
Harp
Music
That
Dances
In
A
Bottle
Transparent
Veils
Zoomed
To
The
Tiny
Universe
Of
Beauty
In
A
Marble
Played
By
Child
Hands
And
The
Rest
Of
Wind.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Even If At War

Even if at war
verse and song
must in ever-increase
increase experiment

Emmanuel George Cefai

Even In Description - Even In Storms

Even in description - even in storms and
tempests
a percentage of emotions comes.

With it
through it
the verses glow and grow

the song a temptress sweet becomes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Even Philosophy

Even philosophy
In these verses
Comes.

It stays and grows.

In verses and the
Chant of the Poet Seer
Philosophy
Thought
Stay.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Even So.

Even so.

The town yesterday slept in trepidation
For the one-minute shock of earthquake vibration.

Yet the earthquake was not here.

But the vibrations were; that was enough for
The switch of fear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Evening Bells

Atop a hill
A ball of dusk
I saw.

The evening bells
Were fading
Slow.

And
In the airs
There was a timid
Glow of mists
That came
First in the dusk
They soared
And
Soared
Left dusk on land
Below.

How yawning
Was the ball of
Dusk!
Befitted it
The dusk around
That hemmed
The dancers
In a dread of dread!

Strong lutes yet
Sad
Were flowing
Notes humming
In the airs
Were flying:
A slow and giant
Harp
Was glowing.

Music
Befitted
That
Sweet
Land of sadness

Masks roamed here
And there
And faces
Yellow
Yet in the dreary
Dancing there
Was fatigue
That rendered slow
Even each foot
As made its numbers flow.

I saw a mask that fell
And lo!
Fast faded the tired
Soul
Into a glow that yet
Remained a mist
That came.

Saw the other dancers
Dancing slow
More fatigued and
More slow:
They danced and
Danced and I By me heard
The bones crack of a skeleton
Into
The de-populating of that show
Of masks and yellow faces
And Inner Souls that
Dimly glowed.

Thus one by one fading
Faded the crowd numerous
In to that ball of dusk
Alone remained I

In the heavens immense
One by one each of stars
Did glow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Every Day Counts

Every day counts

At that

Every hour counts

And every minute counts

And every second counts.

And

What be won be won

Even a second

Emmanuel George Cefai

Every Day Dreams

Ah! from dreams
Every day dreams
Dream of every night
Extrapolate and carry
Into life
So many will laugh
At you
As a dreamer or a
Psychopath:
Or else:
Yet wiser than them all
Walk you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

'Every Day Is Gained'

'Every day is gained'
'every day be gained'
so said
the golden mermaid

The sea rolled westerly over the clay hills
dusk waxed more red in the declining day
and first night stars lit up the darkening way

'Every day is gained'
'every day be gained'
so said
the golden mermaid

Emmanuel George Cefai

Every Day Now Bears A Red Tragedy

Every day now bears a red
Tragedy
Eyes that weep twilight already
In the day
Flowers that bend their heads already
In the sun's face
Every day brings a new weeping
Every day bring a new pining
Eyes red, eyes redder, eyes
Redder and redder
Tragedy upon tragedy upon tragedy
That's all men Amen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Every Second

age
age grows with every
second
but I
am blindfolded in a haze of
beauty
by my very Muse:
otherwise
sensing the fading
I will not sing
and
I will not versify
and
I will not chant

Emmanuel George Cefai

Every Where

Every where
Every where
I see the cracks
In every fortress
That I built
These long, long years
That still remained to me
Every where
Every where
And I am sinking,
Sinking
Sinking.

I hear the boom
The boom of the guns
The flashing of the swords
The neighing of the airplanes
And I hear
And I hear
The enemy shouts
Coming near
And near.
And I am sinking,
Sinking
Sinking.

I hear
I hear the knocking
At the fortress door
I hear
The fortress door come down
And then
The enemy shouts – the wild shouts
Coming near
And near.
And I am sinking,
Sinking
Sinking.

Everything On Earth

Everything on earth
A percentage has
Albeit this grows
Decreases with the
Work and sweat of humans
Or else
With the magic touch
Of random chance
Chance and probability.

The Earth is of us all
And for us all
Not these to suffer
These to enjoy
All life of Equity
Enamored be
And should.
And should.
And should.

Human it is for you
Too
To increase the percentage
In your favor
Too

Emmanuel George Cefai

Exactitude Of Word

Exactitude of word
albeit
in the drunkenness of
verse and song
poesy goes along
precision
and a sad, sad
song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Except Not The Verses Of A Song

Except not the verses of a song
The
Verses
As
They
Go
As
They
Go
As
Through
The
Aisles
Scented
And straight
Moon-lit
Yet
Dim
Where
Ghosts and shrouds
Cross
From one side to the
Other occasional.
That was the song
Itself.
The night its
Container:
The moon
The holder of its lyre
The stars
Each
Burning
With
Its
sundry
Fires

Emmanuel George Cefai

Exchange

Exchange

This

With

That

The winter

Came and

Went

Then

The Spring

Comes

Then Summer

Takes its throne

Followed

By humble Autumn:

And

The wheel

Goes

On and

On

And

On

All

Cyclical.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Excuse Me Dear

Dear
Excuse me dear
Because
I
Reply
to
your e-mails
late.

You
Write
So
Many
Beautiful
thoughts.

But
to
reply
to
you
I
Just
Let
My
Heart
Speak
out.

Excuse
Me
if
many
times
my heart
speaks
of
suffering
and misery.

But
at least
I know
That
my feelings
come
out
and
that I am
speaking to an angel sent by God.

As for me
I
am
just
a big and great sinner
who has nothing except misery.

Kisses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Excuse Me For The Night

Excuse me for the night
No vesper bells ring
Or other bells
The silence speaks in the night stars
The secrets play
In the face of the
Whimsical moon:
The tide of life goes
On and on
Flow and ebb
Ebb and flow
And nights be night after night
We
We must gear up to this
We adjust and then see
Evolution sits on a dark fence
And smiles

Emmanuel George Cefai

Excuse The Iron Gates

Excuse the iron gates
They have opened
And now
The troops
Of shrouds and ghosts
Enter in to the cemetery

Enchanting
Enchanting monastery of
The clouds
And iron icicles
Yet hanging
Yet hanging

We
We humans need enchanting
And once got
What more need we, my Monsignor?

I saw a child's eyes
And they were innocent
I saw a child's eyes
And they were dazzling
Gleamed they bright
As torches in a tower night
I saw a child's eyes

And
Now I the hands soft and
Warm
Of soft enchantment feel
Her silken touch
Her skin of silk I feel
We
We humans need enchanting
And once got
What more need we, my Monsignor?

Exhausted.

Exhausted.

Exhausted in the seeking
Of a child of love, at last
At least.

As to a gambler who plays all
I played blindly and I
Was no less worried or glad
That I was blind.

Though and albeit
For after all we are speaking of
A child of love.
And that be all, all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Exile Because Of Love

in exile because of
love
I found restriction sweet
after some time
as Ovid long ago
by barren rocky shores
as the sea woke
from its own slumber and
on the coasts it warred
and spume and waves went up
the highest rocks
that define limits of
the land and sea:
so I
in these
wild reveries along
the sub-conscious current
flow
in thought and in rare
intermittent moments absolute
in Joy:
and breathe expanding the lungs
of the Inner Soul:
from misery is born Joy
and the days' drear
as mists in the spring sun dissolve.
for
in exile because of
love
I found restriction sweet
after some time
as Ovid long ago
by barren rocky shores
as the sea woke
from its own slumber and
on the coasts it savage warred

Emmanuel George Cefai

Existential

The existential is the lower
Layer.

On top the essential layer
To which the existential still
Attached
As foundations serves.

And the view is the All of
All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Experiment

Experiment on experiment

Practice

I

In my verse

Experiment on experiment

As earthquakes to

What went before:

Yet

In their grandeur monuments

Of humility and pride subdued

And bent eyes

And silent veils

That the face cover:

Nor

Will you easy find

Reading word by word

The verse

The experiments mentioned:

Yet

They be there!

And on you work

The better if you be as not aware!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Experiment After Experiment

Experiment after experiment
never a Poet Seer content
always sad in verse, with verse

now here, now there,
to left, to right, to
everywhere

experiment after experiment
never a Poet Seer content
always sad in verse, with verse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Explosive

explosive

explosive noses

and

explosive lips

explosive legs

and

explosive hips

explosive feet

I walk semi-penguin like

feet in front

I move in front

My face towards the light

ever-increase

and new civilization

explosive

Emmanuel George Cefai

Extend Your Hand

Extend your hand
Raise your hand
To reach the heights
If not
You will not
No, not reach the heights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eye

Eye

Cat

Magic

Mist

Hedge

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eye In The Wall

In the night only
The eye in the wall
Rotates itself
Here and there
Moving, moving
All round scanning
Eye that ear be
That hears
Even just whispering
Just whispering.

It saw the knife
It saw the blood
It saw the scream
The fall

A Poet Seer stood
In blood
On the sward of green
Eyes unmoving to
The heavens opened
Stood the Poet Seer.
Time stopped with Motion
By.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eye That Closes

Eye that closes
World unfolding
As the flower
Budding.

Short for sound
Long for tree
There's a trumpet
Under the tree
Where the owl sits
Where the wild bat panting
Hangs

And so many things
Bend to all of this!
For
Eye that closes
World unfolding
As the flower
Budding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes

Eyes

Corners

Rose

Grasses

Stream

River

Sea

Ocean

Bay

Rocks

Pebbles

Grating

Church

Wood

Valley

Rushes

Boathouse

Cave

Waters

Crystalline

Low

Green light

Yearning

Night

Sub-conscious

Always

Always

Echo

Echo

Echoes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes Be Of The Propensity

Eyes be of the propensity to
slaves
they are prone
to subject worship
where some beauty attracts
them

ah! in sighs
I write verses
even so
my eyes in thrall
To the beauties captured all.

And
then eyes of sadness made
in the Groves of Sadness Glade
slowly walk
and with each pace
weep and sigh.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes Of Night

Eyes of night are
Pearls
That you should treasure
As
You take down
The cool wine flask
Over the green of
Leisure

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes Of The Ocean Dawn

My heart is breaking -
So often now
My heart be breaking -
All the bits are falling
And
I look with broken eyes
I on the Ocean look:
Great Soul!
I feel the breeze cool
Past me
I feel the Ocean Dawn
In front of me
And
My heart risers
Rises
As revolution rises
Though
My heart be breaking
Revolution makes it leap
Again
With that ancient fire
That came in part to it
From the noble immense Ocean Dawn
Though
My heart be breaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes Painted Hollow

Eyes
Painted
Hollow
As
Ghosts
And
Hollow
Skeletons
Yet
Painted
Painted
Too
Hollow
For
Weeping
So
The
Painting
Remains
Thick
And
As
Light
That
Comes
And
Goes
Marauding
The
Star-light
The fountains
Of the Earth
The ghosts of
Ships loads of
Dreams and shady
Nights
Under
The
Scepter

Of old Sub-Conscious!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes That Burn

Eyes that burn
I want them so
And
I want them open
Open
Open
Dazzled with the light
Without necessity of Dawn
Put off the light
Off towers
Highways and ring roads
Eyes that burn
I want them so
And
I want them open
Open

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes That Tell

Eyes that tell
eyes that speak
utter yet not single
word.

eyes enraptured in the
lights
nocturnal sights and
the dawn's
home-coming glides

eyes that move
eyes that wonder
open wide
and in wonderment
express
all the beauty
that them dress.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes To Eyes

The wind was low
To the occasion
Appropriate

Alone we were
Looked to each other
Face to face
Then eyes to eyes

And at that point
We knew had
Reached talking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes To Plead

Eyes to plead

Waters to bless

Sacred mists

Womb that open-mouthed
Cries to be filled

Hospitals and pain and
Suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Eyes Wild

Of flowers
eyes wild
eyes dazed
brain dazed
a kiss!
ah!
that woke the brain!
there rose the bent flowers!
there was a sea that roared
and Ocean echoed!
bay to bay
whispered
in that nocturnal bliss
'A kiss! A kiss! '

Emmanuel George Cefai

Face

face
in mist-veils transparent
closed
and yet I view!

I sad the sadness.

My fingers thump and thump.

Will I count the lost hours of my life?

the largesse of the snow-storm?

the wide heart of the thunder?

the startling of the
lightning?

no I sap my own Sub-Conscious

And the Inner Soul grates against
the fading Conscious
battling to the last
falls
spear in hand!
falls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Face Of The Figure

The face of the Figure
is dark
is frowning
farce of the night
Spirits hurrying
through
the streets of old
ancient city

Emmanuel George Cefai

Face Of The Skeleton

On the face of the skeleton

I

Spotted

The sardonical laugh

And the skeleton teeth

Jittering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Face That No Longer Shines

Face that no longer shines

Red

Red with the blush of life:

No,

No longer

But white

But yellow

The pallor of a face that does not move

Face that no longer shines

Red

Red with the blush of life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Face To The Heavens

Face to the heavens
And
To the passing giant
Clouds
With prong regal
The Figure imposing
Stood.

The days of tempest
Have not long been past.

Yet their ban
Be for some months
All permanent.
And that be why
Face to the heavens
And
To the passing giant
Clouds
With prong regal
The Figure imposing
Stood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Faces Of Ancient Centuries

Steps

Faces

Of ancient centuries

Traces

And smell of musk

Old wines

That better grow

With Age!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Faces Of Squirrels

Faces

faces of squirrels

elongated

faces of old owls

red-eyed frozen

faces of hedgehogs

crossing

crossing

faces of hedgehogs

playing

orchestra of animals

dancing

sliding

globality of another

civilization

that to other civilizations

transforms

and it

itself

transforms as from other

civilization

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fading

The closing of the day
Fading of mists
The bleak arising
And the genesis of
Dark
The vesper bell that
Hoary through the
Chill
Sweet sad notes emits
Through the red frost:
Noses red
Hands red
Coughing red
Ah! Christmas will be near!
Yet
It be too far too, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fading Embers

fading embers
I remember
boyhood and young
age,
then youth
the fire that was
the fire that burnt
now
fading embers
only
fading embers

Dawns now be insignificant.
the heart breaks.
So many years
and now it breaks.

The chains are cut.
The fading's done
the runner slow nears
the line.
And all be fading.
While
a heart's breaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fading Is Sweet

the fading is sweet
and slower
the sweeter
that's Leopardi's sinking
into the waters:

you feel
one by one
the chains to the Earth
being cut
slowly falling

and
the slower the action
the sweeter the motion
that's physics
dynamics mechanics
of Leopardi's sinking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fading Star

slowly
slowly
fading star
midnight is afar
though it be night
yet
midnight be afar
afar.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fair Cupid

i.

Fair Cupid lay asleep awhile outside
The frost against the panes swept and roared:
And icicles from the windows dripped and fell
Froze was the water on the shining lake
And silent stood the lonely nightingale.

ii.

A taper white in the dark night glimmered
And against the walls it flickered and wavered
Awhile the fair boy Cupid dreamt and slept:
The wild, wild wind against the houses raced
And icicles from the windows dripped and fell
Froze was the water on the shining lake
And silent stood the lonely nightingale.

iii.

Anon, anon along the corridor swift steps
Were in the storm to shuffle slow full heard
And midst the dark walls a bright light
Burst on the secret alcoves and ancient walls
The wild, wild wind against the houses raced
And the Muse in her glory entered where
Fair Cupid on the marble dreamt and slept.

iv.

She viewed the fair boy with her shiny eyes
And for a moment stood by all entranced
At all the marble beauty of his skin
His flock of hair and white toga and his grace
Made her enamored every second passed
Till she bent down and kissed - yes kissed
The temples warm where coursed the wild blood
Like rein less horses into the dark night.

v.

She then withdrew and into a mist of blue
Evaporated - such the power
That Jove hath given to the Muse;
The while translucent in the wavering flames
Of torches burning on the castle-walls
She herself removed from sight and yet she stayed.
And with attentive eye upon him looked
To see the workings of her magic spell.

vi.

Seconds passed and then with tremulous eye
The fair young king of love his eyes did open
And in each eye as in a lake of love
Paradise seemed to lie beneath the moon
That shines its friendly light when dark begins:
And sweet sings the homely nightingale.

vii.

The winds of sudden ceased and stopped
Gone was the frost and cold and in the night
Drew its thin veils and from underneath did spring
The first grey light of the new-coming Dawn
As she with stately pace like statue moved
Across the lawn with dews and waters decked.

viii.

How time flies - tis the Spring
And there is joy in everything
Away the frost; entomb the cruel cold:
The birds fly on the wing
This lusty Spring!

ix.

And Cupid wakened from his winter sleep
Now in his quivers glees and shoots
And makes conquests:

'Tis the Spring
And there is joy in everything!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fair Cupid Passed A Secret Wood Of Green

Fair Cupid passed a secret wood of green
And therein full many a couple and lovers saw
All invisible he was and in delight he smiled
At each caress and touch and kiss and word of Love
Therefore he deemed useless his quivers to loose
And with a merry step went down the glade
The sun went down a hill all red
But ah for me for me the ageing years
Have havoc wrought amidst their hoary waves
And tempests green that freeze the warm red blood
That coursed the shrine of body and Love in youth:
So Cupid to me came and at my prayer
He loosened his deep quiver and inside
Right to my heart it went reviving me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairer

Fairer than her or at least
as fair are many women
why insist on her
so much?

'That be a matter for my heart, '
said I
'and beauty in the heart resides
more so when I love, I calculate'

Then said he: 'Hearts be not brains
brains for calculation are
hearts for emotion;
wherefore say so? '

Then I: 'The heart over a long
term, the heart that loves
it calculates, it calculates too
for Love at long is living, and
living with calculation continuous
goes'

Then silent he stood
'Wherefore silent, so silent, my Monsignor? '
asked I
'Ah! so silent! so silent
your heart speaks in love
as brains in thought.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairies Outside

There were
Fairies outside
In the winter gales
The rains the blizzards
And the storms
Thunder
Lightning
All
All were outside
Most
Were eying
Those dark silhouetted
Homes
Armed
With the comfort
Of
Lights behind closed
Windows
Warmth behind closed
Doors
All were outside
Most
Were eying
Those dark silhouetted
Homes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairy Isles

And now we be in the fairy isles
Not on the Ocean-Sea
But on the golden roof of heavens
That blinds
With diadems and jewels glittering
And night-dews' eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairy Of The Night

Fairy, fairy of
The night

Shadows black in
White star light
Dancing
Dancing

Sour acid in stomach
Bides
Yet sweet beauty
In the brain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairy Song Of Circe I

Among the beach sands I
pace in this solitary revelry
Ah! if all the Earth were
but of one person inhabited!
the dusks, the nights enjoy I,
and still live, and suck
the pleasures sad of one
who no possessions has save
dawn and dusk and night and
all the rest:
who no labor requires and no
cares but sleeps and dreams
and dreams and sleeps
in what be young, in what be best

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairy Songs

So many fairy songs!
We need them!
Would that with every Dawn
Each every smile of her
Her forehead be,
Transform in to a fairy song
The next night
Yet amongst!
And next and next and next
Ever-increase!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fairy Songs Sing I

Fairy songs

Sing I

Elegies

Sung I

Odes sweet

Sung I

Of parting

Sung I

Of dreaming

Sung I

Of conscious

Sung I

Of subconscious

Sing I

And cemeteries

Too sing I

Of all in All

And

All in One

Sing I

Emmanuel George Cefai

Faith Over The Gods Wins

Faith over the Gods wins
when
brought in contraposition:
when
both compete and run
together
Faith ah! Faith my energy
my Soul,
sweet kindler of my Inner Soul!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Familiar

Familiar because

Every day

The same

Settings

The same

Scenes

The same

Each day

The same

Each night

The same

The same

Emmanuel George Cefai

Family

Family
One
Single
Then
A
Child
A
Child
Lights
All
Lights
More
Than
Dawn
Its
Smile
It
Rings
The
Smile!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fan Club

my fan club is
the fan club of
the moon
the fan club
of
the tear-eyed
Poet Seer lost
looking high
to the high heavens
and to the high stars
though
tempest and storm
blow
though
the meter of Time
and Age
continues ruthlessly
my fan club goes down
last

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fantasia Of Waters

Fantasia of
Waters
Dancing
On a hook
A silver hook
Below
A statue marble that
On its axle
Turns as water
Spouts
Arise and flow
It by:
Fantasia
Of
Waters
That glows in the
Night
To the cries
Of haunting ghosts
And shrouds
Fantasia
Fantasia
Of
Waters
Beauty's minion
Pride
And vain-glorious show off
Fantasia.
Fantasia of
Waters
Dancing
On a hook
A silver hook

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fantasy

Fantasy and colors
breaking of chains
no more clanking
of bony feet
of
ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Farm Houses Sing

Trickle by trickle
The wind along the country goes
With the fields play
With the farm houses sings
And when and where
It sings
It sings a dirge
These days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Farm Of Animals

Farm
Of
Animals
That
In
The
Morning
Silent
Lie
Without
A
Noise
Without
A
Syllable
Then
As
The
Dusk
Full
Blushing
Red
Alights
And
Moving
Strides
To
Leave
The
Throne
To
Night
Begin
They
To
Chant
To
Talk
To

Cry
A
Babel
Will
Not
Be
More
Yet
These
Were
More
For
Between
Themselves
Understood
Each other
Reciprocal.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fates

the Fates now are raging wild
against me

the gales of misfortune Zephyr
has let loose

and I rattle as a reed in the
midst of the gale.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Father Can I Cease To Weep?

Father can I cease to weep?

Winter after winter year after year
the barren field though ploughed
remained a barren field.

And every time I see your hollow eyes
of red
weep.

About me cold and mists in my brain.

Father can I cease to weep?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Father Was This The Bridge?

Father was this the bridge
Where
You and my mother kissed
Before parting?

The sun
Had fallen hid her prowess
In reserve for the next day

And the bats circled
Curious and harassing
Whilst
In the distance beneath the bridge
A car occasionally came
A car occasional went
But
Ah! Albeit all
Your Souls,
Your Noble Inner Souls
Be still together!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Grips My Hand And Makes It

Race on the computer
Letter after letter, word on word,
Then the line forms, the verse,
And then another verse,
And all these verses yet more verse beget:
And the whole at one time
Stop like the caesura: the poem's ended.
Whether a fragment or with satisfaction
The lyric poet-seer his lips will lick
The poem's ended; the curtains fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Has Laid Its Hand On Me

Fear has laid its hand on me
Yet Beauty will remain.

Grim go I to my destiny
Yet Beauty will remain.

Not forget, o! think of me
Beauty will remain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Is Become My Sovereign

Fear is become my sovereign
And I its loyal subject have become
I rise, I move, I sleep,
I wake with every dawn
To Fear,
Its drear notes hear
Dance and sing to tunes of Fear
Fear that become my sovereign is
And I its loyal subject.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Must Be Not Of Us.

Fear must be not of us.

Yet Fear is as of
Us.

For we are neither gods
(as yet)
Nor shrouds and
Ghosts.

Fear bends Wills and
Strengths.

But neither Will must
Bend we

Nor strength must
Bend we.

Mother,
Hear my cry of suffering:
Each night I am in pain
And
The night hours cry to me
For join with you.

Fear smiles most at night.

Fear chills most at night.

Fear sways scepter at night.

For we are neither gods
(as yet)
Nor shrouds and
Ghosts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Not!

Fear not!
The spectral dance
That you view before you.

In the deep of night
These occur often in the
Cemetery.

Let what you view
Teach you
And direct your emotions
Bending them
Not fear but prudence,
Fortitude

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Passed

Fear passed

fear

irrelevant

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fear Smiles Sarcastic.

Verses

Verses

Verses

And then....

Barren cliffs and rocks

That hurt my bleeding hand

Climbing

Climbing

Suffering

I look a little askance

I begin giddying

Fear smiles sarcastic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fears Of Day

I
found
that
in
my
fears
of
day
for
day
I
had
left
lacuna
after
lacuna
in
my
life
adding
adding
to
the
previous
almost
daily
toll.
Lacunae
I
just
repeat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feasts Come And Feasts Go

Feasts come and feasts go
And
In the turn of years
The number of feasts becomes
A number of years to
Centuries:
Such as the feast that in our street
With every calendar year new
Brings celebrations that come and
Brings celebrations that go.
But ah! memories
In the Sub-Conscious stand
Withstanding the onslaught
Of years and centuries
As an infection sweet the Sub-Conscious
Goes
And then from brain to brain will pass
In speech:
As the mothers who their sons tell
The contents of the Sub-Conscious
And thus these further to their children
Unfold
And thus the train of tradition move
To the train of the Sub-Conscious parallel.
Infectious sweet and yet passing as in
A Relay of Time from one to other.
So
My mother what you told me
Remember I
And
Treasure I
And you told what they told
You even when small on your mother's
Lap you stood and all attentive
Heard.
Thus
Too of your remembrances multifarious
The Feast that once each year be
Celebrated

Brings in due sadness such sweet memories
And Memory becomes the glue
The chain
That in the Relay of Time joins
First to next.
And on and on continues further in
Life.
Now the Feast is come and come
In to these days of drear
Where Hope loiters alone
Single tree green of broken-hearted solitude
Amidst the drooping fading tree by tree
Of fading drear.
Memories on each other
Flow.
The Feast will come and
Go.
Yet the old wounds will become
As new wounds.
So sang of Heaven the sweet
Violins.
So flowed the memories with
Every striking of the bands
With every pace the procession-voyage
Of the Saint-Statue, with every
Peal and toll of the church-bells,
With every act, albeit tiny-small,
With every act I say and I assert
There will be old wounds that
New wounds again with
Bleeding blood anew
Will drain.
So sang of Heaven the sweet
Violins.
So sang of Heaven the sweet
Violins.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feasts Pass

The throngs and crowds
together
conspired in the
sweet and happy
sounds
the fire-works
the barges lighted
on the seas of dark
and
all the crowds delighted!

the water buildings in
the waters glare
Narcissus like
in the rare light
where in other nights
dark and silence
reign.

And streets be deserted.

But now
now
the crowds throng
one happy moving mass
banning the desert hiatus.

Tomorrow will come
tomorrow.
And there will be
a Dawn looking
on the deserted shore
the remnants of
uneaten foods,
dust, the treading marks
of paces.
And there will be no crowds.

Feasts Pass II

The people came
Flocked in thousands
Wondered at
The fireworks displays
The music bands – O!
They said
For the saw
The rainbow of moving
Lights:
Ah! but feasts pass
Now it be morning
Dawn too's past
Litter and silence
Sad remembrances.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feather

Feather

Feather that flutters

Flutters from the skies

The heavens immense

The Place wherefrom the Voice

The Voice that inspires

The Voice

That when it speaks

Not the hand of the Poet Seer

Trembles

Not the brain of the Poet Seer

Lights

But the hand of the heavens

Trembles

The brain of the Poet Seer

Lights

Soul

That so persecuted be

Soul

However deep

However noble

Your roots

Your genealogy

Cut off

The chains that tie

You to the rocks of pain

Of order imperative

No, no, the Individual Sovereign Will

No, no,

Let the Deep Inner Soul be sovereign

Not else

Not else

Butterfly

That flutters

Though

The night is still
Only just past
Midnight
The night still
Has deep roots
The night
Still reigns
But
A lonely butterfly
Hovers merrily
And flies swiftly:
Ah! butterfly
The darkness yields at last
The heavens open
The gray begins
And whitens
And walking comes the Dawn.

Let the night fly
Let the night fire
Light
The flames of the dream
The Poet-Seer is sleeping on the rocks
The hard rocks
Outside
The cold, the frost, the winds
That neigh
The night
Is become servant of the Muse
Temporarily:
And through the night
Dreams in the Sub-Conscious
The Poet Seer
And
With the waking of the Dawn
Sings with open eyes
His songs,
His verses.

Day of the night

Where
The night held sway
Sway
From the Dawn
That rose bleak
And dreary:
And
In the day
Till the day
The whole day
Remained
Dreary
And thus
The night held sway
Even in the day.

Museum under the skies
The heavens
Open
Dilapidated stones
Columns
Glories ancient
Yet
Inspiration to the bold
The brain that works
Hammer
hammers
The tongue
The Voice
Of the Poet Seer who sings.

Muse
That travels lands
Whole lands in
Just one single night
And then
Sweet tiptoeing
Into an eastern cave
Wakes the Dawn.

Psyche slept
Dreaming
Her Sub-Conscious
Divine
Moved her in the heavens
And spoke
Thundering
Yet sweet
The voice of Jupiter:
Then woke
All startled
The sweet goddess
But
Around her the gray
The first whitening
Of a new day
By her side
Gently tapping her awake
The Dawn.

I heard the chains
Drawn
One after one
The chains
The night
The chill
The frost
The muteness of drear:
I heard the chains
Drawn
One after one
And now and then
A groan and then
Another groan
And
Then
The chains moving
Moving
Again
Again

Again and again
And midnight
Is long
Long in coming
And
Yet
The chains
Move and move
And move
Not stop
Not yield
Nor the groans.

When the song is done
Let it be done
Not even a verse
Increase
No, no even a word
In that monument
Of marble verse and song
New Michelangelo.

Not much
Not much
No, not too many words
But verse
Verse and song,
Just verse and song.

Tree
That this Winter
Has
For so many nights
Withstood so much
Frost
chill
and neighing winds
and
whose horrid suffering

fortified
with the fortitude of
suffering
the roots
the very roots
the nobility
that ancient earth
of the genesis and
growth
evolution of the Inner Soul.

Ivory towers
That this rare night
Rose in the upper heavens
High
Distant
From our rotating earth
Where so many sleep
Somewhere
Where so many wake
And toil
Somewhere
And yet
The ivory towers in the night
Rare
Rising
Rising in the upper heavens

Throbbing night
Why speak I so much of the night?
Why speak of feeling
Trembling?
Kierkegaard spoke of Trembling.
I speak of the night.
Ah! for thinking I realize
That better is the night
Than day for us.

Rise humans

Cast
The chains that still
Remain
Like squids around
Your Individual Sovereign Will:
That will be
More
More than the Revolution 1688
The French Revolution
1917

Sleep, sleep, sweet child
For
Today the heavens are of clouds
And startling hawks around
Circle
That I saw not before:
Sleep, sleep, sweet child.

The lines speak
And loud
Their utterance
As it the heaven's utterance
As be
The Voice
Of the deep Inner Soul
Ancient arcane nobility.

Around
Around
The bees of verse and song
Humming
Humming verse and song
Sucking
Sucking flowers wide and
Wide-eyed
Murmuring
Whispering as the fairy waves
Awoken by the Dawn

Around
Around
The bees of verse of song.

My wish, the child
Born
With blue-green eyes:
Not beauty in extreme
But health wise,
Yes:
And when you grow
My little child
With beauty of the body
A body that growing be
Join my little child
Join your intelligence
And cultivate
That magic tree:
It will give you sufferings
It not yield too much
Of power, wealth and
The like:
If you go by me:
But
It will make you great
And it will make you wise
You only have to suffer
You only have to toil
And then you have to will:
My wish,
The child.

Come, come, fairy cloud
The heavens thunder loud
Crestfallen is earth's shroud

See, see how hawks abound
And eagles too in skies
Where beauty in dusk lies.

And the power of song
And verse I feel along
And thoughts too start to throng.

When my hand types
On the keyboard
Trembling with each
Word
Each line
My heart is open
As with a knife
That even if it know
There's no dissembling
But just
Bare, open, red, and
Blood
And no,
No dissembling.

In to a long tunnel of night
The vessel of thoughts alights
And on and on and on delights

Into these golden realms
Shoot rare yet sudden beams
Flashes, thoughts, screams.

And then the red dusk pines
And then night start to dine
With napkin and red wine.

In the long, long, night to come
Help me, my Muse, watch
Over me.

Long is the night for a sad
Heart – more so for such a
Solitude.

And in this lowness and in
This misery, my Muse
Donate your Fortitude.

A fairy tiny a large harp
Was holding
Singing.

Nimble her fairy fingers
Sweet her mouth
Her verse noble.

And saw the night
And loved and danced
The night-stars in delight

In the long annals of verse and song
So many a Poet-Seer
And I among.

Together heavy breathing throng
So many a Poet-Seer
And I among.

And in this world of suffering
Cluster so many in the throng
And I among.

Bring me the temperature
For like fever rises,
Rises verse and song.

At times low somewhat
Then in proportion parched
And slow.

But then arising as the Dawn,
The Sun, the drunken magic
Revels in its magic own.

Blue were the skies this morn
And yellow gold the mane of the drunken sun
And in gray rainbows Dawn was born.

So many colors, yet in man
In us humans there be more
So more of wonder to think and pen.

Yet blue were the skies this morn
And yellow gold the mane of the drunken sun
And in gray rainbows Dawn was born.

Ah! verse and song
The more you drink
The more addicted:
One potion drunk
Will other potions
Bring
One after one
And
For that drunkenness
The better are we all,
We,
The inhabitants of Earth
The better are,
And rise en masse,
Without our willing much,
Listless
Yet relentless
Of Evolution the march.

Bent the flower
For touched with chill
From the drunkenness of midday
Silent it lay and still.

Mute the petals fell.
And turned inside.
And in the distance
Rang a vesper bell.

Bent the flower
For touched with chill
From the drunkenness of midday
Silent it lay and still.

Like to the flower after
Sunset, after dusk
Bend we.

Like to the autumn cool
Before the fierce frost of Winter
Bend we.

Like to a fallen sun
That swelled with midday's pride
Bend we.

Ah! frozen the face of the lake
And ruffled in its feathers the owl
For it be Winter.

You heard before mid-night and
After too the rains the thunder
For it be Winter

And though the Dawns arise
Day after day, most drear be they
For it be Winter.

Fog arising, fog falling,
Mists trembling,
Twinkling.

Rain gushing, hear
How on the roof
It is falling.

And it is night!
From bed
There's warm delight

But ah! the thunder
Sparks lights and roars
Outside.

So much I sing,
Of such weather
So much.

For in such weather
My brain breeds more
Song and better.

The chimney high
Affronts the sky
And night-storms.

Alight the thunder

Lightning
The chimney's trembling!

And then the end: goes
The wild tempest, exhausted
before Dawn flees silent.

Magic church, chapel
Small in the wide
Countryside.

How many a vesper
How many a sad day
You witnessed.

Few the happy days
And rare:
So we, we humans.

Verse speaks
As the great heavens
Speak.

Their voice
Is as the Voice
Of the great heavens.

Of verse the sounds
As the great Ocean waves
Noble rebound.

How rose the night
And the star light
To-night!

Too quick, too still
Amidst the chill
To-night!

Seeds of beauty
In the Dawn strewn flourish
To-night!

Remember you?
In the garden you were
That by Floriana's bastions
Descends.

Remember the walk
Amidst the flower aisles
The trees, the fountain,
The stairs, the looking
From the bastions?

Remember the heavy thoughts
Calculations, worries,
Though shone the sun
For nigh to mid-day was
Yet low,
Low my spirit mourned and
Lay.

Amorous beach, but not
With humans amorous,
But birds of love
And song
In the red dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

February Be

So cold February be!

First

Verses

Mark

Of

What

Must be the next

The

Nights

Be

Long

But

Not

As

Much

As

My

Soul

Yearns

No

Not

That

Much

There

Be

A

void

The

Nights

Be

Long

But

Not

As

Much

As

My
Soul
Yearns
No
Not
That
Much

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feelings That I Feel

these feelings that I feel
these feelings that I felt
you feel them too?
you felt them too?

If so,
chant as I chant
and versify as I do.

And
then together all our Earth
will rise as to one human
and civilization and genius
be of us all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feet Akimbo

The waters danced
Then
Sate
Themselves
With feet akimbo.

The supple fount
That in the midst
Of the small lake
Of wonders lies
Fires its spouts
In anger-energy
Of the sub-conscious
Of the sub-conscious

The Dawn slow walked
With naked feet along
The yellow rocks
And plane
Of the lake-coast
And
mists
That sub-conscious go.

Life ticks
And
The heart beats!

Awhile
The waters danced
Then
Sate
Themselves
With feet akimbo
Full subconscious
Slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fell Again

It fell again.

Winds

Had scoured the plain

And ravished the

Stunned xerophytes

It fell again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fell The Verse

Fell the verse
As flowers fall
But it was cold
Just cold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fell The Window With The Wind

Fell the window with the wind
Opening
A Pandora's box of magic.

Fly, fly, particles
The Earth is buffoon,
The Earth is tragic.

And tragic be buffoon
And buffoon be tragic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fever Of Ageing

Fever

Fever of ageing

Last struggles of

Life

Heating:

Gasps of breath

Flying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Feverish Gobbling

Feverish
Feverish gobbling
ducks of night
that swell fat and
large at night
when the red dusk
awry gone
pining stops
takes to its feet
to its welcome caves
it flees;
and
the night is feverish
feverish
restless
feverish

Emmanuel George Cefai

Few Bastions

There were a few bastions
In those thousands of bastion
Meters
A few bastions old and
Worn
More than the others
Wet
With weeping of the days
That passed?

Ah! the worn bastions
The more they wept
The more weeping!

And Motion in the mass
Universe
Continues working
Mechanical
Blind
Ruthless
And those few bastions
Weep
Weep
Weep nocturnal-cold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Few Lines, You See, You See,

Few lines, you see, you see,
I could not muster more
Though
I have an excuse, a reason,
I assert:
I have been busy out, the streets
Were cold, slovenly the
Pedestrian streets, their bricks untidy,
And here and there small pools of rain
That had been falling.
Thought sublime flashed and went.
Then
I rolled back into my mood of discontent.
I saw an insect twitching in the dirty
Waters on the dirty pedestrian street:
And I saw its agony and started
To think again:
The mood of the heavens was dark
And frowning
Better walk without thought, then think so drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Few Owls Gather

The night is falling.
See!
The few owls gather
Soberly;
The nightingales
Place themselves on boughs
That scent of ancient days
Inspirers of sweet wondrous
Lays
And
The stars are whispering:
The moon see!
It sends a kiss to Earth
And the sea-bosom
Lights
Silver the dark waves
Skiffs pass.
See!
There be such silence here
That the heart breaks

Emmanuel George Cefai

Few Places Of Rest

The graveyard.
Few places of rest
Here, ' so said
The Sexton.

'Half century
I have been here, '

'I saw old Age
I saw sickness
I saw Youth truncated
I saw tragedies
I saw disasters
I saw the mourning
I heard the screams
I feared red eyes.
I saw the coffins.
I saw them lowered
Heard the dull
Grating
As they were
Lowered,

Now time is come.
For me Ageing
Has been a privilege
Amongst disasters.

Yet
Save the engineering
Of Immortality
Down one these graves
Is all my tally'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Few Words

Few words
And mighty verses

Few words
And ringing verses

Few words
And the heart speaks

Few words
And verses glisten

Few words
And word auto-multiply

Few words
And more of thoughts

Few words
And more of beauty

Few words
And more of life

Few works
That tell the All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fields Of Corn Delight

where fields of corn
delight
there Beauty sits
fanned by airs
that over seas
and oceans bare
came with the Dawn
and
in first lights of Dawn
had birth and genesis
now
the lark has flown
in high altitudes of
the immense heavens
and sweating from
the increased sun
prepares to go:
so in the brain
thoughts have genesis
then
in the flower of their youth
to depart early
they prepare and go:
so you
so you
left in the throes of pleasure
that as sudden turned
to transformed to pain and
suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fields Of Night

in the fields of night
amidst the moon lighted
dust
heard I the humming
humming
humming
continual of the bee...

there be no glades in such a dark now
there be shadows
that stealthy prowl
the fields harmless....

the glades are silent
and the owls are garrulous
indifferently
with concussions and hiccups...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fierce Flower

Fierce flower that arrogant
at Dawn arises:
flustered by the very sap
of life blood coursing
you become Self
more and more as the day
deepens.
You become drunken Self
at noon and midday
in the day's zenith.
then the nadir begins
as from each zenith
For every zenith how long
will it remain zenith?
If it ever-continues then
how it be zenith
the pyramid of lower courses
that be not there?
unflustered yet
as through the lazy afternoon
where the sweetness of mid-sleep
and of sweet resting
makes for the genesis of
the nadir.
Sunset unveils the statue of
Nadir.
Dusk deepens it.
Gives it its waning colors
its fading twilight
waters
unquiet irrequietness
restlessness of a changing
Order.
Night will be sovereign.
then
the zenith will be
reversed by the new order
the new order of the night
it will have in princes,

the princes of the stars
and of the Duke Moon:
then
we will go home hand in hand
and
be one with the ghosts
Shadows and Shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fiery Sea-Gulls

Fiery sea-gulls
Of fire sea-gulls
Crying
Crying
And from
Their mouths fire
Spouting.

Triremes, vessels Roman,
The seas crossing
Waters tossing
And I watch
From
The tower of my sadness
Of man desperation
Of child joy
Romantic setting!

And
In this
In all of this
Though it be yet dawn
Yet dawn
As in red dusk
Waning
Waning
I pine sad
And
I pine desperate
And now, yet,
Cold night falling
And
The day of life
Now closes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fifteen

Fifteen out of
Fifteen
That's the balance
Now
Fifteen ghost children
Destiny
Willed them to roam
As ghosts
And shed tears of blood
With every pace
One month
Fifteen months
That's the balance
Fifteen out of
Fifteen

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fig Leaves

all over covered
with fig leaves
and other woodland
leaves
the naked satyr
dreamt.
Imbided he by
small sips
the wine by
throne of Bacchus

Of a sudden he ran
naked; fell the
covering leaves.

Dawn had already began
to whiten heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fig Tree

The fig tree
It sheds its leaves
Willingly.

It has become
Used to parched throats.

It cries out
Only at night
Otherwise be quiet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fig Tree Parched

Fig
Tree
Parched
Praying
With
Wet
Eyes
To
The
Heavens
Pray
Pray
Pray
The
Heavens
Will
Open
Sometime
Somewhere
Yet
Will
It
Be
Late?
Hear
Hear
There's
A
Shout
From
The
Heavens
There's
A
Scream
From
The
Heavens
Look!

The
Waters
Changed
Their
Color
The
Waters
Spume
They
Turned
Red
Dies irae, dies illae!
The
Earth
Is opening
Valleys are
Rising to mountains
Mountains
Subside to valleys
Dies irae! Dies illae!
Hear! Hear!
There's but a chorus of
Angels singing
They sing!
They sing!
They sing!
Whilst high be low
Low be high
And
The earth's bursting
Dies iare! Dies illa!
At last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fighting With The Pen

The vivid lance of fighting with the
Pen

Civilization propelled

Today I do not rest

Today I worry

These be human cries and
Human thoughts
Of every day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Figure

Figure

figure of benighted traveler
thin and shadowy
shroud and shady
silent stealthy stealing
on the walls
as in mirror or
in lake reflected.

there comes a time
when humans must
throw off the garb
of materialistic Consciousness
replace
it by the Sub Conscious mantle
that flies
as religion and faith flies:
then
these two are not just
transformations of that
precision and science
that glitter so in Consciousness?

there comes a time
when humans must
turn round the coin:
the face only be turned
the Coin the same
but
in the Sub-Conscious seas and
oceans
the Inner Soul will
steep herself
and slowly drown slowly
and beautiful in all times and places.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Figure Sitting

figure
sitting
black
chair
table
black
pencils
white
white
biros
rulers
white
periodic
table

the turkeys were gurgling
one began
the others immediate replied
for
they had survived
and
Christmas was wheeling
past
by day after day

how hazy
how dreamy
woke I
so
the Sub-Conscious:
blots out the past
even most recent
how hazy
how dreamy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Figures

Figures that surface
Now and then
In verse and song
My verse and song
O let them come
When they so desire
At times
Immense of quiet
Bring
At times celestial fires.

We ate dry bread
You and I,
My Monsignor that
Was yesterday
Today
We go a further step
We eat black bread
Of misery
And hear the fugue
Sad and loser
Of burrowed graves
In camps and
Human hands that throw
Human sacred bodies in
The troughs:
Then cover them with
Dug-up soil:
I dreamt
You dreamt, my Monsignor
What ugly dream to dream!

But we
We Monsignor are now
Almost in competition
For such dreams
We dream and dream
Our body sweats
Our arms

Our mouths sub-conscious
Sigh
Sub-conscious of a sudden
We
Find ourselves
Half-risen on our beds
With
The first dim line of light
Of consciousness just
Breaking!
Dawn peeps through the chunks
Of the closed windows:
There's another day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Figures Saw He Dancing

He rose up
Suddenly:
And the other
Rooms he lighted
Found.

Looked at his watch
Time: Midnight plus
The deep of night.

And figures
Saw he dancing in
Those rooms:
He touched his eyes
Better to see!

Grey to black shades
He saw
Dance silent
Yet as in a trance

As he approached
Fearless
They faded slow
The color went
And they with it
And he stood there
Alone and jaded!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Figures White

Figures white
Dressed in white
With togas
Trailing...
Deep furrowed
Brows
Each one to himself
Thinking
To other
Not speaking:
Yet
All together in one
Academy.
I saw them
It was night
It was
Last night
Figures white
Dressed in white
With togas
Trailing...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Final Night Song

face
in
the
waters
face
upwards
they
found
him
in
the bathroom
in
the
sea
where
water wraiths
were passing.

moats
of
beauty
separating
dilapidated
castles
falling

I saw them in the night
I saw them in the moon
And all was silence.

they
found
the
satyrs

all
lying
face
upwards
distributed
within one hundred square meters:
not moving

though Dawn had come
and
birds had chirped
and
trees had stirred
and
night was fled
and
shrouds and ghosts
no longer
fears spread
no
no longer.

final
final
final nocturnal verses:
the wise
the hard-earned heights
through hundred and
more
obstacles
they were perverse.

impoverished day
ill starred
right
from
the
beginning
lack-lustre
birth
unfortunate
streets
winding
in
the
brain
residing:
now
come

now
come
there were many
of the birds
that were
just vultures.

they circled
circled
round
carrying
in their claws
the cups of poison.
now
resigned
resigned
echoed the waters
echoed the night
there were
cries from everywhere
a
babe
born
in swaddling
clothes
they circled
they circled more
the vultures circled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Finding Failure After Failure

Finding failure after failure
In money, business, love,
I settled – had to – for verse
And song science, philosophy
And the rest of civilization's
Odyssey.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Finding Sea-Shells After Dawn

After dawn
Barefoot still in the
Autumn cool
Over the welcome pebbles
The girl with golden hair
And the white dress
About her went
Looking for sea-shells.

No,
Not romantic, but cool
Of temperature and
Waters soft
That to the feet
In welcome rose and
Rolled.

The winter
That rolled waves above
The pebbles
Adding roaring of pebbles to
Roar of waves and spume
No,
No that winter was not come
For
Autumn had to make its case
Well in the Court of Climes:
And
Yielded not an inch.

The ever-rising sun
Will soon
Dispel the girl and
The sea-shells that remain
Will breathe in quiet
In the rays of day.

Yet
She will come again

After dawn
Barefoot still in the
Autumn cool
Over the welcome pebbles
The girl with golden hair
And the white dress
About her went
Looking for sea-shells.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fine Verses

Fine verses
Soul that writes
On the
Computer
Of the heavens
Types
Types
Types
Through
The long
Deep
Night

Stealth hid
In a safe
Mask
Roamed
Slyly about.

Around
The Voice from Heavens
Rang
Just one big
Single
Sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fingers For Sale

Fingers
for
sale
fingers
for
sale
fingers
for sale
so
horned
the
Witches
in
the
strait
alley
in
old
Valletta

The waters are coming long
to-night.

See Ophelia lies on the waters
and looks at the stars
her heavy dress
regal lifts her
enough to buoy over
the friendly waters.

Silence.

Silence.

From behind a tree
A horned red head
peers up
pops up
suddenly.

Fingers
for
sale
fingers
for
sale
fingers
for sale
so
horned
the
Witches
in
the
strait
alley
in
old

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fins

Fins
That
Fly
Red
Gills
In
The
Sky
The
Heavens
The
Waving
Hands
Of
The
Monster
Trees
The firs
The oaks
The
Bent
And
sacred
flowers
it's
night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fire

Fire

From the eyes of the dragon

Desire

From your eyes

Ah! your black eyes

Have captured me in their net!

Not beautiful, yet magnetism

Lies in you.

Desire to have a child

Looks that are arrow after

Arrow

Thumping

The heart merciless.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fire At Night

In the night the fires came
From the old skeleton's eyes
Issued burning round the old
Town's ire
Burning
Burning
Burning fires

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fire Be In Your Eyes

Though
Fire be in your eyes
And glows red
There be blistering cold
Whirling in your soul
O you are frozen and still
Think that in your summer heydays
You be still!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fire In Your Eyes

Fire in your eyes
Desire in your Soul
United both
Fire and desire.
A book in hand
Wide open ancient
And through the panes
The stars all in their lanes
And
Then magic Morpheus
Over my brow
Passes his hand
And sends me to the Land
Of the Sub-Consciousness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fire Whose Tongues Leapt

Fire

whose tongues leapt

round and high

symbol of desire

watch-tower of the glens

owned by the Nymph

in usufruct

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fires Burning

Fires

Burning in the bellies of the Earth

For there be so much vastness

That

There be more than one belly

Burning sadistic and

By random chance

Vindictive in its wrath

Strong on the hammer-anvil

Of History:

I look all stunned

I hear the fires

And my soul

Is captivated:

Fires

Burning in the bellies of the Earth

For there be so much vastness

That

There be more than one belly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fires Leapt

Fires leapt
For in that night
The Fates were shrouded
Naked
And had to remain
Warm.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fires Of Emotions

Though

A Dawn has come to-day

The fires of emotions

Still burns low.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fires On Bronze

at point of age
the fires on the bronze
monument of time
they slowed
went down
grew dim
creaked yet
dim not spent.

we
too
here
the pines wither
slow
and lament not
our slow rate
is of centuries
but
then
we pain for centuries
our suffering
centuries last
and pain for
centuries.

Time hiding behind
trees and shapes
and figures and
old mists
always the height
to leap arises
with smile cool and
frigid
cruel smile of cruel Time
Life
hiding behind a hedge
with scared eyes and
sad face
sees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

First That Laugh

First that laugh
Though it be chill
Outside
Yesterday
The frost rode as Red Riding Hood
Firs that laugh
Laugh to the heavens immense
Laugh for me
Send a child, a Light
That for ever will
Light my universe.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fish

Open mouth
Of fish

Thirst

Thirst

Thirst

Look down

Magical
There be a whole sea of fresh
Water

Emmanuel George Cefai

Five Lions Set Stretched

Five lions set
Stretched
One on the
Other.

Rattling the clouds
And
Aggressive winds
That blow.

The eyes of Dawn
Are tired
Not so clear
Before the day's coming drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

Five Years Ago

A day was much
Five years ago
Today
I fear the escape of
Time and Age.

In the night
The Soul wanders
For I let it free
To roam and wander in
Chance and probability.

I captured a cloud
My subconscious
Works:
And as a hummock on
I sailed
Flying carpet nocturnal
I fear the escape of
Time and Age.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flat The Land Lay To The Edge Of The Sea

Flat the land lay to the edge of the sea
and tufted the fields to the wind open
lay and passage to them free

turned in the day, the mud of life
the clouds of lead, the mists of fire,
the cries of every wound of Earth and strife.

small the hiss of grasshoppers sings
high the cliffs rise, though flat the island
lake in the middle, jungle noise that rings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flicker

Flicker

Flicker

Lights of town

Lights over the sea

Lights rare over country spread

Lights of stile

Lights of fields

Lights of moon

That stride the sea

And hear the screams of the

Waves

Entering the fissure thin

And hideous high

In old Mtahleb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flies Thronging

There were the flies thronging
Thronging to enter
Through the windows
Thronging
For
Outside it was rain
The first rain since
So many days
So many months
The first rain of September

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flight Of A Butterfly

Flight of a butterfly
roaring of heaven and
sky
poison cup on top of a mountain
of snow
blue earth soil that vibrates
humming from underneath
the visceral Earth
will we go to live there?
I asked.
Silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

Float Body - Float Over The Seas!

Float body - float over the seas!
The moon is clouded
Tonight
And frowns

Not weak light
But less
There be the iron curtain of the dark
On sea and land
On town on country
Everywhere
The dun of sadness and
The groan of ghosts.

Shadows that creep
Grey on sticks
Wolves that haunt
Stealthy
Amidst graves and tombs
Float body - float over the seas!
The moon is clouded
Tonight
And it frowns

Emmanuel George Cefai

Floating Limbs

Floating limbs
Cut
And butchered
Floating
On the sea of
Cemetery mists
And stinking smells
Ah! yet
Magic hovers there
Changes its face
By coming of
New Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Floating, Pirates Of The Heavens, Feared

Floating, pirates of the heavens, feared
by the stars, roared at by
the bulls of the candles and the
gold of the armories
phenomena transfixed by spears
of time and thought and
asassertion
phenomena to symbols
Floating, pirates of the heavens, feared

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower In A Park

A flower in a park
Surrounded by
The cries and shouts
Of joy
Of lovely children
Romping in the partial sun
Dancing therewith.

Risen
From night's humility
The flower joys
And gives joy:
So we fallen
Should rise again.

A flower in a park
Surrounded by
The cries and shouts
Of joy
Of lovely children
Romping in the partial sun
Dancing therewith.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower Of The Bastions

Flower of the bastions
always face up
struggling to keep
from falling through
your nails and claws:
always face upwards
upwards to the heavens
dawn, early day and day,
glory of noon, afternoon,
dusk, you all
experience
and then
and then the splendid
beauties of the night
all nights
all seasons
all days
till bending slow
and to you
imperceptible
you pine with age
wither in sorrow
sing as the swan in
the last funereal dirge
and elegy:
then
fail your nails and claws
and down the bastion heights
hurled
and falling
upheld by kind Zephyr winds
a-mourning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower Of The Sea

A fish that gives
The images of a flower
A shade
A lampshade.

You flutter through
The liquid
bubbling
Pumping in and
Out
You travel

You more than the
Flower of the earth
Have no feet yet
Travel.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower Of The Wide Open Mouth

Flower of the wide open mouth
Lips red with wine's hot bout
And smoking mists that the chill rout

O pain and despair is our lot
And anger deep, too deep inflames
Within me all fires of despair.

Winter after winter passed and failure
my sad companion was and trembling
my blood

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower Of The Wind

Flower of the wind
There be no wind
This dusk

Flower of the dusk
There be no dusk
That has since passed

Flower of the night
Ah! time's in flight
Towards the coming Dawn
- As is the night!

Flower of the Towns
For the country
Exchange your place
And with it a thousand crowns!

Flower of the Sad
You will last ever
To Beauty wed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flower Who Moment Of Chill

the moment absolute
specific
there you crystallize
there you be beauty-frozen

the path of the ice broken
by the warm finger of energy
splits up the pieces
like an orgy of soil thrown
from digging graves

flower who moment of chill
the moment absolute
specific
there you crystallize
there you be beauty-frozen

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flowering

After a day of flowering
The petals close
Close gracefully
The voice in
As direct proportion
First hoarse
Grows
Then more and more
Parched and stifled:
Till
The Poet Seer speaks not
The Poet Seer versifies not
The Poet Seer chants not
After the flowering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flowering Of Song

Flowering of song

Yet

Flowering of beauty

A level ascends

And then

The flowering of love

The birth

And life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flowers And Petals

Flowers and petals
Flowers and petals
They fell
Fell from the ghost machine
Fear was on their faces
Pallor was on their faces
Yet
On their lips played
Smiles one after
One:
The Dawn has come with
Gold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flowers And Sex

Flowers and sex
Reproduction and will
The carriage turns
Around wildly
Wildly.

They found the boy
Then
They
Quarreled
And
Disputed
About
His genesis

'Where did you come from? '
Asked the Monsignor

'I will write off that, '
Said the Poet Seer.

'I like his verses quite
Let me enjoy them
Leave issue collateral aside'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flowers In November

Flowers
That were placed in
November
Last year:
The grave was still
And cold
And
You
And
I
At that time
Though not
Of the gales and
Floating rains
And lightning
And thundering
That passed over the flowers
Where will I find them
If I go
Now?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flows The Water Slow Yet

Flows the water slow yet
steady in under currents flowing
twilight-red as the dusk lengthens
over the bastions walls and
the ancient city:
flow the waters slow yet steady.

the old oak to-night on the waters
flows
objecting to human eyes,
curious human eyes,
my mother, the old oak now rides the waves

On the shorn bough
of the old oak no birds
nor rustling but boughs and
leaves dream silent
as they sail through the old Port
out, out into the deep seas open
immense

and the night beckons here
here
only the night beckons above
the moon and the white stars
and tempest kept in check by gloom
herself

flows the water slow yet
steady in under currents flowing
twilight-red as the dusk lengthens
over the bastions walls and
the ancient city:
flow the waters slow yet steady.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flows Tonight

The air
It flows tonight

The thought
It flows tonight

And there's air and thought
Flowing
Together this night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flu

Desperation
Lead eyed
Heavy breathing
Incessant coughing
What sleep
Tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fly

Fly
Fly
Sea gulls of wrath
Your cry
Is harsh today
Your throat
Is parched
And yet you fly
And yet you cry

As a cutting knife
Against the azure
Sky
Uttered one word
After the other
Your sullen angry cry

And
In the sullen angry cry
I hear
The wise voice of the wise
Who
Mostly in cemeteries lie
Still and alone by day
Warning
To us, the uttered cry
Unheeded goes
The sullen angry cry of
The sullen angry sea-gull

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fly Lands And Time And Centuries

Fly lands and time and centuries
they whirl around, we, humans
statue-like, gape in wonder,
and in the fires of the night-stars
mirrors around us turn all giddy
while
fly lands, time and centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fly Of The Twilight Color

Fly of the twilight color

Antennae without head

Feet with wings still

Growing

Growing

Night still breeding

The terrors of the shrouds

The cries of Tenor-Ghost

The dread of suffering

The brink of Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fly The Bats

In the night fly the bats
In colony over the large
Cave.

They be propense to
Cry not.
They fly low and wise.

The owls just underneath
From their sharp eyes and
Ears observe.
Intake their wisdom, in part
At least, at last.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Flying Pigs

In the air
Flying pigs
all
of colors
different
they made
a rainbow
but disorganized
another Babel
threw.

there were flowers
hungering
with open mouth
though bending
for night dews

Why be the night late
as of to-night?
The manna of the dews
why be withheld?
Ah! Night sovereign-like
asserts his prerogatives
absolute:
then
of a sudden
rained to thankful whispers
the manna of rain dews
the promised gift

And after all a prime
Sovereign.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fog

For through the fog the introspection
The eerie eyes, thin and taut
Like looking through a needle under fire
Yes
Yes I saw through the fog the introspection
The coming of the Figure
Now it turned White, then
Black
Then White again, then
Twilight like the fainting waves
When the red dusk starts lighting on the towns
Panting the sunset out of country sides:
Yes
I loved the experience in that fog
Heard the forge and bellows of the Earth
Its heavy breathing
In its suffering:
Before during the Night it nursed itself:
Still wounded
Savage beast and raw, blood in its mouth,
And dripping from its teeth
The savage beast, this Earth:
I saw
Through the fog, the introspection
The eerie eyes, thin and taut and needle-thin.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Food Is Not For The Belly Only

Food is not for the belly
only

food is for the brain and
then the brain eschews

the earth its flowers opens at
the dawn

and the sun lights the humans'
ways

alas! that so oft breaks the
day

alas! that sunset and red dusk
so often cry

and sigh for night to come fast
and remain

Emmanuel George Cefai

Foot After Foot

Foot after foot

Pace after pace

In noble mien

Uniform, from chance and probability

With uncouth grace

So

So danced the ghosts

The shrouds

And hand in hand they stayed and danced.

The gruesome dance.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For All These Verses I Have Paid A Price

For all these verses I have paid a
price

that was not a pact with the Muse but I
calculated that a price be paid

and now that price is getting paid - and
how!

the song arises slow and funereal -
already!

already the blood flows the little blood
that remained to the last, it stains,
it calls, will call, for ever in
Justice.

But that be all.

Beyond, peering as through a needle, eyes
of a mysterious figure come

The end is here and the price is paid

Slow subsides the fugue, its job now done.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For Beauty

For Beauty
to bring forth
Beauty
a minimum you must do:
the baby is there
and struggling to go out
but you must help.
the same
with Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

For Good Measure

For good measure
How oft
We humans labor
Realize
In our Sub-conscious
That
That's enough
Yet we pile on
And on
All for good measure:
And
Till somebody Immortality
Bring
The piling be
As the piling of the dust
On the last coffin look
In to the grave of terror.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For Graves

There's a big hole
By the cemetery
They say it be
For graves.

At night
A Poet Seer
One night
Saw shadows
Pacing

And graves and
Tombs were open
Till the dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

For Pain We Are In The Front Line

For suffering we in
The front line.

And what reward is due
For this pain and suffering?

Emmanuel George Cefai

For The Sake Of It

For
The sake of it
We go
We trudge
To go away
From drear
And dreary day.

Benighted sounds
Clanking and
Rattling as the
Bones of ancient
Skeletons go round
And neigh as
The wind neighs
And round
And round.

For
The sake of it
We go
We trudge
To go away
From drear
And dreary day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For The Years To Come

A reserve
For the years to come
Are
Hoar
White-haired

Pointing
Down
A
Figure
Stands
Aloft

I
Poet Seer
Kneel
Down
With
Head
All
Bent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For Time Was Deep

For Time was deep
And past and gone
See! The sunset is long passed
Even the red dusk is deep
And days were horrible
Now of horror the apex
Approaches: it be night.
See! The dark curtain in the heavens
Already formed beckons with
The first star light and the uneasy
Flowing of the weak moon's light.

Time here on this Earth
What was it
But just a string of sufferings?
Defeat after defeat, tragedy upon
Tragedy:
Of disappointments I have had a
Share all disproportionate and vast:
What remains then?
Tell me what remains?

My verse was there, my chant and
Song from often a parched throat
Burning with pain
And suffering:
That was there, but even so,
This Earth has made secure
A worse disappointment when
She wove the garb
Of cruel oblivion for such labor done
And hours long and days and months
And years of suffering.

Earth covers all that remains
Perhaps

My worst it will preserve and fix
Impaled head to a pole for all
Eyes' sight.
Was not what was done not
Enough?

But the worst of the worst
Was her weaving of the cloth
And net
Of stark oblivion:
In retort and disappointed thus
Working on an Immortality
I suspended then
For I saw that worthwhile
That I saw
To do and live experiencing.

There be the dryness
Now
That I feel from
The hunger and the thirst
She left me in:
Yet
In the Heavens there be a hand
That will Justice do
Centuries and more
But will be done.

Where to breathe all the day
And think of Ideas great serene
Though in a few own acres
Roaming:
Come the noon
And you will break some humble
Bread and sip some wine:
Then
To a deserved nap - not lazy
For
Arise soon,

To further work of excellence
And suffering I hie
Till end of day will close
My book of happy toil and work.

Ah! that be what be wanted
Desired!

Away!
Away from rising with a head of
Thoughts
Away from sighing the first word
Of waking
Away from tossing in sleepless
Nights
Away from dreaming horrors in
The tired times

Emmanuel George Cefai

For You Verse And Song

For you verse and song
I fled the fields of love
the fields of descent in
these days:
for you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

For You, My Monsignor,

For you
For you, my Monsignor,
Who
Have not been intoxicated
In work
Day after day
And at dawn, every new dawn
From the dawn till the fast night
When wanes red dusk
Wanes day's light
For a while, my Monsignor,
My unfateful and rote life
Adopt you
Stay still midnight
And still more
Think and write
Then all tired switch day's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forest

Forest
That
Winds
Thick
And
Foliaged
Even
When
In
The
Chill
Of
Night
The
Leaves
Bend
Humble
In
Nocturnal
Chill
tremble

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forged Together

Forged together
We
Forged under the throes
Of sacrifice
Under the whip of
Frost
There was Destiny the Master
He was a cruel Master
Yet
He was a good Master too:
For
Forged together
We
Forged under the throes
Of sacrifice
Under the whip
Of him

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forgive Me

Forgive me
If I depict in repetition
If I speak in repetition
And if in repetition sing
I
I am and must be too
Sing and versify
Of so many same
Things over and over
again
A mirror of humanity:
You
Will understand
Forgive me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forgive Me Forgive Me

Forgive me
Forgive me
For
My raw and heavy words
Forgive me
Forgive me for my sad dreariness
For my critique of Earth
For my strong words
But
Once we come unto the Earth
All of us merit who have done
Something:
Even the least is a child of the Earth.
Nobody.
Over no human
The curtain of the Earth must fall.
Over no human
Must cruel oblivion its heavy cloths
Lay
And cover the faces of her sleeping
Children
They sleep and now their works
The Earth must uncover and
Promote:
Otherwise Earth does them injustice
And
More Earth does injustice to herself.
And her other children.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forgiveness - Not Amounting To Pity Oh

Forgiveness - not amounting to pity Oh
forgiveness
that be greatness
that be suffering
that be your greatness mother
now
that in you Spirit greatness
you
have the power to forget
and
obedient to the One
who on the Cross forgave
you forgave!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fortunate The Time, Hear!

So often we embark on
voyages of Gloom and
yet just in those moments
right below the depths
lie the gold chests!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forty Two Days

You
Mother closed your eyes
That was
That was forty two days
I suffered
So long forty two days
The suffering I suffered
And will not versify.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forty Years Ago

Forty years ago or
so
we danced and
sang

Pop music in our
hearts
pop lyrics and pop verse
on out tongues

yet
even then
the Muse visited me
bringing
a greater verse
more beauty
- her fit of jealousy!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Forward

Forward

Forward

Take us our feet

They be so constructed

Our face must

Always look

Into the

Ever-expanding fire

Of Evolution ever-increasing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fossil

A fossil burnt
As glow-worms
Burn

It burnt
From centuries
So long!
So many!

Hidden it had
Remained
Till the summer heat
Had it unearthed
From the harsh confinement.

No human was around.
Quiet the night strode
The plain
In quiet thinking.

Below
The sea waves burnt
To rise
Over the giddy cliffs
The walls of History.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fountain Gray And Lonely

Fountain gray
And lonely
Of the night
Beneath the watchful
Eyes
Of Fort Saint Angelo
In the middle of the
Sea and waves
Blooming
Spuming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fountain Of Night

Fountain at night

We sleep, we dream

We toss into the bed

You rise slow and tired
To the moon

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fountains Of Delight

I dream
That I see
A world, a civilization
I will
I love

And
Then
That world,
That civilization
In my verses
Transforms.

Fountains of delight
Stars of light
Dawns unlocked and bright
Eyes dazzled and clear
Faces change to joy with tears
And a happy violin
A happy violin plays
Taking off
A little
At least, little
Of the drear of the days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Four Thousand Days Or Rather

Four thousand days or rather
Three thousand days – ten years:
My mother is already eighty-seven
And she is well nigh blind:
And she decays now day by day:
What will be in four thousand days
And three thousand days or more
Or less?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fox Of A Burning Fire

Fox of a burning fire
Through hoops by witches
Made you passed
Examinations passed.

Five thousand lines and
Verses will I to
Distribute and cry
A scream up mountain heights

The hills will echo and
After them chronological
The coves and then the caves
And then the bosomed Ocean-Sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fox Of A Comet

Fox of a comet
Trailing
Into a night
Of
Frozen icicles
Blazing
Of
Heaven's guns
Relatives of
Stars
Thwarted from
The beginning of
New dawns
Lulled
To a tricky sleep
In depths of dusks
And
Mesmerizing of twilights
Day after day
Year after year
Century after
Century

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fox Of The Wild

Fox of the wild that bayed
the night
and in the dawn
early dawn
in the direction of the city-town
sped restless and hungry

were you not sated?
night did not provide
prey or not enough?

desperation makes the fox
run inside the city-town:
the wild is left behind him
but for convenience only -
the raw shines in his eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fragment By Fragment Is Equivalent Of Bit By Bit

Fragment by fragment is equivalent of bit by bit
Equipollent
Of the equivalent: the Same, the Equal, the All
In One, the One in All, and the Relative:
These now all hang like on a Christmas tree
But this tree stirs when night throws out
The prying curiosity of humans:
Sit, sit, my Monsignor – they hang
On a genealogical tree of Proportion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Free To Assert

Free to assert

Free to speak

Free to write

Free of peer review

For peer review my Monsignor

Is it not just

Another subtle censure?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Free To Run And Sing

free to sing
free to run and
free to ring
free to roam
to be fast
to be slow
to look at the seas
smiling in the first
lights of the day, smile, smile...

car that passes high
ah! seen
by the eyes of the Poet Seer
it be dawn!
and the car
on which King Night
had lighted all the stars
car that passed high
where goes it?

perhaps in some eastern
cave
hidden it joins her lord
till
little before dusk
its wings fly off again...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Freed From The Chains

There he
Lay
Freed
From
The
Chains
And
Yet
His
Eyes
Were
Dimly
Open
He
Wanted
To
Start
The
Voyage
The
New
Voyage
his
Eyes
Were
Dim
More
Than
Half-closed
His
Apron
The
Apron
Of
The
High
Heavens
Immense
He

Willed
To
Go
A
Long
Long
Voyage

Emmanuel George Cefai

Freezing Night

In the freezing night
of winter an old woman
bent under her age
and illness crawls

In her hand
she holds a cane
supporting her.

Slow
in the thin snow
she draws
herself

In the night
by midnight
only the owls
and nightingales
shudder.

Look! the woman
falls
blood from her nose
stain drop by drop
and slow
the white snow mantle.

And face upwards
unmoving
to the heavens
the aged woman stood
with open eyes.

Came pitying
owls and nightingale
a squirrel warmed her
a hedgehog guarded her

Yet
she moved mot
the old woman with the
cane
and she relinquished
the cane

Then
mourned the owls and
nightingales
the squirrel and the hedgehog

Alone
and suffering this Mother
born young and strong
fell in the snow
to fade

Yet the winds neigh her
name
and the leaves rustle
and from the eyes of
the Heavens a tear drops
of the old Mother:
and
yet the winds neigh her
centuries and years
years and centuries
and when rare snow falls
it bear rare drops of blood.
And the Heavens mourn
With broken heart
And the Heavens mourn
The hapless Mother.
The Heavens of the
Broken heart
The hapless Mother.
Mother!
Mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fresh Youth I Like You In My Heart

Fresh youth I like you in my heart
Have to bear green trees and shrubbery
Fresh and cool besmirched with morning dew:
I have still to reproduce to make my child:

My lady-love, companion, mother of the child
Have I to happy make in full permanence
Till I our child have made, at least.

Continous evergreen my heart has to be
Continous has it to hear
The rustlings of the boughs in its woods continuously.

My child has to be made before born.
And to be made the mother has to see
As in a mirror all at her display
The genes like cards I on the table lay
She then re-arranges, packs, re-distributes
And at the end refutes or else accepts.

That sentence is the destiny of our child.

Fain would I appeal if negative it be
But ah! if my lady-love accepteth me
Then let's abrogate appeals and after-thoughts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Friar

said
the discalced friar
peering his head
out of his cell
into the strait and narrow
street
back of the convent
how the stars shine
to cool waters drink
and sober wine
invite they
yet here
voluntarily
penance and suffering
me to genius lead
and glory.

lo! here the painting
be
ready
before the burning stars
are out,
all out.

mark,
mark as closed the day.
heavens have cleared
the clouds ferret away
and only Spirit-Soul
hovers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Far Away Come I

'From far away come I
And ah! the land's so far
So far
The land, so grey and
Drear
The skies, the heavens:
And yet one day
The skies, the heavens
Will open up
Will smile:
But I will then have come
You see the land already be
Be far away:
For
From far away come I
And come here to rest
At last, the last, come I.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Homer And The Bible He Sang

From Homer and the Bible he sang
inspired

from Shakespeare Ronsard and Dante
verses he donned

then further to our times he turned
with Shelley, Byron, Burns, Keats,
Lermontov, Pushkin, and the rest

then to the eastern plains he looked
again with Tyutchev and with Pasternak

then to the glue of his experiments
mixed me Eliot, Pound and all the rest

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Previous Civilizations We

From previous civilizations we
conserve
and give the ancient all that it
deserves
the ancient streams of ever newer
rivers serve
therefore let new civilization be
preserving previous enunciating ever-new
in ever-continuity

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Silence To Silence Flies

From silence to silence flies
the rock was struck with iron
from its sides
waters
spurt from everywhere
I want a declaration a clean bill
of what I did such that
the spiteful and the conspirator will not
ever attack my complete innocence
This
My Monsignor, all this

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Strength To Strength

From strength to
Strength
From knowledge to
Knowledge
From discovery to
Discovery
From philosophy to
Philosophy
From verse to thought
And back again and
Prose
Rest of civilization
All
As of one thing:
Sacrifice

Emmanuel George Cefai

From The Distance We Could View

The turning light that lit in part
Our view
Increasing our will and desire
To reach the burning fire.

Red blue and yellow turned
The light and other colors too
Revolved before us advancing
Fast
Marching, marching, marching

Under our feet we felt, we heard
The crackling sere leaves crushing
Screaming their screams at our
Hurting them in that partial dark
When in the high heavens passed
A bat that screamed out flown
By a mute silent lark
That sought its home by dark

For we humans were
Why
We were marching, marching, marching
Always
In an approximate straight line trudging
With lanterns
The light that turned and a weak moon
And even weaker stars in misty haze
For we humans were
Marching, marching, marching.
Around the scents of wild leaves
And bushes sleeping
In the subconscious aromas
Dreaming
Dreaming
dreaming

And
From the distance we could view

The turning light that lit in part
Our view
Increasing our will and desire
To reach the burning fire.
For this be life
And let this be life, my Monsignor.
For
From the distance we could view
The turning light that lit in part
Our view
Increasing our will and desire
To reach the burning fire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

From The Emanations Of Energy

there is a hum
a distinct hum
a Poet Seer recognizes

alone, alone and sad I walk
Walk in the cemetery and
of my mother think.

How cannot I, my mother?

How can my verse and song be different?

My heart is relatively strong though rent.
And I hear energy emanating in the
cemetery
though it be morn, a little after dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

From The Heart

A message from the heart
Let it not be
Less value
Than the message from the brain:
Nay
Let the message of the heart
Be the same as the message of
The brain
The message of the brain be
The same as message of the heart
Then
Heart and brain will have
Propensity to travel
And travel parallel.

*

You see
The tempo, the verse, and
So many of the rest,
That you
In Principles and dogma
Propense to encapsulate
These be free
And fly as the wild cranes
Without
Predisposition of direction
Without
Prior calculation
But
Fly as life flies
In chance and in probability!

Emmanuel George Cefai

From The Notebook Of A Poet Seer 1

Evening that shines
Stars jewels of the
Eyes of heaven
Brimming tearful
At end of dusk

-

Scraps of verse
Here and there
Leftovers
By
Chance and Probability
Jewels in a leopard's
Eyes

-

Night dust flew
And night dust shone
In top
The sweet country lanes
Those lanes
That legend has
A running horseman
Straight over the cliffs
Unto the seas,
The wide dark seas
Where Dawn beckoned
And lay waiting
Hour by hour
Wise as Penelope
With patience
Her time biding

-

Forgotten lanes
Strait and dirty
With clanking doors

Houses small
One two roomed
With many roofs
Fallen in:
And beauty's sighs
At night
So many sighs
So many
-

Swollen wound
Of feisty flesh
Now rancid
Putrefying
Stinking

Emmanuel George Cefai

From The Very Heart

the very core
the burning and
the molten
the throbbing
the vulcan of ever-increasing
ever-combining biochemistry
from the very heart
life, life itself

Emmanuel George Cefai

From Town To Town

From town to town
Roaming
Though
In his heart
He feels the pain
Of a heart attack
Approaching its
Tenth year.

Yet
He gathers up
In pain
And roams
From town to town
Like to a beggar
He begs the universities
To give him just one lecture
To all the students
Gathered.

But
Once gathered
There was just silence
As
The Intellectual spoke
The short fat man of flesh
A giant in the heart
Colossus in the brain
Colossus relative.

And
Once
The lecture finished
After the usual
Ovation standing
The Intellectual
Humbly disappears
And
To the next universities

And lectures
Prepares his way.

Thus
He
Prepares a web of links
Brings
Himself to all Earth
All that he has
He shares

And
Humans hear.
And
Time will come
When in awe
Humans
Will but utter his name.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frontage Of Ancient Houses

face and frontage of
ancient
houses in a line
stretched
and fuming in the
cold
of waters chilled
in the to the frosty
well of suffering:
for day after day
passes ruthless by
straws that burn
incense
temples of waters
in waters reflected
for
well of suffering:
for day after day
passes ruthless by

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frosty Scowl

From the frosty scowl came
The drear, the humdrum of the day.
For
They sung not, nor
Joyful as children with smile
On faces they roamed about Earth.

Furrowed and scowling too
Grew
The face of the scornful Earth
Angry
By vesper-time and
First hours of the reign of
Night.

The doors
Slammed and closed.
The lights went off.
The humdrum day had at
Least finished to yield
To the misty silences of
Rotating figures nocturnal
Not joy but at least
Shiver of the spine
The thrill of night
The stars
The moon
Conquerors of the humdrum
Conquerors of the dreary.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frosty Winter

Frosty winter
old man
old hag
hand-in-hand
passing along
Christmas Street.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frosty, Frosty And Hoar,

Frosty, frosty and hoar,
the winter with his hairs of
white
another Santa Claus inversed and
arrogant

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frowning Moods

frowning moods
brows that furrowed
think
toilers of the woods
and gardens small
around the city old
sleeps
the city old
sleep
the houses on Windmill Street
sleeps
Hastings Gardens and its
trees
leave only the winds to rustle
in them.
nightingales have fallen silent
how energetic in the dusk
they sang amorously!
how energetic!
now the power house of their
energy
is moved away
now
dark, and stealth, and shadows
reign, prevail.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frozen

Frozen

frozen by the bones of
the hand of the skeleton:

and

neighed the wind

and

neighed the wind

and

the black statue on the mount

covered with snow of white

fell

on the snow of white

and the snow of white

fell block after block

as the dominoes:

and

neighed the wind

and

neighed the wind

Emmanuel George Cefai

Frozen Stars

Frozen Stars

These stars are frozen
they are in ill-luck
and out of favor
with the hanging heavens.

Slow building, long suffering
yet
through these nearly fifteen
years
the freezing grew little by
little.

The cup was filled
line by line
till brimming.

My heart tells me.
There is wealth in there,
there be arsenals,
but all be frozen.
That be the key to your
unfortunate misery, unfortunate
Poet-Seer.

These are my stars,
the frozen ones,
an unlucky Poet Seer,
with arsenals all frozen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Fugue Of The Night

the fugue of the night
it began in the dusk
anticipated star light
and circled moon light

the fugue of the night
how sad it plays
yet the heart delights
in sad lays!

the fugue of the night
An orchestra that played
An orchestra of Hedgehogs
in Hastings Gardens played

the fugue of the night
the sea colors have now passed
the brilliant decadence of twilight
the sighs and the whispers however
begin.

the fugue of the night
the wood animals and the wood birds
they hear and their ears they prick
as the smoke of the tune as
the
dun of the notes wafts fading in night

the fugue of the night
how many times the nights
played in old Valletta
how many olden centuries

And olden houses and olden streets
and alleys strait and ancient
remember that fugue of the night
heart broken Valletta, heart broken for centuries!

Funereal

Funereal
funereal goblets
full of poisons
glittering in the moon.

How glisten the colors
of the poisons
in the white stars' light
mirrors!

Night is so.
And my Sub-Conscious prompts
me to wake at night
walk through the streets
alone
hearing the echoes of my paces
pace after pace.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gale Struck

Gale struck

The seas and Oceans
Had already been in tempest

Wind gale force nine

House tops and chimney rattling
Roofs shaking with cold

Trembling the panes and the
Doors creaking

Yet in all this the humans be sleeping.

Gale for three hours

Tempest remaining but Dawn be
Beginning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Galloping, Galloping Night

The night is galloping,
Galloping
On a horse that was bronze
And did move in the day.
The night is galloping,
Mane raised
Directionless and wild
Eyeing now and then
The burning stars
The weakling moon
Thoughts fly as
Hoofs fly.
The airs turn even more
Chill
Frost and snow mix
Undeterred
The night is galloping,
Galloping
Deeper and deeper
Faster and faster
Directionless and wild
Galloping.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Galvanizing

Galvanizing

Terrifying

Petrifying

Electrifying

Mystifying

Tyrannizing

Feminizing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Garage Of Time

In the Garage of Time

Time ticking

Ticking

Slow and

austere

Collects

All

The many failures

And

The little successes

All

All

They will see them

All

When they unlock them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Garners And Arsenals

Garners and arsenals of the
Heavens.

The sheaves of corn wave in the
Airs of heaven.

Sub-conscious wind sings in
Between.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Garrigue

Garrigue

Garrigue in the skies

You have to ascend

Said the cloud

But I will help you

As a Poet Seer'

So started we

Climbing.

Below the Earth rotated

Emmanuel George Cefai

Garrulous

Garrulous yet
In that garrulousness
What wisdom in the night!
The book of night
However
Was opened
Through
The occasional thunder-light
The rumblings
Of beauty and the deafening
Waterfalls
That jump in the moon's
Silver silhouettes rock
To rock
And scream the flying trout
And sleepless bats
The night is wonders!
And
The nights
Lend themselves to the beady
Rosary
Prayers on the penance monks
Barefooted in the cold
Midnight monastery
And
Then
The sudden glories of
Awoken Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gaseous Drink

I heard them drink a
Gaseous drink

And just under the night stars
Whispering

I saw them then each other
Approach

Embrace and then face to face
Dance precise foot to foot so light
Under the old oaks and under
The bright moon's light.

A slender ghost from behind
An ancient tree
Took photos silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gaseous Night Looked On The Waters

Gaseous night looked on the waters
from the dangling cliffs
from the raging waters
from the green mouths of
the white spume:
from the hideous heights
a head floats below in the seas

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gaunt Paced The Shadows On The Walls

Gaunt paced the shadows on the walls
And thick the masonry ancient stood
In that castle with an ancient curse.

Shunned by all, dread floated
As mists in the heavy airs so far
That miles away all humans stopped and turned.

Night braved the fears of the castle cursed
And the moon fled not nor the stars
That from their distances measured their safety

Emmanuel George Cefai

General Of The Skies

General
of
the
skies
descended
now
to
waters
oceans
seas
general
of
waters
seas
oceans
too!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Generation

Generation after
Generation
Suns that rise
Then
Decline
Dusks that red
Bend into nights
Deep in the drinking of
Sadness
And the laments
Whispering of
Ghosts and shrouds
And
Generation after generation
Pass:
Machine
That ruthless moves
Round and round
The wheel
The cycle
And
We absorbed in it
Move with the wheel
And cycle of life
Helpless and irreversible
Just that, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Geography Of Night

In to the
Geography
Of
Night
The
Toddlers
Played
Together
Played
Falling
Rising
On
The carpeted floor
The thick
And dense clad
Room
The
Apartment
Brotherhood
Play
Conspirators benign
Of
Innocence
In
Innocence

Emmanuel George Cefai

German Virtue

German virtue: thinking;
thought

Virtue is a quantum of beauty
high

and beauty is a quantum of virtue
high

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghastly Day Dispelled Slow

Ghastly day dispelled slow from the
extension of the night by the Dawn
whilst
the night dews were still raking
tingingling on
the leaves whereon they fell
and on the frosty sea-sand bathed
by Father Ocean

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghastly Procession

Ghastly procession
faces tall and blank
a little sobbing now and then
the coffin moves
and in the distance bursts
a thunder-cloud

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghastly Shadows

Ghastly shadows
ghastly shadow passing grey over the wall
and
on your head the hat of the priest:
I was confused
in the sub-conscious it was
yet
woke I confused, in part of fear
in part of joy.

ah! time made not priest of the altar, but
priest of civilization yes!

and more.

For sufferings I had for the civilization I
brought forth: suffering, martyrdom, oblivion
even calumny.

What more my Monsignor?

A crown of thorns replaced the laurel wreath;
a cup of envy-poison the cup of Bacchanial mirth.

ghastly shadows
ghastly shadow passing grey over the wall
and
on your head the hat of the priest:
I was confused
in the sub-conscious it was
yet
woke I confused, in part of fear
in part of joy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghost

Ghost

Fir

Oak

Bastions

Sea

Wraiths

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghost Children

Ghost children
Sailing of waves
Of silver to compensate
Attempting
The pain and the heart-ache
In vain!
Too deep the wounds
Too deep the gashes
Too much the blood
Lost
Too much! Too much!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghosts And Shrouds

And
Of a sudden sung the skeletons
Of
Ghosts and shrouds
As
Turkeys clustered in a room
Compressed
And sudden singing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ghosts Of The Spirit

Ghosts of the spirit
They
Mischievous things flew
Flew
Flew through the woods of Eden
For so the desolate place was called
Where a Styx-like river
Flew:
And Boreas like winds from the north
With hail therein
Blew, blew and blew:
And flakes of hail flew
Flew
Like particles of red fire from the forge
The bellows of the Earth
Laboring in tempest:
It was to be expected after all
In that harsh winter, yes, it was
To be expected.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giant Of The Night

Giant
Of
The
Night
Striding
Big
Foot-print
Pace
Walking
Desire
Burning
Inside
Him
Wilder
Than
Wild fire
And
The
Orchestra
Of
Thunder
Goes.
Lightning
And
Chants
Of
Shrouds
Shadows
Ghosts

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giants Shout

Into the heavens shout
As giants shout
There will be echoes from
The heaven's caves
And those are giant too
And silent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gibbets, Gibbets Everywhere

Gibbets, gibbets everywhere
Hanging, hanging everywhere
In the plain

In the plain
All was black prone, all despair
Prone

And there was drear
On the plain sad of sad and
Gruesome things were
There
everywhere

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giddyng Glow-Worm

Giddyng glow-worm
that to-night
has chosen
to turn around
around
as spinning tops
yet glittering
yet glimmering
the same!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giddyng Heights

Lily that hangs
Not weeping from
The giddyng heights
-āthought
-āa Soul
-āa pang

There was a satyr and he
Fled away

There were emotions and
There were the pangs.

Muscled torso
Demonstrator of suffering
The night walks on the rope
Of feeling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gilded Dwell

Gilded dwell
Amidst the blue lights
Of the winter night:
Of the moon light
Of the star light
To us
These be given to joy
The Earth's toy
To us her children:
A heart that joys
More than it grieves:
A heart that pines
At the red dusk
That ecstasies at the new Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giraffes Stranded

neck
digger
of
giraffes
stranded
in
the
sands
then
enveloped
in
the
sands
on windy
night
on
windy
days

Emmanuel George Cefai

Giuliano De Medici

Giuliano de Medici held
A mirror in
His hand all
Jeweled
And in it
Not himself exact
Saw
No, just a Poet Seer
Just that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Give Me Freedom

Let me
Let me
Give me freedom
I want to sing
To-night
My verses on their
Feet
Will cross
The strait and
Quaint street
Off Saint Paul Street
At end
Of Saint Paul Street
To-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Give Me Sleep

Give me sleep
Now
The closing of
Eyes
The slowing of
Breath
The flow of
The sub-conscious
The whitening of
Night
And a long, long
Hours of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Give Me Some More Verses And Complete The Day.

Give me some more verses
And
Complete the day.

For
The day has been drear
The day has been seer

And
I wither as a crunched-up
Leaf
That fallen sere
Has yet passed more time
In the frost
And
In the chill
And purple dooms
That light
The dusky dooms
Before the old knight
Comes.
Before graves yawn
And stir
Before the rise of
Cemeteries
Before
Before.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Give Me The Light, At Least Some, From The Ghost-Light Of The Shrouds.

Give me the light, at least some, from
The ghost-light of the shrouds.

Look how they swim into the sea at night,
This night

Look how others walk on to the sea, and
The waves sing to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Give Me Work

Give me work
Do not give
Money, dross
Coins or wealth
But only
Work
Work
Work

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glacier After Glacier After Glacier

glacier after glacier after glacier
the tempest bound vessel of humanity
went straight ice-breaking
fearless and risking
for what remains my Monsignor
but to risk and risk and risk?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glass Of Sand

Glass of sand
Falling
Blood falling
In the time-glass
Too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glass Shrine

Glass shrine
Before whom snakes
Hiss since the early dawn
Before the night was out.

Slow
The magmas rise
From Earth's interior
Washes

Turbid
In the Earth's entrails
Yet
Outside a calm
Reigns
Earth's mask.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glass Shrine II

Glass shrine
Before whom snakes
Hiss since the early dawn
Before the night was out.

Slow
The magmas rise
From Earth's interior
Washes

Turbid
In the Earth's entrails
Yet
Outside a calm
Reigns
Earth's mask.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glooms

in the sweaty dusk
the glooms
gather

over the plain
cattle
dot the growing
dark

waters gurgle
slow and
dirty
down a gorge

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glorious Rolling Lines

Not
Glorious rolling lines
And rising ends
In verse and song
Of absolute necessity
No,
Keep down,
Keep to just rarity.

The cycle turned
Around
Screamed
The wheel
As it was turning.

In the old monastery
Amidst Gregorian chants
Of middle night
Of Silence,
Incense was burning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glory Of Day

Till noon
The glory of the day
The zenith
Somewhat lifted him
Not
By the glory of it
But
By the passage of
Hours away from Dawn
And nearer to Night:
Ah! we humans have grown
Have become
Controlled by Day
And Light of Sun!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Glow Worms

In
The
Night
There
Come
Glow worms
To
Bring
Light
Whole
Procession
Lift
The
Soul
Soul's
That's
Waning
Rises
Still
Procession
Still
To
See
In
The
Dark
And
In
The
Night
Glow-worms
Glow worms
As
In
Sperm
As
In
Seeds
Whole

processions

Running

All

Blessed

Be

The

First

To

Reach!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Go Back

Go back – go back – to verse
That I wrote thirty years ago
And more:
But is this evolution? – asked my Monsignor
Ah! this is revolution – said the Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Goblin Verses

goblin verses

as

they

chant

here leap

and they leap there

green as green

the hedgehogs flee...

and the night

the

nights

of

stars

hidden

in

the

mantle

far

hidden

in

the

gelid

dews

hidden

in

the

yellow

fruits

hidden

hidden

hidden

frost is dancing

thaw be drawing

night be lighting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Goblins Everywhere

goblins, goblins everywhere
in the green
under the trees

in the waters mid-night
gleaming!

in the moon's lights
spirit beaming!

another world
alternative to the one
that be on Earth
alternative
to here

and
the people streamed in crowds
and
the people out and out
left the towns
left the cities
roamed all round

Emmanuel George Cefai

Goblins Green

Goblins green
Every where are seen
In Hastings Gardens this night
Roaming the star-light
Giggling to the moon's light
A whole feast of them!
Merriment and silent song
Whispered ear to ear
Fruits they brought along
In baskets special
And then hunger getting them
To eat together social throng
They dance not in this night
But roam, wander the light
That the moon and stars throw
That seep through the high boughs
Of the old oaks, tall firs,
Ah! mischievous goblins green
All round the Monument
They gathered clambering
Top middle at the base
No body stops their elfin glee

Emmanuel George Cefai

Goggles

goggles
but
not
in
water
but
against
fires
fires
of
the
dusk
fires
of
desire
fires
of
night
and
of
deep
mid-midnight
the
wind
wrangles
through
the
houses
hit
hooting
as
railways
do
and
when subdued
as
owls
do
hooting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gondola That Sails Silver Now

Gondola that sails silver now
Gold then
On the small woodland stream
Blessed by the moon's silver
Lights:
And the night thrives
And the night goes
And the Dawn arrives

Emmanuel George Cefai

Good Evening My Monsignor

Good evening my Monsignor
it be still winter
and red dusk from home
is relatively not so relevant
reason is akin
to tyrant-type uniformity
away
from that chance and probability
the Fount of Chance and Probability
from which gush as from the breasts
of the woman milk for children:
there gush the waters whose clear
beauty carries in it
the genesis of ideas flowing
new continual and ever-increasing
at which Dogma finding herself
cornered on her own ground
flies away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gothic Castle

Castle of ruins – yet dreams of continued birth!
Though part by part fall every now
And then
The dreams like the mists round it
Rise and rise
And multiply as humans multiply

O! that we humans, we in the least
As this Gothic castle!
At least what we lose on one side
Would on the other be gained and
More, more than gained, my Monsignor!

How thunder vibrates in your roots,
Gothic castle of foundations
Ancient as ancient roots,
Despite
The general dilapidation, yet,
Yet
Holding grimly in the mother Earth.

We too,
We humans must hold on to our roots,
Not
In the general revels of evolution
Our heads grow so much
That we lose hold on our roots.

Who loses
Holds on his roots will slide slow
At first
Then deeper down and faster:
So with us humans:
To this we will be condemned.

Therefore humans let us amend;
Let us look at nobility in the face
Let a percentage always be conserved

Of the old ancient past that
Of all evolution root strong be must.

Falter not human, as the Gothic castle
Be:

See how many tempests, how many
Nights when thundering tore
The Earth and ripped the trees
And yet
The Gothic castle still stood grim
With white face yet brave
In that wild feast of lighting,
Orchestra
Light that comes and goes, so fearful!

You too, human
Must read and must act.
To read and no to act be not enough;
It will increase the pain
It will increase the resentment
When the moment of collapse comes.

Therefore human and Gothic castle
Be as one:
Even in the shrouds and ghosts
That come at night to mourn and
To lament:
Then with them in one general call
Your cry to heaven will rise
A call of Justice to the Earth
And a new Dawn that will soon come
Tempests that abate
Peace, Dawn, Day that come!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gothic Shade

Gothic shade you
Love that nook
The same nook in
The wintry moon.

The silence
Drowns as the chloroform.
Waters propense to freeze.

A blue violet
Grows wild hidden and bent.
The frost discovered her

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gown

In the yellowish gown
Tarnished
Tarnished with so much wearing
The beast came tearing
Across the earth leopard-like
It roamed savage and proud:
And arrogant:
And the moon panted out
Its breath
In fear at the arrogance:
For arrogance on one side
Breeds
Fear on the other: a saw?
Rifle-thin and cutting bayonet-like
The blinding light, the clap,
The rolling, sound that drawled,
The magnificent, unique thunder.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grains Of Time Slip – I Stand Like A Fool

Grains of time slip – I stand like a fool
Or like a phantom for my cheeks grow white
The clock is nigh to strike mid-night
And elves and goblins wild will soon teem here.

The water-mill is running with subdued
And ever-decreasing water-gurglings-low
Still the glow-worms amidst the grasses shine
Like distant planets in cloud of gas
And elves and goblins wild will soon teem here.

Ah! beauty to wrinkles turneth: strength
To trembling palsy turneth irreversible:
And high - on high the north star shines and smiles:
The village-church and village-homes slumber
And cats and dogs and hens and geese
And sheep and all the rest founder in sleep
And elves and goblins wild will soon teem here.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gramophone Of Centuries

the gramophone of centuries
past
it turns and turns
and sounds it cast
the gramophone of centuries
goes slow, relentless
as the clouds
the gramophone of centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grasp The Future

a future
a dream
a Soul
spleen:
I stretch my hands
high to grasp
the future
I grasp
then let go to see
what I have got
find airs
and gases.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grating On Our Souls

The grating on our souls
And us
Continues and continues

Once born
It has not stopped for us!
But beats us in the face
As the sun forceful.

No, I will go
To live in
To the Town of Sorrow.
There
There will be cooler airs
Less grating.
Though their will be
Sadness.
I will mix it with
Nocturnal silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grave

The
Grave
The
Symbol
Must
We
Not
Move
It?
Must
We
Remain
Succumbed
To
Its
Shade?
The
Winters
Weep
Over
The
Graves
But
Immortality
Shuns
Them.
For
In
The
Heart
Of
Immortality
Burns
The torch
Of
Heart
Throbbing
And
We

Have
Lit
The
First
Flame
Of
Immortality
Then
Suspended
It.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grave The Trees Mourned.

Grave the trees mourned.
White the wind sang.
Dark along the steep
And weary cemetery road.
And it was night.

The graves sat still.
The dark played round
The marbles chill
And the small plaques.

Grave the trees mourned.
White the wind sang.
Dark along the steep
And weary cemetery road.
And it was night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gray Figure That Paces

Gray figure that paces
Restless
I saw you in my boyhood
Pacing against the wall
The shadow
The silhouette
And it was grey
And drear night on its way
Was without stars:
Yet restless
Grey the figure paced
Restless
I saw you in my boyhood
Pacing against the wall

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grease

Grease
Grease
Sweat
Sweat of blood
Down
Down
The gibbet
As
The grease
Of May Pole

That was
Suffering:
That was
Suffering.

So manifold
The ways of life
So manifold
The ways of Earth
So manifold
The ways of sorrow
So manifold
The descent of the suffering

And
Still
The trickling of the blood
The slow
Slow trickling
Because
After all
So manifold
The ways of sorrow
So manifold
The descent of the suffering

Grease
Grease

Sweat
Sweat of blood
Down
Down
The gibbet

Emmanuel George Cefai

Great Edgar Allan Poe

Great Edgar Allan Poe so dreamy
In his greatness:
For so in love with that word
Dream
He precisely reads both Earth
And Universe and Brain:
Albeit through intuition:
And according sings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Great Waves Of Mists

There were
Great waves of mists
And celestial body dust
Passing
As the rains fall
They moved throughout
The heights
In rhythmic dance
In uniformity:

There were the nights.
These were
The thrills.
The waters stood
Transfixed
Dancing round
Castles:
The salt was fresh
So
Fresh
You would wipe it at
Your mouth.

There must be
At least
And there was
The at least.
Furniture and waters
Blew niter
they were
of heaven and
they
were
of earth

O happy sloth
Dreamer
Of empires

Genesis of
Tongues
Of prophecy
Then
Firmer tongues:
philosophy/

Till science do us
Part
They became
One of it
Too.

Shuddered the teeth
As
Trails and silhouettes
Of ghosts and
Lovely shades:
Glades plush and slothful
There was here
Marion, I saw her
With half her teeth,
A maid,
Left on the shop rack,
So to say cruelly,
Yet
Still so beautiful cunningly!

There was still a tree
That in the garden
Had not resigned
To rest
On it a
Whole orchestra of
Birds
Sounded
Played
Still
Still
Still.

It was
The tree of nightingales
The tree of owls not
Singing
But utterers of wise
Saws:
Other birds gathered
Though
Not so numerous as of
A kind:
Around the garden
Stretched
Its perimeter of lamp-posts
Round stood the houses
And
They were clanking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Green Eye Civilization

green eye civilization
new
and principled and built
on foundations ancient:
the more solid that
for
civilization on civilization previous
will to build

Emmanuel George Cefai

Green-Faced Goats

Milk
Of
The
Green-faced
Goats
That
Wander
On
The
Pastures
Of
Metal
And
With
Eyes
All
Open
Blare
Their
Way
Milk
Of
The
Green-faced
Goats

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gregorian Chant

Rang the Gregorian chant

Around the people looked and
Stared vacant

A cluster of crickets
Unwanted by the Night
Burnt at the stake
Of thorny bushes

A boar with red restless breathing
Passed by

An ox had
Been on the assume trail
Since early dusk
Though red of dusk
Through
Fading of dusk
Then
Faded itself.

Pique was on the dusty roads
Between whom?

The stars and the moon?

Follow disruption of nights
Breaking of the panes of
Reference frames

IN an existential dimension
My friend
You suffer
You prayed
As a martyr
Suffering, burn

Gregorian Chant Of Sudden

Gregorian chant
Of sudden broke
In that tunnel of
The dusk
The trombone vast
Throughout the
Mass universe.

Blossom of eyes
Sudden
Hear! The forges of
The cemetery are at work
And
It be deep night
On a spring night.

In vague mists
Swim
The unmoving trees
Of the old cemetery
Of the wild
Red eyes

Kerim di
Xerest ghi
Warent su
Kolint klu
Erstan mo
Celik so
Entered pi
Sit phi
Veslint mere
Yolant tere

The night was incubus

But now smells quiet

Hear! The monks sing
Gregorian song aloft
Dreams great and noble
In the background soft.

Warent su
Kolint klu
Erstan mo
Celik so
Entered pi
Sit phi
Veslint mere
Yolant tere

The morning will be still?
It was as of night
And
Spied on many things
In night
It will talk
It will talk
As soon as night
Is out
And Dawn safe installed
And
The new day.

These motions be
Those of our Earth
That prevail
Over economics
Power glory

Let them put it to the test
A duel
In the cemetery!

Warent su
Kolint klu
Erstan mo
Celik so
Entered pi

Sit phi
Veslint mere
Yolant tere

Hear! The monks
Gregorian chant
Are still singing
Hear! Hear!
You can touch
The glory and the great
With your bare hand
Even
Out of your grave

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grey Face

I
Heard
The
Grey
Face
Of
The
Rocks
Of
Earth
Crack
Crack
Crack
And
From
The
Multiple
Crevices
Saw
I
Tear
After
Tear
Glow
Unto
A
Sea
Saline
Of
Tears
Slide
And
Blow.
I
Saw
I
Heard
I
Saw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grief!

That was what I heard
traveling from
Ghargur to old Valletta.

Grief!

that was what echoed in my brain.

thought that followed on thought
in Dantesque train.

that night I slept
it rained
and thunder woke me

through the window-panes
the white light flashed
over me and went.

I woke in terror.

Grief!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grim

Grim

Came the verses

Yesterday

Though it was night

And night was soft

Silky

The air flowed and in

Between the rocks and

In the caves

Entering it sighed

And whispered

Conspirator of the night

Canine in caves

Some rocks jutted.

The day was far:

The reign of Night

Kept Dawn away

Slighted the Dusk

To fading.

On his head

Night kept his crown

Sometimes with

Strong hand

Despite the winds

Blowing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Grit And Cobbled Stones

On the grit and cobbled
Stones that led
To the beach pebbles
The swooning Soul
Lay upwards
Looking
Looking
In to heavens' face
And
It was fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gruesome Carnival Nocturnal

I was in it.
For I had
Dressed myself
A Centaur in the
Motley crowd.

Squirrels and hedgehogs
Bones and skeletons
Lizards erect, walking
Glow worms of the night
And flowers bent and
trudging
Figures dark and folded
So many, so many
So many, so many

All joyful
In the stealth of night
All guilty
As if stealing life.
All gruesome
To each other's
Head
Not speaking:
All
Following all
As be impelled
And I
I
Following too
My Inner Soul
In to gruesome carnival
And march
Melted and became
AS one
With It,
The gruesome carnival.

Grumbling Our Way

we humans
have a way of grumbling our way
to the ever annoying round and
round of cyclicity.

we have excuse for as Ixion
we go up and fall
go up and fall again

be it condemnation
or sheer chance and accident?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gryphon Clouds

Gryphon

Clouds

Heavy

Crown

Groans

Groans

Urban

Jungle

Everywhere

Smokes

Last

In

Rural

Jungle

Emmanuel George Cefai

Guitar Of Beauty

Guitar of beauty
in the notes that make
out of the red bare raw desert sand
rise first clouds of sand that then
turn into mists of dancing
nymphs
guitar of beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Guitars Whose Chords Move

Guitars
Whose
Chords
Move
Into
The
Night
Whose
Trembling
Hearts
Waver
As
Nocturnal
Flags
Night
Rises
Here
Night
Rises
Old
Night
Plays
Guitars
And
Packs of
Cards

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gutter Of The Stars

gutter of the stars
waters
that dissolve and
dance
perpendicular
simultaneously
parallel
beauties in a
horrid night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gyrate And Go

Round and
Round
The circular
Round the clock-hand goes
And goes

As it with pressure
On their toes
The hands wild
Gyrate and go.

Then they stopped.
For they saw
Me
And to salute me
They stopped
Their gyrations circular
And out of the clock they
Popped
Waving
Waving
Waving hands

Emmanuel George Cefai

Gyrations Waters

Further
Down
Gyrations
Waters
Falling
Galleons
Scything
Waves
Restless
Angered
Heavens
Waters
Steam-clouds
Night-clouds
Love
Love
Love
Dark
Dark
Dark
The
Night
Be
Starless
Tonight
See
That
Skeleton
In
The
Holes
Of
Its
Eyes
Has
Lights
So
Charged
That

Looking
At
The
Skeleton
Almost
Blinds
Me:
Hear!
Hear!
Hear!
There's
Thunder
In
The
Emotions
Then
A
White
Figure
Resplendent
Passes
Beauty
Without
Fear
Close
The
Eyes
Come!
It's
Over!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ha! How Many Fears Will There Be

Ha! How many fears will there be
How many frights! A whole year!
And I will rise from this drudgery?
Behind the bars of Misfortune,
I in the Prison of Misfortune dwell
Just as in other prisons, if not worse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Habit Of Sweet Kisses

into the habit of sweet kisses
now
I have grown wild and
tied blindfolded to rotating
love:
here and there I hit
and
instead of pain sweet joy
I find:
so
Cupid let me so
thrive
and you Venus lovely too
though
my maid be as white and
as lovely too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Had I For Long Years Despised All Witchery

Had I for long years despised all witchery
And feared witches' brooms and witches' flights
More than the fires of hell, Siberian frosts.
But now by necessity in corner brought
What hath I despised so and formerly
Now dearly want and long I for the call
Of witches meetings in the silent night
When silent fauns dance and dark frogs croak
That might I know and learn what love
And my heart's beatings point and indicate
Yet in their throbbing utter fail to show:
Thus blinded I to witches' cottage go
What hath I despised so and formerly
Now hold to my heart embracing full.

Ah! Necessity, necessity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hail Mist Of Night! Though Mixed In Light

Hail mist of night! though mixed in light
Of the benign moon therein it hides
The first of seven wonders you will see:
Lo! Merlin emerges from the mist
With book in hand and magic wand.
He speaks not: but shakes his wand
And from a mist another mist is born
And Aeolus emerges with a lute in hand.
Look! Soon the airs will change, faster
The winds already blow, though not a tempest,
The neighing of the winds around the bastion-walls
Makes magic melody unheard by human ears
And this is all for you.

Lo! the trees shake, how tremble slowly the leaves:
As when the cymbals in fast numbers flow
So the leaves tremble in their sound as
The new winds flow through them:
There is a music in that colonnade
Of firs and oaks. And magic reigns
The colonnade
Lights of itself by magic hands invisible.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Half Moon

Half moon

The verses once started

Keep coming as flowing

Water kept coming stained

With blood of ancient warrior-men

Moaning and

Rattling of skeletons

Dour light

In the red dusk mirrored

Shines a magic twilight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Half The Year's Past Said The Poet Seer

Half the year's past said
The Poet Seer

On a hard rock he sate and
Stretched below the town
And the white buildings
Distant glimmering.

And little
Little below the men around
They sate to hear
They sate themselves.

For
Half the year's past said
The Poet Seer.

Two days more and we be
In to the other half
Albeit this year!

And we have survived for one
Half
But ah! how must we
Strive
To go the other half!

As going to wars
As going to the jousting tournament
Where a victor smiles
And
Another motionless lies.

There we be going.

The heart only holds
But beats
Throbbing
Throbbing.

The times frown as dark clouds
And more.

And the day bends her
Head
And the first chill feel I
The Poet-Seer
Said.
And sighed the crowd that
Heard.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Halloudi The Greek

Out of seas
Halloudi the Greek
Came

Laden with wares
In his cart
Drove he.

'Out of the seas
From a land by the seas
These be'

So said he
And chanted merrily.

Some of those passing
Stopped
Then saw

Then gathered round
And looked and looked
And picked now this
Now that

Then some – just some
They bought
'How much? '

'Ah! those things priceless be
For they be of the sea
But for you just an euro passes'

'Euro! ' they exclaimed
And bought

Of those who bought many
Fell wondering
Spoke words wise but not

As before:

Said their friends

'Halloudi! Halloudi the Greek! '

'Let's go to him! , ' and marched

Then in a stairs to a wooden bridge

They found Halloudi curled

Like a sack and he moved not

Touched him they and he

Moved not

Shook him they and he

Moved not

Mourned they:

'Halloudi! Halloudi the Greek! '

Emmanuel George Cefai

Halogen In The Night

A veil of halogen
This night
Stretched

In the immense heavens
As it ever-extended
Thinner it became

Said the heavens :
'Here we make laws
And Principles'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hamlet Of The Ghosts

Hamlet of the ghosts
Town of lamentations
Nocturnal

Bones
Scattered in the dust
Of footpaths.

Bighi lights
Come
Go
And ghosts and shrouds
Go round and round
Dantesque circle
It be night
Nocturnal the spell
Nocturnal the dance!

Paces
Pace after pace
Drop after red
Drop
Of blood
Falling
Falling
Falling

Into the silences of
Still emotions
Still not asleep
Pace after pace
Drop after drop

Bighi lights
Come
Go
And ghosts and shrouds
Go round and round

Dantesque circle
It be night
Nocturnal the spell
Nocturnal the dance!

Chains
Chains moving
Chain after chain
Moving
Cars starting
I looked from the window
It was night
And no car in the street
Was moving.

Vampires
Night bats
Dracula
Teeth
Teeth
Teeth dripping blood
Corridor of drop after drop of blood
Bath of blood and water

Lights
Lights that come
And go
Intermittent
Pulpit of a ghost
That preached fearlessness
Even though Dawn
Was coming in from the
Gothic window slits
And the first lights were
Brimming.

Decay and age
They in a corner stood
Danced in the night
In the small church
By candelabras lighted dim
The sovereign Principles.

Snake that hungry
Out over the dust and
Humus
Crept in to the church
To look for food and
Found
Cockroaches paralyzed in fear
Asphyxiated in that paralysis
Of fear
As we, as we humans
Then having had his fill
The snake slid out
On his belly in the dust and
Floor but fast
The snake
Slid as us humans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hammer

Of verse

I sing and I hammer

I just hammer

And with every hammer blow

Sparks a new verse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hand

The hand
That wrote
Lines of horror
It wrote
In charcoal on the wall
In black
In Earth
It wrote a
Destiny
It wrote
It wrote

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hand Of Treachery

There was the hand of
Treachery

There was the hand of
Cruelty

There was the hand of
Ruthlessness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hand That Moves Round

Hand
That moves round

Hand
That moves high

There is a wine
Dripping
Dripping
From the heavens

The Sub-Conscious
Here in the night
Is king.

The human
Obeys the Sub-Conscious
The root of his
Conscious Civilization
Dawn comes
The human reigns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hands Only

Hands only

No figure

No body

No feet

The hands

The steering of the ship

The ship of night

Manned just by hands!

For ah!

In to the land of mists

It goes

And there

Hands only

No figure

No body

No feet

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hands Stretched

Hands stretched
Hands stretched
On the deck of the heavens
To reach the night of stars
And of the voluptuous white moon

The dawn is sensuous turning and
Overturning on her downy couch.

The day is closing
But
Till midnight deep
Strikes
Its ominous peals
The day drags on:
The end still comes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hanged Man Where Are The Words

Hanged Man where are the words
That from the balcony you said?
And the crowds applauded?
This world works like that.
This machine
Draws us in it like a sump
Like as if we put a hand in the
Washing machine:
It minces us, it minces us

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hanging Bat

The Hanging Bat

He hanged

Out of his will

Yes

He hanged

Clawing his way

Desperate

Desperate to live

And thrive

As then so

Many crowds

As the Hanging Bat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hanging Cloud

A hanging cloud
Tonight
Over
The city frowns.
The red dusk it obscures.

The hanging cloud
Lead colored and tank mannered
Speak not
But glares arrogant below.

I
I Poet Seer
Exchange
Glances with her
Glances unwelcome
But
Undeterred
The Hanging Cloud over the City
Stays
Lets not go the rope of its intent
To drown the tired city in
The rains and tempests and the
Gales
Look! They be gathering!
The leaves fly and whirl
Round
Others
From the trees and the bough
Are stripped
Cruelly
By the sadistic Hanging Cloud:
That's the beginning:
Only
That's the beginning
A new Dawn will then count
The harm of night.

Happy City Night

up the stairs
Down the stairs
through one street
another
on the yearning night-bridge
the people
came to old Valletta

even coming
music in the airs floated
and
the glance on the skies
high with fireworks
and colors
went:

the old arch of Valletta
felt
underneath it pass
and re-pass
the flow of thronging crowds

who talked
who drank
who joked
who more serious walked
who in family
who alone
who in friends
who in groups
the large crowd
swelled and chirped.

airplanes of colors
bright and
several
passed over the
skies:
the people looked

the people wandered
the people cheered.

Ah! how many days
rare to the working crowds
the crowds propense and
determined
to enjoy
to their working days
in as proportion direct.

Time came.
Time was.
Time flew.
The end of the festivities
and shows
at last though late
came.
the crowds that thronged
as snow in the sun's
light
began dissolve
till
by the sea and shore
not one pace made.

for me
life in youth
was the opportunity after
opportunity that I spurned
for work I choose
alas! too absolute.

and now
and now
the payment for those times
pay I
the sad headaches
the pierced heart
the fierce despairs
all these remain
now.

these remain

Emmanuel George Cefai

Happy City Night II

The night is happy
Tonight
Gather
The
Crowds
By
The
Water
Spectacles
Music bands on stages
The face
Of
The
Old
Fort
Burning
With image after image
Projected:
The crowds
Chirp wild
And happy as birds
Let out of their
Cages:
Happy City!
Ancient town!
Splendid
Dazzled-eyed beauty!
Old Valletta!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hard On The Night Walls

Hard
Hard on the night walls
We struck and knocked
We knocked
Then
Seeing that the tower opened not
We shouted wildly
'Ho! Open! Open! '
But silence was and silence still
Remained.
That increased our desperation.
The more we knocked and shouted
The more silence
Stood.
Our misery grew cyclical.
And the night cheekily
Withdrew its dark cape first to a
Grey
And then to the white splendors of the Dawn
And we stopped knocking
And we stopped shouting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hard Work!

Hard work! Hard work!
Condemned full
All the years of all
My life
All the days
And
All the months
All the years
And more
And more
As a train that tired
Grows
As age more inside
It grows
Yet
In this cage of such hard work
Since my boyhood I entered
And
I entered with my will
Shut up the rest all outside
Saw sometimes outside
But in
The cage of work stood in
And
As these verses and these songs
Read you, friends,
As the Principles of the sciences
The plays, epics, lyrics throng
Economics, social sciences all along
And the rest
That all points of civilization touch
At its lows and at its best:
Remember this,
I have been for years all long
As this
And will I think so remain
In the cage of work and work

Hardens The Ice Under The Pinions

Hardens the ice under the pinions
of hard-hearted frost and gales
and winds hurled by Boreas:
but ah! your look freezes more
than these
more hurts, more hardens to its cold

Emmanuel George Cefai

Harp On The Ground

Harp on the ground
Heavy.
Lyre too
Resting her head
On the soil
Dreaming
So long awaiting.

Behind
The coppice that
To the fast growing woods
Arising high
And higher yet
Transforms.

A Poet Seer
Silent inspects
A few sea shells
Brought
Up by the sea-waves
And Ocean's roar.

Wanes the silent
Day.
The birds sing
Not
Though in the trees
They hibernate
One night at least.

And the owl
With her greasy eyes
Looks far
Afar
Over the shore
Over the waves
The seas
The Ocean's gore.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hasting Gardens

I came to Hasting Gardens now
Today.

For man the human has full right
To breathe the air as free
Always in life
And see the pining dusk
Enjoy the night of stars
The winds, tempests and rain
The rising of the Dawn
These be
Fundamental human rights
As any other and more.
They be too irreversible, irreplaceable and
Unrenouncable.

And
Therefore I hied me to these gardens
So to scent
In the wild scent of flowers and of
Trees
In to the cries and songs of owls and
Nightingales
In to the sights of hedgehogs crossing
Fast
Between hedge and hedge along the
Way:

Long have suffered throughout life
Work nullified by malice, enemies
Who lazy but malicious triumph,
To all length they arrive:
Together join
They have arrived, I not
And took by stealth
And I have lost through stealth
What I worked for.
That's part of Earth.

Here
Here in this temple of the Soul
My Soul finds rest
And wills the other Souls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hasting Gardens Dance This Night

And the crowds sing - earth
Rings!

And violins play - dusk
Goes away!

And trees in Hastings Gardens dance
This night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunted

Haunted
And
Haunting
Beauty
In
Its dazzling eyes
Though
Night
Lust for
Next day
Next Dawn
Next light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunted House

i.

into the haunted
house
before the first dusk
in the heavens
lit
they went inside.

ii.

creaked the old doors
and
as they passed
they cut the cobwebs
that for centuries
hung
how musty the smell
of every room
the whole house rang
as a whole sordid tomb.

iii.

came dusk and red
then redder glared
and redder
its cheeks blared
till
in the dark
outside
all buried was in night
and dim
lit by star-light

iv.

now
when the moon climbed

over the clouds defeating
them
then light more white
shone dim yet more
in that house

v.

with them lights and lamps
and torches brought
and
every corner they
espied more and more
cobwebs in the way

vi.

no sound no sights
in that house
they wandered why
it haunted was
and how:
for nothing haunted
had they seen all time

vii.

so stayed they
whiling impatient hour
after impatient hour
passed:
the old clock
midnight struck;
of sudden a sharp
wind arose
around the staircase
and in the rooms around
it shed its chilly hand
without a sound

viii.

looked they white at
each other's face
of white:
they felt
the floors below move
yet they saw no
cracks
in floors or roofs
yet felt and feared.

ix.

till
one shouted: 'Look! '
He pointed – and
A pair of blood stained
Hands
Was moving slowly near
Alone as cut:
With scream they rushed
Out of that house

x.

once out they breathed
relief in the night air
though chilly was:
and
as they closed the door
inside
they heard laughs horrid,
screams thin and taut,
creaks and language foul.

xi.

closed the door
sped they together
holding:
and then soon
in the welcome home
and welcome bed

refuge and safety sought
till Dawn yet again
announced another day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunted Nights I Have Grown To Love

Haunted nights I have grown to love
Depart not with the winter, though
Winter has not yet come but on the brink
Wavers already in the drizzly rains,
And the occasional thunder nocturnal

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting

Haunting
Haunting the winds
Tonight
See how even
The electric poles
Sing
And the wood are
Sounding as the seas
Or as Father Ocean
When enraged he be
And restless.
Though frost and cold
And drizzles of rain
Splice at intervals
The ghosts and shrouds
Together tremble
Set off
The cold with
The enjoyment of the mid-night scene:
And from afar
Not distant quite there
Shines
In a hazy net of rain drops
Through a short fog
Trembling and vivid and
Naked in the night
Haunted and haunting
Old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Bell

Haunting bell
There be a green dressed
Human
In the loft of the tower
There be a Poet Seer
Ring
Ring by night
Haunting bell
And let
The shadows grey
Of ghosts and shrouds
The walls of the tower
Stain
Haunting bell
There be a green dressed
Human

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Fountain

The fountain haunts
And
There's its freedom
It chuckles
It laughs
It weeps
It sings
It gargles thirsty as
The summer rocks
Before touched by
The torrents of the rains
In winter.
The fountain is not
Deep
But how
The waters echo
Moved!
Thrills as cold and
Snow and frost
Loud
As loud hailers or the
Roaring frost
Or Ocean when aroused in anger
Rolls:
For haunted
Haunted be
The fountain
Teems with spirits,
Nymphs, ghosts,
Shrouds and all
The rest
A motley crowd
Yet what a crowd:
They said
They saw old Merlin
There once too
And Paracelsus too;
And the Knights of the Round Table
Lurked

And once the sword Excalibur
Stood up
Erect in it
Yes, my Monsignor
And looking on was kingly Prospero:
The haunted fountain!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Haunting

Haunting
haunting
down the glooms

haunting
haunting
graves and tombs

cemeteries that light
in the middle of a night
torches that go round
cemeteries held and bound
by ghosts and shrouds

So verse speaks
but ah! in dreaming

The Sub-Conscious further
speaks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Lines

Haunting
Haunting lines
Haunting, haunting
Paradise
Of
Cascading lines
Glimmering in their
Brilliance gold!

Haunting
What a word!
Even wisdom fore it
Trembles
And Hope takes color
To face
And the sick stir and
Arise.

Haunting
That be beauty!
That be dawn!
That be brilliance
All forlorn
And see,
Beauty walks the streets
See who will, this very night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Moved The Figure In The Night

Haunting moved the figure in the night
Trembled with fear the oak, the chill
Gripped the tall fir,
Trembled the ground of the garden
And the moon by small steps danced
As many a night star
In to that haunted night
The haunting figure moving in that sight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Nights

Haunting nights
nights Oriental
scented-smoke
and the lights
that come and go
and
the petals ope and
close
haunting nights
nights Oriental
scented smoke!

Age is weary
fading sadness
even dusk turns
to pining and madness
serene night and the still moon
brought not gladness.

in the temple
monks scant colored
censers move
the smoke arises
to the temple's roof
and heavens:
haunting nights
though not in winter
yet so long as
Beauty thrives
haunting nights as well
as be
in the heat of the
wild summer!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Haunting Nights By Garden Scents

Haunting nights
by
garden scents

to
the brimming eyes
looking to
a cusp of stars
that all white
burn and shine bright

haloes
that on land and sea
restless sea
come and go

haunted trees
by satyrs, fauns
and no less
the scarce-clad nymphs

and
no less the sounds of night
in the silence deep and loud
Snores at times sovereign night
laughs and chuckles
the sweet Dawn
then arising her from reclining
in full beauty
hies to Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hawk

Hawk
That flies
Along the barrier lines.

The seas grow white faced.

The water rise.

The rivers overflow.

The Dawn is on the warpath.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Asked Me

He asked me
The man with the bright eyes
He asked me:
Why speak you
So much of the night?

Pensive fell I
Then
With a spark
And as a spark
Responded I:

'For night at least
Opiates the material world
Opiates the material powers
Opiates the material soul
Opiates the material cruelty
Opiates the pains of injustices'

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Brought A Torch

He brought a Torch
It was in hand
Trembling
Yet
Strong he held
High
The Torch of Burning Light!

Wandered around
And roamed around
The neighing winds
Almost gales
But the Fire only
Grew and flew
And flew and grew!

Torch of the Burning Light
In heaven raised so high
For all races and States
Nations countries and men
For us
For humans
Torch of the Burning Light
The winds struggle around
The ancients obstacles shore
And thousand and more
Burning irons prick
The aching feet to
Torment and to pain
Suffering
Suffering
Lord of the savage ring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Came From Foreign Lands

He came from foreign lands
And in the silent
Mourning
Be the epilogue:
The curtain rent falls down
Ends human dialogue.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Dips Him In The Night

He
Dips
Him
In
The
Night
And
In
That
Water
Becomes
Mist
Reversible
In
The
Dawn
When
Rises
He
To sing
The
Lark
Of the
Dawn
Skies!

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Drank

he drank and drank
and shouted loud: Hurrah!
in his own tongue:
alone he sate and saw and
smiled
the sea before him stood and
underneath the rock bound
cliff
as a king he felt drinking
the water
drinking
drinking
till round he saw the fading
sun turning
and the clouds and bay arms
turning
turning
turning
smiled he at first
rose like a child
but failed his feet
and fell
and he moved not
and he drank not

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Feigned

He feigned
Weakness he feigned
And then
When the time came
His strength he showed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Fell

He fell
All torn
All blood
First moved
Moved slow
Then ceased

A withered field
Now seeping blood
Corpses and cadavers
A brown of red
Thousands lay there
Not all in wholes

Dullness of thought
Bleak drear of clouds
Waning of day
Screaming of wraiths
The Earth feels sad
Today!

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Felt Behind Him

He felt behind him
The pawing above
And he recoiled
Till
Habit made him
Immune-indifferent
Through thunder
Bound in forest trees
And in the woods outside
The sleeping town
The knight stunned
Escaped and fled
From the city ancient:
The oven and
The forge of
Witches distant-sited
Each from each
In to the thicket forest
That night
That night
Of all nights.
Of nights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Had A Big Heart

Big and large
For human girth
But he had known
The sufferings of a brain
Torn and lacerated
The traumas of life
One after one
Had tasted.
He had the finger numbed
By ice in climbing
He had the eyes that
Trembled in the frost
He had the brain that ached
Long nights of thinking
He had the brain that ached
Long nights of working.
He had
He had
The human.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Had Lived Long

He had lived long
He had lived long
By his calculations
By his inclinations
He had lived long

ii.

For in his hand
He had the key
That he had found
To Immortality
As the fire Prometheus
Found so he
Had been the first to
Calculate Immortality

iii.

How worked he
On it!
As a dream
Subconsciously
The years passed by
Year after year.

iv.

Tired and bent
With work he grew
Tired and bent
With work he grew
And tired thus
Planned calculated
To cease his work
Suspend Immortality

v.

He had begun with life
Itself
In his works that was
First
And key after key
To doors all locked
He found before
That with such keys
He could unlock
Door after door

vi.

Bare before him
Lay life its Principles
Before
Those in it saw mysteries
Now saw mechanics and
A methodology
A way of work to add to
And increase
And engineer and mend
Where mending should
Before him lay
He worked all day
He thought all day
Of Immortality

But he had not
Reached Immortality
As yet
Though the first cry
The first flame
Had lit.
As yet, as yet.

How strong he was
In muscles ran
In flower of youth

And yet again
Even in middle age
He ran and ran

As he matured
His strength decreased not
As he matured to middle age
His brain shone more
More brilliant than
In youth shone it.

And as a crown
Of an emperor
Of empery with jewels
Full dense one by one
Dense one on one
Shone the crown
How ravishing!

As in a blaze
He trailed the skies
As in a blaze
The heavens trailed he
But with all this
Older he grew
Yet he had not found
Nor completed he
His work on immortality

Of life's delights
He wary grew
Lost appetite
And misery
Around him
Began to grow
So drew back he

He slowed his work
That was at first
Then more and more
Slowed he
Then came the point
The time he ceased
To work and work
On Immortality

Ah! how his heart
Ached sad and weary!
How his heart mourned
Funereal in look was he
The years of youth
And further back
Of middle age had flown
And lone was he.

he grew and grew
obese and fat
yet had not lost
his brilliancy
his brain still worked
as a machine as was
when young was he.

and in his heart
he mourned and mourned
though other work
from all civilization he
still he produced
he had abandoned
his immortality.

Ah when Prometheus
Punished was
By angry deities
For stealing fire

And this all this
Not keep for him
But give humanity!
So was our man, so he!
Self-Immolated for All
Self Immolated for the Rest
Self-Immolated for Humanity

No human recognized
His work and this
Gave him pain
More than all things
More
Than all pain
More than all suffering
Of Prometheus he.

He suffered, humanity smiled
And laughed
Turned on the wheel of
A drear life
But carried on
From father to son
Generation to generation
And fatherless was he!
Prometheus paled to see
How soft his punishment
Compared to this.

From left to right
In walking he
He swung as in a reverie
Of the sub-conscious he
And in his face a drear
A paleness grew
At his fatherless ness
And of all years that flew
Of age and loss of strength
He had so much in youth

He swung as in a reverie.

As in a horrid dream
In horrid nights all wintry
He walked as confused
And night on night
Night after night
More horrid were, more
Drear, more sad, more
Heart that broke
Was he.

In to this misery
He still toiled on
But lost appetite to toil
For Immortality
Though still on his lips
He said he stuttered
'Ah! Immortality! '
And his hand trembling
Wrote as yet
Of immortality.

A flame he set
A flame lighted he
A flame to Immortality
He had set the tune
Yet humanity danced not
With broken eyes
With broken heart
Looked he.

As Hus and Wycliffe lit
Their flame so he:
Yet in his flame
All union was
All union for humanity
And full enjoyment

Of immortality!

With what he made
From all his toil
He had reaped misery:
And an immortality
He lit but enjoyed not
Towards the graves
Towards the tombs
To roam he started
In to cemeteries.

For in the while
His father lost
Then years after
All this pain
His mother lost
And all alone
He suffered misery.

Of night, of day, count
Lost he
But just continued to
Toil and toil continued he!
And of the stars he had
To look on summer nights
At least yet failed
And in the winter blasts
Till midnight working he
In a small light
He racked his brain
And made a summit
Of all his misery!

To lose! To lose You
Loser be!
Shouted Voices that
Hounded him

Clamored Voices that
Haunted him:
And in a little break
He had - from time
To time - his house
He paced lone and solitary
In pain, in misery!

And at long length
The Voices round
Those Voices cruel
To grow begin:
He saw his end
He wished the end
And saw the end begin.

The end! That was a phrase
That was a word
Contrary to Immortality!
He that had lit the flame
Of Immortality
Had come and cornered been
To all this misery?
But ah! alas! so the tale
Goes
So calculated he.

Yet in all this he
Still held to him, his
Heart the cross of pain
The cross of suffering
For Immortality.
For it still yearned
Of it still loved
Still though in such a
Misery.

His heart it ached

Ached more than human
Could ache
His heart grew sick
His heart grew weak
And the strong breath
The strong breathing
He had before
Grew weak.

To night, to night
One night he heard
Distinct whispering
A Voice first, Voices
Then, one after one,
He heard, he felt and
Heard again, again.

'Come with me! Come! '
Said a Shroud a Figure
Thin airy and tout:
'Come with me come
My son, I pity you,
And pain with you,
Suffer with you.'

Around he turned
The echoes heard
Dear to him he
Recognized his mother's
Voice so long
She had spoke long to him!
Her eyes were closed
Her coffin made
And she lay straight
And she moved not.

Around, around
He turned and said

'My Mother! ' then
He choked no more
Of words would say:
But in his brain
Thoughts flooded in
And all his brain
His mother read
All, all within.

Her words had been
Just a few words:
But in the cup of misery
He gathered them
To him a balm
He closed his eyes
His throat was parched.

But at long last
He had found words
; I come! ' he said
'My mother dear!
To your side I'
He spoke not more
For inside him
He felt a joy, a
Sweetness not seen before
Not held before
And his Soul, he
His Inner Soul he felt
A joy, redemption felt
And as with wings from
Earth in levitation
His flesh weary had fallen
And his way up
Up to the heaven
Now had begun.

Alone, alone, with his
Hand in his mother's

He to the high heavens
Ascended he
The heavens smiled
The clouds of fleece
All white all opened
Had:
And in his soul
His aching soul
He felt a joy a remedy
A justice due and to be done
For all his misery.
Sweet sounds heard he
Music of thousands of
Violins; and Voices
Sweet whispered around
Discernible yet without sound
He looked around
He saw, he felt,
His chains experienced
All falling down
As light as joy
And light as light
Was he
And received he
In a Heaven of Light
Wise, brilliant, civilized
And on a throne near
His mother sate he.
A tale! A tale you see
My Monsignor!
A reverie!
It asserted was so
It all asserted be.
The tale is closed
My Monsignor. The tale
Is closed, the book is
Done, the chapters writ,
The tale is closed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Lost

He lost Time
Time went round him.

He snarled at Time
As it went round
Snake-like.

Yet
Time heeded not him
More round and round
It went

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Loved The Gothic

He loved the Gothic
Once at least
I read his verses.

Said so expressly.

Then
Queried the Monsignor –
Why be so ruthless?
Why of barbarian days
He be?
Why locks he Pity?

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Opened His Sea-Green

He opened his sea-green
eyes
looked on the tranquil
sea
but ah! inside was so
tempest-torn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Played

He played

He played

And I passed through the

Street

The music heard walking slow

And sad

And I continued walking

Sad

And the music played

Played sweet to sad as I walked

Sad.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Protected Us

He protected us
in the rough weather sheltered us
now
he goes to the rough
weather himself
to pray for us

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Replies Not When You Taunt

Because now he replies not
when you taunt

and you will feel perplexed
and you will be frustrated

because when you tell him bad
news, he moves not

because when you praise him he
will not smile

nor his breast heave with humble
pride

No, no, he will just watch; he
will just fall.

No. no, he will be silent even
though you crack

a joke that will burst the
sides

he will not move, he will not
speak, he will not give back

you will frustrated and nervous
yourself feel at his civilization

you even take from him, this or
that, or all, and he moves not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Saw That Among The Twists

He saw that among the twists and
turns
he saw life pilgrim-walking
pilgrim-walking through the country
roads
throwing a little dust from its feet
on lonely nights when the moon
white came out

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Saw The Misery

He saw the misery
and
he knew suffering
from
each new dawn to pining
dusk
and
in the night
the night stars brought to him
the light of Ideas New with
increased suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Shouted From The Distance

Then he disappeared
For he was running

Away! Away! The azure diamond
On its feet tiptoes
Toad that bears topazes

Twinkling of a hedgehog
A glow worm rising
On its tiny feet

A panda crossed the road.
A squirrel shot an orange
Color and left
The traces of his pacers in the dust
Of country roads.

We
Humans not only we
Even these
The animals
The plants
Even these

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Slid Down And He Fell

He slid
Down
And he fell
And
As he fell
Gushed the dark
Blood
Still red

And fell he to the floor
Yet moving
Then moving
Less
Then
Not moving

Ran the murderer
As Adam ran in
Eden:
But ah!
In al of us
To all of us
A murder always be:
Namely: Destiny.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Touched The Heart

He touched the heart
and
now the heart that did
is transforming to energy:
bring the coffin
lower the shroud
let the bearers weep aloud
for he touched the heart
and he touched the skies
the heavens immense
all that we have
all that we are
he touched
he touched the heart
he touched

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Was Ascending The Round

He was ascending the round
strait staircase
when suddenly he met Fear descending fast
he met Fear in the face
yet he went past
continued on his way
going up
the round strait staircase
Life had begun for him.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Was Defeated

On the physical
He was defeated
And realized
A lesson learnt
Therefore from another
Side as
With tabula rasa
He attacked
For he attacked as
By cunning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Was There When Time Decreed

He
Was
There
When
Time
Decreed
That
It
Was
His
Time
To
Be:
He
Oversaw
The
Growth
Of
His
Family
Roamed
Restless
Forgotten
A
Vital
Principle
He
Did
Not
Jot
Down:
Reckoned
He
Escaped
So
Calculated
As
The
Fish

Out
Of
The
Net
He
Calculated
Without
Precision
Let
Himself
Be
Overrun
By
Emotion.
Yet
In
One
thing
He
Said:
Last
Day
Last
Hour
Let's enjoy to the last
To
Say
That we to last enjoyed
And
Stayed

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Weeps At Stars

The eremite he says
His beads
His eyes are broken
And he weeps at stars

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Went

He went

He went away, the cunning one.

But he left footprints in the sand
of his large foot print.

Just that.

Dusk came and night then covered the traces
though the moon discovered some
foot-prints in complicity with the stars.

The Dawn too far away was not in the story.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Went Out Of The Shop

He went out of the
Shop
Confused
By what the maid
The shop-girl told him
The even was growing
And
The eyes of dusk
Were rolling
Night's first stars
Vied with moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

He Winced At The Thought.

He winced at the thought.
But
though it was night
He let the skeleton
show him his way
through the tunnel.
Ah! neon lighted
tunnel
turning red of light!
As centuries passed in it
How felt he aged
And
yet
his body was the same
grinned
the guiding skeleton
and rattled
his teeth in joy:
yet
spoke he not.
Midst of the tunnel
a cemetery of
skeletons
all lying upwards
and
as he went
by the third skeleton
it moved one bony hand to
its hollow eye:
recoiled he
turned the guiding skeleton
motioned him on and on
and
from there
as inwards
into that tunnel penetrated
he
though skeletons moved
he was as one of them

for
he had now no fear
and winced not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Healthy Blue

Healthy
Blue
Green
somber
fair
of
colors
transformations
the
rock
of
living
rock
of
breath
green
green
grass
growing
three
meters
deep
grappling
with
the
rocks
washed
by
the
currents
yet
at
night
more
wild
more
restless
for
these

are
of
another
civilization
already
the Civilization of the Night
already
replaced
the
Civilization
of
the
Day
for them
in them
in All
for All
with All

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear

Hear

hear how the birds chirp
how the lyre suddenly sang
the Poet Seer from a high rock
unfolded his chant and verse and song
how the Dawn herself sang
sang in her happiness:
see, see, see
hear, hear, hear
it is things to see
it is things you hear
well
these are things, the things of poesy
hear
hear the song
hear the verse

love

love without song
without Poer Seer and
the things he sings
what be love?

hear

my Monsignor, move away, come out
from your palace of power and glory
from the warmth of your wealth
and be as of one story
with earth, with all it has
hear
My Monsignor, move away, come out

On the Deccan plain
amidst the dank damp
lay strewn a million sybils
to each attached a rose
a million roses:
this sight?
this and others like

be love, be verse, be song.

hear

hear how the birds chirp

how the lyre suddenly sang

the Poet Seer from a high rock

unfolded his chant and verse and song

how the Dawn herself sang

sang in her happiness:

see, see, see

hear, hear, hear

it is things to see

it is things you hear

well

these are things, the things of poesy

hear

hear the song

hear the verse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear Me My Monsignor

My Monsignor, hear.
There's the New Culture.
You have to be an apostle of New Culture.

For things of Earth largely
We look at heavens and
Immensities.

Our voices are harsh and raw
And blunt
But than the sweet, stronger.

Our thoughts are grand and
Drear.
Stress of Earth fades and fear
With it.
Instead
The noble Soul, the free
Inner Soul that hovers.
And sleep and dreams of
Ghost and shroud and
Cemeteries.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear Me, Hear Me,

Hear me, hear me,
The time flies
The dusk is gone
And quick
The night advances
Hear me, hear me.

Hear me, hear me,
Already the bat flies
Already the owls speak
Already nightingales sing
Hear me, hear me

Hear me, hear me
Before the ghosts and shrouds
Take to the streets at night
Before they pour out
Their broken hearts and groans
Hear me, hear me, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear Me, Hear Me, I Am Sad,

Hear me, hear me, I am sad,
And
Wish to go to Hastings Gardens
Now
That it be dusk, red dusk
And
Fallen
Is the glory of the day:
Fallen
The peacock beauty of the gaudy
Noon
And all the glories of its
Golden reign:
These are now faded,
Fallen.
Beneath a bending tree
In Hastings Gardens
In pilgrim shabbiness
Dressed
Bent more than the tree
Mourns Hope.
Weeping

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear My Paces

Hear

Hear my paces

In the woods

Floating

In the heavens

One by one

The paces of a Poet Seer

Broken heart and

Cold

Thirsty and hoarse-voiced

The Voice of Pain

The Voice of Desperation.

Hear

Hear

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear! Hear!

Hear! Hear!

The caves and coves are resounding

Each to each answering to us

Their plaintive farewell:

The sounds join up together go

Into one mist that rises high and

Scents and rings as a sweet bell.

Hear! Hear!

Fairies from all sides

Draw nigh smiling and near!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hear, Last Night, The Roaring Cavalcade

Hear, last night the roaring cavalcade
Of revelers that people street and club
Party and elsewhere now sleep and doze
And their thoughts upon the other are
Deepening into profound austerity:
Cold is the night, but martyrdom waits.
Frosty is the night, but Fear lurks.
Behind the corner trembles the sweet Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hearse Of Dancing Stars

Hearse,

Hearse of dancing stars

Fading

Fading in their wild despair

Fading in their wild mourning funereal:

Hearse,

Hearse of dancing stars

Fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart Beats Rough

Heart
Beats
Rough
Decline
Award
Of
Drear
Today
The
Clouds
Are
Lead
And
The
Winds
Shake
The
Trees
And
The
Winds
Shake
The
Trees
The
Earth
Is
Moving
She
Hides
But
I
Poet Seer
Feel
The
Rotating
Clouds
That
Were

Borne
By
Satyrs
And
Naiads
Blowing
Blowing
Commentary
Of
The
Earth
In
Pains
Of
New
Birth
Always

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart Of The Leaves

the leaves whisper
whisper to-night
the heart of the leaves
be full to-night
and the heart of the
leaves
it overflows tonight
more
than the amorous nightingales.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart Of The Night

The heart of the night
was
throbbing
slow.

the breath was
pumping
out.

the cunning dawn
in waiting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart Of Verses

I will take out the heart of
verses
pluck the flower of beauty from
the fields
the poison of the nectar
the condemned flower:

Over the night it will
rain

Over the dusk the frost
will harden

Go sleep; hie to bed;
and dream

Let the Sub-conscious do its work
to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart On Fire

when I approach where you breathe
my heart on fire glows
my brain be in its throes
when my seed loses its head
when the night, the moon,
the stars...oh I ignore
them for you
my sweet rose
though be I a Poet Seer.
my sweet rose
my sinews stretch
my muscles they revive
youth awhile returns
and my breath - it sudden burns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart That Aches, Aches So

Heart that aches, aches so,
And the sea roars about the dreary shore
To-night!

O to lie here on the shore and sand:
Hear your Will break its sinews and
Conquered bend

Bend yes here, here on this shore
On this lone coast where centuries
Of yore, gather as ghosts and
Shrouds
Lamenting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart Wills Emotion

the heart it wills
to emotion
as in magnetism:
contract
expand
the heart-walls:
Emotion
outside the monument
sits
and dreams
and weeps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heart-Stricken Bird

I
I Poet-Seer
I am a heart-stricken bird
All the same
Sing I.

And
When I sing
My stricken heart
Mellows my verse
Sharpens my thought
Intones my verses
Rhythm of my chants.

See
In the cathedral
The organ sings
And it be midnight
Figures
Black
Dense in the packed
Night-church
Unmoving
Unspeaking
Noiseless
Silent
Stand
Erect
They stand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heavens

In
The
Heavens
There
Be
No
Laws
But
Those
Of
The
All
That
Hold
The
Physical
Underneath:
Principles
That
Speak
By
Their
Mere and sheer enunciation.
But
In
The
Heavens
There
Be
Voices
Principles
Laws
And
Ordinances
Continual
And
Humans
Hear
Those

Voices
Though
That
Be
On
Rare
Occasions
Hear
Humans
Hear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heavens Above

In the heavens above
There be unlimited rights
Duties few, or less.

Ah! my Monsignor
That balance of supremacy
Of right over duties
From the heavens
Better to transform
To Earth!

We will not need so much
Fundamental Human Rights
For these and more
Be writ in heavens immense.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heavy Armor Plates

soldiers
armed
heavy armor plates
large holes
for eyes
clanking by weight
by dint
of heaviness
yet moving slow
yet
hefty their every blow
soldiers
our soldiers of the Earth
the
sun is blinding
the sweat excruciating
yet
fight, fight on!
The Muse is on your
side and
Minerva.
soldiers
armed
heavy armor plates
large holes
for eyes
clanking by weight
by dint
of heaviness
yet moving slow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heavy Breathing

breath
heavy
breathing
no
figure
but
heavy
breathing
in
the
cemetery
over
certain
graves
and
tombs
now
one
then
next
then
to
another
division
breathing
heavy
breathing
nun
that
in
white
soutane
short
and
thin
glides
slow
and
aged

from
tomb
to
tomb
it
be
dusk
and
more
for
already
the
first
stars
come:
and
the
moon
is
behind
that
cloud
come!
come!
here
the
place
the
site
of
civilization
alternative!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heavy Winds

Winds

Heavy winds

Blow

The tall silhouettes

Of tress

Shake

Here and there

To the tune of the winds

That blow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hedgehog Wounded

hedgehog
wounded
in
the
heart
and
sad
hobbled
slow
and
hurt
in
to
the dark
dim-lit
of moon
the
dusty
country-roads
towards
where the seas roars
where pebbles grate
where in the throes of
night
the moon descends

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hedgehogs Played

The silent hedgehogs
Play
Play silent

Without
The orchestra
They play the same

Without
The orchestra
They gather the same

And
They play slow
To their heart's joy.

No earthly power or
Glory seek they
But only in the
Friendly moon
Slow move and play.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Heights And Peaks

Heights and peaks
These we must reach

And whatever high
And however high

We reach the peaks
And more and more and more
And ever and ever and ever

Emmanuel George Cefai

Helmsman

Helmsman silent at
The charge
Of the mysterious barge.

From
The old port
Departed.

Departed when
Its moorings sudden
Themselves loosed
Under the sea-fort.

Departed is the barge
Into the clouds
Away
From the sea-port.

In the seas deep and
Black
It sailed and sailed

Continuous as
In as in straight
Line directionless.

From
The old port
Departed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hens And Ducks

Hens were running
Ducks were cackling
Each other chasing
Be it a spell?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Her Ghost

Hear me!
The wind obeys me
Flatters my whims.

Yet you hear me
Not.
You only fear me.

Now
I have no longer
Fear of ageing
Before me
The line is straight
And ever-extending.

I own not
Nor can I.
I have no power.
Yet to you
If I will so
I will appear.
Calculate that.

You see me.
Bones all
And rattling
And a little dust.

You see: I
I will not change
Never be a handsome man
A youth
These are attacked by age
Like withering flowers.

And me,
I am not attacked by Ageing.
I am free of Disease and Agony

Of Death.
In to the mass universe
Where I view
There is always give and
Take.

There's a giving
There's taking
Albeit
Imperceptible.

And now
The time be come
For me
To revert
To thin smoke
Among yon mists.
I go.

Most often where
I go
There's snow
And tempest
At the doors
And windows.
So
You will not
Venture out
And see me
By your window
Or your door.
No.
No.
No.

I fear not courts.
I am free
From all chains
All restrictions.

I am free
From inhibitions

From prejudices
I see
Not as you see
I think
Not as you think.
I crossed the line
With other ghosts
And shrouds
The line
You have not crossed
As yet.

Adieux!
Ciao!
Bye!
You see:
I am so polite.
I go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Herbs

herbs

herbs of magic nights
there be the foot-print
of the satyrs who
trod upon you whilst
piping hot they had
the pitchers in their
hands

feasting the night
before the Dawn struck
where be they now
now

that the day be swinging
full?

Now that the sun arisen
warms and smiles?

Where be
the civilization of sadness and
sub-conscious beauty?
where?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Herder Of Sheep

Herder
Of
Sheep
Thunder
Of
Sound
Clasps
Of
Lightning
Stealth
And
Cunning
Combined
With
Stubborn
Will
Drifting
All
As
In
Promethean
Fire

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here

Here
In our land
No snow
Yet my song
Rings of snow
Yet
My song rings
Of white
Black Figures melting
As you find
In as proportion
Direct:
Tricky passages
That weave
Around
Foot print on foot print
On the dampened Earth
The Body goes up and
Up
The Soul goes with it
Climbs weary
Step by step
In life's grey Golgotha.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here Again

here again
go I:
sobering thoughts
minimum of doing
just thoughts of regrets
wishes
to turn back the clock
but
the clock is stubborn
and says:
'I must be logical
according to the mores
of the Earth
for as of the Earth
am I'
And I stop
And I bend my head down
As the bending
withering flower
touched by the sadness of
dusk
the numbness of chill
the indifference of dark
night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here And There Randomly

Here and there and randomly
The thoughts roam upon awaking
With no order – listlessly:
Up and down and down and up
The stairs wander they
So randomly.

And yet
And yet
There is a restless quietness about them
Blurred images turning to distinct
Pictures proportional to the increase
Of happiness flowing in the brain
And serene watching of the bosomed sea
From the bastions of centuries.

Thence the gaze
Thence the gaze
Upon the dome of heaven rests
And the finger
And the finger
Points to the skies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here I Arrived

Here I arrived
I will not to know how I arrived
Around swarm the round skies

The waters boil red; and green
the saplings wax; and hoar and
white the frost and the drop-chill.

Here I arrived
I will not to know how I arrived
Around swarm the round skies

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here To-Night Where Pass I With

Here to-night where pass I with
The crowds; here in the pedestrian
Streets of the old city and the old town
Here passed elves and nymphs
And fauns and sileni
Last night.
And it was well past mid-night for
The revelers of the New Year's Eve
Stood here carousing till well
Past mid-night just before
The small hours of the New Year's Day
Were deep in breath and holiness:
Then
When all was empty, all was silent too,
My Monsignor, these elves and nymphs
And with them fauns, sileni and the brood
Of fairy world came here trotting by:
The fountain in the distance welled up high
More than it does in the pedestrian day:
But then it was justified in the circumstances
Of night of spell of fairies all the way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here You Come

Here
you come
so often in the
dusk
are you enamored
of it?
pine with it?

for
there
on those stairs
olden and ancient
made of centuries
I see you sit
and move not
and speak not
word.

perchance
you wait
a nightingale's song
albeit
distances among
to cheer your
failing heart?
A sad violin
that plays
from some open window?

Your sadness be
greater than you
greater than family
greater than humanity
knows not
extinction

though
extinction

looks you in the face
stark raw and naked
and still
still you continue
continue on the stairs
to sit
on those stairs
olden and ancient
made of centuries
I see you sit
and move not
and speak not
word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Here, The Sole Survivor,

Here, the sole survivor,
here, buffeted by the winds of Fate,
protected by the prayers of my mother,
held up when I fall by my old father,
here, I battle with last breath and
heavy breath extinction
stress and delusion
no easy life, my Monsignor!
the balance to and fro moves
and Fate and Destiny will be
the arbiters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hewn Of Out Of Wood

Hewn of out of wood
And trees.

It prepares for a decay and
Transformation.

Pairs of eyes weep,
The priests intone
The funereal mass
The grave-diggers intone
The fugue of graves
And burying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hiatus Of Age

Hiatus of Age, of gold fish
Bowl
My Love
You sleep not to-night
My Love
You rest not to-night.

The waters in revolt
They rise and fall and
Rise again; anger cyclical
They moan that there was
A fraud
A fraud artistic, the more
Heavy then for them
And more
For their conscience to bear.

The Earth to-night
Will vibrate slow and
Imperceptible
Save few animals and fowls
Privileged
And Poet Seers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hiatus Of The Heavens

Hiatus of the heavens

Yet heavens auto-cure

So speedily

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hiatus Of Time

Hiatus
Of time
And hiatus of work
The brain
At least
Stops beating
Beating
Beating

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hidden Face

he hid his face
under a cape
and dark all round
fountains of airs
abound
by the night graves
tombs and
monuments
occasional and
clanking
sounds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hidden Sun

Hidden sun that now be
brazen
hidden sun that now
will pace
incognito in the terrace
as
the red dusk twinges round
as
the port waters enter, enter
and the moon before the night
throws its light without a sound.
over bastions let us leap
goblins swim and dive down deep
then from waters they emerge
right again down right then surge
back to shore historic fort
ancient buildings, homes streets
towns dreaming sleeping
the sub-conscious on the wing
the bee hums without a sting
the flowers bend humbling red
Dawn finds cave for her sweet bed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hide Me Blue Mist, Hide My Guilt

hide me blue mist, hide my guilt
my conscience had been pregnant for so long
and now delivered is:
the guilt, the baby-boy of conscience and myself
has now been born.

Come witches in the night, accompany me
My baby-boy needs company
And unto your magic spells to open its eyes:
Then will it in itself see no-guilt
And will to change its name apply
Pending approval by the father's hand, my signature.

I will sign as soon as applied.
And casting the old robe of guilt into the sea
I will amongst trees plants and birds full freshly roam
Singing my innocence with birds and bees and trees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hideous Mouth

Earth that opens its
Mouth
Hideous

Roars that belittle
A thousand and more
Thunders

Earth rent
Buildings falling
More rapid than
Sand-castles (iii)

Screams, people running
Here and there hands
Held to heads

From above
Not even wildest ants
Run that way

Ah! the day of wrath
It had to come
It came! (vi)

And it be manifested how
The pleasures of those
Who look
To the children grandchildren
And descent
Be vanified
All at one go

Laid flat and equal both extinct
And descent
In to the final extinction of
The Day of Wrath

In the flattening of the All

There be equality
There be justice for
The long extinct
Who now sit on the fence
Here
As others in descent
Face the Day of Wrath. (ix)

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hiding

He practiced
in hiding
in a room of
his house
on the fifth floor
alternative civilization

Emmanuel George Cefai

High

High
High
High
The
Stars
And
Our
Hands
Must
Be
That
High
Must
Reach
For
Them
President
Of
The
Stars
Elected
For
A
Day
So
That
Each
Year
There
Will
Be
Three hundred sixty four Presidents
And
More
In the succeeding years
Old
Man
Of
Age

Yet
Youthful
In
His
Verse
That
His
Heart
Overflows
The
Sea-waves
Thrill
This
Twilight
For
The
Twilight
Glimmers
Glimmers
In
The
Eyes
The mesh
Of
Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

High Heights Cloud On

High heights cloud on

Cloud

Rising in the heavens

Immense

Emmanuel George Cefai

High Sung

Words of beauty

So enamored

So high sung

By Poet Seer

Very little does he speak

Yet from everywhere

verse, song, beauty leak!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Higher Chill

In the night
There's chill! O!

The higher you go
The more
Knights in armor
You will
Meet!

Though the chill
Bites
There's
Higher chill
This night!

The deeper the night
Gets
The more the chill
The magic thrill!

For
In the night
There's chill tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Higher Spheres

I
that have flown in
Higher spheres
remain as humble
as attentive
as concentrated
flying in the
lower spheres

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hill That Lights

hill that lights
on rare and
noble nights

jere de li teke
derem seli seke
birin de tele san
drombi hi fete fan
jelen kristi sepin
shunti herye repin
hazal fre tin
yizte se mantin
feret jokat herten
bola miret querten

the chorus sings
in its language
very own typical
and otherwise

nightingale...
they found her
below the tree
face upwards to
the heavens
motionless....

this was
this morning

roaming verse
as the heart directs
in its thoughts rambling
in its emotion of
probability and chance

the violins together

in the hundreds
wave after wave
make of music funeral
that simultaneous be
triumphal.

Funereal and triumphal.

jere de li teke
derem seli seke
birin de tele san
drombi hi fete fan
jelen kristi sepin
shunti herye repin
hazal fre tin
yizte se mantin
feret jokat herten
bola miret querten

I met it
at the beginning of
the stairs
where the walls of
house cornered with
each other:
the moon was in its eyes
a silver blading shone straight in its
eyes
blinding
I will not resist
I will resist
'How you? '
I boldly asked
No voice.
No utterance.
Silence.
Then the figure turned
and went.
And that was all.

jere de li teke
derem seli seke

birin de tele san
drombi hi fete fan
jelen kristi sepin
shunti herye repin
hazal fre tin
yizte se mantin
feret jokat herten
bola miret querten

Call to the chorus
call
call!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hills That Rise

hills
that
rise
sounds
vibrant
and
a squid
clinging
serpent
like
with
serpent
vigor
round
and
round
or
polyps
in
the
flesh
of
life
and
youth
piercing
slow
blood
seeping
seeping
slow
for
that
thief
for
that
was
alas!
Age.

Emmanuel George Cefai

His Shout

And
As
He
Lay
The
Man
Shouted
And
His
Shout
The
Heavens
Relayed
Over
All
The
Oceans
And
All
The
Lands:
'not East
Not West
Nor North
Nor South
But all.
All equal be.
So must.
And
All
The
All
Must
Advance
All
All
Time
All age
All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

His Voice

I heard his voice
I recognized him
Before he told me
Who was he.

I told me not
Who I was.

And I chuckled
How he far
From recognizing me
Under a mask
Would he be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

History

I saw old History frown
In black

Emmanuel George Cefai

History Moves

by
miracles
history
moves
and
I
see
that
I must
live
with
it
suffer
affronts
for
years
nights
of
horrid
dreams
and
when
the
morning
comes
when
the
Dawn
comes
open
my
eyes
see
the
first
light
go
back
again

to
sleep

Emmanuel George Cefai

History Plays

We be a flute
and on us
History plays
rare are harmonious
notes
often the clanking ways

Emmanuel George Cefai

History Will Make You

history will make you
unless
you make it
but calmly sir
calmly
rotund and round up
your Fear sir:
round up
round up
before the night covers
the eyes of days
to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

History Writes

History writes, writes, writes
and yet

So often goes on round and round and
round

And we, humans with her go around,
around, around

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hoarder Of Verses

hoarder of verses
miser of rythm
notes
disorganized chanter of
verses
plume giant red over the
roof
swaying in the light wind
and chill frost
this winter night
this winter night.....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hoarse

Hoarse
The lone Figure
Tall
That remained
Close
In Hastings Gardens.

Yet
Wise is spoke
Though rarely spoke
Then
Words of wisdom spoke.

How laughed the seas
The water-waves
As water-waves know
How to laugh:
How smiled:
How dazzling
Dawn
Over the bastions
Blinds!

How fairy be the night
How magic all
Trees, shrubs, flowers,
Paths, all:
How sacred be
Even to tread:
Here
How the heart of a garden
Beats
In Hastings Gardens!

And
Yet
Hoarse
The lone Figure
Tall

That remained
Close
In Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hoarse Rumbblings

the
hoarse
bellows
those
were
rumbblings
of
an
early
thunder
this
night
did
you
not
hear
love?
for
life
be
full
of
thunders
heavy
rains
and
lightnings
over
earth
and
then
inside
the
heart
till
oftentimes
the
heart
be

broken:
ah! you see
my Monsignor
why
we
need
a
civilization
alternative?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hoarse Voices

Of the hill! -
To the hill-
so shouted the hoarse
throats
and the hoarse voices

Trudged
tanks and horses
and carts
up the old hill
trudge after trudge
after trudge

And the voices grew
hoarser
And the night grew
darker

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hobbling On Their Carts

Hobbling

Hobbling on their carts

Of red wood

And orange pine

Yellow painted in some

Parts

Hobbling

Hobbling on their way

Life be that!

It hobbles gay

Yet

It hobbles on and on!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Holderlin

I
The heavens
Holderlin

In front of me
Cities
To the waters
Crawl

Despondent heavens
Red
And turning
Lure.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Holidays, Workdays, Came And Go

Holidays, workdays, came and go:

So suffering:

We fear it yet it comes and goes:

We fear such till it comes

Then

When it comes we fear, fear so

That after all fear will at last go

And the weary rote and routine

Of day and week and month and

Year in centuries continues on

And on

Like the punishment of suffering Ixion

Holidays, workdays, came and go:

So suffering:

We fear it yet it comes and goes:

We fear such till it comes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hooded Capes

figures turning
hooded capes
hooded capes
and
the night be fast advancing
see
how the stars tremble-quake!

in the midst of a
dark street
figures turning
turning
turning
capes and shrouds
in the still silence
figures turning
turning
turning

in the night
figures barefoot
figures dark
dark in night
and
dark as night
figures turning
turning
turning
and...
night passing
passing
passing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hooded My Eyes

Time
Hooded my eyes
I was there.

The dice lay on the board
In part
In part
On floor.

Threw was a
Blockage
Right at
The very beginning.

There was life breathing.
Breathing under the giant
Tree
Where the owls roosted
And
The nightingales for
More dark
Impatient panted.

Slender the whirl of
Hope
Went round.
Slender.
As embers fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hooded Shade

Hooded shade
Bent head
Silent and mute.

Why?
Why?
Why?

Creaks the old and ancient bridge
Under the frenetic paces of
Olden centuries
Yearn the ancient woods
And weep and cry.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hoofs Of Horses

the hoofs of horses
the bronze statue
the raised bronze leg
half cut and more

reeled the wind
around the statue
and the holding stone
neighed
neighed
neighed

the bastions up are
blue

united are the trees
into one cluster-gale

there were giggles
giggles of goblins
nymphs
some were dancing
others in the waters
swimming.

where be the rains
that lighted red
and put the hills
on fire
the caverns shivering
the Oceans in a
dread?

geometry and Euclid
ah! beginning
for me
but to proceed
from these departed I

where is the street
that leads
to the Golgotha?
asked the ghost in the
cemetery
To me, yet I spoke
not
went on its way
the ghost.

where be the chill that unearthed
soils and bones
from Hastings Gardens?

the snows rare that on the
town fell at night
that no human enjoyed?
Tell me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horn

I hear the horn.
He came for me.

I feign not to hear.
But my hair stands
on end.

A castle and a house
stopped.
It was no dynasty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horror Is

Horror is
the uncovering of the Sub-Conscious
from all dress.
Naked

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horrors

Spell
Out
The
Horrors
Night
Hide
Not
Behind
Starlight
But
Horrors
Be
In
Day
Too
At
Least
The
Night
There's
Silence
Some
Remedy
Some
Healing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horrors Lighted

Horrors

Lighted through the heavens

Thunder

Lightning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horseman That In The Night

Horseman that in the night
With raised fist
At the ancient star light
Prods on his horse
To speed of light
In the sundry mysterious
Night

Lo!
There be skeletons dressed
In energy as ghosts
In sackcloth as
Shrouds
And in the transformation
Of Heaven's hands
Shadows grey and dark and
Wild.

And
Lo! Alas the morn
Is far
Is long ago
The frost of night
Has not begun to thaw
Even
Though Dawn be hours away
To light up the new day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horses Of Seas And Oceans

Horses
Horses of seas and
Oceans
Cartoon-like
You swim through
The depths of liquid

The waters
Cried
With the shrieking
Wraith -
That was yesterday
Night.

The dolphin waters
Arched and
With bent back
They surged
Surged through the
Horses of seas and
Oceans

Emmanuel George Cefai

Horses That Rise High

Horses that rise high
On their feet neigh
Horrible
As on the war-path
Or on midst of olden battle-fields
Manes that fall back
Fly with the niter smelling winds
Slip
On the blood stained snows
That still fall
That still fall
Horses attempting
Above humans to rise
And their way wending
Unfettered in their wild, wild will
And closed sub-conscious eyes
We too
Must be as sub-conscious be:
Horses that rise high
On their feet neigh
Horrible
As on the war-path
Or on midst of olden battle-fields

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hospital Of Elves

Hospital
Hospital of elves and
Fauns
And satyrs
Light!
It be the deep of
Night!

Look!
Flicker the lights!
Trembles starlight!

Skeletons
On the move
They
With shrouds
Dance
The gruesome dance
To-night
This night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hospital Of The Brain

In to the hospital of
The brain
I saw suffering
I saw Pain

All together
Bound in chains.

Red the blood
And red the pain
Red the suffering
And the chains

With red forks
Ad prongs of red
Devils danced
And devils pranced.

In to the hospital of
The brain
I saw suffering
I saw Pain

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hotels Of The Night

Hotels of the night, towns
Of the outside souls
And dimming lights.

Inn keeper stars in part
Cook of heaven's menu
Nocturnal rise.

Scents mix together and
The East and West merge
Into the common Eastern
Scents.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hours Pass

Hours pass
Faster than grains of sand
My All dwindles down my hand
And I am left open mouthed
Watching
Feeling
Feeling the hours pass
Faster
Faster than grains of sand

Emmanuel George Cefai

House

Into a house
Transformed in to a gnome
The people
Go about in silence locked
Speak not
One syllable:
Looks black
Look black and menacing:
Sometimes
Rare times
They their pinions clutch
In to a muscle snowball
Look
As they pass here and
There
Look black un to each other
Speak not
And time passes
Passes slow
In to this slow methodology
Of excruciating martyrdom
Without dropping of blood
Without cries of pain
Save for hearts crying
In green all hardening

Emmanuel George Cefai

House Of Bad Smells

House of bad smells
House of nocturnal spells
There is a certain sadness
Even speaking of you
The chill of fear lights the spine
As the house lights
And goes and lights again
In the rare winter nights
Of shrieks and desperation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Houses Beaches Flats Apartments

Houses

Beaches

Flats

Apartments

Most

In the nights of winter

Whisper

Whisper

Whisper

And the sea rages in

Inside the bay

In winter

Emmanuel George Cefai

How

How the rain jumps
How the rain patters
How the rain rises
In this storm crisis.

Night of rain
Genesis of thrill
Thrill surfeiting
Genesis of pain
So I
So I

How the rain jumps
How the rain patters
How the rain rises
In this storm crisis

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Austere-Robed The Night

How austere-robed the night
Walks with circus-ropes of day
The twilight of a life
The calming of the river
Of Passion that in the red Ocean flows
Wherein it tincts and laps the crimson shores.

The night like to a wounded hunter
That will not veil his pride
His suffering lets flow
The gushing of the pain
The gnashing of the teeth
The night prowls like a hunted beast
From tree to tree a black moves suddenly.

The night how like the robe
That fits on the fast-dwindling day
The aching sun
Mortified from its spent glory at mid-day
Follows the cycle that engulfs
The day and night and dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Beautiful, How Beautiful The Violin

How beautiful, how beautiful the Violin
How beautiful the Violin sings:
How beautiful the red dusk rings
Before the night closes the eyes of day
While silver gondolas on purpling waves sail
And in the twilight hang the palaces
Mirrored in the beauty of the waters
Rippled by the splash of oars, and torn
Silent and gentle by the mood of sleep,
How beautiful, how beautiful the Violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Bright The Light

How bright the light
Of fire-works this night
The people hied
To the still Port
That as with cannon resounds
How bright the light
Of fire-works this night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Can I Exchange The Peace?

How can I exchange the peace
That feel I under these pines?
How can I
A more welcome coolness this coming September feel?

Below, below
The country falls
The country falls to a vale still green
From all the drunken dews of Spring
Though vicious summer heat preserved.

Below the peasant sings
A song that to my ear comes
In distant syllables
Audible yet unrecognizable:

And here and there
A thin smoke pencil-like
Arises from the cottages
Sparkled in few among the green:
Therefore how can I
Exchange the peace under the pines
Or a more welcome coolness feel
This approaching September?

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Chill And Eerie

How chill and eerie
to hear
the whistle of the train
from the bed and
the window of the
former station house!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Chill The Song

How chill the song
Of the nightingale to-day!
How eerie-taut and strange
Its usual melody!
The night! This night!
Ah! what changes has it wrought
In the sweet nightingale
That from our garden-tree
Sung so its harmony?
What grief has pierced its heart to-night?
Why in its song
The jarring notes of frost
The warm and winy notes replace?
Or has sweet Cupid hit our nightingale?

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Cool And Fine And Taut

How cool and fine and taut
The random falling of a Spring shower
With it a rainbow comes
With it a piece of peace
Seems to grow wings and fly
And manifest the dower
Of serene thought and mind and peaceful living:
To save us somewhat from the dour
And crazy running race of life:
And like an Eastern queen or Merlin old
'Twill manifest the power
Of magic better than witches old
On broomsticks flying high, high
Over city-houses and towns and villages
And magic black and sour.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Dim The Light That Burns

How dim the light that burns
Into the cellar small – and cramped
How dim the light that burns
This summer night.
How humid-hot and heavy the air is:
To breathe is difficult
In the tentacles of nocturnal heat
How dim the light that burns
Where La Fornarina stays tonight.
And Cupid needs no arrows more
For love so reigns
No arrow of his is needed;
So Cupid looks and spies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Dim, How Dim, Dance

The last embers
Of the sad light!
The flag adown the pole
Slow winds and falls
Hour after hour strike
And flee:
How chill
The passing of night
The yawning of
The fading star-light:
Night is as of the little
That remains that purifies
The Soul, the
Aching Soul.
How dim, how dim, dance
The last embers
Of the sad light!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Faint The Kiss

How faint the kiss
yet prolonged!

the hill of golden green lawn
smiled

and rustled mighty the wide
Ocean sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Far The Spring Today, My Friend?

How far is Spring to-day my friend?
'Tis like a land that to reach must
Traverse this land, and this, and that.
Before Spring cometh granted Summer goes
An Autumn cool must come with it
The lonely winds amidst the bosky trees
And in the sheltered woods and peopled woods
Leaves must then yellow and sere and fall.
'Twill not be enough - the trees must they
Unclothe all garments before Winter's lust
That he may touch with his hand
Full every bough and tree and wood
Hoary lover! Leaving your icicles
Fixed on the boughs and woods that they
May shine with every night in the pale moon
When clouds are dreaming far and stay away:
And heaven's blue dome unattended leave:
Then having suffered long all that surviveth
Will go in to the Spring; turn green with it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Fill The Time Of Day?

The day is long
Long
For those whose laze
Shorter
Not so long
For those who work.

For Day is part of Time
For day of Motion part be
And in those Time and Motion
There be Spatiality
That needs to be filled.

Work, my Monsignor.
But if you laze,
The result long term
Will be the same:
One thing be different
Just one
And
Only one
Work makes civilizations
Only work, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Full Of Mourning

How full of mourning
This life be!
Mourning, mourning
Where you see
Where the glance
You turn to be!
And the night
Is of mourning the sad
Light!
Sad light!
Sad light!
Sad stars white
Yet mourning loud
Mourning, mourning
Roaming streets and alleys
Strait
Round and round
Ghost and shroud
Mourning
Mourning!
Full of mourning
This life be!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Grey, How Grey The Evening Grew

How grey, how grey the evening grew
The sky was cloudless yet its grey
Reflected on the stones, the day
Seemed in its sweet agony of disease
Its half-opened lips to slowly close
Slowly, slowly, slowly.

And then of sudden lo! I saw
A phantom grey the stairs ascend
The face I saw not, from behind
A tall thin form it was:
And as it moved up up the stairs
Its step moved speedily:

And as swift as it came was lost

No sound it made, no voice
It brake: yet in my heart
A throbbing made
That never was before.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Large – How Large

How large – how large
The pale moon smiles:
The pale round moon
How does it smile
And smile.

Its cheek a little less
Wan and austere:
And veins – thin veins
Of red do seem to flush
The round moon's face.

And on its bosom
The dark sea
Bears the moon's face
All silvery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Leaden-Eyed The Sky To-Day

How leaden-eyed the sky to-day
Looks at Valletta:
Surely, surely unexpected quite
This May.

How gay, how gay
The day must have been
How sad, how sad the day
This May.

Ah! so our hopes so gay
They ought to so have flowered
But how sad how sad they lie
This May.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Long

How long
How long
Will the beauty of the violet
Last?

How long
How long
Will the sinews
Of youthful men
Be strong?

How long
How long
Will muscle turn
As man's
When he reached out
To God
And God
Reached out
To man
In Michelangelo?

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Long Ago

How long ago
How long ago it seems
That a small cloud
That passed by moon
Our hearts thrilled.

How long ago
The bosomed sea
Lay still
Save for its swishes
In the treacherous inlet:
What throbs I felt
As in and out
And out and in
Thro' the small creek
The sea went:
And that dark swish
In the dark night
Our hearts thrilled.

Numbed and frozen we
And our senses:
No longer wake we soon
To see the dawn arise and walk
Barefoot and clean
Along the seas and rocks
Before in to the air
Like a sweet mist
She disappears:
How our hearts throbbed
And warm our senses
Raced the red blood inside:
And every light and stone and move
Our hearts thrilled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Long The Night When It Be Night Of Pain!

How long the night when it be Night of Pain!
My Monsignor!

How deep the waters dark in the sad night
My Monsignor!

How far and late the restless Dawn's away
My Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Low The Ratings

How

Low the ratings

I

Have fallen in

How low!

How low!

O age!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many

How many a lass and boy, woman, man,
Human walked the streets, cities, country,
Smiled, hoped, fretted, enjoyed and wept
Poor, rich, old, young, sprightly, crippled,
How many a lass and boy, woman, man.
Ah! all are gone all, all into the ear-like
Sump of Time, dews of night and mists
Of morn: ah! ah! centuries ago, ago that was!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many A Time

How many a time
You mention night! -he saith

To which I say-
My friend, my friend
I mention Night and Day
And Dawn and Dusk
And Eve and Morn
For these will rise and rise
As soon as gone:

And that is why, and that is why
My friend
I mention Night and Day
And Dawn and Dusk
And Eve and Morn
So oft.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many Dreams And Plans

How many dreams and plans
That are transformed to
Smoke:
Degeneration and decline
What fall off from the heights
Towards the end!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many Long Bleak Nights

How many long bleak nights
Will follow after you:
The humid air will surfeit with stillness
The sea-waves lie still as the Dead Sea.

Salt will paste your lips; the sweet
Of oranges and gourds all liquor-full
Will elude you.

The broken pitcher will
Lie in the yard where it was broke:
Nobody will care to gather up the pieces.

But look at them yes! Look at them
As relics of the 'old' (they say)
As the Parthenon in the sun
Or Roman ruins smiling in the favor
Of high Italian skies all cloudless-young.

The broken pieces will lie on the ground.
Dawn will rise after dawn; the day will set.
Seasons will follow each other cyclical.
Centuries will pass as years and months and days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many Nights The Stars Came Out

How many nights the stars came out
And peeped from heaven's windows in the night
And lightened up the bosom of the sea
Wherein like twinkling diamonds they shone
How many waves around the craggy shores
On whom the Fort dilapidated frowns
How many rustles kissed the crags
In every inch and foot by the sea-shore
And as with every kiss the rustling sea
Ebbd slow and gentle in its harmony:
And the pale moon looked on inconstantly
And in and out the sea-currents flowed incessantly:
I cannot say nor can the winds and stars
That every night come out:
And peep from heaven's windows in the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many Saturdays We Worked

How many Saturdays we worked,
How many afternoons!

You on the computer, copied,
Typed.

I on my computer in the room,
The same room, made.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Many?

How many nights of cold
How many nights of wind
How many nights of frost

How many nights of rains
How many thunder nights
And lightning everywhere.

But ah! more sad my fate
My destiny more perilous
By far more tragedy!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Marble-Like The Limbs Of This White Queen

How marble-like the limbs of this white queen
Delicacy made its shrine in every part
And Beauty veiling made her rest room there:
The stars twinkle in your eyes as in heaven do
The seasons conspire how to yield the best
Of all the best they have and give to you –
Their ceaseless homage by hundred suitors matched.

Yet when the black skinned queen of beauty walks
Heaven and earth are stunned and stupefied.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Much The Quantum Of Virtue

How much the quantum of virtue
Measured in coins in euros and dollars
Or else in topazes and quartzes
I wonder.

How much the quantum of the shout
That king Menelek shouted
Shouted fore a crowd
Of wondering subjects:
I wonder.

How much the quantum of the roar
That comes every time
The seas enter the wild deep valley
Of giddy grey linear heights
Down down to sea
I wonder.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Much To The Summer

She asked how much to the Summer?

Replied I: Spring is now almost a
Month
Old
No longer toddles

Why do so immense heavens
Speak not?

How long to the skies?
She asked

And faded

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Much, How Much

i.

How much, how much
I wish an oak to be:
Seven hundred years and more
Would I have been
And still
Here would be.

ii.

I would, I would
The coming of the Knights
From my high altitude
First L'Isle Adam
Whilst carried in the chaise
As knights hastened to drape the land
Wherein he passed and graced
And with each other for his honor vied.

iii.

But now, but now
That colored throng is past:
And like a film
Another scene is set:
And in the Port
Group crews I see
Working here and there
Those carry cannon
Those rock cut
The others fare
In framing a fresh bark:
And from on high
Jean La Valette
Looks from a promontory.

And then
And then
I saw a fort
Burn down under the fire
Of missiles thrown at it
And ire
Of the besieger:
A breach in the walls
And then another
And then another
The cannon-ball reft
One after another
All the punctured holes
Into the fort
Like gushes of knives
Like the caverns of age
Down oak trees.

And then
And then
I heard a sudden sound
When the fort fell
Below
Below
In the summer heat
The charred bodies putrefied
And smelled.

But then
When the oppressing heat
Of summer went
And the frail breezes of September cooled
The trees, and land and seas:
I saw a happy crowd alight
On the bastions
Half-torn with cannon stress
And high on high
They waved the flag of victory.

iv.

And every day that followed
I saw the throng of men
Across their life to move
And spin:
Like silkworms to cocoons:
And day and night
And night and day
Passed
Passed
Passed
Under the Knights.

And
In the Port
The navy of the Knights
Withered and lingered
In the ease of peace
Without a war
The grey years passed and turned
And day and night
And night and day
Passed by, passed by.

How many a Knight passed by
In gaudy clothes all lover-like
Unto his present lady:
How many a prisoner
Collapsed amidst the dungeons
Where the sun light
Was rare delight
When the door opened:
How many a lady gay I saw
Now noble riding in sedans
Now thick in winter dress
Now light in summer clothes
Is she:
Now quick with child
And all unmarried she!

v.

This passed.
And then French
Came o'er the horizon:
How many a fight and skirmish I
Saw in those days:
And how red blood was shed
And people saw I then
With knives in them
And cannon-ball
Raise last their eyes
To the fast-dimming skies

vi.

The British came
And our island loved
In peace and war
With war and peace
We throve:
Yet time will come
When separation comes
In every love:
And so
The quiet separation came
As is in every love.

vii.

And now
And then
Day follows night
And Night the Day
And Dawn and Dusk
And in the Night
The pale moon smiles
And in the greyness
Of the Dusk

The red horizon turns
Into a deep mantle of black:
And day will follow night
And night the day
And dawn and dusk
Will come and go:
And we will rise
And toil
In our illusion
And toil
In our bubble
That we ourselves blow:
And toil
Till weary in our illusion
We try to rest
At least we try
We try
To rest.
And new mothers will
Hold their new babes
In hand
And weep:
And in the coffin
When time comes
The sexton leads
And the priest chants
And day will follow night
And night the day.

How that
They came on stage
And disappeared:
And after them
On the old stage
New faces did appear
And on and on
The cycles goes
The circle of life goeth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Naive

How naive
the poetry of the sun
in the evening
how earthy
the scent of the soils
lost
in the groveling night
how less dense
the stars of the night
tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Often Drear

How often drear
Comes
Into weather fair
And
That's the genesis,
Growth and development
Of desperation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Rare And Petrified

How rare and petrified
The eastern jewels color to the eye
Maddened in its wonderment:
How rare and petrified.

And yet
And yet
No jewel that I saw
No jewel that I touched
More warm or sensual is
Than the black pearl.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Sad

How sad
How sad
Night plays its game
How sad

The lights grow
Low
The dusk has
Fled

The Voice from Heavens
Roars
Great words, raw words
Thunder and noise
Without a thunder

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Sad, How Sad

How sad how sad
The parting:
How without word
The farewell!

How sad how sad
That without word
Without a tear
The farewell came!

And time will come
And time will pass
As if
It had not come or passed
But ah! but ah!
The farewell, the last farewell
Will not pass.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Sick The Plaintive Violin

how sick the plaintive violin
even more so when long long-drawn
its drawl how plaintive is, how sick:
even when less slow it is drawn
the plaintive notes still flow, still sick
and in the night, the long dark night
still plays the plaintive violin.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Silent The Sea-Waves The Rocks Caress

How silent the sea-waves the rocks caress
The breeze
That set this evening in the Port
The fair precursor of the Autumn's cool
And welcome hand all crossed
Over the forehead starred with sweaty drops
That shine all starry in the scorching suns
And wither as unwelcome pearls:
Even so with morning dews
That in the first fit of life at dawn
The petal-opening flowers soft bedeck
These too will wither with the warmth
That from the grass arises vapor-like
As the red sun ascends from sea's rim
Where long the sea stretches linear and still:
And orange-like then gold will paint the waves.
Not Raphael seated in some gold-crossed barge
Alone amidst the ocean deeps
A fairer picture could he paint
Or capture the sweet lull of Ocean's bosom:
Basking and surfeiting plays with the gold rays
Of the fast-rising Sun nearer by far
To the vast wilderness of the Ocean deeps
That in the midst of all those waters wild
To be lazy dares, will choose to dream.
Then will the song of sirens rise
Like a sweet-hissing serpent from the shores
And from the jutting rocks their voices lull
The Ocean already surfeiting to more
And more sweet laziness and dreams
Fond in the giddiness of their drowsiness:
Hist! I hear the siren-call from shore to shore
The echo flies over those wild waves
That in their madness like blind lovers respond
To the sweet-hissing siren calls of morn:
And no barge passed
And no barge is seen
Over that wild expanse of waters wild and raw:
The Ocean full prefers to keep alone

The secrets or its surfeiting
Prohibits the sea-waves rolling to shores
Its hours of sweet laziness to unfold
Or else be seen or spied by human eyes:
But in
in majestic waves and raw and bold
Will echoing roll his armies white
Wave after wave unto the shores of earth
That all expectant wait.
Not when the blinding Sun in midday wrath
Over the red desert scalds the redder sand
And aches the pilgrim's feet or wanderer's
And no oasis in the welcome distance seen
And parched are throats but worse
Hope still upon some dizzy rock
Its radiant smile will fail to shine:
So like the desert wanderer
The shores of earth expectant the sea-waves
To lave their wounds received day by day
Await and Hope half-robed will sit
On some high eastern rock to watch and wait:
Not when the Ganges flows in all its pride
Will larger crowds to cleanse pray
The wounds and ills received and made that day:
How silent the sea-waves weave through the caves
That line and grace the opposite shore
And in them full rebound with echoes sweet
Half-lulled half-heard and unexpected full
Into the sweet glooms of those dark caves
Tinted from pitch dark by the faint rays
That the pale languid moon to them sends
As it if in tribute to their Sovran rule:
As when the Caliph held in Arab lands
His sway over the eastern lands to Ind
And heard the timbrels were by Oxus' shores
And one by one over the desert sand
Wherein the Caliph's men encamped were
Glittering within the sight of palace gates
And all the towers red that shimmering stood
Melting in the vapors blue and mirage white
Of the vast desert and its lonely sands:
And one by one the vassals tribute-bearing

Before the Caliph brought their tributes due
Carried and cared for from distant lands
Where winter snows the dizzy mountains capped.
So the still moon his tributary rays shot
Unto the depth and stillness of those echoing caves
And in the dark silver fingers gleamed
over the still waters that cooled the dome
That rocky overhung their sleepy charge.
And in the even a thousand thoughts and more
Sweet sentinels guarding the sacred brain
Raced through it.
As when in cities fortified the sentinels
Unwelcome movements and enemy presence sense
In the long distance buried in the dark
And folding robes of the oncoming night
And down the city-streets with torches bright
Give the sad warning of the coming wrongs:
So did my thoughts overrun all streets
That winding through the brain pass and by-pass
Each every nook and zone and site.
A skiff of lone dimension plied the sea
With slow and lapping oars the wavelets danced
And all around the night fell on the waves.
Beyond, beyond the cities and the towns
Lay dreaming in the night up to the shores
In the dark mantle that the night yclept
Into this mantle a thousand lights shone bright
Some moved, some not, some white or colored were
And all together moving like a feast of stars
They looked when in the silent dome
Of azure heaven the stars celebrate:
No bell from the church steeples rang or sound
Of voices human was; but in the distant shores
The sound of lapping waves the mind becalmed.
How skilful the thoughts blended in the night
And from the terrace where on the Port I looked
An air of sylphs seemed in that night to grace
As if with dancing Graces that still place:
The minutes passed and more and hours
And in the night profound stood I and looked
And in my mind the thoughts in thousands teemed
No drowsiness my senses held; only thoughts

Came treading in an army with no end
Long, long the night and full profound
Into that peerless quiet full embalmed lay:
And the hours of sleep I on the terrace passed
Looking at the Port, the waves and the dark sea
And in my mind a thousand thoughts full teemed.
How many a night wished I to pass like this
And never came!
How plan we with strategy and yet
What comes whenever it comes doth come
By sheer chance and accident (so we human say) .
How many a night behind the closed windows I
Heard the storm roar and knock to enter in:
And the strong wind with treacherous claws
Like a strange monster roared and cruel full:
Awhile in the gelid air the rain drops pattered soon
On the still window-panes and I
Could by wavering candle-light the drops espy
Sliding into streams and rivers small:
Awhile the clock the hour struck or else the time
And all lay quiet: till from the distant bourn
A roar I heard and then the lightning high
High and full white into the torrid sky:
Sometimes it hideous shrieked, sometimes me thought
The wintry billows on the tempest seas it was;
Sometimes the Night seemed to talk and shout
In the same thunder-clap that roared in it.
How pleasant welling in my breast felt I
The teeming thoughts, the vague emotions lulled
In to that long and wondrous night:
While the lone skiff moved closer to the shore
And lo! Another skiff appeared in the door
That to the Port led from distant seas
And after that full many another skiff
Passed into the shores and in the night:
Sweet Dawn was waking in her bed embalmed
When I went down: and in my look I saw
A pleasure I had witnessed not before.
The Night with me and hand in hand it seemed
A half-exhausted with numbed pleasures sweet
Seemed to retire to its western cave:
Awhile the sea's vast face turned to more grey

And more and more with white it gleamed
When Dawn out of her bed arose and walked:
The waters still as in the night they lapped
The dreaming shores: and far away
The Ocean's breast enchanted immense lay.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Slow

How slow
What ennui
What ennui

Life goes round
As the donkey
Round the water-mill
Patient and submissive
To destiny
Resigned

Then
Of a sudden
Feeling in its breast
Burn the old ancient
Still unquenched
Promethean fire
It rises from
Its misery:
Just in the ECG
A sudden line
Arises from the troughs
And spurts.

The night, the dusk
The same
The dawn after dawn
The same
The secret lights
Danced on certain tombs
Of Earth bustling wombs
The same
The same
And Evolution be at work
And Time and Motion
Move forth
Irrepressible
Then
Reflecting quite

In conservation see what was before:

So be

So be

How slow

What ennui

What ennui

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Spiny The Cactus Raised Itself

how spiny the cactus raised itself
into the desert
how red the sand
burnt under the mid-day sun
how scorched the scorpion moved
across the red sand

and in that silence
a sudden whirlwind blows
a red, red cloud of sand
from the dunes rises
how spiny the cactus raised itself
into the tempest:

and yet
and yet
the tempest was subdued and fell
as happened long ago and now
and still
and spiny the cactus raises itself
into the desert
and the red sand
burns under the mid-day sun

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Sweet You Were

How
Sweet
You
Were
When
You
Took
Your
Handkerchief
How sweet
You
Swept
Your
Eyes
And
Then
(al
copione)
your
nose
of
red
still
lovely
in
my
eyes:
(and
You
Are
Lovely
I
Re-assert)
In
My
Memory
Those
Images
Are

Transfixed:

How

Cannot

They?

Through

Joy

And

Woe

Through

Joy

And

Woe

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Contrast

How the contrast
with what went before
never calculated
what ill future years held in store

How the contrast
we had lore
and we have more
yet want we more
how the contrast

So it has come
that we lost eager
for life's love-fever
seeing this disaster
disaster after disaster
and in the heavens before
there looms more and more

I jotted down
a plan of action
plan of salvation
my hope, my calculation

Yet with all this
day after day
continues this way
a vessel that sinks
midst waves surrounding
the strong vessel grounding

With all this score
there be life's horizon
immortality suspended
and end be in store

How the contrast
with what went before

never calculated
what ill future years held in store

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Law Makes Us Live Within Its Cage

How the law makes us live within its cage
Even if we do not get inside its cage
We have to be aware all times
Not to get into the cage.

Is that the freedom that allowed
To the Individual Sovereign Will?

Then I would go to view
The red dusk wane over the bastions old
And sighing will it to take me with it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Night As A Jealous Eaglet

How the night as a jealous eaglet
prowls
over the frosty airs and waves of
current gelid glows.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Night Breathes

How the night breathes
To-night!
The hummock of delight
In this Earth-prison
Hangs
Blotting the Conscious
All and quite
Proud the Sub-Conscious erect
Waves his wand
All mesmerizing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Night Speaks

How the Night Speaks

Ah! the night speaks; speaks, yes,
so said the ancient Anchorite

the cave here on its walls
is a film of images
of all the history
of the world
this night

without watching, I dream
see the images
the sub-conscious glows
burning.
Because the night speaks.

How Silence Speaks

In the pool
a hidden hand
threw a stone
and it was night
long, long past dusk
of red:
and the circles
swelled
swelled in the pool
without a sound.

Verse and the Tomb

Verse and tomb
gloom and dread
fear and calm
An Angel with a sword
in his loins
stood by
all night

The Monument on the Tomb

Marble monuments shone
blue and white and
trembling azure light
for there was moon
and there was night.

A Spirit with sad eyes
He watched and
Stared vacant
In the ashen night
In the moving wind

A Spirit with tears
In the eyes
Silent embraced
With one hand
The monument on the tomb
Then
When the first gray of Dawn
Began to smile
Its way in to the Earth
And skies
He kissed the monument
The monument on the tomb.
And vanished.

Ashes to Ashes

Ashes to ashes
spoke

The morning was so rote
so tired

so bleak and
dread

life be so;
we humans bend
our heads
so often.

skeletons to skeletons
spoke
in rains and tempests
their teeth
chattering.

their heads of holes
left
the moon lit pass
through

the drum of night
in the distant end
of the cemetery
louder a little
by midnight
subsided by
three in the morning
by

above flying
things chattering
the trees
the moon
the stars
the night

ah! ashes to ashes
speak
of black and

ashes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How The Night Sways

How the night sways
How the night sways
How the moon violins
It plays
How the flowers bend
Before
At red dusk
Fading
Fading
End.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Thick The Veil This Night – This Summer Night

How thick the veil this night – this summer night
The long thick veil of Night!
How wander we
Down steps and down
The eerie city streets – at night all desolate
And our paces echo and re-bound
Into the shrine of sacred silence
Into the night of dark they fade
And fade.

And as
We go down
And by the sea
We saw the moon
The languid moon
Leap in to sea!

What suicide!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Time Runs

How Time runs
When it wants
But then
When it be slow
It will be slow
It will be ticking
Breathing heavily
Into the cesspit
Of used moments
Absolute: specific
The seconds and
The minutes.

How Time runs
When it wants
It crosses
Bridges slow
Walking
Walking hand in hand
With History.

How Time runs
When it wants
But then
When it be slow
It will be slow
It will be ticking
Breathing heavily
The seconds and
The minutes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Weary The Night Trudges On

How weary the night trudges on
When summer with its heat
Reigns with its humid sweat
And restless loss of breath:
And slow, slow, slow
The sweat dropp drips, drips, drips.

How weary the night - how weary trudges on!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How White And Level The Plain

How white and level the plain
That stretches to the sea-ridge
The sea-ridge beyond which
The sea roars in and out
And laps against the giant rocks
This night.

I startle - the moon's light
Which I thought feeble --
Clearly the plain before me lights
And the dark bosom of the sea
Entering and going silver shines
When the moon-rays with the dark waves commix
This night.

No sound save for my steps and the sea's waves
And here and there a few cool gusts of wind.
No-body save for me - the rest so silent is:
The temples high above in black silhouette
Rise like pointed turrets to the sky
In silent draped and in dress funereal
I walk, I think, I look at the seas,
Tears come to my eyes and fall and fall
This night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Wide The Dawn

How wide the Dawn
Is smiling!
How silent-new
The air is breathing!
How raw the sea
Without a wave
Is looking!

And in the night –
It was last night
How strange
The owl chanteth!
How far, how far
Its cry did seem
And yet
It was so near!
How thrilled the tree
Below my lighted window
And in the night
The solemn night
The owl was still a-calling
To spirits wild
Perhaps
Or long white ghosts
Perhaps!

And in the eyes
Of the pale moon
The lake nearby glistened:
How white
How thin
The rays that fall
In midst of the dark waters!
And from the lake
A soundless sound
Is coming:
For in the waves
And from the waves
There comes a little gurgling

And in the night
In the long night
The owl is speaking, speaking!

Ah! this night – in the night
The people in the house
Are all a-sleeping
I – only I
The vigil, the night-vigil
Am making:
And I
And only I
Will my reward receive
For I
And only I
Am seeing
For I
And only I
Am hearing
And I
And only I
Am feeling!

How strange how sere
The feeling!
How from the clear night
The mist of sudden riseth!
And from afar
Past ten long fields
The cemetery is burning
With the pale light
Of the swift moon
That fall
On every wall
This long, long night!

It seems
It seems
That the cemetery's open:
And yet
And yet
There is no noise

No sound
But from the yews
A soundless sound
Is coming:
A restless sound
Like souls
This night all-aching
And restless
Restless
At some thing
I am not hearing!

Ha! We on earth
Make prisons
And lodge
Bodies – human bodies in them:
And we on earth
Make cemeteries
And lodge
Bodies – human bodies in them
And the long night
Under the light
Of heaven
How waning-blue
And tight
Is coming!

So:
At long last
We fall into a prison
If not the one
In fine to the other
And at the last
And in the last
We enter our last prison:
And in the night
The long and lonely night
The cemetery is shining!

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Wide The Soul

How wide the Soul,
Your Soul, the Inner Soul.
How wide, how wide
Streams of clear water
Ever-coming, ever-coming

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Wide-Eyed Blue Azure

How wide-eyed blue azure
And green and topaz-color
And gray and almond-jet
And color to color blend
The eyes of Dawn
The eyes of rising Dawn
The eyes
Enmeshed in spells.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Wild, How Wild Your Charmed Eyes

How wild, how wild your charmed eyes
Look over the sea-waves my child
And all your hair's a-fluttering:
The sea-breeze murmurs full
Like to the entering sea in magic nights
When hills and caves and walls and stones
Rise move and walk and laugh and talk
When the half-moon unseen by human eyes
Sheds tears of joy and smiles – wanton lover
Too, too wanton lover of the night
This white and silent moon presents its suit
To the full sensous Night draped sole
In sole transparent mantle dark whereon
The moon mischevous lover! Throws
Its faint rays discovering the warm breasts
And sensous limbs by Jovian gods new-forged
Of the lone-coming Night, the sensous Night
Drowning slowly in the small bay wherein
It swims where shallow waters ride
Into the bay, to make love with the rocks
That move from their long sleep
The sleep they slept since times archean old
When hot and staid from earth they were before they cooled
Into the long, long years that after came
Into the satyr nights alas! Long gone and now
Coming but rare in that cove all unseen unknown
This long, long night
Now finished swimming its sensous limbs
Stretches in the moon's light suitor-admiring
And still the silent bay dreams without a stir.
So come, so come this night my child
This magic night, this Merlin night
How wild, how wild your charmed eyes
Look over the sea-waves my child
And all your hair's a-fluttering
And the sea-breeze now murmurs to the full.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Will You Help?

How will you help?
so said the Figure grim
dressed in a flowing
mantle trim
and it was night.

I am a Poet Seer
would you will to hear
my song and chant
to-night
and nightingales
forego?

Erect spoke not the
Figure grim.
Yet he sate him down
A little distance
to hear my chant
and song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Yearn I For A Potioned Wine – This Night!

How yearn I for a potioned wine – this night!
How race and run the drops of blood
How race the red, red drops of blood – this night!

How from the face of heaven the clouds
Seem swept away by some full-scathing broom
How smiling the pale moon!

Ah! methinks that the moon, the modest moon
Has in itself somehow sometime infused
The red, red drops of Bacchus – lo in it
The wanness cool is turning to a red
And on its cheek already ruddying goeth:
And merry looks the moon this merry night.

Never would I have thought the moon to be
Votary of Bacchus and his ivied green:
Nor of its conquest by the sweaty arms
Of satyrs fauns and nymphs of Bacchus wild:

And in my cheeks like the wan moon
So will I potion myself with red, red wine
Cool from the earth in cooler beakers kept
Delicious as the drops of red, red blood
Were to Dracula.

Then will I yearn to sleep and drowse and dream.

Emmanuel George Cefai

How Yearn I For A Quiet House

How yearn I for a quiet house
Buried amidst the hills
Green with ever-lasting shrubbery
In a soft land:
And the sweet scent
That distant pines
Aloft on the air send.

How meek and sad
The flowers thrust
Their petal-crowned heads into the wind
That winnows and plays lazily:
How meek and sad.

And in the distant lake
The lapping waves I hear
Humming along the wire like electricity
Transported on sound waves
The water waves from distance
Thus transformed as Greek gods of old
Of ancient days.

And straight before
The lone and linear plain
Unending to the horizon stands
As if with it locked
In ever-lasting embrace
The embrace of heaven and earth
That will not let go:

And on the long, long plain
The sheated gold of seeds
Full with the gladness of rural bounty
Where rural gods unseen do seem to pass.

A bird flies along the skies – and chirps

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hubbub

Induced
Induced
Hubbub
Of
Noises
Voices
Horns
The
Conscious
Wall
Starts
To
Flag
Down
Then
Slow
Bend
And
Bending
Suddenly
Fall
As
The red
Dusk
Just
Lingering
To
The
Night
There was
The
Dark
Night
Saving
Light
Its
Subconscious
Glory

Human Rights

When
Will the Human Rights
Be
Of the Individual,
The Individual solely?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Humanity

In the propensity to humanity

Saw I

The propensity to weakness

So-called

So-called

For what be strength?

And weakness?

And be not all

Relative?

In all?

At all?

For all?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Humans

humans
each one of us
must choose as
between two roads
here
here
at the Bifurcation of Life:
either be rote and dreary
else other way
dream, sub-conscious and mad

Emmanuel George Cefai

Humans Must Endorse

we
we humans must endorse
the new order of the night
and
alter our civilization accordingly
then
in the new civilization ever-continuous
be
civilization after civilization
otherwise
civilization however brilliant will dogmatic be

Emmanuel George Cefai

Humming Bees

Woofs and trees
Humming bees
The winter awake
The streets dirty
And in the morning dry
Their thirst now slake
For in vast drizzles
The water falls
pit-pit-pit
the water falls

Knight in green
Such shiny sheen
Even in a dim
Noon's light
And in a hazy
Trembling starlight!

Ah! who be
Our knight in green?
Who has so much sheen?
In a night
Of clouds thunder and
Rain
Sweet dreams subconscious
Twangs of pain?
To-night
This bed the night
Of all of this
Tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Humming In The Night

Humming in the night
The man with the feather in his head
Humming.

The night-stars burning are
And will centuries to come.

Then
There will be a Dies Irae
And
That once be enough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hunter Of Dawn

hunter of dawn

I saw you trudge at night
amongst the wood trees and

the cries of owls

the song of nightingales

Dawn

is a little treacherous:

for

what she introduces

is bearing of the chains

that

at night loosed

in immensity of

silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hunter Of Dawn Ii

dawn hunts places
she hunt them for bringing
new day
connecting
us to the older version
that at night
we discarded:
by our beds but not
around us
the chains lay
and dawn's light
got them back again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hunter Of The Skies

Hunter
Of
The
Skies
With
Arrows
Loaded
In
The
Quiver
Shooting
One
After
One
As
Night
The
Stars
Was
Lighting:
Fear
Transformed
From
White
To
Yellow
Hit
Large
Areas
Of
The
Sky
Zones
Heaven
And
Earth
Poisonous
Lighting
To-night

Over
The
Windmills
Hanging
I
Heard
The
Nurse
The
Children
teach
Alas
For
Me
Alas
Why me

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hurled

Hurled

Hurled

I heard large rocks hurled
And grating.

Ah! in to the Sub-Conscious
You hear such things!

Even I heard ringing
In the distant past
Ringing of bells and
The Red Square and Kremlin.

In that deep trance
You will not ask or query
From where this or that
Came.

You will be woken
Only
By giant noises
as
Hurled
Hurled
I heard large rocks hurled
And grating.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hurling Themselves Over The Rocks

Hurling themselves
over the rocks
from rock to rock
the adventurous satyrs
they silhouette in the night
you
will calculate they be
the
flying bats
that the deep vale infest
and
from side to side glide
from extremity to extremity
I close my eyes
so as to dream
to cut off Conscious
in the Sub-Conscious be
making it my Idol of Gold
as the Biblical
Sub-Conscious thus
becomes biblical too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hurry

to hurry
to postpone
which?
both alternating?
in the long term
they elongate
their legs
to the same posting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hurt By The Light

Tired in the day
Hurt by the light
Of sun
He grew.
Shaded his eyes
In the sun's light
And light of day.
Dawn brought happiness
But momentary
For as the day advanced
Sad he grew
By every second
And
Pined he at his desk
With every morning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hush! The Baby Sleeps

Hush! The ruddy face
Hush or else the baby weeps.

Ah! with weeping we but
Foretell, outline
The future destiny.

The baby sleeps
Its eye-brows shine
With the moon's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hymn To Minerva

No incense do I have to offer, this
Night!

No palms no wreaths no flowers,
This night!

No prayers of a crowd offered
To-night!

But my lips uttered in fear prayer
To-night!

Wisdom, wisdom I need, I man
Of solitude, thrown
Alone into the turbulence of earth:
Wisdom I need
To-night!

Ah! bring me to the fount of wisdom!
I saw a white light descend
That I saw not before:
And being Poet-Seer, philosopher,
I knew that was Minerva.

I knew of my salvation in that night.

To you kind goddess, I, with
Empty hands
What will I dedicate
By Dawn herself, her beauty?

You ask me how:
How ardent and presumptuous I
To offer Dawn
To offer what is not mine:
Ah! wait!
For I am Poet-Seer, and
The Poet-Seer has Earth for him
And to him Earth calls master

And calls Lord:
For when his lyre he,
The Poet-Seer strings,
The Earth will in her visceral
Tremble and joy as the lyre
Wills!

Therefore let me as Poet-Seer
Minerva,
offer Earth and Dawn
To you
And the new Day
That Earth be blessed by you,
That Earth embark on a new way,
A better way,
My chant, my verse,
To-night,
Great Minerva hear:
And hearing, grant
My prayer on behalf of Earth:
This Earth I am of,
This Earth I love so, my goddess.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Hypnosis

Hypnosis

Dresses moving

Alone

In cemeteries

Night moon

Red.

Stars yellow.

Dream

Dream human

Brain

Dream!

Sub-Conscious Figure

Rise!

Atelier of night

Codes of

Transcription

Vale of chill

Silence

Snow

Snow

Snow

And blasts of wind

The canyon of Ages

High

Rises its grating walls

Ringing

Night is singing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I

I
I that could see the suffering
I
That had a heart pitying
The healing of the Earth:
I
Who roamed a tiger through
The hoarse and barren tufts
That sprouted rare
And wild here and there
On that vast plain that stretched
And stretched and stretched
Horizon thin: where night
Kissed it:
Lip to lip:
It stretched, and as I walked
Through those long stretches
Found I that it stretched
And stretched till Night had ended
And Dawn came smiling at the edge
Where cliff and white fell giddy to deep seas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Piled A Sum

Summing up

I

Piled a sum

That as soon

As assembled pyramid

As by a magic

Wand

Touch

Broke in pieces

Down.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am A Broken Reed

I am a broken reed
And
The cruel winds blow
More and more
The more I crack
The more the night
Closes on all sides:
And
I will not see another Dawn
Unbroken
But lie
When the curtain of the Earth
Be drawn
Lie broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am A Poet Seer

You see
I am a Poet Seer of
The simple words
Limited vocabulary
Though
With the power
Of
Shaking wander
And lo! Neologisms
And rare words
Come rarer
Than the jewels of the East.

You see
I am a Poet Seer.
Whose eyes be tired
And whose life has aged
And whose Will has
Pined into his Eyes of
Dusk, and Fading Day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Driven

Driven

I am driven

into the corner of asserting:

'Well descent finally

heads to extinction

so descent and no descent be

the same'

Am I a lover of sour grapes

sudden grown so?

What I assert nonetheless

makes ascendants and descendant

pale

or else the drunken crowd

that danced before Baal

before the final

tragedy.

One or the other.

Just that.

Just that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Going To The Wars

O! I am going to the wars
I!

And time is fast, my Love.

And Day to its sweet fading
Draws

And in its Spring of Beauty
The flower bends and closes.

O! I am going to the wars
I

And will rarely return
I!

For O!
I am going to the wars
I!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Going To The Wars – O!

I am going to the wars now – O!
Where there is blood and toil
And passing over unknown seas
And lands –
And rain and mist and glaring of the sun
I'm going to the wars now – O!

I'm going to the wars now – O!
Where night and day and light and dark
Together mix – become irrelevant:
Save for the on-ward marching
And hoarse chanting of the march songs:
I'm going to the wars now – O!

I'm going to the wars now – O!
Where the red earth is redder made
Where drops of red, red blood
The golden corn-sheaves dye
Where mothers lose their sons
Fathers their wives and children
Children their fathers lose:
I'm going to the wars now – O!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Hunger

I am in hunger.
Beware.

My hair that was
Elegant and attired
Now
Stands on end

Every hair is a
Risen bush

Beware.
My hunger eats.

I am childless
That
Makes me hungry
Beware
Beware the child.

Do not tell me.
Do not say
That I am envious.

Is not my blood
A red blood
A human blood?

But Dracula
Is now my icon.
Nay,
I do, not imitate.

Civilization beware
Too.
I am another civilization
Now.
The civilization of hunger.
And

Hunger made me so.

But do not that
Your silence make me
Mad.
Not fierce just.
That's hunger.

Your silence cuts to
My bones more
Than the hunger.
Beware the silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Not Of Them

They are fortunate.
I am not of them.

Few lines
Few lines, my Monsignor

The rest is sad dirge and
The rest is just funereal
And drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am Not Wise

I
say
that
I
am
not
wise
I
will
to
be
wise
so
I
have
to
gather
always
from
all
fields

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Am The Morning

I am the Morning
And

I am the Dawn!

I am the joiner of the
open wounds

I am the clouds hovering
there I go
there I will stay
strong enough to stay

I am

I am who likes to say
I am

I am monster, plebeian,
saint.

I change from time to time
even by second to
second at
my will
I am.

I am thus easy a Poet Seer

With the emotions I am overwhelmed

but with emotions I too overwhelm

I am the Change that Changes and
Transforms
Changed and Transform
the Spirit stays the same
but Transformation simultaneous
goes!

I am the passage of time
the delirium of the
clock-hands madly
racing
So many look at my racing
hands
I saw so many faces white
Others resigned:
I saw
I am.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Bowed My Head In Front

I bowed my head in front
of the greatness of the disabled
man riding in his
wheel chair
Awed felt I as if
of olden times I saw an
olden king
and bowed my head
and bowed my head

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Breathe And Pant

I hear the bellows -
working
I breathe and
pant
and
in the streets
there's raining
I say
I hear the bellows working

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Brought My Mother The Walking Aid.

I brought my mother the walking aid.

I saw the dusk upon her face.

Why mother? asked I
Is it not good for you?
I paid for it myself to
see you rise from bed.

She replied not; alas I turned
away from her flushed ashen
face.

And night had come and deepened.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Cannot Haughty Be

I cannot haughty be.
With my back to the
Wall
I can only resign myself
So long
I have been with my back to wall!
I thought
I would find breath to escape
The cutting edge of the guillotine
Already I see it dazzling:
Descending
Be quick
My head is off.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Carry

this body
that with my Self I carry
this
body
moves
rests
rises
stops
starts
starts again
so many
so many motions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Chanted

A civilization of the night
I chose
I sang
I chanted more than
The civilization of the day
I chanted

*

Throughout a day of roses
Sings the streamlet
Its banks overflow not
But
Humble within their remit
Stay

Kind the night violets
Though
Their heads bending
They threw off
Secret scents for
Those sweet secret times

Non-chalant and dizzy
The Knight from Last Night
Ferrets through the day
Likes not the light
Prefers the light of
Burning stars
That after all
Just be burning suns
As our sun of day,
And more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Closed My Eyes

I closed my eyes – a Poet Seer is want
To open his eyes!

But now ill news tread upon the hells
Of ill news

And what I do is but to close my eyes.
Still breathing

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Closed My Eyes.

I closed my eyes.
Above
glittered the silver of
the guillotine.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Come To Where You Lie My Mother

I come to where you lie my mother
and feel the stones that separate
us vibrate, though the sun shines,
and a lark from a high tree sings,
I feel, I feel the earth tremble.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Complain I Lament.

I complain.
I lament.
But then let us figure things out.

For verse I left out things.
For song I left out things.

And
the leaving out of these things
made me the misery that I am now
and the tragedy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Do Not Will My Verses To The Grave

I do not will my verses to the grave
but let them thrive in to the upper world
the Earth of all of us where
each day there will be a new dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Dreamt

I dreamt
I slept
Yet I saw you my mother
Sleeping

Sleeping in the tomb
Where winter rains be beating
And the lark in the chill
Of morn arises.

I dreamt of you
A light – an angel light
For after all
All dressed in white
You were – and dreaming

Dreaming the paradise you won
Yet for me worrying
Yet for me praying.

So when I hear thunder creaking
And lightning flash and rumbling
I think of you – cannot escape –
You in your tomb lying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Dreamt Wild Dreams, Dreams Without Fear

I dreamt wild dreams, dreams without fear
Where water wild and green
Upon the white jagged cliffs
Seethed in their rage and tore
Whole chunks of rocks grey raw and white.

How high the cliffs, how giddy
They were Dover-like chalky-white and tall
Rising from the green sea, the raging sea.

And high above the stormy petrel sailed
High, high and traveling
Full many kilometers in few lapping
How eerie its cry, how hideous
It rang over that frozen sea:
More frozen 'twas than the green frozen sea.

How wild the wind and uncontrolled
How high and white the waves
Here, there, to west, to east, to everywhere
The cold sweat still I feel around me creep:
And rang all hideous the hideous cry
Of the stormy petrel.

Now 'twas a rage, then whisper, then a sigh.

And then the thunder rolled
Its fingers tall irregular
Sowed omen and ill in the dark sky
That cleft its lips with every thunder-peal
With ever thunder-clap
Over that tempest green.

How high, how bleak, the stormy petrel flew
How dank the rain that fall and cold:
How more dark grew the dusk, more dark:
How high and white the waves
Here, there, to west, to east, to everywhere
The cold sweat still I feel around me creep:

And rang all hideous the hideous cry
Of the stormy petrel.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Feel

I feel
Just
As
If
My
Mother
were
speaking
to me.

And
I feel
Just
As
if
God
was
speaking
through
my
mother,
now.
He
Is
Speaking
Through
you.

Dear
one,
I
Have
Nothing
Except
God,
And
The
Will
And

The
Wish
To
Pray
To
God.

And
I
feel
just
as
Job
Felt
When
God
Took
Everything
from him
and
even
the animals
licked his wounds.

I
Am
Not
exaggerating.

I
Tell
What
I
Tell.

And
In
All
this agony
there is
the voice
of an angel,
an angel sent by God,
an angel called You

Just that,
No less
No less

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Feel Like The Sea-Gull

I feel like the sea-gull
That wanders the ocean-waves calm or tossed
With tempests in mid-Ocean or sea-shore:
I am the sea-gull
That with parched throat
Cries his piercing cry across the landscape
Where sea and sky are only and they meet
In my lone call:
I am the sea-gull that protests
And speaks injustice and its pains
And that is why
My throat is parched – yet I am free
Free in my flight across the air
Flipping around my wings; moving
Flying miles and kilometers moving
Flying near to land as much as can I
For I must bespeak – people must hear me.
My call I know will pierce
And the hearts
That lie now frozen by unjust hands
Will feel the warmth of summer in their innocence
Their throats no longer will be parched
Nor will they thirst
But by the springs of paradise will slake their thirst:
And they will have justice.
And the earth will flower again, no longer groan
Under its burdens
And I
And I, the lonely sea-gull of the ocean-winds
Will cry my eerie cry no more
My deed done my heart can break
And I
The lonely sea-gull will float
Float speechless on the Ocean's bosom to the skies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Feel That Time Is Passing.

I feel that time is passing.

I feel that time is slipping.

I see that time is passing.

I see that time is slipping.

Experience

Perception, the one into

The other transforms and then back again

The more, in as direct proportion,

The more preferable.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Feel The Cold And Now I Understand

I feel the cold and now I understand
what means to end in cold.

Winter is only beginning now, but hunger
adds to the cold

But more low temperatures in the sad
soul, the Inner Soul, the deep Inner Soul

Together they conspire, they combine,
and already hear I
the black veiled figure-woman sing
the last fugue of me and the last
verses.

the acerb lemon now grows in the
garden where midst the acerb trees
there plays the slow sound of
the last fugue, the last very last,
last verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Felt The Trembling

And

I felt the trembling

The trembling of the chill

But more than that

There was

The trembling of the Fear

And

What was yet to come

A guillotine saw I

Resigned

And felt deeper and deeper

The trembling of the chill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Fight By Now All Alone

From the little group
Of singles and childless humans
I fight alone but I fight.

The song
That ascended was sensuous
I needed it
To enhance at least
By a little
That fire that in me
Has eroded in the last years.

There was the forty year old
Woman
She too wanted to challenge
The twenty years olds
And the younger.

She succeeded.

And I?

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Figured It

I figured It
gone round
the corner
But no!
On reaching
the corner
I found It
waiting
waiting me

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Gulped In Water

I gulped in water
As I gulped age.

I felt cool winds
When my feet slowed.

My feet became wet
After long hibernation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Had Better Not Speak

I had better not speak
to you in these verses.
Better my heart to remain
closed and

I
I keep the keys of iron.
The Times pass and yet
the Icon of Sadness remains
the keyboard clicked in vain.

Bitter the chill winds
neighed around the corners of
the dilapidated house.

When time has passed and you
do not bring it in again
then sit and wait
Destiny be round the corner

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have A Desire

I have a desire
A burning desire
To fly as a bird fly, fly, fly.

My feet must be unattached
To this ground whereon
I am condemned – rather my feet –
To touch the ground, always.

Even when I sleep
Somehow I'm rooted to the ground
Whether I will or not.

But to be bird
Then I have power to transgress
What binds me to the ground
To break and to let loose
At least for one short ride
For one brief flight.

And then
And then
I will not care so much
What will happen next:
At last
My supreme wish has been granted

I have defied the gods (if so they be)
(Excuse to science; excuse to reference frames)
That tied me to the ground
And won.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Been Friend To The Muse

'I have been friend to the Muse
'But my son you must do that'

I know, I know my father
I have to be a father, father

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Begun

I have begun
A new age, a new methodology
Of writing verse, song and poesy.

You have noticed to-day.

Well, well, take note: it is vital.

The subjects are not so different:
For who can escape
The beauties of the night, the dusk,
The winds, the verse and song,
The Bacchanalian wreaths and wine?

Bring me the garland first
I want the flowers
Now that the dusk is gone.
Next
Bring the wreath, the laurel wreath
And then the lyre simultaneously.

Let the Muse put the laurel wreath on my head.

Well, if I am ruined for being a Poet
There is at least a laurel wreath
That the silent nymphs and the Muse
Have donned.

Humans take note: for you ignore.

Till now
The iron of the burning molten fires
Of the sinews of the forges
Of the nether earth
Are not obstructing the cool ground of green.

Nor frighten the nymphs and fairies numerous.

For the Dawn is away, and in their numbers

From small numbers at the setting of the dusk
One by one, couple by couple,
They increased.
And now they people the green lawns
Head under the trees from which hang
Like sentenced prisoners from gibbets
The downcast fruits in their nocturnal mode.
The rest is joy and silence.
The leaves rustle, restless
The boughs move and turn.
Restless.
Restless.
For the Dawn is away, and in their numbers
The nymphs and fairies numerous increased
And in the mirror of the heavens eyes'
Already shine the prospect of the Dawn.
See! See! The fairies said:
The heavens have turned spies
On us.
Conspiring with Dawn we fear so;
Though
We admire her and love her beauty so
Yet her light blinds us to our flight:
Rings as the sentence of the condemnation
To the nether world one by one, couple by couple.

Well, let me, let me, revel in these thoughts
And joys:
Let me be ruined if I am spoiled by these
Let me be spoiled and ruined simultaneous.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Climbed Up The Mountain Of Despair

I have climbed up the mountain of despair
Oft – too oft perhaps for me
Too many bitter cups of grief I drunk
Too few the days of calm I joyed.

My flower of youth I wasted more
Than time and age could
Too many bitter cups of grief I drunk
Too few the days of calm I joyed.

Too many nights of weirdness I had
When bad dreams chased all sleep away:
And the black firmament like a cold wall
Smiled at me where'er I trod and went
Railing and deriding my despair.

Too many storms of green my vessel has
Weathered and been buffeted into
Too many a water wraith and ghost
Saw I in my mountain of despair:

Too many a field with corpses have I dreamed
Strewn and divided all irregular:
Too many a stormy sea with corpses I
Have dreamed swollen and strewn amidst the wrecks:
Too many a field with crosses in rows decked
And yew-clad cemeteries solitaire I dreamed.

Too many a monster new unheard unseen
By previous eyes or ears have I met
Too many a deed and mishap have I been
Nor have been spared a son's grief and despair
And now my father lies low in earth.

And now it seems that few black days remain
And blacker days on black days follow suit
Pointing with every day a-down and down:

My heart now too hard for tears is; my eyes

Are dry as desert sands or milked breasts
My throat is parched with the last dryness weird.
I have ascended the mountain of despair.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Come In The Habit

I have come in the habit--
I have come in the habit of thinking
But after that
I came in the habit of feeling:
So I married them together -
And pregnant with their child
I wrote my poesy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Feet

For suffering

And breath
For its panting

And hands to reach
Clouds
When it be rising
To the high peaks rising

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have No Words, But Words That Are Grey

I have no words, but words that are grey.

Yes grey, the color is not here
Because I am not inspired now.
The Muse has to come and save me.

And here, here, I write, I write still
Not just for writing but perhaps
Like a wheel turning mechanically from
The previous rounds, on its axle;
The last rounds and turns of the wheel
May be
Before it stops for now.

Yes, I spoke and versified long ago
And not so long ago about
Parched throat, dry hill side,
Water coming not, dry, dry,
Dust of the dry summer, touched
By the Moses iron rod a new Spring.
From now
That is still beginning of the Winter
That is a rather long way to go.

So I have to hope in the Muse.

And I will do crazy things; yes,
What before I asserted crazy,
Now I do, and feel comfortable
Or at least not the sign of guilt
And anguish and desperation:
No, no, no.

There was a time when
I looked at a certain sundial to
Mark time: a sort of game,
That's all.
But now my nervousness

Gets the better of me and
I
No longer think slow of Time
But with impatience look not
On the sundial.
I know Time is Motion and I
Know that Time goes round
All the same,
Cutting leaf after leaf from my diary,
My calendar,
And yet, I, parched though
The more yearning for my lyre,
Still
Waiting to sing, and write and
Versify.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have Received

I have received
Hate and more than hate.

I that have loved more
Than I hated.

My verse now stutters
My verse now hops
And yet I love, somehow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have To Thank You For Your Spleen

I have to thank you for your spleen
And for your cruelty above all
They strengthened my poetry
And made me rise where you will never go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Have To Write Another Date

It will take work, an extra

Work

But never mind,

The ship is saved

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Hear Bells Ring

When

I hear bells ring

Slow and sad

Though it be not dusk

Even

In the sun-bathed streets

I slow my pace

Heave my breath

My eyes wax sad

When

I hear the bells ring

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Hear Not From You.

I hear not
From you.

But
Then I see you.

I see your smile
But
Hear your sighing.
And I ask:
Why?

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Hear The Castle Of The Seas

I hear the castle of the seas
Unloaded by the hands
Of Neptune's emissaries:
One stone by one stone
One precious stone by
One precious stone
I hear
Is Neptune envious of the castle of the sea?

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Hear The Horn

I hear the horn.
He came for me.

I feign not to hear.
But my hair stands
on end.

A castle and a house
stopped.
It was no dynasty

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard

I heard
I heard the burnt desires
crackling in the nether fire
fire below my feet
feet over the cemetery
all over
all over the cemetery
and the crackling of documents
the cutting of chains
the groans of liberation
freedom
naked running in the dark
of light
of the wild stars
the cunning night
I heard
I heard the burnt desires

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard A Nightingale Cry

I heard a nightingale cry
and that was last night
and there was threatening star-light
yet
yet the nightingale cried ominous.

and yet
yet
though the cry was ominous
I stood star-struck amidst the frost
of that night, a statue of chill
erect as the firs and oaks
stood I.

and in the ominous song of the nightingale
I saw and heard of new evolution the gale.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard A Violin

I heard
A violin as I passed
By the end of
Saint Paul Street
The violin I heard:
And it was playing
Sad.
And it came from
The small and quaint
Street
Where there's my heart
Romantic seeping
Through
And into the wines
Piping and flowing
Of olden centuries:
A violin
A violin stood
Playing sad.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard Night Stumbling

I heard Night stumbling in the air of mists
I heard Night scenting Romeo-like to moon
I heard Night stomping with the love-sick stars
I heard Night knocking at the door of dusk
I heard Night pacing on the shores of Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard Of Spring

I heard of Spring
And I heard in the night
Sang a nightingale
And heard I tears in my eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Bells Ringing.

I
Heard
The
Bells
Ringing.

Ringing
From
The cathedral every day
Every night
At quarters.

And they annoyed me not
In day
And
At night
And the bells to rest
thrilled me

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Breath Expire

I heard the breath expire
The Sub-Conscious tells
And tells so much!

The houses and all are
In haze.

Darkens the face
Embers burn low
Decreases fire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Croaking Laugh

I heard the croaking laugh
It was of a green goblin
And the goblin jumped into the night
Beneath the white search-light
Of the burning star-light
Burning, burning in the night.

Make me sleep, make me
In your womb
That yet be a tomb
Where flourish things
Where flourishes Beauty
And sadness is least.

I heard the croaking laugh
It was of a green goblin
And the goblin jumped into the night
Beneath the white search-light
Of the burning star-light
Burning, burning in the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Ditty Flee And Fleet

over the port, the water golden
awhile the Dawn was there
and then
the wheels the grating of the wheels
of cruel pitiless day
heard I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Foot-Steps

I heard
I heard the foot-steps
I heard the foot-steps
Along the hills
And the hills were
Green
Though night's reign was
Darkening:
I heard
I heard
The drops giant
Falling
Falling
I heard foot-steps
And they were great
And there was sound
And
I thought it was some giant as of old
But
Then
Saw I emerging from a coppice
A figure spare and small
And great
A Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Moths Singing

I heard the moths singing
Busily singing
For
I was in the cemetery
And
It was a night of solitude
Night of internal pain
Internal suffering
Gethsemane

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Nightingale Sing

And
Then
And
Then

In the deep midnight
I heard the nightingale sing
Then stop as she
Saw me.

Then a chorus of goblins, of
Hedgehogs, clams from sea,
Toads, insects began to sing
Round
Round
Turned the bacchanalian wine
With ivied heads of green:
And on their tiptoes
nymphs danced daintily

And then heard I
The speech of the wise-owl
She thought I understood not
But ah! A Poet Seer and philosopher
I understood.
I heard.
I went to home and wrote.
That was philosophy, new thought.
Ideas all the Earth needs
Not the object-things, materially.

Then a chorus of goblins, of
Hedgehogs, clams from sea,
Toads, insects began to sing
Round
Round
Turned the bacchanalian wine
With ivied heads of green:
And on their tiptoes

nymphs danced daintily

Shone the moon that night
Her orbs on the Ocean seas
And immense liquid reigns
That girdle Mother Earth
Before the dawn
In to the deep of night
Far, far away
From the ledges of Earth
From towns that sleep and
Dream not beauty but
Sub-conscious wrath
As the Inner Soul to clean herself
And mend the wounds of faded day
Attempts.

Then a chorus of goblins, of
Hedgehogs, clams from sea,
Toads, insects began to sing
Round
Round
Turned the bacchanalian wine
With ivied heads of green:
And on their tiptoes
nymphs danced all daintily

there was a man
 human
 he wandered through the streets
 some papers in hand
 a pen of ink
 he glared
 he stared
 as yet he did not sing.
The time must come at last
 Murmured this man
The time must come I sing
But more vital than that
That all that on Earth be
Remembered always be
And all

Not just the few
When
Hand to hand
The people joined
Shoulder to shoulder
They march
Under the Tree of Liberty
Where human rights no restriction see
Nor civil liberties any frowning know
And
Knowledge amongst All shared equally
And
Genius too:
Genius for All, of All, in All.
A new order of All
A new civilization
A new Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Note Of Spring

I heard the note of Spring
I heard the note of dusk
I saw a lark fly to the night
disappear in the stars
bewildered.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard The Thunder

I heard the thunder
I was in the bed sheets
One night's thrill
Carried a life in a fist
I took it
And drunk
The rains made more
The merriment
As in a Scottish jig
They beat the panes
Whilst
Winds assailed the
Roof
Whilst
Winds assailed the
Doors.
I heard the thunder
I was in the bed sheets
One night's thrill
Carried a\life in a fist

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard Them Read My Poems

I heard them read my poems, and I
Wondered

Then when those lines I had written
I remembered

My heart told me for from there
The verses came

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Heard These Verses In A Dream

I heard these verses in a dream I slept
I heard these verses with my closed eyes
I heard these verses with a heart that wept

I having suspended an Immortality
I had passionately so passionately presented
Now to dust and to bones must turn
At least as temporarily.

Country my country possess not
My dust and bones wide be the earth
And let them elsewhere be.

My spirit will not hover over this
Earth
I will to hover over seas and oceans
Glaciers and snow-capped mountains
There my Spirit wills to draw
The oxygen of the heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Hug

I hug these verses
These verses that I leave
These last farewells

Dry, dry
The tear in my eyes.

Open the case
And play the violin
The farewell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Kissed Your Hand

I kissed your hand
And
Since that time
I went up a hill
I climbed and
Climbed
Restless yet
In joy
I sang and sang
And new joy
Was born to
The Earth!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Know That I Must Not Lose That Thrall

I know that I must not lose that thrall
Though
But few days ago I entered upon another year
The New 2011:
I must continue.

Since years before has my Muse grown?
Has she fonder become?
More mad for me?
For any honey from lips?
For any depth in my utterances?
For any profundity of thought?
For the long line of might and nobleness?
For all the rest I do not remember to confess?

Ah! Homer with your lines of nobleness
You showed me a key, just nobleness:
The words once the breast carries nobleness,
The words, I say, will flow
With the very auto-sound of the Voice
That mighty rolls against the Ocean shores
Of the hammer-beating brain of a Poet-Seer.

Here, these tombs, this grave-yard,
Remnant and symbol of civilization
Up to now:
O! I yearn for yet another
Civilization where we will not need
Tombs graveyards and cemeteries
For the things that move and live.

Here, here, here, bless me,
Minerva my mind enlighten,
My heart already in Immortality be,
And hangs upon the very clouds
Of great Olympus.

There reached I.

But reaching those summit heights

I know that immense must be

The aid to shore up in that high state:

Nay, higher must I go,

Or others after me

Were I to fall to reach Immortality.

Yet

The flame is lighted, and I lighted it.

The deed is done, I did it, History speaks.

Keep me this way, give me more nobleness

Keep me this way, and on this road I travel.

Help me discover more, and in ever-increase the more unravel.

The summit heights I reached,

And far from falling I must higher go.

That is my calling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Lit A Candle Flame So

I lit a candle flame so
humble
over the place where
the bones of my mother be:
so humble
that no one touched
the flame always dim yet
Perservering

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Lit The Fire

Ah! I lit the fire
Lit the fire of Immortality
But save you not.

My cousin,
You had to suffer
And then you lost
The bus of Immortality.

The restless Soul
Now gnaws at me
My Inner Soul:
Yet tells me
'Worry not; do not
Worry; see
A palace celestial
Before me dangling
See I'

Yet still
Continues my discomfort.

For
Ah! I lit the fire
Lit the fire of Immortality
But saved you not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked Again At The Hanging Man.

I looked again at the Hanging Man.
And he had a sardonic smile
This time.
The sardonic smile was on his lips.
And I started thinking.
And after some time I too smiled
Sardonically.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked In The Mirror In The Night

I looked in the mirror in the night
And let the moon shine on half my face
Behind me the black statue rose
Out of the dark no longer out of mist
And I could see my soul
And I could hear my soul
Into the long night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked Once

From where I looked
I looked
Once -
Just once -
Not more
Not more
No
No
For I viewed the quarreling
Stenches of mists and
Gases
In the struggle of chaos
Chance and probability
Beginning of structure
Poetry and verse
Not finished, open mouthed

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked Over The Sea Nocturnal

I looked over the sea nocturnal
And heard a song
A song coming from the sea
Over the waves it came
Came right to my heart
In those dark waters and in those dark skies
I heard the song and my heart
Enchanted with it and with my eyes
Blood coursed the heart, my heart
And the song came, still flowed
From over the waves in the dark night

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked Straight In To The Eyes Of Twilight

Looked hard and
Looked insistent as a lens:
For
The twilight was not a blinding
Sun
Yet
Blinded still my enmeshed eyes
With sleeping beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Looked, I Looked Into The Seas

I looked I looked into the seas
From the giddy height
Of rocks down falling to the seas:
And speechless the moon shone
Without a word.

And in this din of silence I
A candle lit to see
The wild and eerie motions of it
While the winds moved
Across that sordid plain at night
Without a word.

And flickered the candle-flame
Like a wavering heart-beat
Like my life
Atwixt hope and despair
Atwixt joy and grief
Ennui and the glory of the happy:
Like a loose woman in the throes
Of indecision guilt and shame
So looked I on the plain that night
Without a word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Met Adam On The Road

I
Met
Adam
On
The
Road
His
Face
Was
Red
Deep
Red
He
Woke
From
Slumber
Of
So
Many centuries
He told
Me.
And
I
Fell
Dizzy

When
Woke
I
Adam
Had
Left
I
Had
Dazed
Sub-consciousness

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Must Feel My Heart Burning

I must feel my heart burning
Burning again
As it did in the night of anguish
When Night in his gaudy car
Put out one by one the twinkling stars
And no moon smiled but clouds:
And there lay darkness on the firmament
Then will my heart burn again in anguish
And beat the thrill of fear and despondency
And there lies darkness on the firmament.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Must Feel The Pulse Of The Day

I must feel the pulse of the day
Panting in the stark heat of mid-day
Sweaty in the Mediterranean sun
Burning in the heat blinding
At one and two o' clock at afternoon
Pulsating slow slower, slower
As the sun gets below
The city bastions treed with olives
And yews and cinnamon and oaks
As the long night prepares his horses and his car
Wherein he will light soon to go his round
Round the azure heavens drawing after him
His mantle dark-transparent where he pass:
And one by one the stars of the long night
With his experienced stewardship he lights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Must Return

I must return
Repentant
To the Poet Seer who long ago
Brought that inspired warmth
In my red heart

And then
For then
The parched throat
Began to sing
The blank mind
To think
The lyre hoarse
Became as sweet
And versified.

So
So
I must return
Repentant
To the Poet Seer who long ago
Brought that inspired warmth
In my red heart

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Need A Talisman

I need
I need a talisman
Here on my way
to ever-increase of
literature, science, thought
sciences social and
all the parameters that civilizations
brought.

And
then let me work, work, work,
till my eyes auto-close
in silent victory.

I need
I need a talisman

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Now Move, I Now Move –

I now move, I now move –
The walls murmur
The leaves whisper:
The night will be here
See
The sunset reddening
Is so fast fading:
Hesperus is ascending
The brain is whirling:
But then
That is the sign of inspiration
Go, go, to the rooms of books and manuscripts:
There the computer will be waiting
For your fast fingers on the key board drumming:
Your brain with wave: currents lighting
I now move, I now move –
The walls murmur
The leaves whisper:
The night will be here

Emmanuel George Cefai

I On Earth Groan

Hear!
Olympus hear!
From my literature
My science
My all
My civilization
See the groan
The continual groan!

The centuries pass
And
The ages count
Yet
Continual the groan

And
The groan increases
As I more aware
Become
My eyes be opened
My leaves hide
No longer my nudity:
As
The Conscious rivals the Sub-Conscious
As
The Sub-Conscious its
Comeback makes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Opened The Casements Of My House

I opened the casements of my house
Onto the wild, wild sea
The billows were on it austere and free
The sea-wind with every house-corner neighed
And with the bending palms in the garden played
At dice or in the games of life at will
And still the casements opened and opened
As if by magic trance or guided else
By a thousand small invisible goblin-hands
That from the sea-main seemed to fly and come
Over the billows austere and free
As the sea-wind with every house-corner neighed
And with the bending palms in the garden played
Beyond, beyond the vista low and large
A plain of beach sand lapped by the waves
And here and there an oasis of sweet palms
That bent their olive heads in the winds' waffling
And coming and going over the sea.
Where the white billows raged saliva-like
Or like bent god-thrones cool and flexible
In that long windy plain, in that salt sea
Upon the which my magic casements opened
That day, that long and windy day of life
The sea-wind with every house-corner neighed
And with the bending palms in the garden played
And that was long ago, not days or months,
But years, whole years and now my hair
Is turning fast to white and my breath shorter goes
Than it was then that long and windy day
The sea-cliff raged all white like the salt sea
And hid unseen the waves in the inlet small
All hidden from the eyes of curious men
Waxed green and green – ah! it is so to-day
And still
Long windy days come oft and come as go:
And the sea-wind with every house-corners neighs
And with the bending palms in the garden plays.

I Own The Sea

I own the sea
for
I am a Poet Seer
I own the sea-waves when
they spume
in the long nights
the winds hum round
and round
over the houses and
the steeples pointed
with sound

things fall and clank
and in the fracas
of dilapidation
the sound
goes round and round
the whistling gale
still runs.

Ah! my Soul be still
in my body
today:
in the warmth of viscera
and the rest
It peeps its head sometimes
feels the gritty cold
draws back.

the waters
they still run over the
winds
the lazy leaves inane
and sleepy-drear...
they get the winds
to carry them round
and round
they
fall unto the winds

to carry them
they fall

For
I own the sea
for
I am a Poet Seer
I own the sea-waves when
they spume
in the long nights
the winds hum round
and round
over the houses and
the steeples pointed
with sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Paid The Price

I paid the price
a heavy price
and
I knew I had to pay
that price.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Passed Zephyr By

I passed Zephyr by
Since that I was in poesy:
And those are allowed
That sacrifice on the altars to the Muse.

Heifers and sheep and cattle
Roasting
On the altars of the shrines
Fireworks rotating
In the nocturnal heavens
Blazing.

In towns and cities
As the globe turns
Lights flicker and firm
Hold sway
Till
Of a sudden
Candle-like be blown
By Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Poet Seer Of The Parched Throat

And I
I Poet Seer of the
Parched throat
Poet Seer of the dry sides
And dusty hilly sides
Under the hammering summer heat
Bring me
Bring me
And
Then
All suddenly
The heavens opened
The Voice of the Velvet
Came out
And said:
Let there be song
And
Chanted the Poet Seer
And his hand wrought of verse
Was born
The genesis
Of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Prefer To Work But If Star-Gazing

I prefer to work but if star-gazing
You allow me to call work
That this will feature prominent
Amongst my work.
We humans
We
We make the day for ourselves
Rape her the day for our use
Work satisfaction and
Survival:
Wound her in her sublimity of silence
Despise her then when towards
The waning sunset's rising
We note that we are losing
Her
We suddenly run to her to
Fetch her
And mourn her.
Beg her
Beg her come back
'Come back! '
We
Shed crocodile tears.
Too.
So much
So much for us, we,
We humans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Prepared The Game

that we
a group of Poet Seers
had to play:
just a contest
of spontaneous poems,
verse and song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Procrastinate

yes
another time

I procrastinate

stress
flies
temporarily

yet procrastination
brings its punishment
with it

I failed
Now I resigned suffer

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Received A Call

From a violet
As I was passing
I received a call
A sound
A sigh

To make her will
The ageing violet
Spoke sad:
'Alone am I
Without a family
And my spine to
The earth it bends
In aged suffering'

'What can you bequeath
Old violet? '
I bequeath beauty
I bequeath myself
Or rather what remains
Even that little
Be enough
Though
Not money, not power
Yet beauty I bequeath
Unto the Earth
That gave it me:
Thus too my conscience
Quiet I leave'
Spoke not more
The rambling violet
And bent its head
And moved not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Remember Not.

I remember not.
But I had a thought
Would change Earth and democracy.
Thus I wander round
Restless bent and bound

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Roamed With Anger Out Of The House

I roamed with anger out of the house.
My bosom filled with rage
My eyes with pride
My head with stubbornness.

And then

I saw the dawn arise – for it was dawn
At the beginning – and the sea was fresh
Still and naked from the nocturnal cloth
That covered it – now it lay
Listless as in a bed half-wake, half-sleeping:
I saw the rays - the rays of light increase
And turn to more yellow, more golden-fringed
And from the tree – the tree that looks
Down from the bastions – a small bird chirped
A startling song – perhaps a lay of love
Perhaps a dirge – perhaps an elegy.
I walked along the road that overlooks
The city bastions – long and old
And ancient the bastions with a kindly eye
Looked on the shore below and the over-lapping waves
I drank the wine of morn and of the dawn
Refreshing my throat from the old bastions
And looked upon the first sail-boats
Issuing from the rooms beneath the bastions
Dragged to the shore -

And then

And then

I threw the garb of my anger away -
And in my eye
There shone the happiness of the rising day
And forgiving forgetfulness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Sauntered High

Ah!

There was a time
When I sauntered
High
With every leap of joy
The heart

But
That's
Decades
Ago.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw

I saw
That floating in the so-called garbage
Adown the dirty river waters went
Heads of skeletons, large,
Small,
Unequal in size and shape:
I saw

I said: This must be the skull of Human;
This must be the skull of Cat;
This must be the skull of Squirrel
This must be the skull of Rat.

Down the slimy bank an aged hedgehog
On its unclean and sympathetic feet
Went slow plodding sinking
Now and then
On the dirty mud-banks floating
By half in the brimming waters
When the river rose its banks a little.

Then
Seeing me the Hedgehog stopped:
Its tiny eyes
Looked red at me and stared balefully
At first
Then
In chronological order Fear
Seized upon them and transfixed
For a moment Hedgehog and its eyes:
As if glued in that dreary atmosphere.

Yet
Fear has its reprieve, and we must seize it:
As soon as the reprieve of Fear came
Fast turned the Hedgehog its back to me
And in the glooming bushes disappeared

Amidst the rustling of animals quarreling
The flying of a feather and a tuft of hair
And then silence back again

Meanwhile

The river flowed as dreary as before
Styx-like though not in any nether world
But in the world of all of us it flowed.

I saw

That floating in the so-called garbage
Adown the dirty river waters went
Heads of skeletons, large,
Small,
Unequal in size and shape:

I saw

And the stars fell slow and by little
And their falling only I saw, only I.

And that is near to the Dawn, said I
Though
Dreary and dirty the river flowed as before
Dreary and dirty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw A Figure Moving On The Waves

I saw a figure moving on the waves
I felt the Earth tremble
I felt Mother Earth move
I saw the moon move with the figure
I saw the moon throwing light
As spot-light on the figure:
And I knew not the figure
But only in the distance saw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw A Figure Small

Erect
Face upwards

I saw it was a skeleton.

They opened the grave
They opened the tomb

I saw
Thoughts burning
Fire on them
Running.

I saw a Poet Seer
With hands up to his hair
Running

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw A Flower Yet A Queen Of Pain

I saw a Flower yet a Queen of Pain
Flourish by the edge of a street
Most hidden in an asphalt plain.

Ah! verse Ah! verse experiment
My Monsignor: how many
The twists and turns!

Like Midas the Poet-Seer touches
Things that be not gold, yet gold
At the mere touch they light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw A Sea Gull Snorkeling

I saw a sea gull snorkeling
I saw a mountain grow
Feet of rock flexible
And walk
Over the snows

I saw the rain gather
In the clouds slow
And the clouds darken
Patience! Patience!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Emotions

in the damp of night
when mists were coursing
but
then at Dawn's touch
I saw them petrified
in beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Fear With A Face Of Green

I saw Fear with a face of green
Expressionless without a human sheen.

I saw Anxiety with a pointed face
Teeth ready to pierce with a brace.

And more saw I, saw in the human race
So much in humans you will trace.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Her

I saw with a
Taper in her
Hand.

I saw
Her.

The time was
Wheeling
Fast
And crude
And ruthless.

Come!

The viper be at large.
The swans are wanton
And
In any case
They be asleep
Now
At midnight.

I
Heard
Her
Lisping
Lisping
Dreamingly:
'Dream
Dream
Dream
Mists
Mists
Mists
Vapors
Of
Satanic
Red

White
Light
Of
Savior
Hue
Colors
Intermediate
Colors
Everywhere
Scientific
precise
Practical
Ruthless and
Clinical
Wearing
Spectacles
Long-sighted
Yet
Short-sighted.
Time
Will
Pass
This
Night
Will
Deepen
First
Turn
Red
In
Face
As
Red
As
A
Tomato
Then
Blanche
With
Fear
As
His

Couriers
Come
White-faced
Tell
Him
Dawn
Be
On
The
Way
Already
Is
She
Woken
Already
Already

Optrem! Optrem! De vi large
Si fires teli sorti
Cuccurruilli de satu preilli

Look! The Dawn is waiting
Venus already smiles
Her statue's moving
As moon-shining snow
Melting:
Look! The Dawn is waiting.
Rise!
Rise!
There a new day, new morn!
Smile, my Monsignor, the rays
Are emanating.
Optrem! Optrem! De vi large
Si fires teli sorti
Cuccurruilli de satu preilli
Good-bye! Good-bye!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Him Clasp The Music

I saw him clasp the music
the music book, the music papers
though
he fell, he slowly fell
and
to the ground
alone
he lay, moved not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Him Passing Through The Square

I saw him passing through the square
As I to confess yet again myself I bore
Through the humid frost of the morn air:
Him – the enemy?
So I assert – forgive me!
The bells began to sound merrily
Heavy their clangor; hard the metal
Head struck the old aged bronze
And the sound came
With every step I saw it now all change
And the next moment saw it just the same.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Icicles Hang Frozen

I saw icicles hang frozen
And in them I willed Time
To hang.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw In A Cape Dressed

night I saw in a cape dressed
night I saw
as solitary walked I
in the solitary streets above.

on the beach
the winds passed through
gargling in the copses
full
full of trees and
jungle wealth
bending palms and
figures that sly pass
pass by stealth.

and the night
pacing furious
pacing, pacing
in the beach
foot prints giant on
the sands
and the night smokes cigarettes
on the beach

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Men With Masks

I saw men with
masks
rotate
and
gyrate:
the men
with the masks:
for the masks
hide
any brazenness
any shame
and the rest
of feeling
is drowned
the masks are
a-emotional
yet
as behind
as the sub-conscious
behind
the conscious
hides
so behind the masks
hides lust
and the rest

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw On The Carnival Float

I saw on the carnival float
In the frost and the chill
Flesh and beauty of girls
Dancing
And I saw there
The skeletons of today
Hidden under the flesh
Yet
Just
The successors of the skeletons
Of centuries past.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Reason Itself Walking

I saw reason itself walking
I witnessed a star walking
in Hastings Gardens and
at the small fount drinking
how shrunk and zoomed the star
to fit in that night scene
full surprised and stunned
from behind a tall oak and still bushes
watched I the star view drink
and on its little feet for purpose grown
she danced the night till rise of Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Coin Of Sorrow Tricky Joker!

I saw the coin of sorrow tricky joker!
On one side it had joy, a wise
Advert yet tricky slippery!

Like gad flies I saw so many humans
View the glistening side and fly
With open arms to the joy side.

I saw them sticking there.
A little after they had scented
The aromas of honey and began
To suck they found their glued
Feet self-imprisoned them on that
Treachurous ground.

'At least, ' one of them so himself
Consoled at all his sorry state
'at least I have drawn aromas
Heavenly. I was in paradise but
Paid for it. How soon! How soon
Alas! Alas! ' He stopped for
Through his brain some thoughts
Passed ripping that he was just
Prating.
And there he was stuck in the glue
With feet that could not move
Just dark
Just dark
Just dark in his eyes lights.
He stretched his hand
So far he did to shield
His fearing eyes away from
Blinding light.
To shield.
To shield.
Fear.
Fear.
Fear.

I saw the coin of sorrow tricky joker!
On one side it had joy, a wise
Advert yet tricky slippery!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Dawn Combing Her Hair

I saw the Dawn combing her hair
She had just emerged from her eastern lair.

Sweet the birds sang; the waters plied
The bays and coves with diverse colors dyed.

Sweet verse must always please; it rings
And then emotions in the heart it brings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Dusk Grinding

I saw the dusk grinding
grinding the twilight of
the dusk
to the dark mantle of a
night whose mantle be
a mantle fringed with
gold and
silver alternating:
I saw the dusk grinding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Edifice

I saw the edifice
the temple falling
the columns bending
the people waving
frantic running ants
emotions stifled
in panic's horror

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Figure Sit

I saw the Figure
sit

and in my heart
a kindred Fire
felt

Spoke not the Figure
Sad and haughty

Spoke not
yet saw I Van Gogh.

There was his face
sadness enthroned
and wounds.

I too
Sate by
in the distance.

We sate and spoke
not.

Yet we spoke much
and often,
we,
the kindred spirits
in the tragedy of Earth.

And shone
the glimmering stars
on us
sitting

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Glow, It Came Not

I saw the glow, it came not
From a glow-worm, a will-of-the-wisp,
But from a flame Minerva shot to me.
And before me saw I
A Human Hanging from an Olive Tree.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Lost World

I saw the lost world
that I asserted
and it was turning blue
and it was sea and land
just as our Earth
the lost world.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Night Walk In Sandals

I saw the Night walk in sandals by the
Shore.

The foot-prints of Night were in the sand
And star and moon light.

And I walk after foot-print after foot-print
One after the other.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Nightingales For The Election

I saw the nightingales for the election
of the night of magic
and on the night of spell

I saw
the nightingales for the election
on the fateful night

I saw

I heard

I felt

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Old Tree Bent

I saw the old tree bent
And haggard
I wept with it – for it
I saw a mirror my me in it.
Except
That more bent and more haggard
Slow trudged I my feet here
On the unwelcome Earth a Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Sand Well Up

I saw the sand well up
In the ghost marsh
Not like other marshes
Towers of the sub-conscious
sparse and random
there soared up
at intervals non-regular
the airs and heavens
above
were filled with
the drones of air planes
flying
flying
flying
And:
For beneath you would hear
The organs of the Earth
Playing
Slow and subdued yet
Hearing

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Tears In His Eyes

I saw the tears in his eyes
He pointed to a child
And said:
'This all I have! '
And he had
Tears in his eyes
And
I understood him.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw The Woods

I saw the woods
tremble first
in the gale
then tremble
shivering in the
lost rain

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Them In The House

I
saw
them
in
the
house
three
they
were
and
moved
one here
in
this
room
one
the
other
the
third
another
all
silent
mute
yes
that was
the key word
they
each
other
passed
so many
times
continual
and
they
spoke
not
nor

to
each
other
looked
but
passed
each
other
silent
mute
as
if
the
other....
that
house
was
like
that
ah!
if
we
on
Earth
be
as
that
too!
parallell
trains
moving
parallell
not
hitting
each
other
ignoring
the
other
each
moving
straight

into
his
path
and
not
more
not
more
not
more

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Thoughts Old And New

I saw thoughts old and new
Folding and unfolding
In the wigwam before me.

Saline mists and marshes
That boil honey
Scent and pass

Fragments here and there
Verses of peaks
Yet fragments collected

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw You

I saw you
And
Touched your hand
That made
A fire
A new fire
A revolutionary fire
In me rise
Born
Genesis
More than the arcane
Promethean fire!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw Your Lips Mother

And they were red:
And no breath
But a white face
Not smiling
But somewhat angered
At this Earth
Heap, heap, the leaves
That fell
Touched by chill's hands
The frost
And sere
Heap, heap, cover
And warm
The chill-ailing bier
And from the ground
Sweet incense-mist
Arises without sound:
O mother my mother
I saw tears in your eyes
And they not liquid
Were

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Saw, I Saw The Figures

I saw
I saw the Figures
With the thin-slit eyes
I saw the Figures
Grey dark
Through the blue snows
Under the moon light
The dark azure skies:
I saw
I saw the Figures.
There was
An out of place scent
Of formalin
That we, we humans
in our hospitals
lock and scent.
There was a scent of
Flowers dreaming
In the Sub-Conscious lost
With heads all bending
As drunken humans:
There was a scent of
Humans
There was a heart as big
A heart that climbed mountains
Whose hands pointed
Chiefly to the peaks and
After scaled them:
These were the humans
These too were humans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I See Before Me A Carnival-How Many Images!

I see before me a carnival-how many images!
The throng in festive mood-though faces pale
And sad and wrinkled I see too!

Here the masque cometh-here the yew
Tall lank and pining -from what cemetery
Did you unroot it?
A sadness in the carnival it bringeth
That after joy come tears – it showeth!

Here cometh look he cometh Morpheus
Ah! how need I your aching medicine
To cool my heated forehead and in sleep
Cloth my reluctant limbs, and dreams.

And then wise Bacchus comes all ruddy-faced
And in his hand a flagon hot he bears
High he lifts up his cheeks the redder turn
And from his mouth the winy aromas come:
And in his voice he tries to speak and fails
Better so!
And in his train the gaudy carnival
Of fauns and satyrs and dryads come
All kiss and drink in merriment
And in their hands the flagons turn and rise.

Along, along the masques in merriment go
And one by one they pass the merry carnival
For so is life it reigns cyclical:
Now up now down now funeral then carnival
And we continue to walk and eat and talk
And ride and sleep and love and hate
A hundred things we are and do and yet
We find the sand through our fingers passed
And in the glass we see the sands of years
How did they pass we say?
But there they are.

But now let all these musings go!

The carnival still goes in merriment
And now with Bacchus I will dance and go
Let night come or whatever be let it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I See The Edge Draw Near.

I see the edge draw near.

I see the edge draw near.

But dusk draws near too:
We are as in a race.

Our chariots are our wills
And
More our patience respective.

I reach the edge.
I win not
For it be night
Meantime.
And
I do not see the twilight of
The sparking seas
Lost the fading day
The coming down
Of the day's curtain
The rising of the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I See The Jaws Of Horror

I see the jaws of horror
And they are open
Thunder and lightning
Rains and rare snow
That falls to-night
One of a thousand nights
And more
And in the distance
Looms frowning and large
The thunder-cloud dense and
Mists of time and choices
That I regret

Emmanuel George Cefai

I See Your Look, Your Look Of Suffering

I see your look, I see your look of suffering
We paint buildings, their windows and doors
In different colors within the same building
(If you like)
Colors that cry and stare and grin
Windows that talk
Doors that seem to walk
And then unfold
The thin mirage on nearer inspection.
Your face is not painted
No color cries on it
Yet it speaks more
Than windows and than doors we paint.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I See, I See, I Have The Smell

I see, I see, I have the smell
Of plain prose so-called yet
Am still in the rythm
Of verse and song:
Still
In the thunder of the Muse
Still
Drowned like vinegar
Into the wine of Morpheus
But
But
But
I stop my vein is ended.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Set My Hand

Of many things
That
I set my hand
And failed
And
Had a broken heart
That wept

Of all
Those things
Of all
My Love,
Was you.

And now the Ages
Conspire fast
That in my disappointments
I founder wild and disappointed
Last
And
Naked lie atop my pyre!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Shall Be Clown

I shall be clown
I know
I shall be clown

Bring me the red
nose
artificial.

I am humbled.
My aura falls.
But I am a clown.

And
I hear a loud
noise
Continuous and
increasing noise.

I hear
the chains falling
falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Shall Not Hear Anymore

I shall not hear anymore
The wind, the sea, the gale,
The laughing breeze, the chirping vale.
I shall not hear anymore.

This night,
this night of stealth
My guilt will overflow
And rise above the tank
And overflow.

And in the sea
The dark and resting sea
Will restless be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Shall Not Sing Unless

I shall not sing unless
My will to full agrees without constraint:
From the full assuredness of liberty
And freedom like a bird chirping merrily
Unbounded in its flying through the sky:
Then sing I as I sing without knowing
Where my song came from, nor what it means:
Save that my heart rolls, my blood rolls on
Without a stop in the full river flow
In freedom like a bird chirping merrily
Unbounded in its flying through the sky
And then will sing I my canto optional
Where think I that I sing what will I
My grief, my bursting heart, my agony
The anchors of my liberty as I sing:
My sovereign masters yet in this my liberty:
I sing with freedom chained to my emotions.
Yet how can I disavow these my sweet masters?

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Shouted In The Night

I
Shouted
In
The
Night
'What
Are
You
Doing? '
But
He
Replied
Not
I
Looked
Again
And
Looked
Again
And
Then
Saw
Him
Not.
Ah!
It
Was a
Shroud
It
Was
A Ghost!
The
Night
Its
Time
Its
Happy
Hunting ground
And

Allies
He
Has
In
Morpheus
The hazy
And Mnemosyne
The sweet

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Smell

I smell

I scent the burning embers
the embers of love that was
but ah! such short duration
a violet of beauty for a day
that basked in the glory of the mid-day sun
the drunk joyed in the ecstasy of love
that rested and lazed after ecstasy
then pined its eyes to the
orange sunset and the dwindling dusk

I smell

I scent the burning embers
the embers of love that was
but ah! such short duration

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Soared As The Eagle

I soared as the eagle
soars
I worked as the workaholic
till midnight
and past
and all the same am
in oblivion as if I
had been
lazy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Sought Help My Succession To Make

I sought help my succession so to make
Before the withering hand of frosty Time
Could on my last warm drops descend:
But alack! Scare help if any found:
At which in protest turned I in full spite
To a black jewel common in the day
My fair black devil, jewel of ebony
Whom others shunned or else
With soft calumnious tongue did they descant
Or jibe at; or shake their heads or fists
So I across the wintry landscape barren found
In my poor nakedness and solitaire
Not helped by all; my refuge did I find
In one black jewel common in the day
But when the night under its drapes unfolds
Its sleepy antlers of withering Morpheus
The jewel black uncommon shines and lights
And all the stars and heavens at this rejoice.
At which condemned by earth
I consolation find in the welcome stars of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Speak

I speak
I spoke
With silence
The first
Most powerful
Tool I found
I used!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Spoke

I spoke
I suffered
I wrote
I versified
I sung.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Stayed Between The Earth And Song

I stayed between the earth and song
For song
Made rise up from the earth
What we term as levitation:
And in it found I
Of all my senses the ecstasy and restoration.

O rivers that transform to leaves
Crystals of night dews that
In the first spring heat turn
After Dawn has passed to ice-like eyes
Peering and sticking on the green.

O! poetry is heat. Verse and song
Are the warmth of Spring in
The midst of the heaviest winter Storm
The tempest
Railing on the trembling woods
But verse and song will not tremble
Will not tremble with chill and frost.

In the hours before Dawn
The Earth nursed herself, licked
Her wounds that it received in day:
So
Verse and song heal:
It is like going down the Ganges to
The pilgrim – then
And so the Poet-Seer is pilgrim too.

On the empty shores as the night nears
Or before Dawn spreads her wings
Fairy-like to clean the frigidity
Of Night:
Before Dawn spreads her wings
On the empty shores there are
Not laden golden cargoes, fruits
Glimmering and shining, cut
From the trees of Eden-on-Earth.

Then
Will the song of the Poet-Seer
Turn its head here and there
Like the snake hearing music:
Dancing to the fakir
Like the head of the sperm
Burning bullet-like to its destination.

And Venus, Venus, well is
Waiting to be re-born everyday
Now
It has become with her a fashion
She will not dropp it
She will continue in it:
And
She will rise as from a shell in the Dawn
And from the voluptuous Oceans
It has become her fashion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Suffer

I suffer
when I see the firs and oaks
in Hastings Gardens open to
the blasts of so many
storms.

There
even the crackling of a thunder
fear spreads.

And
in the lightning shines and then
goes dark again
the monument in the garden
yet
in serene nights of moon
kindly and pitying plays
the moon-light.

Even in dread are Hastings Gardens
beautiful.

Even in wildest storms and gales
are Hastings Gardens magnificent

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Suffer Pain

I suffer pain
Because I suffer pain
Because I suffered and
In the shortness of time
That then remains
Will be more suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Sung

I sung little today
Little, my Monsignor.

Few Sundays like this
I remember.

I sung little today
Little, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Suspended Immortality

I suspended Immortality
Seeing
That my mother in the tomb
Now rests:
Call me egoist; my sorrow
Is anger now for humanity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Complained Of So Long Winter Frost

I that complained so long of winter frost
And yearned for summer's heat a year ago
Now yearn for cooler autumn winds
And houses still that light
Out of the dark at mid-night;
Night adventures amidst the peopled woods
Or by the raging shores abandoned full:
And then let winter rains pour down
And from the eaves let frozen icicles hang.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Dwell, Into The Shafts And Arrows

I that dwell, into the shafts and arrows
Of enemies from all sides
Enjoy each red dusk as if were the last:
Pine at the trembling night-stars
Tremble like them, tears in my eyes
Await nor presume yet another morrow
Prepare
For a night of bad dreaming and full sorrow
I left Hope waiting for me:
I had calculated
That Hope would not be at the appointed place
But lo! With the first lights I rose,
And Hope I saw and met and hand in hand
We went:
it was
The day, and was the risen Dawn.

Into the Hypnosis where my eyes close
Though breathe I, I be indifferent
But care for what I dream and what I feel:
For the experience and for emotive steel
Into the Hypnosis sink I:
Willingly.

Time is a pirate: so I slandered it:
But it smiled; and recoiled not
At my words:
Though I recoil and planning to retract
The words that I had uttered in Hypnosis
Yet Time, ah! Time's so cunning
Knew well that under the Hypnosis
I uttered well, and wished that
All civilization would be in Hypnosis
That is from king and president to power less
Tycoon to relative poor: see!
All is relative on these tongues of earth
That from the Sun-circulating Oceans project:
Time is a pirate

Time is a pirate, emboldened I,
Uttered again, Time is a Pirate.

Once struck so many times in a decade
And just a little more of Time:
I took my hammer so to strike again
As I had struck before the decade

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Have Thrown To The Airs

I
I that have thrown to the airs
So much of time
Now on the threshold sit
The cliff edge
Martyrdom and farewell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Wanted The Night To Be More Long

I that wanted the night to be more long
Had to dress up with the first rays of dawn
A hag saw me coming out
And o'er the port
The freshness of the Dawn passed in a mist.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Weep Like A Child As I Walk Solitary

I that weep like a child as I walk solitary
Along the streets not knowing where I go:
I that burdened am with grief and fear
And feel my step tremble at the touch
Of every touch with the street gratings:
I that smile without an envy in my heart
I that met my enemy and waved:
No knowing how to bear my green malice
Trying to learn but failing miserable:
I wanted to be green but failed exam.
I am think
Become or soon to come
The buffoon of the town, perhaps the world:
And yet, I am a Poet – I know, I know, I know.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I That Willed

I
I that willed
the dark cold on the roof
yet
when confronted
to go up to the roof
albeit under a half-starred
night
I went not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Threw The Scarf About My Face

I threw the scarf about my face
Feeling the chill and yet
More frosty-chill the air hedged about me:
My verses leapt like to green sea-waves
Tossed hapless and merciless in the storm
Their guilt stood written on their face
Their failures in the tunica glared
That scarlet am I condemned to wear
That I with my sins be undistinguished full:
The pain of humiliation rises more
Than stench of rotting flesh burning and burnt
The blood leaps forth in every tissue
That faces burning like to every house
That still non-burnt lies while the Great Fire
The tainted city ravages: and frosty-chill
The air hedged about me all hostile-red
And like to green sea-waves my verses leapt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Told You

I told you
That
They were the sons and daughters
Of the old race
That was a master race
In so-called terminology not to
Mention
That master race was now
Reflected in the mirror of its
Descendants:
Quite
Quite
With bowed head shaven
Bearded and white haired
They ate black bread against
The white of snow and blizzard howls

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Took Her Hand To Shake It

I took her hand to shake it.
She took my hand and shook it.
'Twas love, but it was cold.

'Twas love, yet still alive, but old.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Tremble In The Woods

I tremble in the woods

I tremble in the bed

I tremble as I walk

I tremble as I shiver

And the rain falls

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Tried To Open The Wide Book Of Night

I tried to open wide the book of night
To look into its eyes - like a lover
That pretended of his love confession as of right
And so to Hastings Gardens went I in the night.
Wide, wide before the long night stood
No corner stopped my glance no space
Its boundary showed and manifested
To my glance long tall continuous lay the night
In its mischievous slumbering
Wherein it dreamt dreams I know not
Nor thereof heard the silent trees bespeak.
How many nights before me came
How many, many nights
And they were certes here like this night
As I look from the bastions to the sea
And fancy its silver bosom dance and gleam
In the moon's amorous light to-night:
So gleamed the light on the sea-waves
When the French besieged and held
Our noble city: how many a lover
Stood looking on the sea and at his love
As mid-night in his satined robes tiptoed:
Rippling stood the waves and waters wild
And fancy its silver bosom dance and gleam
In the moon's amorous light:
For years and years the welcome Briton stood
Perhaps here where stay I and his foot
Could be heard pace all sentinel
Into the dark glooms of silent night
From casements near opening on the seas
And houses nearby in dreaming bent
Through the long night, the long and weary night
That was of many nights that were
And will be of many nights that will
And when I stay not on the bastions and
Feel not the sea-breeze my face cool
Night after night will come and children small
Few years born will come and go:
And after children small will come again

Night after night will come and speak
Unto the rocks that front the sea
And playing with lapping sea-waves all the night
Unheard, unseen, unnoticed in the times
And in the flight of years and centuries full lost
And when night comes and still the sea
Will shine – its silver bosom dance and gleam
In the moon's amorous light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Trudged So Lonely

I trudged so lonely
the fires
that flared
as sentinels all around
burnt my feet:
yet
I felt not burning
but a hunger in the Soul
and a thirst
a thirst and parching:
with bend head and
resigned
I trudged
the war is lost
the war is lost
all battles lost
kept I saying
Awhile
I trudged so lonely
the fires
that flared
as sentinels all around
burnt my feet

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wait This Spring More Expectantly

I wait this Spring more expectantly
More than another year anxiously.

I wait the boughs, the fruit bursting
And honey from sweet flowers flowing.

Only grave doubt, with face of gloom
Makes me fear instead of Spring, a doom.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wait, I Wait, I Wait

I wait, I wait, I wait

So long as Patience be granted, let us take it

And when Patience goes and be not granted,
then let us make it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wandered In The Twilight, The Twilight Zone

I wandered in the twilight, the twilight zone
Like an errant cavalier wander I
Where I should not have wandered.

But now
But now
Now that in the twilight zone I wandered
Between one page and another of the book
Without turning a new leaf and yet
Having finished the present page
With nothing to do.

Like a caged bird am I. - And yet
There is a pleasure in the new ennui
I never felt before.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Was At Hastings Gardens And I Saw

I was at Hastings Gardens and I saw
High, high above and stretching through the stars
The giant Night crawling inexorably
The sea ebbd and flowed all quietly
While giant Night crawled inexorably
Across the marbled blue of heaven's dome.

I was at Hastings Gardens and I saw
Nigh, nigh around, around me turn and churn
A mist full-hovering around and like a net
Incorporating all it met: grey like a phantom
Stood the Night
Like a grey thief in phantom's garbs full dressed.

I was at Hastings Gardens and I saw
A sickle huge scar heaven's face
And spreading horror like a scimitar
Amidst the nebulae amidst the stars
And of a sudden me thought that I heard
A cry pervasive high across the skies
Lo cometh Night make way, make way
I looked in motion saw the sickle huge
Like clouds spreading over heaven's whole
Is it the Night? Is it The Night?
Is Night a moving sickle in heaven's face?
No reply to me came; and from the ravelin
Two old oaks whispering in the night I heard.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Was Beautiful

I was beautiful
Relatively
I was strong
Relatively

Now
I loiter
Miserably

A willing ghost
Willing shroud
That pains
To be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Was Forged Well And Primeval

I was forged well and primeval
Of the salt of the universe
And then of earth when it formed full
I was forged for
I was there when the rivers rose
Down the jagged valleys opened just
And from there to the Ocean did they flow
Unbound, azure and cool and deep and wild.
I was there when the sun
Bolstered itself up from gassy flames:
I was there when the mounts
That rise above this earth arose
I was there I was primeval
I was ancient I was basic
I was there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Was Hit By An Arrow

I was hit by an arrow
and they seeing me
thus hit
a hundred and more
arrows hit me:
winter darkness
storms of delight
frenzy of gales
I was hit by an arrow

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Was In The Forest

I
Was
In
The
Forest
And
The
Forest
Serpents
Round
Me
Hovered
Glided
For
They
Had
Made
Friends
With me
But
Then
On
The
Horizon
Thunder
Roared
And
Lightning
Flashed:
And
Then
The
Serpents
Became
Flowers
Giant
With
Giant
Petals

Opening
Ah!
What
The
Work of beauty!
What the work of
Magic!
Through
That
We
Redeem
Ourselves
Let
We
Be
Poor
But
Be
So!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Watched And Watched

I watched and watched
into the summit night
and heard
the beating
beating of the heart of night

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Weep I Weep - For The Lost Poem!

I weep I weep - for the lost poem!
I wrote it in the night
I wrote it in despair
When to my beating mind
There was no light.

I lament for the lost poem!
Was it torn? If no, where lies it?
I wrote it in despair
And now like a lost sheep
I fetch it.

How time passes!
How the black hair
To more graying hair
Will turn!

And in the meantime
My poem my lost poem
I rue.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Who By The Train Station

I who by the train station
live
I
hear the train always
even in the night
I sleep with it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Who Suffered So Much

I
who suffered so much
and have to suffer
still
in these emotions
dress and armory
I will not shake off:
but with wander
round the earth
with bent head and sad
Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Attempt

I will attempt
To negotiate with the enemy.
The soul has been
So torn
So dreary
I often, so often sing
Of this and solely this.
Excuse me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Call To The Night

I will call to the night
To witness me!
Hear the clouds blow
As the winds blow

The fire
That in the fireplace of
Arcane desire
Still dimly burns

The wild hooting of
Caves
The bright occasional
Opening of heavens!

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Distance Me From The Town

I will distance me from the town
Out into the country will I walk:
Not losing sights on my town:
And walk in fields
And barefoot in my will
Could I walk:

I will enjoy the pleasant summer walk
Though in the Spring I preferred it:
The city walls scarce had disappeared
Than I the taste of open freedom hath
And with more brisk pace my walk made.

Upon a field there lay of flowers various beds
Each one its site maintaining in divided piece
With its nigh neighbor; no frontier wars
They waged or feelings ill they hath;
But in the silent perfumes of the day
They with fair deserving peace enjoyed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Leave The Room Where You Lie Sick

I will leave the room where you lie sick
Lie a pest room though it be not pest
But the brain fails under the term
Of years and the grueling of anxieties:
Statues will fall and break to smithereens
The moon the night will look and wane
And sad.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Make The Sign Of The Cross.

I will make the sign of the Cross.
Look in to the sea giddyng.
I will not leap, but look,
Still fear grips, though I look
Only.
Veld veld veld
Vald vald vald
The green dew's shine in the green
Humid grass
So low, so law
It is a pity you upon it pass just
Like it was a living mattress just
Like a living carpet.
Then: what is living and what not?
Why bi-partition when all be relative?

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will My Verse To Be Slow And Few

This month
That next month a little more they be
My breath I will be in them
And they will speak my breath
My breath of final desperation
Speak.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Not

Verses be like that
I will not
enthusiastic:
though brimming as
the boiling ales and
wines in mugs and
pitchers in bacchanalian nights
yet at the end
the Abrupt reigns
I will it so
I the Poet-Seer,
Abrupt

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Not Know What The Next Line Is

I will not know what the next line is
What will it be, what thought, what imagery,
But leave myself a-floating on the mere
As Moses as a babe was left to float

Destiny with anxious eyes watched all unseen

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Not Let You Down

I will not let
You
Down
Another
Time.

I speak to
You
Heavens and
Stars.

For I will sing
And versify.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Not Say

I will not say
A word
But dreaming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Reply You In Verse

I will reply you in verse
for your wise words of
thanks for my verse.

that way
you will appreciate better
my fellow Poet Seer.

the date of destiny
be not far from me;
accept these verses, friend,
before my stage-end.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Rest Me Here

I will rest me here. Let the wind
Neigh, the tempest carry
Before them the heaven-clouds
And all is frowning.

Your smile, yellow-haired siren
Comes in to the background:
The night below as resting on
The bosom of the sea where
The moon rays play and swell.

And I, I am Poet Seer of Night.
Ghosts and Shrouds abound
Pass by me, nonchalantly,
And rattle their airy skeletons
With no sound.

So many times of these
Things
You sing and versify
You say
Yes
Yes
I retort and then fall mute
Again.

I let the around do the rest,
The rest of the speaking.
On the edge
Thought of brain-mind
Brims and shines
Brilliant as a light house
Yes
Yes
I retort and then fall mute
Again

The clouds are still there.

The curse will not go,
Should not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Search

I will search yet
Tomorrow
I will not give up:
My heart throbs
Hammering
And
Insisting:
O Destiny let me be
The herald of the
Unfortunate
The childless and
The single
Break
The code
That for them
Destiny lays:
Destiny determined be
And
By a greater determination
Must conquered be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Seek You Though Married

I will seek you though married
And see if you will give me
More than your sweet look:
I will
On part take all that be given me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Sleep More

I will sleep more
Just a little
Just
A little
More:
For
There be days of storm
And
Days of storm to
Come
And days of storm
That fold
And take us
Carry inside them
As the wave giant
The hapless vessel
Or
The eagle her prey:
So
Let me
Let me.
I will sleep more
Just a little
Just
A little
More:
For
There be days of storm
And
Days of storm to
Come

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Will Versify This Night

I will versify this night
For night
Is a seed-bed of versification
Just as the hummock is
Shaped
For rest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wish For Fog Yesterday: Long Through

I wish for Fog yesterday: long through
the year this wish in my Sub-Conscious hid
but
now with the guillotine falling
on the Old Year's head it rose
restless and restless
in the Deep Soul it rose like to
an Egyptian snake of magic dazzling spells
could I resist?
Wanted I to resist?
And in the mist I had the Fog I yearned for
though little the mist over the cold port
in the cold early hours of New Day
Soon at the first touches of the Sun dispelled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wish You To Excuse Me

I wish you to excuse me

for

not paying much attention to you -

but I felt the pain of that rudeness you
just as you
same amount as you

and I suffered as you suffered and more
forgive me, forgive me, implore.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wonder That Fragment By Fragment

I wonder that fragment by fragment
We arrived in the relatively short
Space of three days
(that's a human calculation dear)
At these lines, at these thoughts:
See, you can now
Look the immense Ocean in the eyes
And feel no longer humble all against
The sundry majesties of its immensity.
And
This fragment by fragment, humble to humble,
Made me raise my head, though,
By slow degrees, yet there, my head arose
Though it remained as humble.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wonder, Wonder How The Stars, The Silent Stars

I wonder, wonder how the stars, the silent stars
Open their casements on the sea to look
Without a rustle, without a noise, without
A break in heaven's silent face at night.
I wonder how the Night aloft his car
With trembling hands of fondness light
All everyone by one and one by one
The giddy stars all diademed at night:
Without a rustle, without a noise, without
A break in heaven's silent face at night.
I wonder how the Night alighting stars
Lifts gently each by each imperceptible
And breaks none in placing back again
Like diadems of east in their due niche:
Without a rustle, without a noise, without
A break in heaven's silent face at night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Would

I would
The quiet of the night distil
Into one sad drop
And being precious so
I will not let it go
But treasure it in a phial
Wherein one dropp by itself will stay.

And then
When morning dews will fall
When dawn will call
In a new morn and day
I will drink my precious drop
And sleep again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Would Be Light

I would be the light
The mysterious light
That every night
Flashes from Bighi hill
Into the quiet
Into the nocturnal hush
Of flowers plants and bushes
The hush of sea-waves lapping
The rocks below the fort
Below Bighi hill

You cannot reach me then
But ever-mischievous
And all-evading will I be
And gurgle with the wind
The neighing wind
Of Bighi hill

Night after night
Will I be there
And even winter frost
Will not deter me
Nor the blinding rain
That in the midnight falls
The gurgling waters angry at their fall
All going down
Down Bighi hill.

Companionless will I not be
And sport with ghosts and goblins wild
Awhile I flash a light
And go
And then I sport again
Into the quiet disappearing
And then
And then
To re-appear and to play again
In the sportive cycle.

And in the night
And in the night I hear
The chants of olden ghosts
As they march down
With candle in their hand
Down Bighi hill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Would Not Count

I would not count
The stars in your eyes
because your eyes are
two
though in each be
more than one star
I will then count
again and again
the stars
all over again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Would Not Weep

I would not weep
Tears were far away
albeit long due
in quantity.

I sate me
amidst the green rushes
a spring passed by
singing.

And I felt to laze here
Say 'Stop' aloud
'Adieux! ' to Earth
and stay amongst the rushes

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Wrote Quite Some Verse And Song

I wrote quite some verse and song
And in this relative wealth
In this my sole kingdom with
The fruits of science and the fruits
Of thoughts – kingdoms too:
I knew that apart from these
I needed no other kingdom –
Sequitur
From the Principle of Necessary Wealth.
Sequitur.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Yearn For Wisdom To Sit With This Beauty.

I yearn for wisdom to sit with this beauty.

If wisdom sits with Beauty, see

My Monsignor, for yourself.

See the above description to it

Add thought, my Monsignor.

The static description then

In to the forges of thought becomes

Livelier by the second, that's what is wanted

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Yearn, I Yearn To See

I yearn, I yearn to see
The first sere yellow leaf
Falling from the tree
That greened so much this summer.

Sick with green
And mellow wantonness
And surfeiting I wish:
The first sere yellow leaf
To fall as soon.

For the first clap of thunder
I yearn so to hear:
And wish
That I am looking from the bastions old
Of Rabat or Mdina on the fields:

Then will I see (I hope)
Before me run the fingers of the light
And in the pleasure of that moment
My mind will pay anything for that photograph:
And will retain it for an easy recall.

And I want to hear the sea
Entering in between the clefts
That high and strange and bleak
This waning eve
In flat Mtahleb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I Yearned For Bucketfuls Of Scorn

I yearned for bucketfuls of scorn

For

These had sowed I

I passed more than one night

With hands behind my head

On the pillow

With open eyes the dark ferreting

Shadow grey on shadow grey was

Moving on the walls.

Fear abandoned me for an

Occasional thrill of joy

And then an interregnum of

Drear

And then again the cycle began

Again.

I

That had seen so many a wave

Arise cold, drench my face

Place mists before my eyes

Fear in my heart and thrill

Of indifferent little things:

Now fear abandoned me

There only be

A skeleton with no eye balls staring

Vacantly

And

All around me dark and drear, and drear and

Dark

Again and yet again

Thoughts flow, the night passes

Inexorably, the chimes strike

Menacing and destiny-like

Alarms were they of all the Time

That flew?

The Motion that around me grew?

Under the blankets warm temporary

For the night I looked at the ceiling

With open eyes and wide

And thinking, thinking:

Yet I grumbled not for all this
Sleeplessness.
The graves in the dark hidden
One on the other loaded
Open their jaws and lids
And yawned not frightening.
All was so indifferent in that
Drear dark midst the warm
Temporary blankets.
Open the lid of destiny, Time
And hours pass and strike
Ominously and irreversibly
The night from thick deep be
Transformed to a thin disc
The Dawn is near
Yet for me in all this indifference
There be no difference
In the first twinges of the light
And white.
I turn around and sleep
So suddenly!
Morpheus waited for its trick
Till Dawn
At Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I, The Poet Seer Am In The Cemetery.

Slow

Slow

Breeze of the cursing

Night:

I, the Poet Seer

Am in the cemetery.

Yawning and

Creaking

From here

From there

It be past midnight

In such deep

Everywhere.

For

Slow

Slow

Breeze of the cursing

Night:

I, the Poet Seer

Am in the cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I, The Poet-Seer

I, the Poet-Seer
To you I brought
The world
I brought it in my hands
I brought it.
See
Here is not Earth
But another land
The sign
To leave the Earth
And
Yet
Need not passports
For
You will still
Be here on Earth
Still here.

Emmanuel George Cefai

I.

I.

I that saw land upon the littered sky
The heavens, the embittered, disappointment
After disappointment – a photocopy
Of all my life –
I
Saw, I knew and I experienced.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ice That Floats

green goblin gloats
and skeletons toast

the night skies are red
and the white stars are bled
a white sun of moon instead

ice that floats
green goblin gloats
and skeletons toast

Emmanuel George Cefai

Idyllic

Idyllic
the drear
the sounds

idyllic
the dusk
the night

idyllic
the starless night
the stealth of dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

If Ages Are Long, Ages That Come

If ages are long, ages that come
will come,
then
you will have in as proportion
direct
the ways and mode for your works
to be appreciated:
in the last after so many others
though not just
at last the Justice in the heavens
will
do what for centuries neglected was
and
fame will be yours and more by right
than as of humans who fast shot to fame
but ah!
the aches you will feel
and worse than that the loss of time
civilization will have made herself.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If I Could Catch A Poem Like A Butterfly

If I could catch a poem like a butterfly
That unwary on the honeyed flower sucks
Then I will be a child again
And once again
I will to Rundle Gardens go
And there catch butterflies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If I Do Not Get The Lines

If I do not get the lines
Then, what happens?
Let be: for if you are not in
The mood of singing, sing not,
Nor write word, nor verse.
Sooner of later Time will
Like a maturing Sun of the Spring fruits
Like an alarm watch
Dictate
A new time for new words and verse and song
Then
You will rise from drowsy sleep
And transcribe from the sleep into new verse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If I Were To Be Old, As Old As The Grey Hills

If I were to be old, as old as the grey hills
That every even line the red of dusk
Then many more a line of the Muse's inspiring
Would I on my harp with my pen sing.

Old as the trees as those that grave-yards line
Or brave the winds aloft some mossy hill
Or rising buried above some olive dale
In Greece or southern lands of content warm.

And therefore will I pray that be I be as old
As the sea-waves that make Ocean resound
On the sea-shores of distant desert lands:

Then will I sing my heart and the long tide
Of my emotions rise with the sea-waves
And Father Ocean chant every accent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If In The Long, Long Lost Annals Of Time

If in the long, long lost annals of Time
I will lie forgotten and unknown
Let these verses be my testimony
Let these verses be my legacy
Let these verses my last will lie
Into of Life and Time the Comedy:
Then, said the Muse: reproduce
Not just in verse and song, but
In flesh and blood, to re-incarnate
Successors in your noble trade
And in that traffic I will aid
As I have aided you, your children too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If Masked Faces

If masked faces
And semi-masked
An hour ago
Were already
On the warpath of
Nocturnal Beauty
They will be running
Now around
More numerous
More mysterious
Wilder

Emmanuel George Cefai

If Rage Of Tempests Let Me Sing And

If rage of tempests let me sing and
versify

for in the centuries past this was and so will be

Before the Dawn the tempest comes and goes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If Then We Have Become

If then we have become
a land of night troubadors
just that
and routine silence in the day
or hoarse cymbals that sound most
just only sound
then where be our Inner Soul:
where my people, you have eyes
but you not weep
you have faces but do not
blush
your have hands yet do not
wring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If What I Ever Said My People

If what I ever said my people or
My countrymen
Or people of the earth then
Speaking out of love continuing
I to speak out of love continue and
Therefore for you from you
All pardons and forgiveness beg I and
All recantations of my words make I
That
I may not ever be said to hurt
However minimal
But one single Individual Sovereign Will
Just one, my Monsignor,
And commit sacrilege.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If You Cut Faith With Your Progressive Scissors

If you cut faith with your progressive
scissors

suddenly you will find the waters of
the tap of evolution stopped:

and you will have

either to shed your pride repenting
or live in the hypocritical

Emmanuel George Cefai

If You Do Not Versify In The Level

If you do not versify in the level
If you do feel your hand
Reach to the high peaks
Where at least the clouds soar
Or better
Higher than the clouds:
Then retire speak not, write not
And think and wait.

Emmanuel George Cefai

If You Feel That You Be Not

If you feel that you be not
Liquid in your verses
Then silent be and walk
And read other verse and poetry

That will be your task by the
Mechanics that no mechanics be
For everything is set loose and free
In all, and so in verse and poetry.

So if you feel that you be not
Liquid in your verses
Then silent be and walk
And read other verse and poetry

Emmanuel George Cefai

If You Forget

If you forget
Then it will better
If you were
In things of Earth
And
Roamed
Listless and stunned
Around the graves
The tombs and
Cemeteries
If you forget

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ilya

you are frightened, Ilya,
small child of blue eyes
mirror of heavens provided
that
you open your eyes:
then you see
heavens and the Earth
alternating in competition
a beast with flesh of
prey still in its mouth
still bleeding with
blood dripping.....

round about the day
there rotate the divisions
of the cemetery and
the smell of burning...

you are frightened, Ilya,
small child of blue eyes
mirror of heavens provided
that
you open your eyes:
then you see
heavens and the Earth
alternating in competition.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Image After Image

after image
thought after thought
after thought
together they whispered
(let us not assert
'conspired')
let us say
'they agreed'
and from
the union
great verse and song breed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Image Scenario

Image
On
Image
Scenario
On
Scenario
All
Diverse
Permutations
And
Combinations
Of
The same
Dorsal
Spine
I
Feel
Them
I
See
Them
I hear
Them!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Imageries Of The Sub-Conscious

the imageries of the sub-conscious
transformations
of the sub-conscious be
and
the vice-versa holds:
yet
in alternative civilizations
already we be:
in the day in one civilization
at night
dreaming in sleep in yet
another

Emmanuel George Cefai

Images

In the waters

Images

Images

Images

The stars have fallen

In the late night

And

Though Dawn has come

They stayed

in waters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Immense Circle

Night
Sleeps
Turns
Into
An
Immense
Circle
The
Times
Change
The
Times
Change
My Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Immensities Of Silence

I will close my eyes
Bend
My brain and sinews to the
Wet heavens and parched
Immensities of silence.

Hold!
The giant temples ring
With little bells
And with red domes and
Pointed steeples Gothic
The womb of the heavens
Adorn.

For that be Beauty.
Ah! my Monsignor!
Let the violin play
Quick, fast, sinewed
Play!
Ah!

I will close my eyes
Bend
My brain and sinews to the
Wet heavens and parched
Immensities of silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Immortality

Of old of centuries old
How many men
Lasses and youths
Women.

The cemeteries be full
Too much
Too much
The awe of silence!

And
I decided then
That the best road
In
my wavering uncertainty
was
Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

Impassioned State

In such impassioned
State
I am, I thrive
After the fire that
Your kisses made
My heart it burns
My heart it glows
From every touch
Our lips made so
And five six kisses
Parents are to ten
And more
These in turn
Set faces red and
Hearts that throb
Kisses increase
Exponential and
Manifold
An aged man bent
Passes by and
Smiles and each
Blessing be
To these our kisses
That time and
Motion
Therefore Ageing
for now
stop

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Circle

In a circle
for a brief moment
to-night
the stars
were in procession
hand to hand
hand in hand
that is
energy predominant
minimum mass percentage to
energy predominant
minimum mass percentage.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Dream

In
A
Dream
Moving
In
A
Dream
Striving
In
A
Dream
That
Is
In
The Sub-Conscious reign
Dreams
Are
Sub-Conscious
Just
And
The
Sub Conscious
Dream
Therefore
What
The Sub-Conscious reveals
Be
The same as in the dream
Of the Sub-Conscious mists
And knowledge
Too deep
For probing Sub-Conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Duel The Poet Seer Fell

In a duel the Poet Seer fell
but not for the Muse or nobility:
but for a petty pique
ah! greater pain
when such greatness falls solely just
for pique:
Yet they called pique honor defending

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Flurry Of Action

In a flurry of action on
action
confused
thought on thought
with the guillotine
falling:
a day
remains a common day
only
that the rest be left away
and only
the reduced One from all
remains!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Hummok

in the notepad of
dreams
I as in a hummock
felt
I willed
to suspend Motion
and with it Time
that
I remain in this state
permanent

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Nocturnal Caftan

In a nocturnal caftan
Among graves and tombs
The Poet Seer
Roams.

The half moon
Lights the weak
Ways.

From the trees
In the morning
And even now
Fall leaves

Shadows flourish
Look
That's a ghost
There
A shroud

But the Poet Seer
Fears not
These be his kith and kin
These fellow travelers
Kindred Soul
Noble or
ennobled
These his inspiration be.
So he walks Earth with them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Semi-Circle

In a semi-circle
that shone dim through the
density of nocturnal dark
the Ghosts and Shrouds
hand in hand
sang Gregorian chants
no candle in hand
only
Gregorian chants and
hand in hand

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Soft Winnowing

In a soft winnowing
The wind of dusk
Neighed round
The ancient houses

Flustered red in face
Those dreamy piles of
Stones of ancientness
Surfeited in the winds' caress.

And the sun fading
Swallowed in the aegis of the seas
And liquid sovereignties
Prose at the level, at that time
Prose became verse
And verse to prose transformed

Emmanuel George Cefai

In A Wild Forest

In
A
Wild
Forest
Wild
Wild
With
Eyes
Of
Wild
That
Everywhere
They
Peered
A secret
Forest
And
A
Sacred
Forest
Gleamed
Into
The
Night
And
Magic
Streams
That
Flowed
Direct
Into
The
Hungry
Sea
Where
Dawn
With
Folded
Arms

Embattled
Stood
Give
Me
Give
Me
More
Of
These
My
Muse!
More
More
My
Muse!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In All Of Us

In all of us
To all of us
A tunnel
Dark and long
To all of us
Along the tunnel to move
To all of us
The number of units
To reach the end
Where the Dim Blinding Light
Shines glimmering.
Ay!
We,
We humans think
That we will not ever
Reach the end of the tunnel
And trudge in the dark
Happily and blind
As drunken humans
In youth
And
On the wings of youth
Oblivious to the swords impending
On our heads:
In most of us
And
To most of us
That in the feast of youth
Be reveling:
We
Turn blind all eyes
And joy and joy and feast
More than bacchanalians
Nocturnal:
But ay!
The end of the tunnel
Is a length
Relative to each of us
But ay! The end

Not just so relative
We always
(Immortality suspended)
Grove
Into the Dim Blinding Light
Then
We know
That Time and Age are
Come:
The Call is made:
And to turn back
Too late.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In An Argentinean Plain

In an Argentinean plain
In Patagonia saw I
Old bearded Prometheus
Amidst that beauty of the wild
Those arcane stones of
Periods geological
Not just of centuries
And the high winds
That over the plains swept
From the echoing distant of
The Ocean roar:
There was a night-moon
That was beginning
To shine as on a British moor
But here there was rock
Just rock all way the eye
Took.
And here the wind neighed
Its own sad tune heart-broken
Particular
Its distinct accent and its
Trademark seal, it sung.
Roamed listless and
Without direction the
Old and bearded man
Now half bent in the
Winds of the wild beauties
Raw be beautiful though
Raw be wild.
And
Thus
In an Argentinean plain
In Patagonia saw I
Old bearded Prometheus
Amidst that beauty of the wild

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Black Hoods

In black hoods
Racing the high woods
Hill and dale
in hand mugs of ale
of ghost and shroud
the crowd
lamented all aloud.

O bring no thunder
Let in Art be no blunder
But what asserted be
Is part of that vast Ocean Sea
That civilization be.

The Olympian gods, a thinker
From the heavens descending
With bright Minerva wending
The woods below,
The hamlet to the right
The other to the left
And river and stream
Flowing.

Hear the numbers flow
And the music-notes blow
The fugue nocturnal of
The lover-Night
The fugue nocturnal of
The star-crossed-light
The fugue nocturnal of
Nymph and faun and
Satyr, night of the
Dramatists

In black hoods
Racing the high woods
Hill and dale
in hand mugs of ale
of ghost and shroud

the crowd
lamented all aloud

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Darmstadt

In Darmstadt
yes, over there was dawn
a lively dawn for winter
but
here
today
there is as drear a dawn
as yesterday

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Desperation

In desperation
Now he worked
He worked as in desperation
And
his work had all in it and
all
the timbre of desperation

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Drear

In drear
to drear
I am no assigned
I be so resigned
I be so consigned
to drear
to drear
that I still sing
that I still versify
though I be drear of drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Freedom Together Danced

Night when dance
Cuts its chains
And Beauty further
Does
In freedom
Together danced
Sacred and Sacrilege:
And Beauty
In new civilization
nocturnal!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Front

In front
a rainbow flew
a curiosity trammeling grew
and as a lager a tempest brewed

the sea, the sun, stars,
night even if lackluster, same
Dawn, arising day of relative
gladdening, then
drunken mid-day in its ecstasies
then
then
then

in front
a rainbow flew
a curiosity trammeling grew
and as a lager a tempest brewed

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Front Of Me The Rear

In front of me the rear
Of Time was running
After all
Time and Motion together
Be
And I was running after:
But ah! at the coast to a
Bay they wheeled their way
And leapt in to the sea I
Could not swim!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Front Of The Castles

In front

In front of the castles

We figures of the night

Must dance surrounded

By fading mists

And burning

Wide-mouth as

In a pit below

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Hall Of The Frozen Icicles

These drop deep one by one
The key turns round and
Grates that opens the cemetery gate.

In we go, with shadows grey
And black
Around us in front after us

We are in waiting for the midnight bus
We are in waiting for the calm of night
And then the orgy of marches of night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Hastings Gardens

beauty makes her throne
her shrine
but an important school for those
who yearn
the mechanics of beauty production to learn:
beauty on her throne
mistress of schooling and
the Earth will kneel
and hear:
take in note on note, Idea on Idea,
and
in all this Hastings Gardens being so tiny
beauty zoomed her Principles to fit in size.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Its Throes

In its throes
The day my mother
Is like to your day

When
Blind your eyes
Closed earth to you

Yet your Spirit fought
And had
The prophet glimpses of Immortality.

We
Hear on this ordinary earth
A planet as of planets
A star as of stars
Of constellations ever-growing
We
Dwindle and evolve
Evolve and dwindle.

We
Shine dim yet we pride
On our brilliance.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Laziness Begot

Of verses
In laziness begot
offspring of such conduct
things
round evolve
and turn
but then
your hurl thoughts from
the Tarpeian rock
of your brain that ticks:
it has gone back
back to its Geological Period old
where ticking as the hammer
so many times was its mold:
pressures
and lakes and cataclysms
openings earth
closing and movements
and temperatures of fire
flying through
the burning boughs of
giant trees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Me

The waters of great Oceans
Have flown
In Me
In little me
In humble me
Revolutions in science and in poetry,
Revolutions in drama and philosophy,
Revolutions in economics, anthropology,
And no less in education and sociology
Revolutions in lyric in verse and in
Song
Almost
From line to line
From word to word
A change of direction
A change of style.

In Me
I gathered the sufferings
Of the Pained
In Me
My little me
My humble me
There was re-writ
Yet once again
Principle by principle and
Also
Word by word
The triumph of new evolution

Yet beware!
My Monsignor, evolutions
To other revolutions be
The genesis
As soon as
They discovered and write
Be
And so be it with Me
Cast all dogma

And let
Others re-write me
All that
Matured and grew
Civilized
In Me!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In My Brain Was A Verse

In my brain was a verse
And it was aged
And it was wild.

It had large eyes
A heaven blue.

I rose and rose
In heavens listlessly.

It was all I had
The rest left below.

From where I was
Saw I planets and suns swim.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In My Life

If only

If only

In my life

You withdraw:

If only

If only

In that space

I will have some hope

I will have some gain

I will

I will

Emmanuel George Cefai

In My Thoughts There Be A Whirligig

is it joy?

I feel not sorrow

I was yet sorrowful and

unrepentant to stop

writing verse and singing

song

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Neptune's Kingdom There Was A Crisis

In Neptune's kingdom there was a
Crisis
Not storm or tempest but
The waters lowered
Shrunk all over Earth
The liquid reign of the Seas and Oceans
Grew as in proportion inverse
Land
Neptune each dawn watched
With baleful eyes
The shrinking of his kingdom
And humans grumbled all the same
For waters they preferred and
The waters needed:
Despite storms, tempests and the
Rest
The drought of waters they
Mourned as and with Neptune himself.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Our Lives

In our lives
we must dream more
for
Imagination mostly from
dreaming comes
then Discovery and Invention.
in our lives.
even at the cost
of laziness
preferable to sleep;
a little more the better;
for in sleep
lies the original root
of new civilizations
and
discovery and invention
in to new evolutions;
the Sub-Conscious must not
be allowed to creep
alone and suffering
through the doors of sleep
when tiredness wins;
but open
all the doors to it.
That way new life begins, and
continues new
only in as direct proportion
to ever-increasing evolutionary.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Penguin Island

In Penguin Island
There came amidst
The ever-increasing numbers
Of caves and coves
All sorts and refugees
From all the world.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Plays

In plays
the verses he had writ
in part he sung
in part he added or
decreased
mixed, poised, rattled
shifting and rattling
on the increase
the Time was passing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Porto Ercole

In Porto Ercole
A man told me
He saw a restless
Ghost in white
And it was night
And the ghost
Had a small palette
And
Painted restless
Till the Dawn
Faded the curtain of night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Porto Ercole Ghost White

In Porto Ercole
ghost
white
came
yesterday
out
from
the
sea
over
the beach
into
the
streets
and
alone
solitary
red eyed
raw
and
shaggy
it
roamed
till
brink
of
Dawn
in Porto Ercole

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Prose

Without turning
Words as from their prose position
The Poet Seer
His deftness all the same
He showed:
In his verse and his song.
That's prose
That speaks the same
As sweet
As poetry

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Prose One After The Other The

In prose one after the other the
chapters grow
their clustering and totality is
the whole

so with all civilization
so:
from the low to the high,
the single to the multiple, then
back in synthesis

In prose one after the other the
chapters grow
their clustering and totality is
the whole

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Sheep Street

In Sheep Street
The houses small and
Grumpy
In Sheep Street
The houses
Cry at night
For they be pained
To view the woes of Earth
Of day
As in a film
That's magic!
There's magic in Sheep Street
And
Round the old, old, ancient
Town
It spreads, corner to
Corner,
Round and round, mist or no
mist
And then you sleep, my Monsignor
At Dawn
Or little later I
Seeing the break of yet another day
Will hie to you
Full of things and of tales
In Sheep Street, my Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Drear Of The Nights

In the
drear
of the
nights
in that
land
where snow
falls
and
falls
and
falls
where
the winds
blow and
blow and
blow:
in that land
that be not an
island
and
not
where I live
o! let me
hear the sound of the stillness
the quiet
of
still
the earthquake
vibrating
of
solitude
and
look
to the
heavens
and
look up
the mountains

and peaks
capped with snow:
in the stillness
of Soul, the
deep Inner Soul
at last
king and alone
alone
in the kingdom
of winds and
of snow
the secret nest
of beauty
the call of rest:
and to close
the books of work
and
the books of strife
and leave
to the heavens
the rest!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Aerial Spheres

In the aerial spheres
And spaces
Large giant airy
Figures
Together whispered
Round a magic table
Of ebony and ivory.

Loud were their whisperings!
As
Through loudhailers
They spread to all directions
And
Eyed the immensities of the heavens

Below
Below
Solitary and pensive
A Poet Seer of furrowed brow
Chin in hand
Passed by
Meditating.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Age Of Frost

from whence they emerged
the men of the West
have re-entered
confused:
to their aid
they call
the men from the other lands
fear the their toppling dynasties
built
on the sands of what they term
democracies
and yet
with all this in the Age of Frost
are re-entering

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Ages Yet To Come

In the ages yet to come
though frosty oblivion with his
cruel hands
hang over me
yet
there will ages when
people will hear my voice and
my works read
my Principles regard and follow
fired by them to engineer life
and the whole of civilization grow
and leave ignorance relative in sorrow
but ah! that will be long I deem
that will be long!
My dust will tremble and quake for
so long before!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Air

In the air
There is a humming-top
That slowly hums
And breaks the silence.

In the air to-night
There is a whiff of salt
Coming from the restless sea
And a humming
That breaks the silence.

A coppice small of olden trees
Watched down
And dreamed and dreamed:
The sea below shone silvery
And the moon smiled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Airs

In the air
There's a depth
A depth that goes
Deeper than a giant
Sump:
A depth of pain
A depth of
Suffering
Yet
Vast depth of
Beauty proportionate

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Alternative Civilizations

In the alternative civilizations
Let there be place for Mona Lisa,
The Red Squares, domes and
Church, styles in every-increase
Old and new, fresh and fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Bark

Under the tree
There's too much
Whispering.

In the bark
From night
At dawn
Hid spirits, fauns,
Satyrs, naiads.

No wonder
The whispering!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Blue

In the blue
of
the
lake
saw I
salmon and
trout
but
that
was
not
where
I live
that was not
an island
that was a
lake
hedged and
wedged
in the
mountains
the blue
and snow
mountains
ice-capped to
the blue and cloud fleecy
above:
ah! reaching to
heavens
we humans
have hands
we
must
reach
to
the heavens
long hands
long hands!

In The Blue Mist

In the blue mist
The sacred rose - how red it shone!
And as the red
Met with the blue
What lightning flash it made!

And in the night
And in the night
What lightning do they make!

Without a roar, without a sound
The sacred rose and the blue mist
What lightning do they make!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Bosky Wood

In the bosky wood
the feast of spring
is far now:
now too far
winter has just begun
and long days of frost await
and tempests threaten nights
cold the streets; rain
the blinding of the stars;
mists rising to strange lights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Brown Battlefield

In
The
Brown
Battlefield
Where
The
Red
Of
The
Blood
Turns
Brown

Where
Hangs
A
Lifted
Crown
A
Crown
Of
Thorns
And
Roses?

Ah!
Thought
How
Snake-like
Hither
And
Thither
It
Slides!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Calvary Of Crucifixes

In the Calvary of crucifixes
the crucifixes one by one
so near to each other
on the blood stained field
that seeped in oozing red:
neighed the wind on the plain
and the frost tore particles
from soil and snow and earth
and they moved not but here and
there a groan rose to the heavens there
in that scene of horrid revelry
A figure black-draped sate
on a low fence and grim
grinned with pleasure devilish
in the Calvary of crucifixes
the crucifixes one by one
so near to each other
on the blood stained field
that seeped in oozing red.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Car We Drove

In
The
Car
We
Drove
And
Drove
And
It
Was
Night
Flew
By
The
Houses
And
The
Shops
Lighted
Lights
And
Restaurants
And
Entertainment
Flew
Flew
But
We
Drove
On
And
On
We
Heard
The tapping on the
Pane
We
Saw
Arrogantly

The
Car door opened
Half forcefully:
And
In
The strange
Shadow-Man
Went
Told
Us
To
Drive
And
Soon
In
The
Back
Seat
We Had
A rattling skeleton

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Cemetery

there is a liquid city
but only at night
lights up at night
lights up by dark
just dark
for the residents need not light
no, nor the night stars
nor the wild neighing of the winds
nor the dark blizzards of the rains
no, nor any thunder nor
any storms and tempests
seasons be indifferent:
the residents pass by each other
speak and communicate
yet not a word passes
[sometimes whispers only]
but these hiss over the ground
and are lost in the dark above the ground
and in the face of the sprightly night-stars
and in the light of the sprightly night-stars
for
in the cemetery
there is a liquid city
but only at night
lights up at night
lights up by dark
just dark
that

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Cemetery Of The Heart

once the heart be a town
there are strewn tombs
under the snow
gleaming
gleaming in their sadness

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Charred Hands

In the charred hands
with the stress of life
I bear beauty too
amidst these thorns
of life

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Chronicles Of Valletta

In the chronicles of Valletta
There are so many old, old
Antique crunchy parchments.

Volume after volume, you
Open and in the musty scents
History flows tragic.

Of woes and tears and disputes
And fears and wars and peace
And ancient Christmas Eves

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Cocoon

In the cocoon
there waited pondering
a naked
philosopher

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Cold Shroud

In the cold shroud
You lay
But now the birds
The Spring
Dance, sing!
Mother, mother!
I saw your Spirit yesterday
And it crossed proud and
Head held high
On a sweet knoll by
Kuljat hill
And it was dusk
And it was before night
And was before the stars
And was before the moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Cold Snows

In the
cold
snows
there
let me
trudge
trudge
feeling
the crisp
snow
breaking
breaking
under my feet
breaking!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Competition

In the competition
Between one and the other
I was wedged:
And I found myself again
In the trembling before the examinations.
And I was young again.
But I had Fear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Concentration Camp Of Time

In the concentration camp of Time
We all froze:
The hoar of the north gale blew
Merciless
Pitiless:
Under its gelid hand-scepter thawed
All our younger enthusiasm and our sex:
Our eyes nigh to blind
With the somber blizzard of dread
The neighing of the blizzard turned
More violent to howling:
Before us
Lay a thousand corpses yet in blood
That stained the snow
The white snow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Coppice

In the coppice
A mist of ancient oxygen
With it combination
Followed on the heels other
Combination

In the coppice
The breeding ground
The nest
Of
Shifting and rattling

In the coppice
The fire of the angered Souls
Burns dim,
Then grows
And spreads growing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Corners Of Earth

In the corners of earth
the threshold wind
blew stalks and hay
in the corners of earth
the wind sang songs of
the fame of the Poet Seer
that the Earth ignored

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Court

Here, here, in the Court
I feel a drear
Things mechanical

Invention stays away.
Inspiration shuns.
Black-coated figures
As in a mourning
No! they are fighting
Not swords or cannons
Not nuclear or
No
No; they speak out
Arrows.

Here
I feel extremes
I see some light
Dim light
However.
Around a table
Small groups discussing.
For
Here, here, in the Court
I feel a drear
Things mechanical
Wheels, cogs that
Turn around
And round and
Round
And I in them
Turn round and
round

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Creepy Hollow

In the creepy hollow
Down
By the gorges at
Night
Came and went
Lights
Lights of
Magic
Cunning lights
Opening in the
Sight
Of goblins satyrs
Fauns and nymphs
Who thus discovered
Stop
Then start
Again

Even so
Even so
To me
Now
These beauties remain
Single
To surprise
And
To gladden where
Sadness so often
Gnaws at the fabric nay
Of life herself:
And scents to stinking
Turn
Even so
Even so

In the creepy hollow
Down
By the gorges at
Night

Came and went

Lights

Lights of

Magic

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Dark Delirium Of Life

In the dark delirium of life
the proposition goes walking
as the child on its trembling toes
a star that mischievous wandered
from the track
of other stars and found itself
into a frozen reign and frost so
hard that even for a star it willed
to go.

torches bear and chant if we
would reach that density where with
every word we press the more and
more
the trammels the emotions the destiny
more, more and more
pitiless
into one drop single synthesized:
that is the monad that the nearest
to the ever-growing whole
contains.

But ah! ah yet! alas! the mass
universe at the Rim continuous
expands:
such that however we expand ever-increase
the monad sole synthesized the whole
will not contain
but only nearest thereto distil:
and even so
to keep that running level you must run
ever-continuous yet to stay
even if always behind Evolution's
swift ever-increasing leading
feet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Deep Freeze Lay Beauty Decked With Roses.

In the deep freeze lay beauty decked with
roses.

in icicles the first warmth of life rose and
throbbed

in throbbing leaves of life the frost made every
life-throb shorter, shorter, shorter

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Deep Torrents Looked He

In the deep torrents looked he
The cavalier
The love-torn cavalier
From the high window
That thin as a small slit
In those heavy walls looked
On the roaring cascades below

Somehow
Somehow
He crept
Out of that slit
That window of thinness
And
Looking at the heavens
He saw them frown.

Then with word
But with resolute thought
Into the eddying torrent
Leapt
The torrent seized the prey
As hungry hawks or beasts
of prey or vultures
Red the torrent raged
For a few minutes
Then
Commixed again to
Its former seething white
Returned.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Deep Vale

In the deep vale
Lay Dawn
Panting from the seas
Yet bright as when
She trod over the waves
Her eyes with beauty
Scanned.

An Artist with
Palette
In to the depth of
Vale
Descended he
Advised nocturnally.

But ah! as soon
As Dawn saw him
Still on the edge
The cliff edge
She into a sweet scent
A mist
White, turquoise, red
And azure-twilight
Turned
And
When the Artist turned
Into the depth of vale
Around
He saw not Dawn
But heard a woman's
Laugh
Mischievous and gay
As pleasant as new day

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Deep Valley

In the deep valley
Deep, deep down inside the valley
On a perched ledge
The violet flower lay enjoying the sweet breeze
And Autumn cool eyed her with love-looks:

And then a bee
Eyeing the violet
Settled on the violet
Amidst the aromas of the flower
Mixing their pollen
And it spoke to it:

And so the conversation went
Slow and ageless till the night
In his uplifted car was wont to light
All one by one the stars
Those silent angels of the night:

And still
The violet lay enjoying the sweet breeze
And autumn cool eyed her with love-looks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Delirium Night

In the delirium night
roses grew
and the stars fought
with swords of petals
made

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Delirium Night Roses Grew

In the delirium night
roses grew
and the stars fought
with swords of petals
made

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Depression That Crushes Me

In
The
Depression
That
Crushes me
In
Its
Tentacles
I
Only
Cry
And
Cry
Is
Pain
The
Pincers
On
The
Brain
Of
A
Depression

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Desert

In the desert
I hear Voices
Voices calling far
And fast
Then fading.

I heard the Voice of Power
As a snake
Turned down
Luring me with a flute
And on its head it bore a
Golden crown.

I heard the Voice of Glory
And I saw
Merlin-like a hand that drew
A curtain where
A battlefield with groans
Lay and seeping blood and
Clay.

I heard the Voice of Fear
On top of these
Around me
As a snake I felt it draw
Yet it was just a Wind
That blows the desert sands.

I heard the voice of Suffering
And Pain
I saw a scholar work
In a poor attic in the night
In the scarce moon-light
My eyes I closed:
I saw
His discoveries

And knew that through
Suffering and Pain
You cross the immense main
On which other side instead
Of Power, Glory, Fear
Lie
Civilizations one on one.
I heard the voice of Suffering
And Pain.
I heard.
I felt.
I pained

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Dusk

In the dusk
The beetle whose wing ply
Without a noise
Flows slow and stately
Yet
Secure and sad
Amidst the musk of particles
That float in the dusk airs
Amidst the vibration and
The tintinabulum of discordant
Chores of notes:
Whigs
That fly alone across
The cemeteries at night
Romantic cloaks and masks
Of olden centuries
And
All be drear
Drear
Drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Dust Of Stars

In the dust of stars
we sit and breathe.

in the dust of stars
we grow

from the dust of stars
our star was formed

once formed from the dust of stars
our Earth
from its own dust and liquid love
boiled
to make us

Genesis of beauty from beauty

Process that in chain begins

Chain that successions ties

And what be power to successions?

And what be wealth to successions?

the genesis of one is the genesis
of the next: that way
succession goes

that way the Earth in throes
though in pain and suffering
yet brings forth from it all!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Egocentric Night

In the egocentric night
The stars gather around
Silent without sound

The nightingales are there
There on the boughs
Their boughs
But stopped
And silent is their song.

Even
The gurgling streamlet
I hear not
Nor the wise owls
On their home boughs
Ruffling feathers:
The Hedgehog moves
Stealthy and all still
And stops
And hears
Then moves again
A little
Then repeats.

The night be sleeping?
No it watches all awake with open eyes
And the wide immense heavens
Scours the night,
Deep night.

For the night, this night
Egocentric be
Even
The gurgling streamlet
I hear not
Nor the wise owls
On their home boughs
Ruffling feathers:
The Hedgehog moves

Stealthy and all still
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Evening Mist In The Land

In the evening mist in the land
Where valleys meet the rivers and the streams
Where green darkens on the sides of hills
As soon the red dusk with stealthy step
Ascends now one hill, now this, now that
The evening mist arises from the depths
Of valleys where they meet
The rivers and the streams sad, quiet, still.
And in the evening mist
And from the evening mist
A statue black arises from the mist
And all around
The valleys meet the rivers and the streams
As soon as the red dusk with stealthy step
Ascends the hills, the sleeping hills.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Fixation Of Dim Lights

the queue of humming flies
around the pale orange
of the night romantic lamps
in the old Valletta streets
after mid-night
slide slowly
and slide fast
one after one
shadow after shadow
ghost and shroud

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Funereal Parade

In the funereal parade
The march goes on and on.

The sunset has switched off
The red dusk is now gone.

And night rules sovereign
Started the parade at dusk

And it continued in to night
And yellow-black in the moon's light.

Ghost after ghost, shroud after
Shroud, all wail aloud.

The towns, the port, the sea sleep
The old Valletta forts sobbing weep.

One after one in chains bound
The ghosts and shrouds without a sound

March, march, on goes the night
Humans asleep or lovers out of sight.

And solemn the airy-fairy band plays
Funereal dirges and elegiac lays.

One after one in chains bound
The ghosts and shrouds without a sound

Silence! Silence! Long is the way
And far the Dawn and the new day.

The march continues though the wind
Rain and tempest rise and rattle round.

And till the Dawn
The march goes on and on.

The sunset has switched off
The red dusk is now gone.

And night rules sovereign

Till the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Funnels Of Deep

In the funnels of deep
Thoughts
In to the depths of dense
Fogs
In to the thickness of
Frozen oceans
Let me sing
A swan song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Garage Of Time

In the Garage of Time

Time ticking

Ticking

Slow and

austere

Collects

All

The many failures

And

The little successes

All

All

They will see them

All

When they unlock them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Ghastly Night

I sleep not and therefore I
dream not:
though a twilight film
passes over the hazy eyes:
the vision that replaces dreams
dreary and rude and cold and
chill of frost
for now

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Glacier The Emotions Lay.

In the glacier the emotions lay.

Winds swept over the plain of sickness.

Pitiless through a whole night raged they.

And with them my agony proportional.

Then as dawn came
Delirium did the job and cut the chains.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Gold Drear Of The Heavens

In the gold drear of the heavens
Spirits flew serenely and mute
Singing undertones silently.

O moon of twilight colors
On seeing this; the humans sleep
See, the village streets are still

And gurgles low a water-mill.
Night and its retinue will hold
Unobstructed their winter night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Green White-Washed Room

In the green white-washed room
The light green darker turns in the dim light
Of the dim lightning bulb.

My unhappiness can only increase
In that dim dreariness:
Therefore let them marry.

I am resigned.
I am confined to unhappiness
More than a crippled inmate.

And the dreariness blows
Hoary and cold and frosty in my soul
Like a desired catarrh.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Groves Of Sadness

In the groves of sadness
moved I

in to the walls of the Ages
drove I

with my brain
my only

I dream Dawn
dream life
I dream the windows half-open
I dream night
I dream sunset
To pine and to cry:

Yes,
when the lemon of life
you press
and press
the bitter tears
that fall
from the lemon of pining
remain

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Hazy Mists

In the hazy mists
To-night
The hazy shadows
Move
And thrive.

See, see, how many!
How ghastly with
Face strained
Yet serene in the ages
See, see, how many!

Long is the night
And
Shrouds and ghosts
People Earth, our Earth
Under the wan starlight
And so will so
Remain
Till Dawn strikes by the main.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Heart Of Buildings

In the heart of buildings and
Of palaces
Dwelt the Great Spirit Soul
I saw it
I saw it yester week
Walking it was
Hand in hand
With old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Heavens There Is A Cross

In the heavens there is a cross
A cross of stars
One after the other
In a rosary
Bead after bead
Star after star
Shy lone and mute
And the weak moon
Well,
Well the weak moon
Yawns the night away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The High Citadel Of Fear

In the high citadel of Fear
A million subjects knelt before
The bronze throne of Fear.

Tentacles from that throne of Fear
How they moved like fork-tongued snakes
And increased Fear to previous Fear!

The waters gelid flowed and thawed
Before the frost at sunset visited:
For early were they touched by Fear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Island Of The Pelican, The Gods

In the island of the pelican, the gods
Throw dice as they play.
Here and there they see
The motion of chance
And probability.

Quiet on the island but for
The rustling of the trees
Those high
High
Inhabitants inland from
The sandy shores.

And the white sand
That blue against the dark of
Sky and heaven
Post red dusk glimmers
Glimmers as the waves
Tiny, fractional, growing,
Sub-dividing
Restless.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Land Of Fairies

In the land of fairies
go to reside we
get wings
get flying
see the Earth below
blue-azure predominant
of seas and Oceans.

turn
me
to
a
fairy
sweet
Muse
give
me
wings
sweet
Muse
kiss
my
strength
to
fire
sweet
Muse
to
sail
over
the
tops
of
clouds
infuse
me
with
desire
sweet

Muse
light
as
the
fleece
of
clouds
turn
me
sweet
Muse

Hear the distant bells
they ring the vesper song
with us to go along
leave Earth
that holds us so
till our emotions thaw

turn
me
to
a
fairy
sweet
Muse
give
me
wings
sweet
Muse
kiss
my
strength
to
fire
sweet
Muse
to
sail
over
the

tops
of
clouds
infuse
me
with
desire
sweet
Muse
light
as
the
fleece
of
clouds
turn
me
sweet
Muse

in the light of burning fires
that hurt not nor warm
but fire up desires
wishes and dreams
all genesis of inventions
and all sorts of innovations
swift, swift, swift
in line with Evolution

turn
me
to
a
fairy
sweet
Muse
give
me
wings
sweet

Muse
kiss
my
strength
to
fire
sweet
Muse
to
sail
over
the
tops
of
clouds
infuse
me
with
desire
sweet
Muse
light
as
the
fleece
of
clouds
turn
me
sweet
Muse

Old woes from Earth originating
forget
Old woes and old chains of the Earth
forget
look at the hands, they be free
move as you will
and let old woes dissolved
drown in the Oceans at
the fading day.

turn
me
to
a
fairy
sweet
Muse
give
me
wings
sweet
Muse
kiss
my
strength
to
fire
sweet
Muse
to
sail
over
the
tops
of
clouds
infuse
me
with
desire
sweet
Muse
light
as
the
fleece
of
clouds
turn
me
sweet

Muse

Our eyes are enmeshed yet
not blind except by Beauty
the which more sight gives
reveals more of her reign
part by part all following in train
where suffering reaches a point
and earthly pain.

O therefore come! the time be come!
To other sites we go let Beauty lead!
And below us the Earth turns
predominant azure.

turn
me
to
a
fairy
sweet
Muse
give
me
wings
sweet
Muse
kiss
my
strength
to
fire
sweet
Muse
to
sail
over
the
tops
of
clouds

infuse
me
with
desire
sweet
Muse
light
as
the
fleece
of
clouds
turn
me
sweet
Muse

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long City

In the long city
There's a wall of ivy
And meandering boughs
And sprig lets
Flourishing.

Around on the lawn
Roam the cats and
Mice.

Holy the scents
Rises
The heavens open
Now
Then close
Then again
Open.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Hall

In the long hall
a long table
tall and elongated
yet wide
the widening not conspicuous
because tall indeed the
table:
in the long hall
the cries of skeletons
and ghosts and shrouds
raising their mugs of wine
and ales
boiling and steaming
shrieking
with their teeth rattling
not now mourning
there were so many
by the thousand you
would count
and the more you viewed
more increased the amount
of tipsy ghosts and shrouds
and skeletons
of the Long Table.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Night

In the long night
The long, long night
How bright
The light of passion shines!

The summer heat
How obstinate
It is:
Yet in the night
The long, long night
How bright
The light of passion shines!

And winter frost
And neighing wind
Behind the window panes
And doors:
And the shrill call
Of nightingales
In Spring:
No difference will make:
For
In the long, long night
How bright
The light of passion shines!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Night I Go Out In Despair

In the long night I go out in despair
And sit on this knoll lighted by
The moon face in my hands.

Before me stretches a low hill beyond
A plain: the hill obscures and hides
The plain that lies after it.

I saw knives flying slow in the night air
I saw hands red with blood and white despair
I saw red dusk pacing the night in his lair.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Night The Spirits

In the long night
The spirits of night roam
And meeting with
Processions of ghosts and shrouds
In their hind and back march
Along with them
Till Dawn – that is – till Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Night, The Sea

In the long night, the sea
Sleeps
And the immense Ocean
Gleams
And the wide moon on the
Bosom of both
Shines
Waiting for the Dawn to rise.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Temple

In the long temple
there rose from every side
white fleecy clouds of blinding white
and sandals golden on that sacred aisle
long, long, and slow the paces made
their way vertical that
horizontal to the heavens led

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long Town

In the long town
The streets be long
The streets be cavalier
The home of long knights

Home of the long swords
Arrows in the night
I want to be
Where the sun has slept
With the straight waters on
The horizon line.

Where the long nights
Are nights of peace
Where the long nights
Are places where enemies sleep
And war no longer on each other.
I want.
I want to be.

For in the silent nights
Many a spirit roams
Secret but gallantly
As fast as the long
Swords at night
That as arrows be.

The verses drip, drip
Slowly yet
They drip a peace,
A sunset long gone
That is still as yet
On grips of Earth
Where the long nights
Be nights of peace.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Long, Long Night

In the long, long night
there are no tepid sun rays
no comforting from cold
but blasts of cold
for scabbard of the quilt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Marches

In the marches there's solitude
In the marches sickness thrives
In the marches foul mists stink
In the marches Dawn escapes

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Meadows Of The Night

In the meadows of the Night
Solitary a Glow-worm bright
Walked slow weary
In star-light.

Ah! the silence
Quiet
Romance
And the moon rays
On the sea-bosom
Restless dance!

And no seagull in the skies
And
No lark flutters on high
Yet
Wise the owl garrulous
And
The nightingales their love
Pour.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Mechanics Of Adjustment

In The Mechanics Of Adjustment

I saw Tyranny pull out a red card
And ban off Pity

Yet Adjustment still remained
Patient and waiting
As a lamb suffering

Till that Tyranny so angry
Waxed that its Patience
Its very head, the head of Tyranny devoured.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Menu That Dawn Brought With Her

In the menu that Dawn brought with her
For to-day New Year's Day there was
the special and the not so special:
Special rang the tunes of the church bells
different from other holidays:
overdue after all!
New Year's Day!
But the old city dressed as it had dressed
the day before
and the day before that
and before that for centuries
old in the memories of ancient times:
and the people
who survived into the New Year survived
either as flesh or blood or else as ghosts
the former in the morning streets
the latter in the Night swarmed
to the old town in hordes and shrouds
and there rose high a long sad lament
an All in One, and One in All
to the sad heavens and stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Midst Of Life There Wavers

In the midst of life there wavers
a restless vividness:
and it be the spinal chord
life's seal of sharpness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Morning,

In the morning,
now,
that mistress Dawn has come to reign and went
now
there's bustling to make up
for the old silence of the dreary night
when beauty issues forth when humans sleep
when the old ancient houses one eye closed
the other open look
when gardens dream, when the fields glisten
white in the white rays of the white moon
and the old chapel bell
old, yes, old,
rings frothy and swift and distant
in the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The New City

In the new city
all houses of metals
frontages
glistened to the
certain purposes of
the night
and
the night stars

and
in the new city
about midnight
they heard
the clanking of
metal armors
skeletons on high
rattling and
banging.

this
the other coin
of the humdrum Earth
and day we know
day after day
week after week
month after month
season after season

not even
the festivities and
games
'Panem et Circenses'
Bread and Games
no,
they were powerless
no opium of the
people
here.

the inhabitants
were aware of the two sides
of the Coin:
so they shunned
the traps

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night

In the night
grew of chill delight
and of trembling stars the sight
and of spirits and ghosts and
shrouds
the processions of the night
solitary
silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night How I Long

In the night
how long I
to Hastings go
not just garden
but
the streets
the surrounding streets
the wide ones
the strait, alleys,
the quaint houses
snoring high,
awhile strike
the street asphalt
one after the other
I
hear pace on pace
my paces
distant dogs are
set to bark
but bark not!
enchanted lie
in the spell
nocturnal quite
of a Poet Seer who by
steals his way
his silent way!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night I Lay

in the night
I lay on a rare
night
looking face upwards
to the ceiling dark
tempered by a small
night light.

Of you, my love
thought I
lying face upwards

your face before
me
came and I
saw your pining eyes
ah! those times
we kissed together
in the hummock of love
(as Mars used to catch
Venus in her ecstasy)
so
we
together caught
each other
in our own ecstasy
and
slow murmured words
between one bunch
of kisses and another
oxygen of love
oxygen of the new life
infused into new love

for
in the night
I lay on a rare
night
looking face upwards

to the ceiling dark
tempered by a small
night light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night I Signed The Contract

In the night
I
Signed
The
Contract
With
The
Fury of Pointed Wings
Giant
Bat
And
Weird
Of
A
Wide
Night
Shouted the Fates
They
Broke the strange silence
They
Transmitted Fear
Shuddering
Chill
Rattling
Of
Waters
Particles
That
Subdivide
Flying
Crying
'Jo! '
On
Hitting
Diamonds
Of
Eyes
White
Of

Fish
Stars
of
Night
Burning
White
Stars
Shouted the Shades
Shouted the Fates

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night In

The desert
To the tune of flute
Danced the snake
And
With it danced
The mists
Trembled
The shivering
Blue mountains.
Shivering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night There Flow The Bats

In the night
there flow the bats
fearless
over the cemetery.

over the graves
and dreaming tombs
over
the creaking and the
yawning
openings
the rise of figures dark
the shuttering of light
that comes and goes

figures
that stand erect
and white or shadowy
pace their restless
vigor
round the cemeteries
ghost to ghost
meeting:
shroud to shroud:
the lemon the Sub-Conscious
squeezed
such
ah! that these remain
as long as they will
before the Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night Walked I With Cold Feet

In the night walked I with cold feet since
That I was a ghost
Now.

The elms and firs and oaks tall and lank
Stood up sentinels and
Witnesses.

Amongst the tombs passed I and heard
Groans whispers talking
Heads bent and some in caps
Turbaned and white
In the night's quiet silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night You Smile

In the night
You smile
Frown in the day.

You be wise, too
Though
Not so sympathetic quite

For wisdom and popularity
And sympathy
But rarely hand in hand

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night's Silence

In the night's silence

Let

The stars fade

In the night's silence

Let

The moon glide

In the night's silence

Let

A star be detached

Move in the heavens

As a jet light

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Night's Cold

In
The
Night's
Cold
Footed
Grass
And
Earth-cool
Roots
There
Moved
Slow
And
Secure
Glow-worms
Of
The
Night
Half-hidden
In
The
Soil
The
Naked
Soil
Womb
Of
The
Humid
Lyre
Of
Ancient
Ground
To
Receives
Bones
And
Skeletons
I

Have
Suspended
Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Notepad

In the notepad
verses went in
out of the heart
one after the other
sweet succession in
this Earth of suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Novels

In the novels
Characters who sing
And versify.

Prose mixed with
Verse
And song
That flies.

Novels brimful of verse
At frequent intervals.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Old Wilderness

In the old wilderness
hidden from the dust of country roads and lanes
hidden from the tracing of the moon
hidden, hidden in night's curtain

still
partly hidden when the Dawn is risen

when
the sea-waves knock at the doors of
the white cliffs in chameleon mazes hidden.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Parade Of Beauties That

In the parade of beauties that
On occasion in high Olympus made
March one after one
The diadems, topazes, quartzes,
All from the Orient glittering,
On their tiny feet all walking,
One after one, then next
The seasons: Winter first,
For after all the years begin
With it; then Spring the wonderful
For in it each year first
Rise from the torpor that it started
With; then Summer like a mid-day
Navel of the rising day; zenith
Of wine and song and warm carousal;
Then Autumn starts decline but gently so
For in its cool the start of all woes
Hide; the year has downward gone
Like the day that after red dusk fades.
These one after the other marched
Ordered and disciplined as in drill
Military though all beautiful.
Then after them with ruddy face
Came Ceres marching on a throne
Not golden nor silver but adorned
With hundreds of exotic fruits and
Dainties; born on the hands as
Not of slaves, but on the hands
Of thin fairies; then the Graces.
They marched too with a stately step
They too one after the other went
But close and hand to hand.
With them rustled along swift and
Silent their transparent robes
And veils made of the mists of
Summit mounts and wrought
In vales of hidden beauties brought
Between the clefts of giddy mountains
Where the snows all white into the

Heavens azure tremble and gleam.
After these came the Wild Vales
Whose sides with flowers full
Rivulets and springs ran through
The cleft below which on giant feet
The vales marched after their peers
Though higher as the oak and the
Tall fir over the lowly shrub tower.
As buffer these lofty vales noble marched.
For after them one by one, some
Solemn, some gay, some merry, some
With a look of frowning or of gloom
Came the months of each year: all
Followed each other like siblings tall
And giant in that vast parade.
First January: for it held in hand
The keys with which the year opened.
The look of January was indifferent
For being first to usher the year's case
Impartial and all sides desired to look.
Then came February: and after him
A large sound followed other sounds
Each larger as they more approached
And the more neared: these the sounds
Of thundering and with them rustling
Of the trees blown by unleashed Zephyr
Gales wind and rain followed in train;
Yet for all this February had a face
Ruddy and red and merry all the while.
Then after came March: in his eye
There was rare intelligence that
In its eyes clear and large glistened
Noble it marched: for it were born
On this Mother Earth great noble minds
And of all months he bore with due
And greatest pride the task of carrying
Such wealth of intellect from Earth
Back to inhabitants of Mother Earth returned.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Pool

In the pool
Face upwards
Lay.

On the face
Shone
The kindly moon.

And
The night stars
Full competition
Made

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Post Dusk Air

In the post dusk air
There is a humming
Hear by the beach of sand
That trembling
Looks at the darkening ocean line
And
Hears vibrating one after one
Nocturnal Ocean roars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Procession

In the procession of
events of history
power, glory and garbage
each other follow
with the rest of each
cycle.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Pulse Of Night I Heard The

In the pulse of night I heard the
beating, beating, beating of
the current waves, beating, beating

So feverish, so vexed, so loaded
with the trammels of boiling blood of
throbbing brains and delirium pulses.

in the pulse of night I heard the
beating, beating, beating of
the current waves, beating, beating

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Ramps Of Twilight

In the ramps of twilight
Over the airy rocks
Of port Valletta
Holders and conservers
Of centuries
The centuries as in a spring
Wound up
Compressed and
Patient
Look at us smiling
Ironically
With the smile of the mystery
The Sphinx smile
In the ramps of twilight
The rolled centuries
Patiently

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Red Painted Manor

In the red painted manor
The bees drone slow
And tasty is their
Honey.

At night
Not far off
The sound of carousing
Of the bacchanalian lot

The weary hours
Pass and
Strike
And the red painted manor's face
Resorts
To ancient shadows grey
Restless
To and fro.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sad Waters The Poet-Seer

In the sad waters the Poet-Seer
looked
looked wan and
pining:
in the sad waters looked
the Poet-Seer,
the silent Poet-Seer of pining eyes
without a word
without a syllable

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sadness Of The Night

In the sadness of the night
When before the eyes
All be black

And the soul is down
And down
And the Spirit-Soul
All depressed

There comes a small
Dim of light
A sweet glow-worm of the night

What a breath
What oxygen!
All this be the Muse and verse

And I sing
And my sadness of the night
Fades with this
Fades with this.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Shade Of A Long Winter Yet To Come

In the shade of a long winter yet to come
I am standing now:
But
Let me not forget that I was born
In Winter too: but on the fringe
Of it with the Spring:
A case of enjoying both worlds?
Or that the Spring
And Winter together conspired that and such
In my first few days I would be of Winter
But then Spring made its best to gladden me
Began another season in the world
Parallel to my new life, and to it proportionate.

Tele keli bere mesret
Ha! Yes these words, this language:
I project
And what I project in chronology
That is in order chronological
I then assert:
Thoughts, notes, verses, songs are given

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sixth Floor Flat

In the sixth floor flat
That looks upon the Port
I from my balcony saw
The light – the neon light in the room
And inside a lady draped in white

She seemed so clear
And near
And yet so far away.

She seemed to talk
I know not to whom
She seemed to move
About the room
And talk
I know not what:

And then
And then
As if she saw
She drew the curtains –
Still the light
Sprung from above.

Then a few minutes went
And then the lights went out.

How strange this night, how strange.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Skull

in the skull
there was green and
there was dust
there was the rust of
ageing
there was time
and inside motion
that was the skull

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Small Street

This night
In the small street
Joining Saint Paul Street
To yet another street
The stairs antique
Romantic first
Then the hard surfaced
Unasphalted way
Along that romantic way

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Small Womb Of A Forest

In the small womb of a forest
Orpheus played.
Around him strayed
And looked in wonderment
Animals and plants.
And mid-way through
A Poet-Seer came hobbling on
Hobbling to Orpheus
But more to music.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Stacks Of Timber

In the stacks of timber
there floated
and there flirted
in the wood
spirits satyrs goblins
all giggling and
all playing
just
in the stacks of timber

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Station

In the station
the train whistles
in the station
I slept in the house
that I made from
the station house

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Station When The Rain Comes

In the station
when the rain comes
I think of Gothic churches
and wish to lay awake
the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Strange Winter Wind

In the strange winter wind
I heard strange winter sounds
Not sounds of rain pattering
Nor thunder in the distance
Nor the swish of lightning
No, no, but strange, strange sound
I saw and heard

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Stream

In the stream
There were waves
Only current waves
Not waves
Not salty
But electricity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sub-Conscious

In the Sub-Conscious

I did things

That with strict slow

Mechanics I

Did nt do:

But with quantum physics

And more

I did.

Therefore. My Monsignor,

Look to the Sub-Conscious

In that fount and well

There be resources

Of learning and all

Civilizations yet to see

Learning yet to hear

Experience yet to taste.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sub-Conscious Woof

In the sub-conscious woof
Sewn
By trembling hands
Fostered
By the nocturnal knights
That pace
Around
Around
The spell-bound monastery.

There be a pale
Imagery
That was born
In the genesis
Of twilight; with it
Parallel-simultaneous
With it
Spell bound and smelling
Of myrrh and camphor
Magic scents Oriental
Tasty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sun Of Psychopaths

In the sun of psychopaths
There was blood and it
Was
Word
Written on the streets.

At last
The sun of waters that had
Been since dawn
Found
A cloud to disappear.

Clouds and blood
So
Prominent in history and
Its execution.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sweet Clay

In the sweet clay
the bones dissolved to energy
slowly
slowly

from the grave there rose a distinct smell
not sweet nor ugly not stinking nor scenting
but a smell indifferent yet powerful

in the sweet clay
the bones dissolved to energy
slowly
slowly

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Sweet Clay 2

In the sweet clay 2
from the sweet clay
there emanates energy
and roams about

I saw energy roam
though it was morning
little before dawn
I saw energy roaming

in the sweet clay
from the sweet clay
there emanates energy
and roams about

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Thunder That Was Yesterday

In the thunder that was yesterday
the fingers lighted and
the waters moved against
the misty window glasses
there was no toasting
but only dreams and snoring

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Till Of The Bank Of Life

In the till of the Bank of life
I heard the coins fall down
I heard the scents going up
pace after pace along and up
the stairs till they came to me.
Then the door opened and
I saw Life face to face without a mask.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Tomb Of Day

There shone the last bundle of rays
For Earth already was red in cheek
And dusk was inside her temple sleek.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Town

In the town
there is the frost
rare frost
on a rare year
and the people hurry
cough
with
mists of cold
that they had not
before

in the town
the waters freeze
but slow freeze
and in the depth
above
shine frowning the dark skies
the iron heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Town Of The Intellect

In the town of the Intellect
The grey shades moved
To and fro
Restless
Pace after pace
With fingers of the hands
Moving and questioning
Body-language
Furrowed brows
Discussion on discussion
Vexed
For long hours
Then days
Yet
Always persistent:
To the main square
You see them gathering
Till
One day one suddenly:
'Eureka!
Eureka!
Eureka!
Cried with a hoarse Voice
And
All around him turned
And
All around him clustered
And
All around the frowns
Were smiles
And
All around him heard
And
All around him knew
And
All around him understood
'Eureka!
Eureka!
Eureka! '

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Town The Rare Town

In the town
The rare town
There's roots that sprout
From night-dews at the
Dawn.

In the town
Rare
But steadfast pour
Rains of rose drops
Soft and immature
And
Young
And
Soft rose drops

In the town
There's honey
That seeps through
The walls and
Crevices
And peaks of mists
And clouds to reach
By long hands of Poet-Seers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Trembling Light

The twilight

Faded

In the arms of night

For love of dusk

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Trick Sleep

In the trick sleep
Of the giant
After eating
A fast heavy
Meal
-ah! that was
Necessary
For the giant
Had roamed in
Hunger on
The plane
Languished in the caves
For days and days
And days
At night
With hunger
He heard trembling
With chill of hunger
In cave on
The plain
The shrieking waters
Flow
In the small cleft
Below
How hideous the
Water wraiths
Unwelcome under
The welcome and pitying
Moon.
But now
But now
The giant slept
Slept as small children sleep
Fell into the sweet trap
Of Morpheus
In to the hummock of Mnemosyne
Eyes closed
In chains of the Sub-Conscious yet
Free with no chains

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Turn Of Times

In the turn of times and in
The turn of centuries
The burning furnaces of
Love and hatred and
Malice
Together lived and
Loved and warred made
Peace and stayed

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Twilight I Saw My Life

In the twilight I saw my
Life
Swimming slow
Dejected amidst untidy waters
On the shore
Green goblins laughed; a pout
Of steam issued from earth;
Careless the brambles
Here and there cut the feet
With blood - hear me, hear me -
Night will soon come
The minutes pass and
When the minutes pass the seconds
Vital become
And when the seconds pass
Nanoseconds flourish - hear,
Hear human, the first stars
Already are out
They smile but wryly
For there is now a fading
Beauty of the dusk - hours
Have flown - now important
Minutes and heavy seconds -
And I
I Poet Seer with the first
Drops of tears glistening
In my eyes of pain
Bend
My
Head

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Walk Of Us On This Thorny Earth

In the walk of us on this thorny earth
The plains hurt us
The hills giddy us
The vales annoy us
The streams deafen us
The cascades deafen us
The light blinds us
The thunder shakes us
The night numbs us
The seasons age us
The Dawn wakes us!

On this black Earth that hits
Our naked feet with thorns
That hits our naked feet with jutting rocks
This Earth is raw, yes, raw
And savage
But She be sincere:
And in that sincerity she hurts us
Thereby she teaches us and points
How suffering must be to save us
Somewhat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The War Zone

In the war zone
The gas flows like a mist

Wear the mask, human,
Your breath is short.

And in the heavens there be
Already a frown.

The clouds gather and the vultures
Too.

Circle lower the black bats with
Eerie crying.

Time with a sickle cuts the mass
Where motion passes.
The snow dries and becomes
Glaciers of desperation
Crystallized from human blood
And stress.

And in the war zone
There is silence and clangor
All simultaneous:
Quiet and restlessness
In the war zone.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Waters Beauty Glides

In the waters
Beauty glides
In the waters
Draws in tides
In the waters
Lengthwise hides
In the waters
Hoots in caves
In the waters
Gurgling raves
In the waters
Beauty thrives
In the waters
Beauty hides!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Waters Shone A Wave

And

In the waters shone a wave

A single wave

All dark around and

Groping.

Even so

My Inner Soul, today.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Womb Of Sadness

In the womb of sadness
The night stars yell

Their yelling is a humming
Of sadness

And the womb of the heavens
Trembles

And the might of the winds
Ceases

And the your eyes mother
Stare
Stare
Into the vacuum night

And I see eyes
And yet
The holes where the eyes
Were
Skeleton

Skeleton of love
Where my love made
Its seat
Where my love is
My wound:

And the womb of the heavens
Trembles

And the might of the winds
Ceases

And then your eyes mother
Stare
Stare
Into the vacuum night

Emmanuel George Cefai

In The Wonders Of Spell

In the wonders of spell
The hand of History traced
The hand of History wrote
On the stone walls
On the stone walls

There was a goblin pelted
By sweet scented fruits
Right by the bastions:
He saw not the hands that
Pelted
But pleasure took
And it was night of stars

And the bosom of the seas
Went in and out moved in
Moved out
And I saw Hamlet on the bastions trail
And I saw Mac duff at the other end
And in between stood blood and
Soil and dust
Removed from the small fields
That shook
As rattling ghosts and skeletons
Passed by
For it was night
Deep night
Nigh to mid-night's orgies
And the bosom of the seas
Went in and out moved in
Moved out 3

O how Beauty
Sits on the sea-bosom and on the Ocean-bosom
Plays the silver of the moon light
Tiptoes on the sea-bosom fairy-like
Transparent shadows crossing
Each other's paths and routes
And in that waning quietness

Surfeiting themselves to full excess
Of fading,
Fading
Fading.

Beauty that trespasses
In each place and in
Each site
That it likes
That it likes
Who will resist her touch
Her scent her look
And all the rest?

Out of the raw be born and has
The genesis of the mellow
Out of the rough smell and
Taste
The sweet and attar taste of
Heavenly gourds
A paradise that breaks before
The enmeshed eyes
Without waiting for Dawn to come
At night
At night

There were white bones, not many,
Few
Strewn on the grass whose eyes
Tiny
Tiny eyes
Still shone with the just fallen
Night-dews since the dusk
Had surfeited.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Them The Shrouds Ideas Carry.

In them the Shrouds Ideas carry.

Vessels of Ideas too are Ghosts.

Within energy rather than mass these
Ideas encapsulated are.

And for that the Ideas are the more
flexible.

And in the night processions with the
Ghost and Shroud participants Ideas
are carried too

Emmanuel George Cefai

In This Book Of Verse

In this book of verse
that be
lyric and sweet melody

in this book
the Satyr reads
the Sphinx smiles
and the slipper ghost
tells its beads

yet
in here you will find
the blue print for all
the verse
that you will need
for the plays
but ah! still you have to labor
so and so many of days!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In This Dark Wave Less Sea

In this dark wave less sea
Where witches all unseen
Hold court to-night
Be kind to let me drown.

And when she for me asks
Tell her that now here I lies
Here to my grave premature
Where witches all unseen
Hold court to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In This Wilderness

In this wilderness of
Celestial smelling
Thyme
The blue worlds
Turn
The globes of seas
And land
Wake partly healed
Lacerated
By fading of a day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In This Year Of Thorns I Inculcated

In this Year of Thorns I inculcated
My verses all the same so far
As they will let me fore my martyrdom:
My heart awaits but not with joy
Like an expectant mother a beginning
But trembles and quakes for an unwanted ending:
Now that the unlucky (so I was brought up)
Thirteen minutes to eight in the morning
Have fled by without my noticing
Now
I plan and I calculate my verses all the same
Nor less high to the heavens goes my song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To A Trough

In to a trough
Between dark sides of hills
Trembled a village
In the mists changed
Continual
As the chameleon changes:
And
The bats flew in clusters
Of five to ten
Screeching alternate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To A Vexed State Confused And Proud

In to a vexed state confused and proud
proud and confused I lie yet sing
not rhyme no but in blank verse
my emotions pen in words dense and terse

that I have to think, to think, to think
and more I think, the more to think and
brow grows more and more furrowed

puzzled my thought, yet in that confusion
as rattling and shifting of genes be
born thoughts sublime yet newly synthesized

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To Another Month

In to another month
the cloud of drear
moves
the skies are leaden still
still
out of sadness joy begotten be

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To Small Syllables

In to small syllables
And
Interjaculations
The cry of protest
Rang
I marched the night
By the low and cold
Hills
The faded light
The wise moon light
The wise drawl of wise
Owls
And sundry nymphs this
Night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Armory Of Water

the surfaces glistened
here and there
pink fish and red
nibbled to the surface
nibbled their way
upwards
turned the wheels of day

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Depths Of Mists

Deep

Deep

In to the depths of mists

Sub-conscious yet alert:

Dreaming

Dreaming

And yet not a word

And yet not a thought

But sadness

Sweet sadness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Desert

In to the desert
Moses led his men
and
so we must go
to the desert
to know
the wisdom
of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Drowning River

In to the drowning river
with its furious cascades
let me fall now
from the giddy heights
let me fall now:
and then as dusk evaporates
in the hazy trembling
initial twilight changed to
chameleon colors:
then
let me drown at the fringe of
night
just as water-wraiths out of
the sea
leap waist-full to the skies
half sea half out of sea '
so be I
but I
drown slowly, slowly down
to the full liquid bloom
the benighted sea kingdom of
drowsy Neptune:
the night
this night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Earth's Roots

In to the earth's roots
The roots of the old
Tree
Delved
Delved
And
Woke dawn in the womb
Of falling night
And the falling stars
The calm sea-bosom
Plain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Giggles Of Dawn

In to the giggles of Dawn
just a single moan
Dawn with pleasure and pain

there was a palm of green
that had withered in the relative cold
of the previous cruel night

but now
into the relative dawn
the relative palm of green
withered not, nor shook.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Gothic Shade

In to the gothic shade
two ghosts and one shroud
were sitting in council
I heard their whispering
and
their plans for the night
that night
and
I saw that in their plans
there was no treason
and for their whispering
and found not reason

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Heavens Look

In to the heavens look I
And look and stare
And look
And tears in my eyes
My mother
Not a word
Not a word

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Homely

In to the homely
Into the somber
Into the subconscious
Into the upturned
Conscious
Into the deeds of old
Into the ancient times
And ancient ghosts
Sing I
And ghosts and restless
Souls and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Long Lost Ages Of Time

In to the long lost ages of time

And centuries

The Ego-Guilt walks slow

Prowling:

In to the sub-conscious

Dreaming

Dreaming

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Monastery Of Life

And

In to the monastery of life

Sink together

Beauty, All and Thought

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Night The Dawn Awake

for the last part when after
midnight the night deepened;
to the fore the charismatic
man a charismatic train
clinical, and pretty and
attractive:
the winds and tempests howled
and yet he smiled;
intelligence and coolness of
temper hard to beat;
though winter be hard and deep
severe and large and more
in to the night the dawn awake
for the last part when after
midnight the night deepened

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Orchestra

In to the Orchestra
with glove
elegant
the Hedgehog was
playing
the
singing lyre
sighed
and the glove
was grey to match
the Hedgehog's color

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Revolution Of Things

In to the revolution
Of things
There be
A joy that rings
A hedge
That travels
Approximately linear
Across the flow of
The white moon rays
And
The glow
Of white stars of a faded
Day.
How the night rings
Water
In the pail of freedom
Drop after drop
Sensuous in beauty
Flourish and crop
And twilight dons
Dress and cap and all
For glaring in the waters
At sweet dusk:
Sink
Down with fading day
In the still waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Skies

In to the skies
Give me wings my destiny
And let me leave one dusk
One early night

To leave this Earth
To be as of the sky
And of the soaring in the heavens immense
To be this

To be in my home in a cave
In Patagonia or in Cefalu
To be home at last
In the least!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Slalom

In to the slalom
Of a delirium
My verse and song
Burst
Through the confines
Of usual.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Slow Night The Rasping

In to the slow night the rasping
billows fended off the clouds of
rage and
frowning

speak not of storms and tempests nor
of calm; but night be what it be

the houses dream as for centuries
the windmills gone that turned
before the ancient houses in ancient
centuries

rather the night prolong before onset of Dawn.

in to the slow night the rasping
billows fended off the clouds of
rage and
frowning

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Snows I Trudged In Purpose - Wishing Wishing

And I wished that a vein of me would burst.

And die those snows with drop on drop of blood,
my blood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Sword Of Destiny

In to the sword of destiny

you

throw me merciless:

ah! there is no pity

even if a Poet Seer!

destiny has favorites

power and glory

but wait! in short term

only.

For touched and goaded by

Justice continually

Destiny long term his

ancient friends discards

power and glory and

what in his frosty hand of

oblivion lay he warms to fame

and makes for unknown humans

a new shrine and a new name.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Tapestries Of Thought

In to the tapestries of Thought
The brain
Roams meandering

Child not yet a Youth
Yet
Of puberty in throes.

And
In the throes of Beauty.

Moves with learning
And sacrifice.

Makes and dreams
More and more Beauty incarnate
Ever-increase incarnate
Evolution.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Womb Of Earth The Leaves

In to the womb of earth the leaves
Fell sere and in the twilight
Pink-dark in time and breath
Lay with little motion.

Let us assert – what relevance
If snow and frost assail:
The leaves already sere and
In the their twilight were.

So with me, now the storms of
Life if they come then let:
Stretched crucifix-martyred I
Look bleak into the mourning sky.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In To The Womb Of Time

In to the womb of Time
Met Motion and Phenomenon
And grinning they said Sphinx-like:
'Let us transform, inter-transform
And make; for after all
That is what we will do
That is what the mass universe dictates'
And they called with them Dawn
And then Dawn called on the Red Dusk
And then invited they Night and Noon and Day
And seeing their concourse grow
Winter, Autumn, Spring, Summer
With them
Included they.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Transformation

Things
In experiment

In transformation
Things

Amidst the drear
Received some
Light

As a blind man or so
My hand rose to the
Light

As the man thirsty
For some water cool
In the red deserts
Stretching immensely.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Twilight

In twilight
Though
Over the bastions
There was a short chill
Beginning
Yet
Here in the waters
There's a warmth
Coming
From the Geyser of the Centuries
Humans go away!
You carry a century
More or less
Unless
Otherwise engineered
And that's
As now suspended!

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Utter Suffocation

In utter suffocation
At the joy of his rehabilitation
From the down-fall he had experienced
From the summit heights that he had
Fallen:
Oh yes, he had a right to joy:
In utter suffocation, the suffocation of
Ecstasy:
At his rehabilitation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Valletta The Sun Shines

In Valletta
the sun shines
and it be afternoon.

In Valletta
I walk slow and think
heavily.

In Valletta
I see a father hold
the hands of his boy
the young blond boy

In Valletta
I heard the violin-player
play
play
in to the light of sun

And
there were words not
music just
for me.

And
I walked, trudged, walked
sadly
sadly.

And
continued playing the sad
violin
And I felt sad
and sad
though no sun was setting
though people were walking
everywhere.

In Venice Now The Night Has Not Come

In Venice now night has not come
Nor its refreshing breeze flown
Over the waves half-darkling in the light
Of the wan silent moon: half-sparkling
By under-currents slow or goblins blown:
The bridges and canals are mute and still.
And speak not though each other front:
But with the first brushes that tinct
The ailing face of day with dusky rouge
The first words, the first dialogues
They hear between bridge and bridge
Between canal and other in the fall
Of the red sun towards the frail east
Where its awry its glance to weep
At losing its high crown momentarily:
They hear they saw bridge speak to bridge,
Canal to bridge, canal to canal,
In those dark nights at Venice: and the sounds
Of their speech secret hides and with
The murmur of the waves bathing and mixing
In their sweet singing beneath the silent stars
Fortunate who understand: I understand not
But only hear
The murmur of the waves bathing and mixing
In those dark nights at Venice
And afar
The languid strains of the strung violins.

Emmanuel George Cefai

In Your Heart

In your heart
too
there has entered a frost
but little
but rare
yet it be there

Emmanuel George Cefai

Incandescent Night

through the long
and incandescent
night

the fire of the stars
kept stoking
parallel-simultaneous
to the mourning
of wind and shroud

there be so much
of suffering
here, there,
everywhere
and not a breeze of joy
no, not one breeze
of joy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Incarnate

If I lose more incarnate
Children
To children that be ghosts
Loiter, move, suffer
Do the rest
As ghosts
Then my descent will be
A descent of ghosts
Since that matter: energy
Be not destroyed
But my sperm
Though not in descent
Appearing
Descends the same in things
Around
The Earth
That Earth that carries in
Its plenteous womb
What cannot be destroyed
The Earth, our mother
Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Incense Sweet

Incense sweet
Amidst the drear and gloom
Amidst the pining doom
Amidst the reign of sadness

A human that with sadness be
Laden more unfortunate he
Than Ixion or the donkey at the
Watermill.

I am of those few humans.
Yet from that sadness
Spring the seeds of sweet poetry.

In verse and song therefore
Let me take shelter from
The tempests of the soul
The rains and blizzards.

Incense sweet
Amidst the drear and gloom
Amidst the pining doom
Amidst the reign of sadness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Increasing Distances

Increasing distances
Skeletons
Rattling bones
On metals
Rattling rhythm
In their way

Sad violins
Opened
The veins of the
Dark night
And
Of tear-bleeding
Stars
Tonight

Spirits and demons
Inter-transformed
In the anorexic lights
Of twilights
That came and went
Melting
Into
A belting night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Individuals

Emotions

Emotions

Emotions

Individuals trotting

Erect

Here and there

As ants seen from above

By three hundred meters

And

In fast motion:

Emotions

They run in the blood

Sly as stealthy robbers

But

Then

They will be wild in the

Delirium of the losers

Too

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inevitable

So
Many
Things
And
Happenings
Repeated
In
This
Life
So
Many
So
Many
And
What's
More
It
Be
Inevitable!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Infected With Chill

Infected with chill
infected with merriness
infected with heigh ho!
infected with the beauty
of the night of carols.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Infected With The Cold

Infected with the
cold
but infected with the heart
of Christmas Eve

Emmanuel George Cefai

Injured Souls

Ah injured souls
Traveling
Traveling
Together
Mourning
Mourning
Lamenting

Up steps of cemeteries
When
The
Cemetery
Streamlets
Flow
Down
You
Go
Traveling
With
You
All
Flambeaux
Torches
Carrying

Singing
Gregorian
Singing
Of
Lost
Nights
Sub-conscious
in
Conscious
Coma

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ink That Dries Not On The Verses

Ink that dries not on the verses
verses live
verses be
life and life
flowers beauty
verses live

verses too
by all habit
reproduce

verses speak
speak in silence
to the notes that fall
on human ears
verses speak
speak in silence
where humans hear
but then have the ear
of the night, the dusk,
the dawn
of the sounds that underground
hiss as night deepens around
in the rustling of the
trees
fir and oaks
planted pines
verses speak
verses speak
where hear Poet Seers
in sweet silence in their ears
in the brains
sub-conscious whispers
for
verses speak
speak in silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inner Soul That Sighs

Inner Soul that sighs

Inner Soul

Inner Soul that

Whispers

High

It be the night

It be the summer

The fairies light

The glow-worms light

The white stars bright

Dusk fled out of sight

Ages passed slow

Blow after blow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inner Soul The Fort Of Inner Strength

Inner Soul the fort of inner strength and
Yet receptor of all pains and woes
Notices of sufferings and unhappy tidings.

Yet sufferings and unhappy tidings make
In as direct proportion the building of
Your fortitude that then infinite shines.

Thought Action unite; with them the All.
The Inner Soul is then a universe
No less than the mass universe.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inner Temples

In the inner temples
The crowds gathered
Clustered
Together
For they felt the earth quake.

What fervent lamentations
Prayers
On fire
Hearts of ash
Amongst the ashes
Repentant

Were these not the hearts
That but three hours ago
Round the golden calves
Danced and
Caroused tonight?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Innocent Eyes

Before me so often
I see the glance of innocent eyes
I do care to whom
The innocent eyes belong:
Only I see
The eyes innocent and quasi-immotile
Look
Look
Staring
Vacant
Before them
And
I care not to whom they belong
Innocent eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Insatiable Clown

Insatiable clown

With red nose

You steal with stealthy step

Along the hedges in the

Night

Under the stars under the white

All grey all shade all dark

In Hastings Gardens.

And

I heard your lament

A little after you looked

Intent with lifted head

Toward your Moon-Goddess

Had tears in your eyes

Then said

Heard I:

'Woe is this world, all woe, all ashes

Black, shadows, tears

I will to laugh but cannot

Laugh,

What clown am I?

Am I the rumored fool?

Am I the only wise?

The others of the earthly band

Upholders materially

All do and laugh and stand

And sound

More than empty vessels in a desert of sand

When iron chills of night fall on that land:

And distant-hoarse the jackals and bats cry

And shadows roam, restless, and pry.

I must laugh I know, but the world now

Is not of clowns, alas! would that it be

That all had clown in blood and laughter be! '

So plained the clown

Yet

Still the Moon Goddess

Spoke not
Only
Shed a tear.

Look! The night flees
As the clouds speed away
So Dawn approaches
Fast with the new day:
And the clown hied away
With stealthier step
And pace
Like as to witch with broom
Over the seas
Over the waters wild
At night
That night
For wise he was
Then laughed
A great laugh
And went to other lands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inside The Cobwebs

Inside the cobwebs of
musty towers
lay the glow-worms
long asleep in
centuries hibernate
with the sub-conscious
dream after dream after
dream
a whole continuum
a whole succession
seen
as in a film
by Beauty through the
slits of windows Renaissance
columns of alabaster red
incense of Thoughts:
and
in the incense of Thoughts
Beauty sought and sought
more Principles of life
to perpetuate:
and in Immortality her
own reign extend

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inside The Public Holiday

Inside the public holiday
I the Poet Seer work
work
sing and
versify
work more than the office
day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inspirational Thinker Of The Moons

Inspirational thinker of the moons
gazer of skies and heavens
lover of the immense in
the immense lost but in thought
thinker of the bird's eye's view
and thence
thinker of the God-like view
presenter of the Dawn
on a loud-hailer cast on stranded
beaches
while the Dawn rustles in
rustles in with waves fired
by Father Ocean.
The first bird sings.
A lone lark in the skies
sings and then stops.
A snake from high crags drops.
And it is morning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Instead Of Lording

there was the Night
today
instead of lording
it
covered in satin over
the floor of heavens
weeping
today
tonight
the Night with bent
head passed
and spoke not word.

He was there just
just to be present
he felt
a cog in the wheel
part of the Cycle
on him imposed too
by the mass universe
after all, he,
the mass universe together
with his ardent Principles
of all was master...
so to say...

for himself
that mass universe
was bound in the chains
of its own Principles
and these in turn
in chains of chains of chains

Emmanuel George Cefai

Intelligence Expressed

Intelligence expressed
In malice

Dark thoughts in
Brilliant thinking

Dark deeds cunning
Malice in hiding

Emmanuel George Cefai

Interred

Interred

within your bones there be a power
that makes cities tremble and
palaces vibrate as violin strings
vibrate

you be interred

now

mother

you be interred

and yet every day Justice

makes grow your power

interred

within your bones there be a power
that makes cities tremble and
palaces vibrate as violin strings
vibrate

Emmanuel George Cefai

Inter-Transformable

Separate not heart and brain.

They be inter-transformable.

You will use $e = mc^2$ and more.

Brain transcribed to heart.

Heart transcribed to brain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into

Into

The whirling buzzing of

Human routine life

Each day

The droning continues

On and on

Ceaseless and annoying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into A Hovel I Saw

Into a hovel I saw
a figure bent
and it was grey at first
then,
darker and darker
but not black.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into A Small Band

Into a small band
We clustered together in the stand
Where the Muse put us:
I, the fortunate,
To make my way amidst so august company
Is there a need as yet
For another ten years, eleven years?
I will move slow at first, through
The first years.
I need not hurry: copy the decade
That went before.
Not in a flurry to sing and versify.
In English
Before two thousand and four what
Had I sung?
But see! What I collected
From the fields of poesy and song:
Though
Desperation upon desperation throng
Into my eyes yet I hold on
And sit successor to thousands of lines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into Deep Light

Into deep light
The blue light of the
Subconscious sensual
Night sensuous sleeps.

In its hummock of pleasure
The moon shines
The stars hum lullabies

The dawn withdraws her potency
That dear night sleep
And sleep subconscious sensual full.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into Desiccated Tomatoes I Delved

Into desiccated tomatoes I delved
After opening the jar:
I feared the smell of salt and vinegar
Yet as if drowsed by them
I fell in to them eating:
You see, my Monsignor, how we,
We humans, change mood all at once
Now we were calculating going north
Then a smell, a warm smell alters us,
Our face colors and our brain flashes
And therein we change our direction
Trudge south, not north, order I
My steps and feet, body follow suit.
And in Politics that's quite cute
A Principle I would say would constitute.
Open Politician, . open your ears
The heavens still frown, though the rain clears.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into Muddied Seas

Into muddied seas
Toads and shrunk ghosts
Together swam slow.

Cockroaches by the million
Over the red sea-bosom
Into the Ocean were a giant drop.

Away, little away, swam reeds
And rushes and sodden grasses
A la Sargasso, in the water horrors

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into My Heart

Into my heart
Night sing through
The darkling sea-waves
My heart blood bears
A lover's heart and
Yet a sad heart
With sad nocturnes
Into my heart.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Charms Of Night

Into the charms of
Night
The shepherd of the
Night
Cried:

Poles! Poles and fields!

Above his head
The poles of the electric
Silent hummed
Under his soles
Either the dust of
Roadways or the soil
Of fields.

Poles! Poles and fields!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Coffin Laid Her They

Into the coffin laid her
They

Close her eyes yet
To the high heavens immense
She looked

White her dress
Unmoving save with a soft
Sad winnowing wind's caress

Into the coffin
In Earth and of the Earth
Yet not on Earth
They laid her

Where restlessness of life
Finds the plain unmoving level
In the face of the Earth
To the face of the Earth
At last
Mother!
At last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Grit

Into the grit
Of chagrin and of hate and envy
And harm all unified
I put my face and bold
I faced the chill that came
The frost that settled on my hands
And skin like dread bacteria:
But to Mass I went; there I felt
Peace coming into my heart
That I had not had so long before.
And now I need it more than more
And more than ever needed it before.
Let us see what harm there be in store
The New Year just begins; at least
We the onslaught survived of the last Year.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Hypnosis Where My Eyes Close

Into the Hypnosis where my eyes close
Though breathe I, I be indifferent
But care for what I dream and what I feel:
For the experience and for emotive steel
Into the Hypnosis sink I:
Willingly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Ions

Into the ions
Of lighting
Throw me
Into the trembling
Of the floors
Of the Olympian palaces
Cast me
Hear
The night
Hear
The hand of the child
Fingers
Crying
Crying as a babe
Throughout the miry
Dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Nether Regions

Into
The
Nether
Regions
In to
The
Nether
Regions
I saw
The
Knight
And
He
Shouted:
It
Was by
Hastings
Gardens:
Into
The
Nether
Regions
There
Must
Be
Somewhere
There
Leading
To
The
Nether
Regions
There
Be
Souls
There
Be
Made up
Bones

White
Bones
Rattling
To
The
Heavens
And
The
Earth
The
Moon
Smiling
The
Violins
Playing
Two Steps to Hell
By
The Protectors of the Earth
I
Hear
I
Hear
I
Hear
The
Strength
Of
Violins
Violins
Epic

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Night

Into the night
In to the night
They marched
And marched
Their steps on cobble-stones were heard
And faded soon as went.

How large the oarless barge
And pilot-less it roams
Over the silvern sea this night!

How calm and bright
The silvern waves glisten and light
With every lap, with every wave
This night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Night 2

Into the night
The light that looked a sun
Now fainter goes
And fades:
The hooting of the car
As from the tunnel it passeth
And in the long long tunnel
The sound of the loud horns
Is sucked by the dark tunnel of the night
And where the Night passeth
Is marked by dewy paces in the morn
Glistening in the eternal dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Night, The Winter Night

Into the night, the winter night
The ghost went shuddering.

For it was cold, for it was frost
The moon was hid and from view almost lost.

Step after step, the stairs he went
Silent and with hooded head bent

As the wild wind nocturnal sang
As loud a thunder peal in distance rang.

With other ghosts and shrouds met he
Some went in to the town, some by the sea.

No one spoke to other, saluted silent
All to all, and then walked with head bent.

Ah! this world is of a level higher
Than our world much left to desire.

With punctuated histories move we
Rowdy and talk words that not high be

As talk the ghosts and shrouds in silence
Without words, and with head bent.

Shrill round the church spire the wind
Rang twisted chill and frost-unkind.

And in some houses chimneys still
Smokeless and mute in that stark chill

Trembled the fir in Hastings Garden
Hoarse passed by the night's warden

The bat that with a muted cry
Over the dreamy houses swift he fly.

The quiet waves to rise and roar began
And in them blood of tempest ran.

Trembled the old church bells that night
Below the stars quite hidden from sight

Of some lone Poet Seer who could not sleep
And so he wandered lone and weep:

Hour after hour pass, at last of gray
The Dawn ends this beauty for a new day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Rasping Dark

lost a long figure
tall
mysterious-furtive
around the folds
of the majestic clothes
skim the port waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Shipwreck By Time Presented

Into the shipwreck by Time presented
I see fragment with fragment of
My verse and song
Floating on the green waves and
Eddying in the turbid sump
Of the green tempest in this cruel age.
See, see, amongst the bits
Of wood that came
From the old vessel, aged, that was
Younger, much young
And stronger
Ten years, eleven years ago:
Beginning of a century; beginning of a
Millennium:
Then
The waters quiet were but now
The tempests rage as when in Galilee
Out of the calm in sudden rose
The tempests when Jesus slept.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Trough, The Time-Warp

Into the trough, the time-warp
Of seven hundred years ago and more
I wanted to be blown:
And dusk, and dawn and day and night
Faded in the even humming of energy
Into that derelict pitch of dark
Genesis of energy
More than a million Springs.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Warping Mug Of Beer

Into the warping mug of beer
That from the heavens dropped
Swam I

Beat my heart
The cannons of clouds shot
And I heard the thundering

Large immense pieces of the heavens immense
Ripped apart over the sailing clouds
The heavens immense were breaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Into The Waterways Of Love

Into

The waterways of love

A preacher of fire and

Brimstone

His nose peering

Slow

Swans move sensual

Here and there

Moving

Swimming

The lake

At sunset quiets

Ensnaring the last rays

Of a day fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

Iron

Iron
And
Steel
Hot
Smoking
From
The
Forges
Fettered
By
Irreversible
Sadness
Eyes
Blinded
By
Oblivion
Soundless
Oblivion
And
The
Rest
Of
The
Earth
Marching
Marching
Marching
Caring not
Ever
Just
Marching
Thinking of
Other things
So many
Never
Of
The
forgotten

Irreversible

Day after

Day

After

Day

Irreversible

Dwindling of human clay.

The machine

Got older

Every hour

And

Every hour

That passed

Returned

Never

Emmanuel George Cefai

Is It The Time To Give Up, Yield My Friend?

Is it the time to give up, yield my friend?
I ask myself, I look at the high heavens.

They throw no answer, remain mute
And silent in their sordid majesty.

Day after day, pass, power, wealth,
Pass, the rest will pass.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Is That The Leaven Of The Bread?

Is that the leaven of the bread?
I smelt the baking, noon was nearing.
I make a resolution that I will keep.
You say the New Year made change?
I versified for years now, still I versify.
Bring me wine by mid-day:
I will still sing the lazy afternoon.
But when the orange streaks of
The declining sunset come I will cease.
I must prepare to pine at the red dusk
That will soon follow on the heels.
Of sunset; twilight waves purpling,
Purpling, in the silent sea of a more silent day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Is The Griding Of The Dusk

Is the griding of the dusk
the equivalent: identity
of freshness of the dawn
the pining eyes of sunset
the wild cold night of frost?

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Be A Coin

It be a coin:

One side
There's finity
The well of
Verse
Has limits.

Another side
The prodding
Spirit
Continuous
Ever-continuous
Works to
Verse and
Verse
Verse on verse
Reposing-working

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Be Spring Yet There Be No Gladness

Today the bleak heavens are a reign of Sadness.

O mother I feel sad! Without you I
Breathe, but breathe just sadness.

I now know what it be to pine.
Not just in verse and song and line.

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Because My Heart

It because my heart
Loves
Loves you my people that
Weep when you
Weep not
That I wring my hands
When you wring not

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Came It Went

The dawn
It came
It went

And we
We two
We lovers

Still
From the night
Embraced in one
Still in our sweet
Love.

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Is An Age

It is an age
It
Is
Of
Ages
The
Knight
In
Black
Appears
On
Occasions
Rare
And
Infrequent
In
The
Dilapidated
Sites
The knight
Delights,
Comes
Especially
In
The
Nights
Rarer
On
Rare
dusks:
the
night
his
ride
his
haunt
favorite
as
the

screeching
bat
the
knight
the
rare
and
ageless
knight
You
Too
Have
Only
To
Will
To
Be
The
Ageless
Knight.
O!
That
You
Will
Will
Yourself
Out
Of
Earth
This
Dust
To-night
Evaporate
Transform
Into
The
Ageless
Knight
To
Capture?
Ha!
The

Ageless
Knight
Be
Not
Captured
Even
By
Sight
Except
Of
Some
Muse-chosen
Poet-Seer
And
Then
Even
So
On
Rare
Rare
Nights
Just
So
Even
So.

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Is Just Now A Dawn

It is just now a dawn
A day
New day
But it must be an age
A turning of the page
Of ages another revolution
In ever-increasing
Irresistible evolution

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Is Too Long

It is too long
Too long
The dusk today
To fade and go
Too long
Or rather I
I
Am so impatient
For the beauties of dark
Night?

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Trickles

It trickles
It trickles
It trickles red
This night

How weary
The light
This night

How still
How still
And red
The night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Was Dark

I saw a skeleton
Put off the light
the white aura went
I saw the shadow of the skeleton
It was dark
And it was night

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Was Night.

It was night.
And monsters rose from
The dark waves.
And monsters rose in the
Dim moon.
Monsters? What monsters!
Figures of dark, in dark
Enveloped:
The dark waves rose
The figures of dark silent
Ferreted through the waves
And it was night

Emmanuel George Cefai

It Will Be Christmas

A few more
Days
It will be
Christmas
If
Ever we get to it

Let me put
The incense in the
Shrine
Before the altars
Of
Chance and Probability

Let me pray my gods
As my faith taught
Me
My beloved mother
Amalia.

Through thick
Through thin
We
Maneuver a way
In to the trammels
And
The intestines of the
Conscious rages.

Let the days pass.
Let the sand
Slip.
Yes, it's age.
Let
Let, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jaguar Of Gods

jaguar of gods
the melting snows are
in line with the
dancing violin
that plays
thus
snow melt- snow melts -
dance - dance - play
violin
jaguar of life
you
breathe against the panes
the cheeks turn red
and melts the red
as in a liquid sea
an Ocean quite
waned and goes.
jaguar of verse
I like you
How cannot I?
You sing
You sing
and tire rarely:
only
after brimfuls of verses
after the siren sings
and the gale winds
fire over the towns and
plains

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jar Of Spices

Night is a jar of spices
carried from exotic Orient
but extracted from hidden
caves
extracted from caves of secret
where bay be desolate
and the face of the heavens becomes red
as it kisses the breasts of the sea
becomes the face of the heavens
covered in spume
salty to counter-balance
the sweet honey of the kisses
but
it counter-balances not silence
spices of the orient
balm
Night-nurse of Earth-wounds
silhouettes dark and
hospitals in mid-heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jars Opened And Scented

The jars opened and scented in
The night.

The honies in the air
Towards the heavens rose
As in the helix of a DNA
Sweet and silent, they.

'We have to buy the pills
Today.' He said
And in his pockets fetched
And found not
Then his neck he stretched
Erect.

The house be silent
Not once a child's cry
Or a child's laugh
But drear and
Drear
And drear.

And the jars still
Scent in the night
The quiet night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jewel In Coffin

Jewel in coffin
thunder captured
in a secret tomb.

I write will not
write much.
Age is catching up.

The dawns too
are getting drear
even last spring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jewel Of The Cemetery

Jewel of the cemetery
Hidden amongst
So many tombs and
Graves
And cemetery paths

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jewelry Of The Heavens

Jewelry of the heavens
stars of night.

I that have suffered
and suffered for
suffering.

Suffered in ever-increase.

Have a full glass
full glass to the Rim.

those that are low
they are prone to
be discarded
and dark faced oblivion
waits them.

already
the folds of the oblivion's
mantle
close around me.

And
I hear my own self-cries
of anguish despair
of suffering of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jewels Of The Night

jewels of the night
you have to shine bright
to cut across the razor the dark
this night.

The pendent earrings you have
Shine in the growing dark:
The flames are leaping
And shadows flickering
This night.

And you
And you
Sweet jewel of the night
Sweet dark jewel
Whenever you smile
Your teeth shine in the night

So bright
So bright.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jewels Of The Orient

jewels of the Orient
in his eyes;
vessels of pride
in his brain;
topazes and quartzes in his
brows;
Eastern pearls in the
ears shine;
and sweet honey Egypt-made
blesses his lips
and
his blood sub-conscious
drives
this the Poet Seer
this I

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jittered The Skeletons

The human held the Christmas glass in hand.

Half-drunk in that day of celebration
he was dark sad and blue faced.

And darker was the Poet Seer.

Though Christmas bells and tunes tolled in streets

Emmanuel George Cefai

Joker

There was the Joker
he
was too a Poet Seer
he smiled
he grinned
with a mischievous smile

the waters in his soul
they were
they ran the night
and
whistled with clouds and
the short winds.

at least
I will today arrive
whistling through my teeth
inside
the winds and rains outside
today
got a little mixed with snow...
but I am here
for I be the Joker
I own the seas
I speak to the immense heavens
I can even make them laugh or
weep
For then
I am the Poet Seer
I own a lot.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jolly Friar

The Jolly Friar
You see him
As in a mist
Yet he smiles
Cracks
Jokes
And laughs,
The jolly friar.

Not on all nights
They saw him
But on many
Nights
Night bound humans
By the monastery grounds
The jolly friar
They saw.

And
One human
Asserts that at Dawn
Just minutes before
Of sudden he saw
The face of the
Jolly Friar become wan
And
More:
Him he saw dissolve
The jolly friar
Little by little
And the grass remain
Where he stood joking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jostled Here And There

Jostled here and there
A white thing
In the night of seas
Cold liquids
Acid and acerb:
Was it a bone
Of skeleton?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Journey Slow

Journey

Slow

And

Dragging

Soul

Depressed

- took

-

- Be

- Taking in the notebook of the Soul

- took

- wrote

- signed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Joy Flees

Ask humans:
They will tell you
How joy flees.

It has wings
So many
Mischievous little Sprite
So many!

And
It rare comes at night
After the dusk
Where to
Does it fly?

So far?

So hidden?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Joy Humans!

Joy humans!

So shouted the sardonic Poet Seer.

For all the city invaded by Ghosts and Shrouds
intrepid and irresistible.

Though it was past the dawn.

Though it was morning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Joy Of Beauty's Sap.

With flowers in
My hair
With me
Magic I had
And magic wings
Of mist.

I skimmed me
On the waves
I closed my eyes
And joyed
The joy of Beauty's sap.

As the bee sucks
Nocturnal beauty I
Suck in that chilly bay
Tiptoed on frosty sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Judgments

Judgments

Alone and weeping

Stress walking hurriedly.

I am weeping

Losing all.

Enemies with cigars

Laughing pass by.

Here,

Here on Earth, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jug And Pitcher

A jug and a pitcher

A

Jigsaw

Puzzle

Of

Beauty

Subject

Eternal

And

Ever-increasing

Beauty is not Dawn

But Dawn part of Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

June

June
Pitiless?
The
Mirror
I
Look
In
The
Mirror
I
Consult.
There
Be
A
Vapor
Haze
That
Dense
Wraps
Round
And
Round
Aggressive
Snake-like
June
Pitiless?
The
Mirror

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jungle Of Woods

Jungle of woods
Trees
That light
In the sway of the night
Humming slowly.

A top on Earth rises and
Falls.

The woods hum slowly back
Yet
Only the errant Poet Seer,
The I,
Hears.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jungle Of Fear

Jungle of fear, calm called

But fear increases so
That I must decide to
Go.

I want not fear.

I want not suffering.

Out of this Earth, out
Of Fear, out
Of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Jungle Of Plants

Jungle
Of
Plants
And
Trees
Mirrors
Of
Wildness
Breath
Of
Mists
Thick
With
The
Spells
Of
Jungles
Waters
Violent
Through
Soft
soils
trenching

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just A Citadel

Ancient towns of ancient houses

Small town

Just a citadel

Houses Court prison and

Church

Yet in the ancient days

There beat

The heart of my land

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just A Flash Photo!

Just a flash photo!

The flash!

The photo!

So remains of

Me

The rest oblivion

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just As A Monarch Of Old

Just as a monarch of old
divine right
by a handful
of nobles proclaimed
so
was he Genius so
proclaimed:
just as a monarch of old
just

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just Few Minutes.

Just few minutes.
I will fetch my card.
Then
I will speak to you.
You
Will hear my laugh.
My last laugh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just Lights

In the sweet kiss, one just lights!
The others follow, burning more
than the wild stars of night!

One upon one, the body blind
to blinder grows, the eyes see
and be in haze all simultaneously!

The first shame in the first
sweet kiss; then shame with
each other kiss undresses all!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just One Bell Rung

for it was mid-night past
for the people slept
and the old ancient town!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just To Sing

Just

Just to sing

Just to versify

No

No

Versify not

And

Sing not

But

Stay silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Just Waking

Just waking
just waking
the beauty of her eyes
just blue
just so azure
just so open
a lake transparent
in the deepest love
of fresh Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Keep

Keep them for me.
I cannot walk
properly.

Pain afflicts me
with every step
and pace.

A mirror of my life
has come
now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Keep Them

Keep them for me.
I cannot walk
properly.

Pain afflicts me
with every step
and pace.

A mirror of my life
has come
now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Kept Flowing

Kept
Flowing
Kept
Flowing
The
River
Of tragedy
Full
Of
Blood
Parts
Of
Humans
Heads
Alone
Floating
With
Currents
Violent
Look!
There
A
Hand
Look!
There
An
Arm!
Look
There
Fingers!
Look
Part
Of
A
Leg!
Look!
There
Part
Of

An
Ear
Look
There
Floating
Toes
And
Still
Meanwhile
Flows
Flows
Curdled
And
Curdling
The
River
Of
Blood
Flows
Flows
The
Curdling
Blood
And
There
Be
No
End
In
Sight
The
Blood
Flows
The
Putrid
Scent
Blows
Narcissus
Floats
Over
The
Waters

A
White-haired
Charon
Ferries
His
Boats
Above
The
Roof
Of
The cave
Of
Hanging
Rock
In
Part
In
Part
Of air
All
Archean
Arching
Brows
Of
Enraged
Heavens
Meantime
The
Red water
Flows
The curdled
Murky blood
Flows.
Flows.
Flows.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Keyboard

before the computer keyboard
I type
and before I type
even seconds before
the feelings transmute
and into notes and thoughts
thoughts and notes ejaculate:
verse be born and I chant
and I sing:
then will the heavens dance
and the wide Ocean depths
rejoice under the glorious Sun.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Keyboard Thrills.

click after click
on the keyboard
thrills.

words appear and
verses.

I feel on my head
a kiss from the Muse
look round.
No Muse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

King

title
king
crown
throne
gold
diadem
diamond
glittering
smiling
heart
sad
beneath
the
glittering
face
anxious
angst
beneath
the
smiling
waters
cave
struck
by
holy
rod
nagic
broke
as
the
stones
broke
and
sacred
waters
flowed
and
magic
waters

flowed
flowed
flowed
and
mists
gathered
round
and
sprites
lamented
in
a
common
sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

King Henry The Eighth

King Henry the Eight
Was touched by the Muse
And wrote:

And I
Am touched by the Muse as well
And write:

So I and a king
Are brothers
Intellectual brothers!

Emmanuel George Cefai

King Of Jokers

The king is colorful
So the king is attractive
The king
Is popular
Where king are not so much
But ah!
This king is poor
This king bears not
Glory
Nor power
No the arrows of envy
Attach not to him
And
He is spared them.

This my Monsignor
Is a king of hearts
For hearts love him
And
He possesses
The most important
Power
And the most important
Glory
The locks of the heart
All time, all places.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Kissed Bunch After Bunch

Since that we met
The last
And kissed bunch after
Bunch
Of kisses
Wanted time not to pass
Our souls melted
In the embrace you
Told me
'Embrace me'
Slow and sensuous
And
In the embrace
Kisses multiplied
In the blindness of love
In the sway of the passions
Warm breath
My hand on your back caressing...
We whispered
We whispered wild words
You closed your eyes
I was on the watch
For seeing you close them:
To assure that my kisses were
Burning you as I
Was burning.
For
In the embrace
Kisses multiplied
In the blindness of love
In the sway of the passions
Warm breath
My hand on your back caressing...
We whispered
We whispered wild words
We sighed and again sighed
A small tear from your eye
A joy
Pleasures and sighs

Yearning
That humans yearn beyond the starless grave.
In that tumult in the City of Love
My love
My love
My sighing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Kite

A kite of beauty in a
Foreign land

A kite of beauty in a
Foreign heaven

A kite of beauty of sweet
Vapors made

A kite of beauty hovering
Over the town

A kite of beauty out of horrors
Born
And suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Knight

Knight dressed in
Sheen
Many spells
Roam
Ghosts and shrouds
Seen!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Knight Green

Knight
Knight green
In armor green
Knight
Of the descending
Order
Order of the light
The torch
The hammer
Where emotions
Too
Feel free to
Intertransform
Capture
Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Knight Of The Rivola Dance

Knight of the Rivola Dance

You

In you heavy armor

Dance

Awhile the Poet Seer in

The regal hall

Erect and high

Sings for his majesty.

New dance from

New song and

Verses -

The Rivola Dance!

Dance

With minimum of ethics

But

Much of metaphysics

The Rivola Dance!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Labor In The Pens Of Music

We

We humans must

Labor in the pens of

Music

In the sweat of the Muse

In the dripping honeys

Of the altered verses:

The town

Has slept

And it be time to versify

And chant

We

Always chant this way

My Monsignor

As long as I sing Poet Seer

I will sing thus each day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lady Blue

I am of night.
At day you will
Not find me

At day you will
Not see me.

I am veils
And not more.

But I am otherwise.

I am sometimes
A skeleton

I am sometimes
A bride in
White.

My eyes are holes
In part, only.

I am sadness
Densified.

I am the union
That joins so many
Things
Not all similar
So
There's such rattling
There's such shifting
There's such shifting and rattling.
Transformation and change
Pull down
The curtain of Evolution.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lady Of Dagger Eyes

Where do the women learn
Those arts and tricks
They have about them
To lure and catch most men?

What good teachers
Their mothers must have been?
How
From generation to generation
They speak and between
Them whisper?

Therefore
Lady of dagger-eyes
You need not press
Not press further
Your captive man-fish
Now lies on the shore
Let him breathe
Breathe again
With your sweet warm
Lips and body:
For you
Forgetting safety
Risking all
Out of the waters to
The beach sand near you
The man-fish rose
And came.
At your alluring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lady Of Smiles

Ah! lady of Smiles
Sweet tongue
To catch and hook
But then
When the man-fish
Approaches further
Wild
She withdraws
Withdraws ever
Cunning
Cunning
Lady of Smiles!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lady Of White

Lady of white
Mounts and pinnacles
And snows
Yet black
Black
Towering
Arrow-straight
Towards the weak
Sun rays:
In my heart
I felt Spanish
And in my brain
While singing English

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lake Swans

I will not go here.
the lake swans
here
move and ponder
in drear of life
just view them
and you will touch drear
even in their long slow
moving necks!

I wrote letters to you
e-mails
gather them together
it be not difficult
and you will have
a Bible of politics
keep them
secret
for drear and humidity
of Earth
will turn around them
as a lustful snake.

because it burns
and the heart aches
and the breasts are
pierced.
the night tiptoes there
sweet thief!
ah! cut them these chains
of Earth
that I wander the Earth
as chainless animals
I will in greater peril
be?
For liberation from the
normal drear
I will exchange peril and

safety

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lament Not More

Lament not more
You see the carpenter
Has finished my store.

Next they will store me
In what the carpenter
Prepared.

I suspended Immortality
And down with slow steps
Go the stairs, prepared.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lamenting Ghosts

Lamenting shrouds!
Lamenting ghosts!
Groaning skeletons!
This be the night!
Hark! Hear!
Before you opens
A way of light
Halo, starlight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lamp-Light

when I go
light a lamp-light
I will be there
the symbol
the lamp-light
and keep it
lamp-light burning
burning always

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lamp-Light Over The Field

pay attention!
over that field
there be thistles!

Attention!

Lamp-light and fire
burning in the corner

In vain call Dawn
she's too far!

the shepherds sing

put bottles of wines
to mouth
and drink sleep
and dreams.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lamps In The Night Clank And Clank

As the lamps in the night
Clank and clank
As the lamps in the night
As a pendulum move
From a side to a side.

So we
Our thoughts
Fail.
Our love temperature
Rises.

And you close your eyes
And
After little I too close my eyes
Ah! lovers be we
Get caught
In the throes
Both
Be blind.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lamps That Rattle

Lamps

Lamps that rattle

In the night

In the cold wind

In the frost

That house frontage faces

Peels.

And in this sad funereal

Dirge of still

Rattle the lamps.

The feast is over.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Land Beyond And Far

There be a Land, a land beyond
And far

And in that Land I will rise and
Go.

And in that Land I will to do
What I have not done as yet.

Even a small fraction to correct
Mistakes of the past.

For mistakes are of the past; the Land
Future Be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Land Of The Troubadors

Land of the troubadors
but at night
at night
at night only
in old Mtahleb
and in the first minutes
of every dawn -
and then not more
not more
just silence and parched plain,
garigue exceptional.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Land That Shuddered

Land that shuddered
In the cold
Whirlwinds passing
The hay and stubble bending
Clumped here and there
With the blowing of winds

Here frost has made its homeland
Here at night the bats
Instead of flying
Crawl along the bushes.

Waving yew trees
Scent of mellow pines
Maturing
Maturing slow:
Herald a cemetery
Where animals be
Not a humanity!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Landscape Raw

Landscape raw and
Plains furrowed by the flow of
Ancient rivulets and ancient streams
They have dried
No longer
Over the sea-cliff ride
And then falling immense
Depths
No longer
Slide

The night dews the supreme and
Sacrificial thirst
Only bless.

Bless, not cure -
In the thirsty rock
There grows the ancient song
That song
Which pains the heart with
Its contagious pain
Xerophytes and cacti rise
To demonstrate
Prevalent thirst and
Prevalent suffering:
Ancient and raw
The way ahead
To evolution-future
After all
In pain of martyrs
And such sufferings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Language

The language changes
So
The civilization changes

The harp is not broken
The veils are still
Yet the harp plays.

The waters soar
Outside the tempest
Growls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Language Of The Heavens

The language of the heavens
It hung down
From the carpet of the skies

No flying carpet Eastern
But soaked with blood
Still dripping
Still dripping....

The moon looked behind

Emmanuel George Cefai

Languishing

Languishing
languishing at times
verse and song
be languishing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lank Ghosts

In the reign of horror
Lank ghosts
Tall and elongated
Roam about
With sweat on their
Bones
That burn of August temperatures
For here in the night
They shut off the star light
Bay as the moon in dreams
And sleepless count the beams
Creaking slow and dark
In the dim room mark
Dark elongated lines loud
In silence and in silhouettes proud
The verses roam about around
And humming chants abound
Heard only by sleepless Poet Seers
The rest sleep; drowse; in meres
Of the Sub-Conscious sink, where swim
As in a new Styx crocodiles at the rim
The very rim of bank over flown.....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Large Echoes

Large echoes
Of echoing caves and
Caverns
Sentinels of night
Waiting with throbbing heart
For the red dusk
To signal night for you

Ah! night dark night covers
From human ears so often
Your jocose laughs
Of the old ancient giants
And
Of the waning fires
Of
The soft heavens.

Be not cruel, night
The earth needs pity
Hear!
The caves and caverns
Are echoing
Like playing lambs
Frisking
And
Bellowing:
Would be
The same for humans,
Us!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Large Scale Celestial

From large-scale celestial
To
The tiny

From the little that
They had
They hit

You call it 'mean'
my Monsignor
Yet so is it.

I must see where
They lurked
From
Night till
Dawn.

Yesterday I heard
Their whispering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Days Better Be Known

the last days better to be
known
the condemned have an
advantage here
albeit in the mass universe
relative
even advantage some percentage
has of disadvantage:
here
in the freedom relative
fear abandoned not its throne
nor kingdom

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Embers

but when the last embers remain
with them hope will be

dim and sad and heart-broken and
weak

the fate of hope is as of
the embers

their fates and their destinies are
directly proportional

and the fading of the last embers
will be directly proportional to
fading of last hope proportional

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Few Stars

Last
Few
Stars
Trembling
Pale-faced
As
With
Guilt
Though
Not
Guilty
Shrouds
And
Ghosts
Disappearing
Thin
Air
With
Night
Magic
Loaded
Castles
Old
And
Frights
Night
Was
Deep
But
Depth
Is
Passing
And
The
Dawn be fast approaching
White on the horizon looming
Night and day, light and dark
All separating
Artists with palette awaiting

Photographers
With their lenses ready
Ah! Dawn what be Earth
Without you!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Night

Last night
I roamed confounded
Raising up and down
The pendulum of Thought
Was rattling
From one side
To the other side.

That was parallel
To rattling
That was parallel
To shifting
That was parallel
To rattling and shifting
Of the genes

O! We are imprisoned
Tied in chains
We must not cut
To all this
Rattling
Shifting
Both, my Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Notes, Last Notes

Last notes, last notes
The music began to tell
More the words told
Once!
Once!

Rose
Stunned the Word
At this challenger:
But
It saw that it fitted
It
And stretched the hand

And
The last notes
The last notes surprised
Took the hand
Became one
With the Words they
Survived
No longer
No longer
Last notes! Last notes!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Of Cash

The last of cash
I willed so
But the cemetery
Called
But the cemetery
Called me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Submission

Last submission of
The moon
To the night
The time is closing
The ages turning
Sing, sing
Fairy of the mounts
The snows is shadowed
By dark shadows
Of heavens and clouds
And freedom wild.

Ay! Freedom wild
Walks not hand in hand
With rules
Yet
Be yearned for
So much
By Individual Souls.

Nobility
To the Inner Soul
Arrives
After the suffering
And the pain
Before
And without need
Of a white dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Last Week

Last week
last sonata
the dried leaves
the wind making them
fly
over in the long
aisle between the
trees
of the public garden

Emmanuel George Cefai

Later Years

A visit in later years
will it reveal the gap?
The brain?
Emotions?
Ageing?
Xemxija I had not visited
these last five years
and visiting this time
rekindled in the brain
my yearning for it,
Simar, the trees, the birds,
the quiet whispering, the
forest small, the quiet on
Earth in such a troubled Earth
A visit in later years

Emmanuel George Cefai

Laugh Joker!

Another
Day
Laugh
Joker!
And
In
Your
Laugh
is
wisdom
of
the
heavens
Circle the bats around
Under the heavens' eyes
Circle, circle:
Time down
The sand-glass runs
The red bull in the
Yard
Where it had stood
For hours
Be longer there
Another
Day
Another
Day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Laws Of The Soul

Wisdom
A
Kingdom
Laws
Of
The
Soul
Written
In
Stone
And
Blood
In
The
Heart:
That
Must
Be
Wisdom.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lay Me Here

Lay me here
Here I have stopped to sing
Many a night

Had tears in my eyes
Watching white stars
Many a night

Waited patient
For the coming dawn
Many a night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Leaned Against The Tree Bark

I
will
rest
here
the
while
he
leaned
against
the
tree
bark
as
in
ecstasy
he
slept
and
forgot
that
he
was
with
chains
there
was
thought
and
there
was
melody
there
was
subconscious
he
was
at last
free!
and

he
murmured
in
his
sleep
I
will
rest
here
I
will
rest
here
I
will
rest
here

Emmanuel George Cefai

Leaves And Humans

Leaves and humans: both turn sere irrespective
Of power wealth and all the rest

Emmanuel George Cefai

Left Behind

morning
star
left behind
lingering
the Spirit of the Night
is gone
I saw it turn to mist
enter a monumental
tomb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Left Standing

Please could you kindly....

The door slammed

A Poet Seer was left
Standing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Chance And Probability

Let chance and probability
Guide your hands
Poet Seers in verse and song:
It be like swimming
Loosen, let loose yourself
On the waters
And then you float
The same you let loose
Yourself on chance and
Probability, the words,
The thoughts, emotions,
All they brew rattle and throw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Human Rise

Let human rise
and
opening their
eyes
and
eating the apple
the prohibited
apple
be rebels to the
skies:
but wait
but wait
with respect
treat the skies
above us they be
and we will
their voices to
hear
hear loud and
rebounding
and
see to it that
from heavens to us
wise and wisdom
will fall

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let In The Wind

You will let in the wind
That blows now.
Before
Even though it was Dawn
The wind was still.
Furled all the sails and
All the boats and ships
Stranded in immortality
On the sea bosoms lay.
Yet
Even before noon
Though we had waited long
Long
The wind came in at last
Cast off our unmasked frowns
Began the day at last
With labor and with sweat
Let in the wind,
More,
Let in

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let It Pass

Let it pass
That today on the earth
Beyond the closing throes of afternoon
I roam.

Let it pass
That to-day I will be closer to the stars
And to the heavens where
My mother often visits now.

Let it pass
That I and mother meet
Meet in the heavens post-afternoon
Amidst the smell of mists and
Formalin.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let It Play

The
Wind
Let
It
Play
Whilst
I
Sip
The
Wine
I
Love
The
Interplay
Of
Wind
And
Wine
But
I
Miss
The
Whispering
Of
Ghosts
And
Shrouds

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me

Let me
Be another Prometheus who slept
Dreamt the sweet dreams of the gods
As he desired
As he had willed
He fell then asleep from hidden
Morpheus
And over his brain and closed eyes
Made her palm Mnemosyne:
Let me
Let me
Let me another Prometheus be
Who swept in the sweet lap of the gods
And in the dream there came
The messengers of the Gods and they
Tied him
Softly
Softly
With chains of roses sweet that with
Minutes transformed
Into iron-clad chains of measures grim.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.

And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

II

Across the sacred mountain that
There was
Planted by the hands of Jove himself
In a secret desolate spot of Earth
Where human institutions feared
Ascent
Here in sleep
The gods by divine hands and aerial
Flight
Transported hummock-like
Sleeping Prometheus
Asleep still
Still in his desires burning
Still.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets

Glancing.

And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

III

In the cold blizzards of gales
With snow particles combined
Prometheus the hot asleep
Outside the cold raw and savage
Sings
Inside the warmth, the passion,
The desires,
The tearing to and fro,
Mixing of human and divine
Sacred ire.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets

Glancing.

And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

IV

Ahi!

Ahi! Our emotions are the emotions
Of the divine too
And the divine to human emotions
Transform as easily:
The twilight beauty of the stunned
seas
And gargling waters of red dusk
As easy string
Into the emotions of Minerva as
She white-toga reclining over
The bastions sings
Overlooking the scented seas and
Magic winds.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still

Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

V

A man in chains and yet in dreams
He free
Wanders through out the gardens
That Beauty set
For him
Wanders amazed with eyes as
Innocent
As child's returning swift
Unto the ancestral halls where
First his brain begins.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still

Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

VI

A man whose looks into the magic
Dream
Imperial over the swards below
Look
A man whose brains in their
Conscious knowledge
Of all around
Feed and transform into
Sub-conscious to the ground
Where million angels in blue
Habits
Donned
Sing in clusters of white choirs
All around.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:

Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

VII

Beauty wreaks so
Beauty works so
I hear the scent
As sweetest music notes
In some Venetian street
Benighted full:
Where sings a violin
I smell the sounds
The notes of turbulent passion
Borne
Distilled into a sperm-jar in
The clouds
That round about enclose
Their arms
And turn and freeze.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of

Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

VIII

Not few, yet not so many
The chosen messengers
That Beauty chooses for her
Tasks:
That Beauty for her missions
Sends:
Not as stars that so numerous
Line
In the nocturnal lights of dark
Their visage white

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;

Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

IX

Youth's beauty in the ages of
The old
As clouds of fire long
Remained
Amidst the clouds of snow
And raging gales:
And chill
And frost
By slow degrees it turned to
Tempest tossed.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of

Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

X

So let
So let Prometheus sleep
See! The gods to lower Earth
From the supernal spheres
They carry him aback
Dawn is fast already on her wings
And within hours few
Returns to sing.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains

Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.
Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

XI

So
Woke Prometheus.
No chains but just the dream
That by his side smiled
Erect stood
A statue of Beauty
The new Dawn.

Strawberry mornings, deep in to
The glades where mists are
Warring; raspberry chants of
Birds just dawn-awaken;
Nymphs with scant of dress
Yet beauty in increasing:
Scents that arise from jars of
Cassia and of night jaws still
Fresh in the dawning.
Glades whose brains are high
Over the snow-topped mountains
Vales where rapid streamlets
Glancing.
And in the early morn small figures
Shadowy and grey all dancing.

Sing! Sing! Loosen your tongue
Poet Seer the wine is here
Sip and be not parched: 'tis morning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Chant

O! let me chant
And let me sing
Let verses flow!
I have not drunken
Wines
At Bacchus' feasts
But
I have drunken Love
Her warmth and glow
Of heart
That in the Spring
Increase.
And
In all this
Sweet loved one
You
Be that
That controls all
And therefore
O! let me chant
And let me sing
Let verses flow!
I have not drunken
Wines
At Bacchus' feasts
But
I have drunken Love
Her warmth and glow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Meet The Shade

O

Let me meet the shade of
Homer walking in the cemetery
The ghost of Tasso under the
Yew trees
And Shakespeare by the corner
Where aggregate the martyr ghosts
And skeletons:
Yet
At this to arrive
Unto a mist of energy I will fade

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Sleep

'Let me sleep
Let me sleep
For dreams be as of me.
For the will yearns
For images rather
Than thoughts
For thoughts most
Are cares; most be
Woes'

'Let the life
All around be a dream
Reduce its physicality
Reduce to the soft
Of the dream
Transform the mass
To the current and soft
To the sleep
To the yearning,
The dream.'

'Let me sleep
Let me sleep
For dreams be as of me.
For the will yearns
For images rather
Than thoughts
For thoughts most
Are cares; most be
Woes'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Sleep Again

Let me sleep again though I have woken
Just

But the spirit is so lost and beaten

That I will sleep again and try to lose
My drear tiredness and conscious sadness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Speak

Let me speak
And speak as the winds speak
When Zephyr his bag unwinds full
And more:
And let my words he heard
By ears of the people through the world:
Humans hear!
You, each one has right
To make laws individually
That's part of your personality:
Though
For a balance to be struck between
The All and One
Eleven conditions have to be satisfied
Before that your proposed law be law

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Me Thrive On A Handful Of Mists

Let me thrive on a handful of mists
For these be magic mists
Enough food air and all
For a Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let My Soul Be Awhile

Let my Soul be awhile
Even for one night
On the Aegean.

There
It will hear the rolling
Sea-wave and the hoary
Coves
The Ocean surf rolling
As did
Grecian noble souls of
Long ago
Who long ago
Heard Beauty in sad language
Tell
This Earth's and life
Sad tale.

And
In that solemn quiet of
New nobility
My soul will fill itself
With such nobility
By
The water incoming caves
And echoing coves
Nobility
That will be richer by far
Than a whole empery!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Not Dogmatic Be.

Few lines!
Few lines!

But this
Let
Not
Dogmatic
Be.

Even
The
Nights
Be
The
Same
Night
After
Night.

Outside
I
Heard
A sound
And
Then
The
Same
Old silence.

Crafty
Sweet
Sounds
No
Longer
Play
Last
Played
And
It

Was
Dusk
Red
Dusk
Not more
Then
Not more.

I heard the waters
Gurgle
The oars ply
The magic vessel
Shoot
Ferret dark waves
And fade

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Style Flow

Let style flow
From the deepest roots
Of rawness of emotions.

The hand of a Poet Seer
Will
Then do what heart dictates
Effortless.

Serene flow lines of gloom
Above
Hangs guillotine of doom

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let The Chill Form A Veil

Let the chill form a veil
To-night
Let the frost beat its wings
Into a mist to-night
Let the dark form a circle
Where ghosts and shrouds
Float
To-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let The Dawn

Let the dawn be
the one that ends
of the cold night
the indifference
and to the Earth
bring
the joys of a new day's living!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let The Rains Come Even In Summer

let the rains come
even in summer
but
in the winter
rains be more
beautiful
more romantic
more nocturnal
when by vesper-dusk
the airs be frosted
and the chill
makes red noses run:
and
in the distant hills
roar the wise thunder
and the flashes
of lightning
what beauty be
they manifest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let The Words Speak

Let the words speak
When the heart speaks
As the heart speaks
Then
Your verse will speak
Even when the immense heavens not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Us From Now

Let us from now
more to emotions our verse and song

not that in the past our verse and
song ignored emotions

but
let there be a universe of emotions
lying for us
waiting for its depiction

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Us Go On

Let us go on.
The road is long and we,
Have been long trudging, trudging.
In the trenches we knew war and warfare
We saw blood mix with dust and clay.

But let us go on.
The trenches have been dug, and long
We can trudge more – hoping,
Hoping.

If we trudge longer we will better do.
The world needs our industry, not our laziness.
So let us trudge though
Falter we here and there in to
The bogs and quagmires.

We will not fear more now that we lose what?
Though existence be everywhere all time:
. .
For at this juncture what is there to lose?
Our cowardice perhaps?
We have sung and chanted, verse has been.
We have seen blood shed and we have seen guns
We have heard the rattling of machine guns
The bombs whistling through the air
And missiles whizzing in the leaden skies.
So what lose we?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Us Ride Together

Let us ride together
Without a word
We ride the night
Magic carpet
Fluttering soundless
On seas and pecans
Towns and dreaming
Country:
Then
Let us spot the Dawn
Afar
When it be still
Away
And then
Fly high
High
Higher
Into the summit skies
The heavens
Mute and without word
Smiling as yet
Together,
Mother.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let Us Speak Happy Things Of Those Who Passed.

Let us speak happy things of those who
passed.

They left us on the upper earth.

Now we have to revere them as we too
Prepare to meet them.

They be life energies now and we will be
too

And we will meet perhaps in Elysium as
Shades.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let We Be In A Fairy-Tale

a
fairy-tale that
we
make for ourselves:
what better fairy tale?
what sweeter fairy tale?
fairy tale, fairy tale
let the unhappy and the drear
be in a mirror on one side
and on the other side
place
the fairy tale
your fairy tale
and that be verse and song
and that be
life in a fairy tale

Emmanuel George Cefai

Let We Walk Through The City

Let we walk through the city
The streets
Still arte wet from
Yesterday's thunder-storm
And Dawn is repairing
The wounds of Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lethargy

Lethargy, tiredness, but fear no,
This night to Dracula's den we go!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lethe Take Me

To Lethe take me
There by its banks
To forget so much
I need

To see a boat
Ferrying from
Side to side
Pendulum of horror!

And mists that glide
And as they glide
The more dense
And incandescent!
Ah! in this site leave
Me
Pass ever my subconscious
Thought and dreams
And breathing!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Letter Of The Heavens

The letter of the heavens
Sealed I.

I let it from my hands
To the high heavens.

So my messages to the
High heavens and a sigh.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Level Upon Level

level upon level of
trees
winding gorges
between Earth and Heaven
wondrous sight
that unfurled in the Dawn
I passed a restless night.

strategy
wall
upon
strategy
wall
the air I heard is sweet
tonight.

for I
I
am forged
to hear in the caves
of my Soul
all these whisperings
these accomplices
in my ear tell
then
my heart writes
on its own Tables
speaks with brain
and
wane the city lights
the waters of blue dams
all
all
between earth and
heaven
mazed
Ladder to the edge
of
the heavens immense

and
from the heavens immense
ladder to the earth
glowing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lever Of The Night

Lever of the night

Comet tracing

White

Twilight mixed

With colors

Into white

That floats

Jet-like

Across the heavens' night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Leviathan Of Sound

leviathan of sound
stretched long and
in afternoon
lazing:
the beating of the
veins
the squatting of the
waters
that overflow the river
yesterday dark in dark
anthem of anthem
song
whispered in the night
amidst the trees
a figure
his Soul whispering
today
the Dawn
brought him away
and there remains
the watching of a day
new light in the horizon
clear waters from the rain
gathered
slime fresh with tiny
animals:
so go the verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Life Bends

Life bends, but we, we two
You and I on the roof-turret
feel the red dusk winds.
Zephyr winked at the
red dusk; let off the winds.
the stars became aggressive
from the very moment that
they were lighted
by Night in his regal car
to-night:
a little far away
under the look of those who
from their households
want
to look, a cemetery small
lies and the tombs and
graves and monuments
and phosphor lights and
glow-worms and shades that
pass here and there
restless as in life
a restlessness
transmitted from the generation
to the next and so on
and so on:
the trembling continues
and the angst

Emmanuel George Cefai

Life Has Been Cruel

what lose I now that life has
been so cruel?

The cruelty of life?

The pains of ageing?

The sufferings of the Solitary Soul?

What lose, my Monsignor?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Life Is A Flame And I

Life is a flame and I
Lit another flame by dreaming
(Or was it more than dreaming?)
When I lit the flame of Immortality
Placed it before the Human
And the Human delighted at it
Just as a Baby he chuckled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Life Is A Vessel With Every Breath

And it be for us whether each breath breeds
a New Idea or more.

See, the Great though passed breathed Ideas,
New Ideas - literally

See the Great they lie in state but not in state
necessarily

And with their life and breath New Ideas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Life Was In My Hands

Life was in my hands
But
Thus compressed
I let it off.

Life was crunched
The nights more still
And curious grew

Dusk
Became shorter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light

'Light! Light!
Shouted the multitude
Look at the mountain
Expected the thunder.

'Light! Light! '

Tottering a ball of fire
Rapid down a
Mountain gorge
Yet no thunder.

Stopped
Their prayers the multitude
And
Began
To lament the multitude

But
The Light in the Heavens
That be Light of all Lights
It spoke suddenly:
Disperse multitude
For the heavens be not pleased
And
The heavens will to be rain fire
Soon
Not thunder
And dispersed all lamenting
The multitude

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light Blinding In The Distance

Light blinding in the distance
the background
queues of drones humming
all over the distance covering
how much, how much
we declined in the nights
dark wet winter nights
of the past fifteen years
too many years were
lost already:
another fifteen years completed
the falling of the guillotine
on my head breathing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light Into Fire

light
into
fire
lights!
lights!
along
the
waves
floats
wild
desire
current
of
the
All
I
saw
it
in
the
haze
of
Dawn
and
early
morning
driving
driving
and
leaping
towards
the
end
of
fire
I
saw
it
I saw it.

I
felt
it

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light Of The Night

Light of the night
Window of delight
Who tempests quells
Who violent waves calms
Light of the night
Window of delight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light Up The Clouds

light up the clouds

an extinct dinosaur
trembles
rises
and quick over the plain
barren
disappears

the night grumbles

the heavens echo

there's chorus gruesome
in the earth
and heavens!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light!

Light!

Light!

I on my bed

The tremors of an earthquake

Feel

The Angel

cried

cried

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lighthouse

night light, the lighthouse
turns

the frost erodes house walls
outside

outside a bat flies confused
and thrilled

above the moon, the clouds, and
background heavens

such scenes as these
my Monsignor
are for the Soul, the Inner Soul!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Light-House

Light
That
Flickers
Turning
Light-house
Light
That
Comes
And
Goes
As
The
Ancient
Faceless
Figure
Black
That
In
The
Old
Ancient
Fort
Too
Comes
Too
Goes
*
Light
Of
The
Light
Lamp
That
Burns
Sly
Cavern
Whose
Entrance
With

A
Giant
Rock
Be
Closed: one
Time
Came
I
And
Saw
The
Rock
Rolling
And
The
Cavern
Of
Chill
And
Mists
Now
Open
Ah!
That's
Only
For
Poet Seers
To
See!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lighthouse That Turns - Make Joy

Lighthouse that turns - make joy
to the heart of a Poet Seer
warm the heart of an ageing Poet Seer when
a Poet Seer should not age
no, not age,
round him swarm of their accord
the Principles that from the genesis
at Immortality arrived.

Lighthouse that turns
light that dimly burns
fairy that Grace-like
turns and turns and turns
in to the looking glass of
Earth, the glaciers, out
there below, the immense
strand of ice, Antarctica

Lighthouse that turns - make joy
to the heart of a Poet Seer
warm the heart of an ageing Poet Seer when
a Poet Seer should not age
no, not age,
round him swarm of their accord
the Principles that from the genesis
at Immortality arrived.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lightly, Lightly

Lightly, lightly
I feel them bear me
And in my face
I feel the breezes blow

From the dark edge
Of the vast ocean-night
A small light shines
And glows.

And in the hidden deep
There is the after-glow
Of the warm mid-day glory of the sun.

The time is come, the time is come, my friend.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Like A Silver Snake It Glided

Like a silver snake it glided
Yes
That was my verse yesterday
And so will I today.

Through magic herbs and green
It glided
Silver yet to rainbow colors
Chameleon-like changing sheen

Like a silver snake it glided
Yes
That was my verse yesterday
And so will I today.

In the deserted hall went I
And with me my harp carried
Sate I

There of a sudden strung
By chance and probability
My lyre

And then my voice that had not spoken
Long
Then my voice sung
And then my song that had not sung
Long
Then my song sung.

Ring
Rains that fall to-night

The stars have hid themselves
Mischievous elves! Behind the
Laden clouds. And over the hill
Fires intermittent lightning
Loud.
String
The chords Poet-Seer of the sad heart
And of the pining eyes:
Your life is broken yet not
The chords of your harp
Your lyre:
Sadness, desperation, all ill
Revolves around you
Presses
As mill-stones press
Yet still you breathe in misery.
Sing
Then Poet-Seer the heavens
Are not against you.
Loud heard I the Voice; it was
A noble Voice and ancient
And your breast heaved in
Its miseries unfortunate.
And
From behind the hill
Where lightning roared
Hours, just hours
The Dawn comes jubilant
And it be day, new day.

In the nitrous clouds
I smelt the scent of grass
That was not lead
The color was of green
And sweet the scent was
The scent of grass:
For Dawn had just been born
And a new day,
At last.

Throughout the way
I labored on the plain
Harsh pointed rocks
And often thorns and
Prickly plants yet on
And on and on
I trudged:
Fear by my side was
And Desperation to my other side
In to my ear whispered small
So
On and on and on
Trudged
And trudged I.

I wrote on the old rocks
That had been long of
Old geology when
The earth with dinosaurs
Teemed:
Humans were not:
As yet
As yet

In to the asylum of the brain
I built a niche as fast
As beautiful as secure
As a cell, as a room small
And demure:
And in that universe I placed
The mass universe.
The whole mass universe.

Lake
That as a mirror in the lights
That as a twilight reflect
Change
From minute to minute
Second to second

At will
In the mild winter chill
Tell me
Tell me
What be in you
What tales you hold
And then
When you come whispering
Into my eager hearing
Then
Let your words fall as hard rocks
That their old beauty will
Noble emerge.

Ancient pilgrims of the nobility
That fades,
Fades slowly
In to the glooms of the night
After
Each sweet red dusk
And blinding twilight
Calm
Serene
Where sirens on the rock do chant
And sing the lay of love lost
Of vessels on green tempests tossed
Tale after tale in words silvery:
Whilst the glad moon arrives
And from the benighted sky
Bewitched it smile.
Ancient pilgrims of the nobility
That fades,
Fades slowly
In to the glooms of the night

Verse and song
That starts with flow
As the wide Amazon flows
In its wide mouth:
Yet

Suddenly it narrows
Verse and song
Still sweet
The harp, the lyre sings
And
Fast and wild
And made
The fingers of Poet Seer
On the yielding lyre sing:
Verse and song
That starts with flow
As the wide Amazon flows
In its wide mouth:

Wave after wave
The seas ride through the glooms
Of yet another night:
And
In that mid-sea screams
And yells of fear
And desperation arrive:
For there
No human hears
No human be.

Let beauty form a web
Let beauty form a sky
Let beauty as dusk pine
Let beauty brim as wine
Let beauty foam as ale
Let beauty turn all pale
Let beauty fall all still
And mute at touch of chill
Let beauty speak a Voice
In the high heavens rise
Be a Poet Seer's great prize:
Let beauty drink the air
From gardens and fields fair
Let beauty scent as green
In the dusk red pining sheen

Let beauty decrease age
Yet leave us wise and sage:
Let beauty flow with seed
Of life and more life breed
Let beauty show her wonder
And surprise all as thunder
Let beauty ride the sea
The Oceans wide and free
Let beauty roll on shores
As waves and boats on oars
Let beauty poor be
And shine more in her misery:
Let beauty open her heart
And you will see her art
Let beauty talk and think
In fear you will not sink
Nor ruled by desperation
But these transform to inspiration
Let beauty be seasons, earth, skies
And all that with herself vies
And see that this reaching
Your verse you end with singing.

Hard the words
As a hammer:
The forge of verse
Is burning
Yet
Yet
Hard the words
Fall
As a hammer falls.

If words fall hard in verse then beauty reigns
And then let words come out hard
From the ever-heating forge of the heart.

This mode verse will not need much Art
Nor need to study rules or follow them

For all comes from the heart.

And for her tiara beauty will choose
Her hard, hard words; her senses lose
In the sweet honeyed words that fall as hard.

There
There Evolution goes:
there
The modern style
That was most recent lies
Lies panting in its throes:
And Evolution grows
And verse and song
Do grow:
There
There Evolution goes.

Out, out in to the starry skies
And in to the studded woods
Woods studded with night dews
That shine
Each by each as a new star.

See, see long is the night
And far, too far,
Of the new Dawn the sight
And of her handmaidens
The smiling light.

Together huddled we
In hiding from fear and misery
In to an eastern cave
Unknown
And mute and still and hid:
We, all of us, all humanity.

And in the old and ancient nights
Shrouds and ghosts and shadows
Will walk the tree studded woods
So will they to-night
In the vast studded star light.

And in the coming months and years
With magic wand willed I
That flowers with the stars
Girdle the noble and night sky:
And Dawn with twilight color rise
Albeit her youth as ancient as be wise.

The night dews will carry a brine
A small percentage
Potent yet, potent to full,
That in its potency magic be
And to mists will transform
That go
Around the studded woods that
Paler grow
In to the light of stars that slow
Smile on our troubled earth till
Each now morrow.

Let this be, let this be,
With Voice of Poet Seer
I
Command, my lyre string
To adorn and sing
My command with verse sweet
And song and music full to meet.

Count of the wood, old oak
That by a coppice of firs
Surrounded be
Show, show this starry night

The art and wonder of beauty
But more
More than all her open heart.

Verse rise as mist and round
The dreamy eyes of the wise
Owl abound:
Turn round and round
The dreamy owl and wise
Without disturbing sound.

And then the scenes of the play
As with the hours of the night
They too one by one, one
After one advance; in sight
Looms sad yet sweet
The end of scenes.

Out, out in to the starry skies
And in to the studded woods
Woods studded with night dews
That shine
Each by each as a new star.

Echoes that bound and
Rebound
Echoes of magic sound
Echoes this night
Echoes of starry light,
Night dews
And mists that rise:
Echoes that old Earth heal
Echoes that beauty steal
From the sweet moon
That smiles;
Echoes that the hours count
One after one till on the hill
The early wonder of the Dawn will mount.

In February
Dark, hidden, dagger, cloak,
February be dark, I fear,
I fear
Yet
Yet another month and more
Will soon appear.

How
How people move in the streets
To-day
And how they dress in Sunday:
In working days more modest
These people dress
Yet are beautiful no less.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Like A Squid

Like a squid
The defeated loser
No sooner the
Night passed
Then strength
Restored he started
Back to rise
But more
Than strength restored
It was
The clarity of mind restored.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Like Football In Verse Keep The Ball

Like football in verse keep the ball
Low on the ground, low, low, low.

Then in more than a language will
The meaning of the verse light.

And then the heavens will light –
And after reign of Night at Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Like Manna In The Desert

Like manna
in the desert
as in the
days of Moses
so the heavens
rain
the night dews
to refresh
the sick Earth:
but ah!
not enough!
the heavens must
must
send down to Earth
their wisdom and
words
the heart of the
child
the brain of the
wise

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lily

Lily of the woods
Burnt before dusk
When the monk
Said his vespers.

The night was round bellied
And
Wore a cassock of blue
Vesper lined with dusk of
Red.

It was winter and
It was about seven.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Line And Verses

Of lines and verses
you become more master
with more and more
work and sacrifice.

No magic formulae
I
As Poet Seer
have used.

But many times I suffered
But many times I cried
But many times experienced
But many times in pain
But many times felt life
for me futile and vain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lines Must Be Free

Lines must be free
The lark in the dawn's morning
Shows

Observe and obey
Be free

And more in verse and song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lip To Lip We Meet Not Each Day!

Lip to lip
We meet not each day!

So when we meet
Our eager love
Makes us wish
Desire
That no time
Goes away

And that Earth
Be what be
So long
As lie we
lip to lip.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lips Touch

your eyes when your lips touched
with the first kiss how more
than the seconds before gleam!

Your eyes how through the
immense heavens burn and light
in our sweet kisses in the depth of night!

ah! ah! ah! so many sounds
that young children make
all of one sweet and single kiss
born burning!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lips Yearning Desperate

sweet lips
yearning desperate
for my rim of my lips
to play together
tangos of love
and mellow dances
lip on lip
the currents pass
through the sweet rims
of you
of me
and together mix
into one wave of passion
great:
overpowering
the servant senses
in a dream
of sweet lips and
kissing
then
embracing
into each other's arms
into each other falling
falling
falling
falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lisping Of Dawn

Lisping
Of
Dawn
The
Name
Was
On
My
Lips
When
On
The
Sea
Shore
Beauty
Fainted
Me

Emmanuel George Cefai

Listless

Listless
With hair unkempt
The Poet Seer
Wandered
Wandered through the streets
Though it was night
Though chill sweet fell
Though in his heart
Verses sprouted forth
Songs flowered
And
Thoughts of the cellars
Of the brain
Listless
And unkempt
Poet Seer pilgrim
the wanderer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Little Lost And Little Gained

Little lost and
Little gained
The clock ceased
And now remain
The last moments
Open the grave
Throw the broken chains away
That tied him to Earth
They're gone
And there now no conscious joy
Pride or glory
But a hole
That deep withers in the ground
Resting place, home, altar
Found.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lizard Eyes

How large
How large rolled
The lizard eyes
Thus freed from the
Excruciating rays of sun
Now
Sunset too
Had gone
And the red dusk
Climbed fast his reign
With easy feet and
The Night on his car
Already lighted had
First eyes of stars!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lone Star In The Night

In the night the lone star
That this night will
By casting of the lots
Between the stars
Will bear the flag of the night
Moon and stars:
It was chosen right before
This Dawn
And now
Prepares her toiletries and image
For night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lonely

Lonely

lone

focus of the night

toxic

anorexic

the sea waves have become

and there is sadness everywhere

a silence

as of guilt extreme

a day that passed

just another day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lonely Bell

Bell that lonely rings and
Simultaneous walks
Into the countryside
Over the arid plain
Towards the cliff edge
Where the sea meets land
And
Then beyond
Beyond
Wafted on the wind
Beyond the bell of vespers!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lonely Goat

a lonely goat
over the plain wandering

the night

dark

thunder

a lightning strikes
an odd farmhouse

sounds of broken stones
and panes

lonely figure white
passes swift over the plain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Ago

Long ago it was.
I remember the day
The winds howling
And the rains falling.

And you, and you
My mother
You still came to help
Despite your tottering
Despite
Your frailness.

I remember, I remember
How in a the old
And humble coat
You came to help me
Braving the storms
With the love of a mother.

I will not ever recompense
With the love of a son.

Back home we
Closed outside
The waters winds and
Storms
The sun then shone.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Be The Snow And Tall And Raw

Long be the snow and tall and raw

and stretching over glades and mountain juts

and scenting everywhere the scent of liberty:

I saw laws fall before the mountains' snows

And I saw glorious the Individual Sovereign Will.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Be The Snows And Broad And Tall

Long be the snows and broad and tall

and in their numbness I beseeched the Muse

to warm me that my verse and song be not
unnerved

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Dull Nights Of Cold

Long dull nights of cold
Frost to the bone
Thunder of light
Wide lightning
Severe storms
That in the long, long
Waters
Shine over port and
Spiral mists
That up to the heavens
Go
Yes
Yes
Yes
In those long dull nights of cold
Frost to the bone
Thunder of light
Wide lightning
Severe storms

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Have I Not Been To Hastings Gardens

Long
have I not been
to Hastings Gardens
there be seen
in the night
the fauns and nymphs
trembling firs and
nervous oaks
branches rustling
trembling owls
jostled here
jostled there
and
the amorous nightingales
sing, sing, sing,
not noticing!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Necked Swan

Long necked swan
That silent in the small lake
Thrives
And swims white
In to the marmoreal liquid wealth
Let the night come
That you may sing
As nightingales

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Night

In
The
Long
Night
A
Small
Mercenary
Light
Dim
Yet
Beautiful
Fading
To
The
Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Night Parapets Glow

in
the
long
night
the
parapets
that
glow
they
have
been touched
by the Spirit of the Night
received
his
glossy
breathing
that
was
as
blood
in
their
arteries
throbbing
throbbing
pulsating
topazes
and
nights
eyes
gleaming
over
Tigris
and
Eurphrates
they
flow
they
flow

and
Night
rides
on a
secret raft:
dusk
from
behind
a
large palm-tree
donned
a
secret
hood
to
watch
and
look
smiling
rest
in
his eyes
feasting
looking
looking
intent on the river bosom
the silver
of the moon carrying
and
from a turret
not afar
rose
a sweet
sound
a
Voice
that
sang
and
sang
outdid
the nearest

nightingale
and
sang
until
the
Dawn
then ceased, delighting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Nights Long Centuries

long, long the nights!
long, long the centuries!
long whirl the Times
of Earth the rapid motions:
long, long the centuries
round and round
they fade slowly around
they shun the grave and tomb
For them!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Streets, Yet Strait Of The Medieval Town

long streets, yet strait of the medieval town
the dawn has climbed the village hill
ten minutes ago and more
the cock has crowed before
and with him all the hens are risen:

the running of dogs
unwholesome urine and smells
and liquids along the village streets
the opening of the doors
the creaking of open casements
the first shouts of the green-vendors
the passing bell of the sexton
the church-bells ringing for first mass
it's five in the morning quite!

They say-they say they found a child
In the window of the small nunnery
Who the mother? Who the father?
The village gossipers are fresh this morn
And the new-born gives its first cries to-day
As sisters admire it in the small nunnery.
Now it's more than five, it's near to six this morn!

Long streets, yet strait of the medieval town
I want to capture your heart
That heart I want so much
And once captured it
I will unlock it in my treasure-chest
And thus confined will not go:

But every morn
Long streets, yet strait of the medieval town
I will dream of you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long The Night

Long the night
Long
Long
Yawning sights
Trembling stars
Dimming
Dimming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Winter Nights

In the long winter nights
How the clouds loud obscure
The trembling star lights
And their mantles white?

Long, long the centuries pass
And winter nights will still
Be long and hold their sway
Over the Earth and humans.

For there be Beauty in the
Winter nights; for there
Be Beauty in the winter storms
For there be Beauty in the
Reign of sleep; for there
Be Beauty in the reign of dreams.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Years

the years have been of lead,
and long

and now the noose be tightening,
and exponentially

there be a breaking point and now
be reached

there be sudden lines that's cut
and now

the time already has come for the
cut, and cut and passed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long Years Of Drear

Long years of drear
Behind a desk of dusk
But worst
The toll of life!

I saw hedgehogs
Crossing
Streets without cars
Animal after animal
Walked in the streets
With humans
Not afraid
But one with one
No hoots! No cars!

Along
Rivers did not flow
But in the night
The gardens
Serenade
Then the night mysteries
Into one ball
Gather in deepening
Night
Hours next to Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Long, Long Line

In the long, long line
There were trudging
All trudging
Trudging
High ghosts and
Shrouds
Hedgehogs still
As guilt
Squirrels and
Bushy tails
Waters that turned
Gyrations
Danced
Lizards and insects
That erect
On their feet walked:
All
Trudging
Trudging
Trudging
Behind the Torch of Light
That a tall skeleton bore
Before them in the Night:
So many
Marches will the nights
As these
See in the cemeteries
So many
So many
And they will end at Dawns
Of Dawns
So many
So many
And
The Sub-Conscious with
The Conscious edge
Edges of cliff
Earth with heaven

Long, Long The Nights Will Thrive

Long, long the nights will thrive
And shine
For centuries more
So I desire them
So let it be:
And in the cemeteries of sites
Where
We have not yet reached or
Else renounced to Immortality
The Inner Souls as Psyche' will
Still linger in the lights
Of centuries yet of nights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look

Look

look at the fat grey rats that shade
in black

look

how they plod round the graves
round the tombs and
monuments that we humans make

look

those fat grey rats be the problem
of us, humanity

those rats the problems of us, we
make or that get on us

without of Will at work:

look

look at the fat grey rats that shade
in black

look

how they plod round the graves
round the tombs and
monuments that we humans make

look

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look At My Verse

Look at my verse, my Monsignor!

Now it winds round a circle
Round
Now straight as arrow
Flies
Now in the limelight
Thrives
But mostly in sweet humility
Hides
In fields and country
Where few feet come.

Look, read, my Monsignor!
If you will to be, there be
Propensity to be!
And
You will be Poet Seer
Too, my Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look At The Seas

look
look at the seas
how they be green my love
look
at the waves that go
round
there
look at the fort
the other side
the height of rising waves
the anger of the sea
the trammels of the earth
our earth

the
low-lying
verses
are
in
the last minutes
saved
by a
brilliant goal
redeemed;
see! look! hear!

the trees they whisper
I a Poet Seer
their words and language understood
hear
them
understood
them
speak
of
night to cover earth
a day to come
I heard them whispering
but heard not the date

yet
that would not be
the day of wrath
that day, my Monsignor?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look At The Verse And Song

Look at the verse and song
and though
all be one poesy
yet each verse and song
will also as one poem stand

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look One By One

Look one by one
the Assertions he made
Even
if one Assertion
that puts him in the
Book of Civilization

Emmanuel George Cefai

Look! Look At The Ideas

Look! look at the Ideas
look at the body
cry not
weep not
but joy
with the Ideas that remain with
us on the upper earth
the body transforms
transforms into the nether earth
where it will rest
given
that and till
Immortality be suspended.
look! look at the Ideas
look not at the body
cry not
weep not
but joy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Looking At The Moon

Looking at the Moon
I noticed a giant
tear.

Slow imperceptible
and silent formed
the giant tear.

Ah! children of the Night
there holy music
and sacred organs play
in palsied monasteries.

I saw
a hedgehog on its feet
arise
tall as it would
look at the moon
with tears in his little
eyes.

I saw
a desperate ghost of bones
and
bones hidden in a shroud
together hold their fists
up at the moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lord Of Grief

I am
The Lord of Grief.

Grief
Makes noble.

Grief
Makes strong.

Grief
Built me.

I made
Little steps
It was towards the end.
It was not enough.
Not just enough.

I will eat
Fire
If I catch
That inveterate desire
That gives me what
I want.

I want.
I want.

My hunger insatiable
And irresistible.

Will the heavens
Light the miraculous fire?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lose Not A Sheep

My hint be dropped.

Look!

Lose not a sheep

much less the wise Lemore.

All humans on this earth are
for the taking.

All humans on this earth

Are for the taking

All humans every one

of us

has something to give

that is unique to him:

that is his

that makes him genius

or on road to genius

Let all humanity rise

all continents and races

All states, colors and faces

As one we will together

be wisdom ever-increasing

continuous

in Evolution.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lost

Lost

lost in the drunkenness of the
temporal power

lost

in the sad waters of pining

lost

in the Oceans where discoveries

are to be made

wait to be made

in waters!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lost In The Times

lost in the centuries
more or less
oblivion makes
its triumph
over us humans
all relative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lost Poems And Lost Verses

Lost
Poems
And
Lost
Verses
Terse
And
Flowing
Raw
Yet
Glowing
Hard
Yet
Breaking
The
Hard
Side
Of
The
Parched
Hill
Moses
Hits
With
Wondrous
Rod
The
Sides
Of
The
Arid
Rock
And
Water
Gushes
Out
The
Waters
Of

The
Verse
And
Song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lost Star

Lost star

Lost from the other stars

From the flock

Lost

Yet rebel too

So I

As you lost rebel star

Am rebel and lost too

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lost Verses

Lost verses

Composed as yet

Smart fruit to bud
And perish from my hand

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love Children Not Glory

Love
Children
Not
Glory
Not
Wealth
Not
Following the banner
Of these and their
Kin
No! I made that.
And see
How I suffer
Now.
See
I
Choke
And
My
Verse
Be
Dim.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love Made Its Nest

Since that in breast
Love made its nest
Only what be fine
Or nearest
I sing

And
The heavens
Hear and ring!

And we
And we two
In love's ecstasy
We pine
And
We fade
And grow stronger
And strong
The more deep
That the night
Goes along.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love Malice Hate And Song

Love

Malice

Hate and song

Hater and knife

Lover and kiss

So many colors

In this world of ours!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love Of Country

For love of country: here,
This pulse throbs.

The heart-blood reddens.

The bosom heaves.

Dark thoughts fire across
The brain soils.

Motherland, mother of
Mothers, fathers, all.

Blood for country shed.

Nobility noble most when
Bled

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love That Asian Eyes

Love that Asian eyes
has

love that came from far
and thus deserves
the more

love that mother Earth
made for breeding

love how beauty enthrones
herself in children!

In children, our children!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love, Love, Need Not You Pine Your Eyes

Love, love, need not you pine your eyes
Need not, look in to the Orient shades
The strange shades of Gods moving
Above in Olympus barely hidden
By the clouds; love, love, need not
You pine except with Bighi lights
Red, red lights that come and go:
Love, love, you need not pine your eyes:
Just let the ancient bastions do that, quite.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love, Well Give It Worth

And more than worth
Give it value,
The same
As religious value,
That nobility, not less.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love-Locks

Love-locks

love-locks of the Muse

see you

I

so many times!

many times!

Yet to-night so beautiful.

Yet to-night so beautiful.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Love's Excrements

Love's excrements
Are beauty still
And their place
In a shrine
A temple and
A monument of
Ivory by itself
Was is
Will be

Emmanuel George Cefai

Luck

of luck little have had I:
labored always
labor now
labor will in continuity:
but then which is
luck?
what be labor?
Ah! the two are equivalent
intertransformable:
we must use our brains too
and
the more we use the brains
then
in as proportion direct
labor, luck, propense to same

Emmanuel George Cefai

Luck Roaming

There was luck roaming.

When I see it, it must seize
It.

But is not luck
The extension mere of
Chance and probability?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lunar With The Nocturnal Goes

Lunar with the nocturnal goes
And both with
The revolution of the Earth round Sun
The turning round and round of such
A proud peacock:
Imagine a peacock being turned
On his axis round and round and round
What humiliation!
Yet Earth calls it revolution!
And after all it gives us Night and Day
And in between the joys of dusk and dawn
Afternoon and sunset and the rest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lure

the lure
the cries of elfin mouths
half full of raspberries
eaten at night as
dusk fell away
and one by one
in the heavens
the stars rose
and smiled
and slow and cute
ascended weary moon.
monks of the southern
core
in a football ground
full
of hooded monks
at night
blood that gurgling
down the wall became
frigid in the night temperatures:
snow cleansed with blood drops
myrtle of sun
happening and clankings
of the sovereign night:
too night
too night
the woods light
the heavens were caught snoring by
a roaming astronomer nocturnal
waters frozen freeze again
after de-freezing:
and the screams of dark
herald the curtain's fall
the arc of golden rays
of lights blinding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Lyre Strings

A song!
A dirge!
An elegy!
Through all
Breathes lyric
Through all
The lyre strings
The fingers of a
Noble Poet Seer
Play wildly.
The verses come.
And then the Poet Seer
Sings
As in Greece of old
As troubadours and more
As great Petrarca when he
Of his Laura thought
And wrought
Singing
As Dante in sad exile
Milton in sad blindness
Shakespeare in the throes
Of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Magic Of The Wand

The magic of the wand
Ah! the wand of the Master
Of the Harmonic Orchestra
He waves; they play
And music sweet be born.

So
So when a Poet-Seer
He will to sing
And sings.

So
When the Night towards
The close
Of its short reign
Prepares the hand-over for
Advent of Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Magic Tongue

Ah! magic tongue
Of Poet Seer
You go along
As streams at night!

Fast,
Lithe
And proud!

The bats of gold
Though dark
With gold are fringed
And
Happy knights
There from dangle
This night
Tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Magic Word!

Haunting
Haunting
Magic word!
Light of beauty
Comes and goes
Flashes
Lights
Alights
And
Goes
In the summer heat
It flies
And in winter storms
What throes!
Parched throats
That sing not songs
Of a sudden haunted
Be
Of a sudden all alight
Of a sudden
Verse and song
Wines and throngs
Fairies nymphs and other wild
White shining fairy child
To the Earth it shall bring
Happiness that everywhere it
Ring.
Haunting
Haunting
Magic word!
Haunting
Haunting
Magic earth!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Make Courage!

Make
Courage!
Make
Courage!
So the ghost
Murmured
So the ghost
Whispered
If
Defeated
With me you will come
Will come

Emmanuel George Cefai

Make Fear Pass

Make Fear pass

by your

courage

and then Fear

be

in proportion directly

irrelevant

Emmanuel George Cefai

Man Of Age

Man of Age

Lying

Face

Upwards

Leaves

In

Hand

Leaves

Of

Verse

And

Song

And

The Baron

With

His

Whip

Flogging:

Yet

Firmly

Held

He

The verses

High

And

Blood

Drop

After

Drop

Dropped

From

His

Nose

Emmanuel George Cefai

Man Of The Dogs

The Man of the Dogs
His eyes
They twinkle
And he smiles
His sadness
And with him
Everywhere he carries
Three dogs on leash
His treasure
His resignation
His consolation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Man, Poet-Seer How Long

Man, Poet-Seer how long
How long
Will you bear
The brunt an angst
That Earth has placed on you?

How long
Will you suffer?

How long
Will your eyes be dry with
The flood of tears
That salty flowed day and
Night?

How long
Will your dry sides
Burn and suffer in the
Afternoon suns of sad tragedies?

How long
Tell me, sad-eyed Poet-Seer
Will you Suffering to Beauty turn
Immolating yourself?

How long?
How long?

How long
Before you cut the pains
And look on dawns,
New dawns?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mandate

Mandate
Of
The
Sun
The stars
The moon
Delving
Delving
Emotions
Walking
Straight
Lines
Then
Turning
Circular
Emotions
The
Night
On
The
Euphrates
Owl
That
Flew
Wise
And
Silent
Over
Tigris
Winnowing
Wind
That
Neighs
At
Night
Speaking
To
Lovers
Fans

Of
The
Sub-conscious
New
Civilization
Delight
Subdued
Experiences
New
Spirits
That
From
Their
High
Heavens
Descend
And
By
The
Sub-conscious
Stay
Waiting
Hidden
Then
Fading
Into
dawn
into
a
starless
heaven
promoting
themselves
the
black
erect
statue
fell
a
little
before
dawn

I
Woke
Afraid
Stunned
With my eyes
Shaken

Emmanuel George Cefai

Manned Birds

Manned birds
Hand of pilot
The waters brim
The rivers rise

The streams froth
The fish jump
And fall
The spume steams

Dark into niches
Of statues old
And crumbling
Hides

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mantles And Skies

Mantles and skies and
heavens
let down your blood
thunder and lightning
but
continue not
with that awe of silence.

the mills
and the waters
down the hills
tumbling
green and brown
and soil
and lave red of
blood
spurred from Earth.

waters
tremors
earthquakes
floods
rivers
rising
oceans
subsiding
lands and continents
new arising

Emmanuel George Cefai

Marauding Night

Marauding night
Wanderer of star-light!

The brains today
It dreams
Or else wanders amiss!

Today
The reign of spell
Or else the reign of amnesia.

The Dawn be far
Hope drowns into the sea
This night

And dark
Descends on the more dark
And all is dark more than All that be dark

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mariners And Skeletons

We
Mariners and skeletons
Sing the night

Lo! There Pilot Skeleton
Guide well the
Barge of Skeletons

The moon lays passage
For us
On the seas
A silver passage

Fast our skiff
How many can out run us?

We
Mariners and skeletons
Of the night:
We
Travelers towards a Dawn
And Land of Dawn
To-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mark This Verse

Mark this verse

Few lines

Few verses

Few stars in the heavens

Tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Marsh Of Gases

marsh of gases
labor of poisons
poisoned cups
and
dark-clad days
frowning clouds
and loaded rains
eyes that peer
from above skies
viewing All
All in bird's eye:
and thus
Knowledge of the All
compressed in perceptions few
Of the All and for the All
Of the All and from the All
sad days
dark days
cemeteries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Marsh Of Life

marsh
of
life
smoke
and
incense
mixed
in
the
net
web
of
the
heavens:
then
the desert
that at night
evaporated
in the fierce star-light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mask

Mask
Black
Entering
Hefty
Eyes
Through
Small
Holes
Axe
Scream
And
Dark
Dark
Just dark

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mask To Mask

I saw mask to mask faceless
Yet
Each mask had a face
Specific
And in the faceless mask
There was beauty
There was beauty of the gaudy
There was beauty of the painted
Yet it was beauty
All the same, beauty.

Dancing
The masks
For it was deepening
Night
And
It was dark
Deepening:
Dancing
Dancing
Mask to mask
And
The more night grew deep
As in direct proportion
The number of the mask to
Mask did leap.

For
I saw mask to mask faceless
Yet
Each mask had a face
Specific
And in the faceless mask
There was beauty
There was beauty of the gaudy
There was beauty of the painted
Yet it was beauty
All the same, beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Masks Of Ghosts

Masks of Ghosts
And Shrouds
The dance
Of night soon
Is to begin
Already
The dusk mellows
On the light
Of fading sunset
Slow ascends
In shadows quick and
Agile the low hills
And higher rocks
And on its face
The red blushing it paints
Three hours hence
And close
To midnight slumbers
Far
The old Night:
Then
The dance begins
Rotating round and
Round
The Masks of Ghosts
And Shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Masquerade

There were so many masquerades
Over the centuries
Back
Back
In the tunnel
In Hastings Gardens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Master Heavens

Inner
Soul
Brilliant
In
The
Master
Heavens
Immense
Fluttering
Ever
Hearing
The
Loud-speaker
Of
Wisdom
Rising
Rising
The bath
Of
Gold
When
Suns
Face
Us
The
Bath
Of
Silver
When
The
Capes
Of
Night
Cover
The
Orbiting
Magnificences
There
Be

The
Place
For you
For me
My Monsignor
There.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Master, I Need Not Explain Why We Are Met

Master, I need not explain why we are met
Why fortune or plan brought us together
This moon-clad night.

All of us shall our modes of drama and of plays
Discuss to-night.

I for my part am always for experiment
Move as the universe moves continually
Reform, recast, re-build, re-phrase, re-plan
And hundred other modes of advancement
And full experiment and more:
Plays must not be still as stagnant waters
But always fresh and running.

Though life and matter: energy
All underneath conserve
Their ancient arcane patterns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Masterpiece

In this masterpiece
Of terror
Where nights
Drip horror

Where Dracula
Drips blood
From each tooth
And not at night

For even in the dusk
While day pines
The horrors of misfortune
Begin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Masts

Masts
That and fro
In the port
Move!

Harbingers of storm
And tempest rains
And motley clouds
And thunder frightening
And sordid lightning!

Harbingers!
Harbingers!
Masts
That and fro
In the port
Move!
Silent in the silence
Of the night
To-night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Match With These Lines

Match with these lines

See

On the thin ridge

High in the mountains

There's a train

The thin train hooting

I see

The clouds

Yawning terribly

Earth opens

Devours all

Humans run in vain

As ants run:

Over the ridges multiple

Into the earth open gaping

They're falling

Falling

Falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Matches Of Light Red Of Night

Matches of light
red of night
yellow of moon
white of stars
that pales alas! too
soon.

'help us
help us cook the Head, '
the Hedgehogs said
white top hats of cooks
on their grey somber shadows
flared
as the Band of the Hedgehogs
cooked.

'No'
said the Thousand Ants
'that's not for us.
When cooked, that's all
for you.
So what we do? '

ah! sub-conscious
sub-conscious meanderings
over the gulping of life
the blinding lightning
a whole red city bears
with towers of red turrets.

Domes tall and
pointed
Kremlin Square type and
more.
Beyond
a space wide and immense
For

the sub-conscious had defeated the tense.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mathematics

A world of mathematics walked
Hand in hand
With a world of
The emotions.

The New Civilization had
Reduced
Them both
To this.

Applauded
The thinkers and the
Discoverers:
For
They had found out
The transformation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mazes Of Roads

Mazes
Of
Roads
In
The
Cemetery
Crosses
That
Lighted
In
The
Moon's
Glittering
An
Owl
Screeched
Here
An
Owl
Screeched
There
And
Time
Was
Hammer
As
Waters
Rose
Rose
And
fell
In
The
Sweet
Watermill

Emmanuel George Cefai

Measure Of Night

Measure
of
night
wreaths
of
fire
scents
of
sick
bronze
bosom
of
sea
that
burns
with
fires
fires
of
sighs
fires
of
desires
fly
Angel of Night
go
to
the
home
where
the Spirits of the Night
together
roam
by
quiet
caves
and
coves
most

of
them
too
were
human
Spirits
of
the
Night
turning
round
as
do
the
fireworks
whirligig.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Medieval Comes Today

In the city
There's festival in the
Night
The people flock in
Crowds
And jesters, soldiers,
Kings, actors all
In medieval costume
Thrive

So does medieval
Music
Loud
On
The
Loudhailers loud
There's a Voice
That shouts high
Aloud

In every street
A replication
And
A reproduction
For
The medieval has
Come today
For the medieval has
Come to town
And
The ghosts and shrouds
Of old
Hidden on roofs
Run and look below
In part overjoyed
To see so many crowds
Enjoy so much of past:
In part
Wishing to join the revelry

The past walking
Now
This night
This very night of us
In old Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mellow Verse

If you had looked for mellow verse
And beauty carried on a golden plate
Always, always,
Then look not here.

Read my lines you will find beauty.
Read my lines you will find horror
Read my endings in the verses
You will stand up abrupt; start thinking
I will not to shock, but, yes,
To make all thinking.

And in my lines you will find the
Hoar

And in my lines you will find the
raw

And in my lines unpolished you will find
The harsh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Menelek Menelek Epiphaphon

Menelek menelek epiphaphon
These the words that came to me
In to the language that I want
To father in this day and to make grow:
Piron piron didan et semenek
These the next words
I totter like a child half-listlessly
Not knowing where they came from
Not caring where they came from
Not knowing what the thought
The meaning and the world adjoined to them:
Save their sweet rhythm full agreeable.
Ah! it is better so better so! – this, this new world
That I bring home to me for me with me
Will save me from the world
Of kings and presidents, of millionaires,
Of prisoners and soldiers and laborers
Priests, dancers, white-collar workers
And the rest, the rest – the list ever grows:
Miman jikan tahildahan
Meantime like a child I glee
In the next line of words in my new language –
My new world distinct-different
From the world of all of us, this sour world
Of restless ease –
But meantime like a child I glee in my new words
Not caring where they came from
Not knowing what the thought
The meaning and the world adjoined to them:
Save their sweet rhythm full agreeable.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mere Lake

Mere lake
Yet
In its waters
The moon
Mirrors
Its strange
Nocturnal
Face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Merry

Merry
The

Band
Merry
Through
The
Streets

But
My
Heart ah!
It
With slow
Blood
Seeps!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Merry Has Been Dawn

Merry has been Dawn
But now the shades
Of yester night's storm
Darken the face of the lawn

Storms, so many in my life
Have been.

My face so many times
Aghast.

And all for just foundering,
Slow foundering.

Waning less slow than day,
But then
Not restored as another day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Merry Is The Womb

Merry is the womb
It feels the Spring air though
In winter on the fringe
Was I born of sweet Spring:
Merry is the womb
For prophet be unto itself
And it joys modest in
The Future's self: see
Motion view Motion that will come
The Brain and Thought run more
Than the Physical: though both
Are same trains yet not parallel:
The one before the other runs
Both at the same place arrive:
So one that arrives first
Makes prophecy to the other of
What is saw which will then
Be what the last arriving train will see:
See, see, the Ghost in the Machine,
Descartes' criticisms, all dispelled
And the solution in a few verses compressed.

O Orient you must to-night work
Work what you should before arises
The coming of the Dawn day's genesis:
Come close your eyes
Taste of the wine
Drink deep: for deep
The pitcher has cooled in the earth:
Come, close your eyes and
Sleep.
Ninny nanny, sing a ditty!
Come Orient close your eyes and
Taste of wine!
Put round your head the Bacchanalian ivy,
The green that sparkles so in the moon's light!
O Orient!

*

Small bells, my Monsignor, that in the Time
Of the Waning Day,
That in the Time of the Pining Day,
From the small chapel top, there,
Lost in the country-side and plain
Amidst the zigzag of country roads
Wandering hither and thither
By chance into each other reciprocal
The better to blind the traveler:
Confusion will you say?
Utter, small bells, those notes wild
That I heard yesterday at vesper as
The red dusk fell into the sea
Accompanying the previous Sun
That dipped:
Small bells, arise on magic nights
On spells of witches on brooms flying
Violet lights, transforming continually
Quantum physics, patches of the tiny
Amidst those immense plains of desert hope:
And in that night of cold and winter storm
Far, far away hidden in a cave shivering
Lay half-hidden the fair Dawn awaiting.

Tere weri serim kele
Ghali vreris heri sepre
They rhyme – those words
Those words of a tongue of tongues
So many tongues – all with a right

Emmanuel George Cefai

Messenger Of Peace

The winds are silent
From
The gale came out
The messenger of peace

The mountains dream
In snow
Manifesting that even
In the frigid zones
There be the warmth
Of the sub-conscious.

The rocks have eyes
And hair disheveled
So the winds chiseled them.
The Inner Souls
There hove chanting.
And
There you can hear
A Human Poet-Seer
Resting in silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Midas Touch Of Destiny

Round
The thoughts
The hen pursued
Forward
Forward
Forward

I
Too
Pursued
Forward
Forward
And
Have
Ended
Back
Worse
Than
The
Beginning

Thoughts
Were
There
Emotions
Were
There
The
Midas
Touch
Of
Destiny
Accident
And
Probability
Combined
To
Success

Accidentally
Were
Not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Midst Of The Gale

In the midst of the gale
Turn I
Round and round
As
The weather vane
And
As
The weather cock
Turn I.

In the midst of the gale
I feel as
The reed
That is moved here
There
As the wind commands
Wants
Moved here
Moved there
In the midst of the gale

In the midst of the gale
I feel pain
But
Most not of
Turning
Around and around
But
Solitude and
Loneliness
A soul that burns
Low
A pulse that
Ticks slow
A heart that
Throbs not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Milk

cow
sacred
that milks:
now
full of milk
taked the milk
drink
will it
turn sour?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Milk And Water Met

Milk and water met and then
Half way on the voyage
Sticky honey joined them.

Sweet the violins played
From all parts of the heaven
Parched yet beautiful they
Spoke.

Rolled on a thunder in the
Distant ways.
A posse of stars bent them to their
Breast.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Milk Of The Stars

Milk of the stars
Thunder of rats
Lightning of particles

Celestial vibrations
Planets of trembling
Moons of twilight coloring

Price paid for song
High wave currents along
Lightning of trees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mill That Turned

Mill that turned
So much
In so many centuries.

Of long ago
The cock that crowed
Revealing betrayal.

Yet even since
Their habit is ingrained
Propense
To crow all mornings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mince Pie

Mince pie
That turned round
Ouija table?

All round
They wanted not eating
For they were
Not hungry.

Not hungry except for
The hunger of curiosity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mind What You Say, My Monsignor:

Mind what you say, my Monsignor:
If you pass in vicinity of the port
Of old Valletta you will find
A hefty flight of ancient steps
You light on them but
The ancient bastion wall
Faces you in your travail:
A fairy magnet in the wall elevates
You and your feet tarry not
Nor hurry nor will complain of
Tiredness:
The last time that I passed I heard
With my own ears whispers
Step to step,
A hubbub of whispers – rather than voices
But still
I could hear the talking steps:
I heard them random as I moved my way
Up to the street and heard
Some sing a ditty, some tell
Of ancient knights and duels there
And of the unfortunates who fell
There and blood-stained those city steps:
Many a tale I heard telegraphically
For so they spoke and I was on my way
And two or three times only stopped to overhear.
So what I heard I heard most in passing.
Ah! These steps are as humans: so
My Monsignor should you pass there
Beware of what you say – the steps overhear!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mine Of Ancient

Mine of ancient and
wayward rats
festering wounds of day
hospital of the day nocturnal
where Night turns nurse and in
that safe hiding
heals wounds of the Earth
for
another next day of wounding

Emmanuel George Cefai

Minerva And Wisdom

Minerva and wisdom
Came to Earth
To-night
With first falling
Of nocturnal dews

Delight!

Freshness and wisdom
Together slide
Into the lap of
Ancient figures and
The laps of men

Life speaks: Yes,
They are to eaten!

There be no forbidden fruit
Here!
But only work and sacrifice
And
Trudging
Trudging
On, on, on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Minestrone

minestrone
of waters
beauty
colors
your time is come
the snake of drear
now
on all sounds
surrounds me.

the waters sing
and
they be blessed waters
of
the cemeteries
and it be night

I saw
a friar go round
and round
a tomb
and it was night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror

he brought a mirror
placed it on the wall
that night
the sub-conscious put
forth
image after image
of palaces.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror In The Well

there was a reflection
as mirror in
the well
deep and Artesian
always:
and always
the least tremor
trembled in the light
vibrating
in starlight and moon light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror Of My Eyes,

Mirror of my eyes,
Mother,
You must be so,
I will you so,
I assert you so.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror Of My Life

Keep them for me.
I cannot walk
properly.

Pain afflicts me
with every step
and pace.

A mirror of my life
has come
now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror Unexpected

Mirror unexpected
Glow-worm on whose back
The Earth reflected
Yeans
As you walk slow
And groan
And tired:
And yearn –
Life yeans and therefore be
What be –
You
Glow-worm for a while
Before fading at dawn
Will be
A teacher of the Earth
This rare of nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirror Upon Mirror

Mirror upon mirror
mirror after mirror
mirror turning giddy
after mirror turning
giddy
and a solitary human
in the midst of the
mirror circle
aghast confused and wan
directionless in all
directions

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mirth

Mirth
Not a popular inhabitant
Of my Soul.

And now the less.

The drear began
Today.

The drear began in
Tragedy.

The drear began in
Pain

And pain continues
Sufferings.

Hear the violin
Play sad.

Though it be not
Dusk even.

And the waters are
A dirty twilight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mischievous Knaves

No longer, no longer
Prattled the waves
Mischievous knaves!

No longer, no longer
The lines be drawn
The old owls spoke.

No longer, no longer
Prattled the waves
Mischievous knaves!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Miser Of Rhythm

hoarder of verses

miser of rhythm

notes

disorganized chanter of
verses

plume giant red over the
roof

swaying in the light wind
and chill frost

this winter night

this winter night.....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mist

Mist,
Mist,
Magic,
Curdled particles,
Tragic,
Shrouds,
Ghosts,
The cathedral clock
Strikes mid-night:
Mist,
Mist,
Magic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mist That Comes

Mist that comes
And goes
Mist that plays
All days
Mist that fights
Back, back its way
In Dawn at nights
In starless skies
And winter sights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mister Sociology

Mister Sociology – he
Had one line, one
Verse in head
The rest was blank.

He made a calculation
To himself
He made a calculation
With himself

Said: 'What if I continue?
If not continue, then I
Have surely no verse
And even the first verse
I will forget.'

So for continuing
He opted
Long he looked
At the heavens
Blank and yet
In earnest.

Then of a sudden
As a torrent unblocked
Waters burst forth violent
So did the verse
So did the song
Mister Sociology.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mistress After Mistress

the Poet-Seer at last found,
indulged in
and made his children.

From each the gift was children.

That was what he sought, he,
who they laughed at
because he had said
'Poems are my children'

Now he wanted to reply and fire back.

He,
Reproduced just conventionally
though
he would settle matters more intelligently
by cloning:
look - he was a scientist too
the Poet Seer.
The revolutionary,
his hunger for children more
than the parched man for water in the desert
the Poet-Seer abandoned all
for just conventionality
for right of reply
for firing back
for children.

Emmanuel George Cefai

'Mistress' They Call Her

'Mistress' they call her
'mistress' they called her
but
is not in the mass universe all relative?
And is not mistress in the mass universe?

The Poet Seer rose above the rest for so he made himself

All others could but they preferred
to stay below the deck not front the waves.

The Poet Seer arose and felt the spume
war on his face,
the tempest whistle and the vessel turn
hideous:
yet on the deck he stood above the rest.

And of the rest all, all, were as able
if they so willed to stand on deck
front the ire of storm and tempest
spume of face
as he.

Yet he, the Poet Seer did this.

And 'mistress' is a term just relative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mists

Mists

Mists of the frozen depths

And densities

Of liquid masses:

See

See the Port awakes and it be Dawn

And the first sun rays light and smile

And on the calm sea-bosom play

Yet in this serenity

The mists of the frozen depths

Over the stolen waters hover, hover

In horrid drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mists And A Requiem

In the high mists
A story unfolds
Then closes
Secret and
Morose:
A figure black
In mourning
Hangs
On the notes sad
Successive of a
Requiem.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mists Be Coming

Another night, another day
And mists be coming
Mists! A figure so much
In these years of late
With the sub-conscious
In as direct proportion
Coming.

Deep
Deep
The sun light buried
In the dark waters
Long, long ago

Now silver, some silver
Lights the sea-bosom:
Rays
To music notes transformed
In to the halls of Neptune.

With cones on their heads
The beady Spirits rise
Out of the waters.

Ah! my Monsignor
Another night, another day
And mists be coming
Mists! A figure so much
In these years of late
With the sub-conscious
In as direct proportion
Coming.
Ah! my Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mists Of Aging

mists
mists of ageing
yet
there's comfort
the brain turned
from doing to dreaming
from the fire of youth
to sobering thought
after thought
and
to thought after thought
of graves
and of tombs
and of cemeteries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mix The Ancient And The Draft

Mix the ancient and the draft
With the new:
O to attain perfection – the gaze
Upwards
Of the Man, the Human,
Then
How much more so the Artist!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Moans Of The Wind

moans of the wind
groans of the wind
laments of the wind.

few minutes ago
of them was no sound
but now they be around.

dream, houses, dream
the winds around they press
their tickling now abound.

ah! life be full,
full of woes and gusts
of storm wind!

in the midst dance we
polka and tango,
and the Dance of the Naked Ghost

Emmanuel George Cefai

Modern City

Modern
City
modern
spelling
modern
words
modern
humans
with
chains
cut
though
bits
are
still
hanging
on
the
hands
the
towns
are
sexy
the
cities
are
modern
forget
meanwhile
that
modern
becomes
aged
becomes
ancient
and
soon
so Madam Evolution decrees:
and

we,
we humans obey
it be our destiny
it be irresistible
it be irreversible

Emmanuel George Cefai

Momentum

momentum of the day
still beating though
the dusk be past.

though on its pillow
Earth lays

and the stars shine

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monarch Of Thunder

monarch of thunder
with a wide large
laugh in the heavens
rending them asunder

the waters dance
when they pay heed
that dusk has passed
no eyes espy.

and then the mists
viewing the dance
of the waters
imitate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monastery Of Thought

Monastery
Of
thought
Monster
Of
Wide
Wings
Wide
Leaves
Tonight
The
Dark
Eagle
Spread
His
Wings
The
Small
Bells
Of
The
Cows
Rang
Were
Ringing
As
Vapors
poured
The
Scream
Of
Hedgehogs
Playing
Not
Violins
tonight
the Angel
of the Insect Wings
he opened them

to fly
into
he
night
into
the
subconscious
sail
gondolas
that
sail
over
seas
that
burn
fire
tonight
the Angel
of the Insect Wings
he opened them

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monk

Monk
that in the night
must hammer
shroud and
shriven
dried and parched
by the watch clock
placed a skeleton
dressed to hammer
Age's time.

ah! how many rains
and tempests
and ice-frost
and sheets of gales
knocked on you
skeleton-monk!

lights
have come
and lights
have gone
thunder
lightning
flashes
blinding
ages
ages stealthy
passing
as the grains
of sand seep through:
trembling fingers in
deep night
when the white stars still in sight
before
fleeing at Dawn's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monologue Of Night-Lamp

Clank,
clank,
this night how slow
it passes
as the other
nights
yet
how
I
yearn
for every
second
not
to
pass
pray Motion to stop
to cease at last.

How many nights!
I looked
I saw
I heard
whispers
murder
conspiracy
love
sex
figures hurrying down
and
disappearing.
How many nights!

Centuries brought that to
me.

And centuries still remain to me
despite my rust.

Clank,
clank,
this night how slow
it passes
as the other
nights
yet
how
I
yearn
for every
second
not
to
pass
pray Motion to stop.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monologue Of Night-Lamp 2

The night lamp
Sad from
Time of dusk
And
Of
The fading day
Now speaks
To wit
Now speaks
This way:
'Bring me my fellow night-lamps
That
Together
Reflecting
In the haze of waters
Nocturnal
Gathering
Bring me
Bring me my fellow night lamps!
The day has been dreary
As days
Are wont to be
And now
That
Night
Has
Come
With
Beauty
Out:
Now
Bring us together
That reflected together
We dance on the sea!
See! Hear!
I scent the sea nocturnal
Mourning
Protesting
For us on its bosom

Light! Light the other lamps
In
The
Romantic
City!
The towers of
Light
And
Colored fireworks
Split silent
Across
The
Dark
Skies
And
Dark
Silhouettes:
A small crowd
Claps
Joy the waters
Yet
The
Display on
Them
Is
Of
The night lamps
Moving
Moving
Humans
Just the best!
Fireworks colored
Above
Below
The reflected night-lamps
What color
In the city springs
What
Troubadour of beauty
Silent
Sings
In the romantic City!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monologue Of Dusk

I am the colored cock that chants and dances
I be the rain that clouds will not conceive
I be the soil down-trodden yet earth-moving
I be the raincoat of the sudden lightning
I be the doors that creak in haunted houses
I be the bridge that groans in the still night
I be the waters of the Port still dancing
I be the earth that rises as the dolphins
I be the waters that roll by the kerb in tempest
I be the Soul that wants to grow and feels restricted
I am the heart that wants to burst yet hardens
I the dusk the Alpha and Omega and yet pointing
towards the end of woeful day

Let me speak: I am in monologue;
let me my heart open: its chambers
are open
let my brain open: its chambers too
be open

When
I
speak
I
have
power
to
roar
as
thunder
roars
yet
you
see
with
me
I

bring
stillness
itself

You be supreme, sir, in your caution
Kind! Kind! the table be laid
the bastion swarthy:
the flames and torches burn
below the drawbridge
heighten
it be soon night
see! a first star on the horizon
of immense heavens.

The Night thought me
with kind and flowered words
to be explanatory:
for see the humans be
keen and awaiting
the Humans need the Dawn
yet did you ever spot
the beaches of the lines
of the long coasts
lined with humans waiting?
Humans be in the realms
or Morpheus
Or just beginning about
their business?

I am the start of a civilization
That many called decadent
I say no:
I like absinthe and my
Eyes sparkle at it
As gulp after gulp I sip it.

I lay siege to the bastions
But at night only
I am the Soul of palms
And trees and branches

That in the gardens wave
In the night odors and in
The night winds

I be Modigliani
I love him
But then in me there be a bit of Titian
There be in me a bit of Rembrandt
There be in me the dark of Caravaggio
And Goya:
Ay! In me there is Cellini's sculpture
I cover the Medusa in my redness
I have the cry of Michelangelo
When he stroke David saying
'Speak'
I have the gentle Raphael's brilliance
There be so much in me
There be so many
And there will be
Civilization only will list all them.

There be in me mixture on
Mixture
There be in me Beauty and
Horror
There be in me mystery and
Knowledge
I open doors
And then I close them.

I am the cobra of the wise
contortion
I speak and am I silent
No words fall
no, not syllables even
from my mouth
yet
partially
beauty blinds me.

I am the wisdom of Semiramis
I have curiosity as Paracelsus
I feast on my own daintiness as Narcissus
I accept challenge as Hercules
I am a robber to distribute as Robin Hood
I am the stealer of the heaven's jewels
then I carry them to humans as Prometheus

I am
I am
I am fount of beauty
I am
a fount of wisdom
yet
in me you will suck
damp sadness.

I am the Chorus of decline
I am the Mourner at
The end of Day
I mourn each Day
Now that's second habit:
To me
By memory I do it:
Yet in my heart I feel
The pangs for the day's going.

I am a Ray
I am Despair
And simultaneously
The Hope
I am a rock
As the One that Moses
Touched with the iron rod
And waters gushed forth.

I am the edge
I be the horizon
I be the waning
yet
also beginning
close of reign
genesis of another
next to next
athletic racer who will
pass the baton.

I am the colored cock that chants and dances
I be the rain that clouds will not conceive
I be the soil down-trodden yet earth-moving
I be the raincoat of the sudden lightning
I be the doors that creak in haunted houses
I be the bridge that groans in the still night
I be the waters of the Port still dancing
I be the earth that rises as the dolphins
I be the waters that roll by the kerb in tempest
I be the Soul that wants to grow and feels restricted
I am the heart that wants to burst yet hardens
I the dusk the Alpha and Omega and yet pointing
towards the end of woeful day

I am Don Quixote who fight the windmills
I look with glorious eye on sea and isthmus
I am Columbus and a bit of Cortez
I be Cook and some Magellan:
I be so many, so much, yet
One,
In whom shines the All,
The All in One,
The One in All on all days.

I am the Dusk mighty and humble.

I am the Dusk who spoke and who now ceases.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsieur

The same if you speak or sing
In fragment or in whole I will applaud
For in the work I look to the word
And the word speaks has might
More than the sword.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsignor

From all the verses
A Head Verse stood out
So often
So often
That
Though the other verses
Were dim lights
Yet
The Head Verse so shone
Towards the Perfect
That
In its summit light
All verses revived,
Took heart, and lighted
Then
My Monsignor if that a Poet Seer
Does
Then he has done enough
The job be done
Be done, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsignor My Verse

Examine

My Monsignor my verse

As it goes out, profuse.

You say my Monsignor

'But quality not quantity! '

I say

'Let there be both'

Said the heavens:

'Let there be both'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsignor On His Desk

My Monsignor on his desk
Sate him
Now and then being
Of summer heat
The flies assaulted him
Bang! a newspaper came down
Then silence again
And scribbling
The sound of the pen
Scribbling over the papers
My Monsignor ate fast
And junk
Ate in his stress and
Hurry
Wanted so much from life!
And life nagged him
Because life nags
And nags the most whom
She sees wants the most:
With her
There's no meritocracy
No deserving:
My Monsignor dug
His teeth in a dessert fruit
Dropped a few juice drops
Over the inked manuscript
No worry!
The drops were little and
Fell in non strategic
Positions.
My Monsignor continued
To write and write
For he knew that he
Was
By far the greatest of the
Oblivion Troupe
Fortune won him no honors
No not even one
Yet still continued he

In his writing, writing
Flow, flow, flow,
Generous and irresistibly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsignor Said

Said my Monsignor:
'Verses medicine be'

Said I:
'You must make them so'

My Monsignor
'I calculate therefore I will'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monsignor You See?

You see, my Monsignor
The transferring bit by bit
Part by part
Of civilization from the
Realm of the Conscious:
The Sub-Conscious in as direct
Proportion grows.

You see, my Monsignor,
Our constancy with dusk
And night and stars
And moon, and dark,
Silhouettes and caves,
And coves and caverns
Echoing:
With satyrs, fauns,
Graces and nymphs,
Mists, magic and beauty
Separate and combined
And all the rest:
Read my lines
Chant my verse and
Know the list –
You see, my Monsignor.

You do not speak, my Monsignor
But hear always
Attentive in the ear:
Think so profound
Dream in the sub-conscious
Smile at the civilization
Alternative
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Monument

Three legged horse
In the entrance
Exposed to the glances
Of all
Challenging the
Thoughts of so many.

Intelligent horse
You have been attached
And your liberty be
At stake:
There
Not admiration
Counts.

Simultaneously
You be quiet
And small
From the zooming lenses
From distances
Intelligent three-legged horse
At the entry of such
A proud city.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Moon Be Wise

The
Moon
Be
Wise
And
Sometimes
Useless
Sometimes
Sycophant
The
Moon
Ah!
It many secrets
Knows
Will
Tell
So bend your
Head
Bend
To
It and speak not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Moon Cut

Sugar of moon
Cut
Right from the heart
Of night
That dipped
Right in to the
Well of the dusk
Dreaming:
Sugar of moon
Dreaming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Moon Fell

A rose
A kiss
a dusk
a moon
and the moon fell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mordred Sedi Ghali Teke

Mordred sedi ghali teke
inder wasi helo tele
and so goes so the language rhyme
ah! so goes alas with motion, Time

Emmanuel George Cefai

More Of Life

'And then of a sudden we know not
More of life
Nor where he went or else'

Ah! let Oblivion be
The breeder of life-times multiple
For those that have a blank in life.

For in that blank
Though at first sight
One deems otherwise there be
Advantages.

Emmanuel George Cefai

More Passion, More Aggressive

More passion, more aggressive

Passion

Into the lines of verse and song

Waves

That oar restless and violent

As in wild tempests and gales

That rage in winter nights

Over ancient Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

More Than A Year

More than a year
More than a year
Has passed:
And I had then fore hoped
The birth of my small child:
Vain hope! Time passed-she went
And came not
With her
Our small child dissolved.

But now
But now
My black queen of the south
The waning embers re-kindled has
I will not let Time pass
I must not let Time pass
To make my young small child.

The sands still fall through my empty hands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Morning Haze

Sweet morning haze
An early haze
Surprising all!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mosque Of Mists

Mists that formed
A mosque
into the skies
into the heavens

there were no sounds
to be heard
in those vast great
distances

but the echoes
of the background
yes, one will hear
them
more so
in the nocturnal silence
funereal

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mossy Oaks

Mossy oaks and
Winding stairs of clouds
Stair upon stair to
The heavens.
Stair after stair
The series finishes not.
round and round
as DNA spirals
the stairs went up
and up and
down
the stairs went
the stairs went.
The airs around
Flutter in the mud of
Boreal winds high-flying
Under the personal command
Of Zephyr in the heavens:
Fell
On Earth in the dark room
The chess Queen on the chess
Table suddenly:
Yet
There were some players
Round
The chess-table before:
The chess board
Ah! in that room
there was the cold
of who had crossed the
threshold over Earth's
edges:
and
the threshold was now
passed
was in the distance
For
Those
Were skeletons with little teeth

And
Yet they rattled.
One was with spectacles
That glistened as he planned
Strategic moves to win
But now
But now
The chess table was deserted

Emmanuel George Cefai

Most Often Adversity

In the hours of
Loss
A wind of hope
It brings
It blows!

Where there
Be little or less to
Be lost
There's only
Suffering
And hope that
Be a sheer
Despair
that
Springs
From
Suffering!

Most often adversity
In the hours of
Loss
A wind of hope
It brings
It blows!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mother

Mother
Of
The
Clouds
That
Hang
Detected
From
The
Skies
Azure
And
Heavens
Immense
There
Be
No
Voice
That
Rises
Now
Vintage
Of
Grapes
That
Bacchus
And
His
Entourage
Sucked
Nipple-like
The
Whole
Night
Yesterday
Below
The
Dangling
Moon

The
South
Wind
Blew
High
Over
The
High
Fields
That
Were
As
Small
Cliffs
To
The
Seas
Below
You
Try
Too
Much
Try
Me
Too
Much
Too
Long
Too
Heavy
Excruciating
And
It
Be
Night
And
I
Be
tired

Emmanuel George Cefai

Motherland

Motherland
Motherland
This
Be
The
Muse
Minerva
That
Descends
To
Illumine
Boys
Boys
Boys
Eyes
Eyes
Eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Motherland, Woman Of Beauty

Of us, of us all,
Mother, motherland
Woman of beauty
To you our hearts
Belong.

A woman
A mother
This be our land
We have her blood
And
These in our veins run
The blood runs
The blood runs

Of us, of us all,
Mother, motherland
Woman of beauty
To you our hearts
Belong.

Law and right
Over the might
We had
But we evolved
Bold Auto-discipline
No need of courts
No need of laws
And Individuals rise
And conflict not:
For they evolved in
Auto-discipline.

Of us, of us all,
Mother, motherland
Woman of beauty
To you our hearts
Belong.

From north of flakes
To south of sun
From east of space
To west to learn
We our mother
Love
And our blood give
For you.

Of us, of us all,
Mother, motherland
Woman of beauty
To you our hearts
Belong.

Generation after generation
We suffer
We grow
We fight for freedom
We fight for right
We fight for day
For you our mother
Woman so beautiful.

Of us, of us all,
Mother, motherland
Woman of beauty
To you our hearts
Belong.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mount Your Courage

At the end
Mount your courage
What will I lose
But gain?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mountain Of Ennui

This is a man of these days
(only I,
Just I, the Poet Seer)
Who speaks:

I am on the top of the
Mountain of ennui.

I want all
Yet
I want none

I want to fly
I want to crawl

I want my Soul away
No, not even sold,
I want desperation to go
By yielding to it.

I want to feel all
Melting round me to the
Skeleton
Leaving just the skeleton

My brain hammers
Hammers
It is I the Poet Seer
The modern man who speaks
And no other.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mountainous River With Roots

Of mountains in the midst
Or at the sides
Thus the fumes and the mists
That rose from wave currents
In my brain:
Mirrors that image the Sub-Conscious
As they mirror the Conscious faithfully.
Dreaming of dreaming yet
Perceiving in the Sub-Conscious
After taking leave of Conscious hardness
Perception the same train
Experience in the same direction yet
Now walking to one side
Then to the other
This in the Sub-Conscious reign
Whereas in the Conscious
Straight and linear it walks
Mountainous river with roots
Of mountains in the midst
Or at the sides
Thus the fumes and the mists
That rose from wave currents

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mourn. Mourn Low, Not Loud.

Mourn. mourn low, not loud.

For loud mourning be of shortness of duration
In as direct proportion.

The dawn, the dusk, the moon, the stars, the night
will wreak their hands without word
without a syllable
staring aghast
just
just

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mourning

Soul of the clouds
Nocturnal and
Mourning.

Skeleton yet
Wearing spectacles
The same black spectacles
You wore
Before an inhabitant of
This cemetery
You came.

In the summer
You hear
The chants of the ghosts
And more shrill
The crickets and the
Grasshoppers woken
Chant.

I asked you.
You still
Will choose
Between Immortality and
Here
To be inhabitant of
This cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mourning Days

One day will be a mourning day
And then that will be the first
Of all the mourning days that
Follow suit:
And there will be so many
Mourning days
Were you to view my life
Day by day, as in film.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mourning In The Dark

Ola!
Ola!
the night
the dark
be here
prepare
the black
cloth
the
veil of
mourning
the
sadness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mouse

A mouse

Dust of evening

Dark shroud of night

Lighter of stars

Sea and ocean that groan
Sick.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Move Away, Move Away,

Move away, move away,
the rose is dried
the leaf is seared
and the trees weep.

Half naked are the boughs
half naked forests
below the cruel rains
below the cruel frosts

Winter it be
but ah! what cruelty!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Move Step – Go Back – Move Again

Move step – go back – move again

And cycle after cycle goes

Though

It be not yet lustful carnival

Yet preparation be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mows With Scythe

'Time passes, passes, passes
And mows with scythe
The gains you make turn
Losses, my Monsignor.'

'But you exaggerate, sir, '
Said my Monsignor:
'You exaggerate and
Pessimistic sour'

'First let me pessimistic
Sour; but then hear my words
There are burning swords
Increasing one by one with
Age and time:
And it be for you to see
Them
For old age so many
Cunning pitfalls has and makes'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mud

Mud
And
Mud
And
Mud
And
We
Keep
Trudging
Trudging
Trudging
With
Bent
Head
Bayonets
In
Front
Keep
Trudging
Trudging
Trudging

Emmanuel George Cefai

Muse

few lines
few verses
that is the Muse
at her best
and Beauty
at her splendid.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Muse Calls

If
the Muse calls
then let me
leave the warm house
the cozy palace
treble walled
and go out in to
the wild storms and
tempests wild
and walk alone
and ice particles
fall all around me
ghostly
ghastly
and
I trudge
trudge
trudge
bent resigned
and
suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Muse Coffin

Muse
coffin
tomb
grave
clouds
black
rain
chill
frost
trees
shaking
graves
rustling
paper
rolling
down
the
cemetery
walk
graves
graves
graves
monuments
circling
circling
clouds
and bat
shrieking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Museum Of Tragedies

Museum of tragedies
Tragedy after tragedy
Year after year
Now
The acme and
The pyramid
Of acrid acidity of
The tragedies
Repellent total
Bursts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Music Begins In The Heavens, Only I,

Music begins in the heavens, only I,
The only human am I.

Is that why?

Is that the dream of the heavens?

Is this the ecstasy of the aesthetic?

Is this the dream of greatness?

Is this the palm of ruthlessness?

Is the tradition of civilization?

Is this the train of Evolution?

A rolling stone, just a rolling stone.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Music Enchantress

music enchantress and
seducer

titles
titles
and you are
the anesthetic

severe
austere
raw
blunt

arch of triumph
fragments
fragments
verse
moving
in
fragments

music
subterranean
music
of
the
heavens
music of the
down
music of the
high

enraptured
heart
always
by music

wonder
of
Venice
violins

enraptured
enchanted
surfeited.

and the violins play
and the violins play
and the violins play
in a paradise of woes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Music Rings

Music rings
In verse it rings
The same
Same place
The heart.

Thrills
The riot of the
Heart blood.

In pleasures
In sweet joy
Drink
Both
Music

Emmanuel George Cefai

Music The Verse Rang

Music the verse rang
for after all I sang
as the ancient Greeks
in the halls of their lords and kings
or troubadours before the gathered court

here the troubdour be I, the court, the Muse
My Muse

music the verse rang
for after all I sang
as the ancient Greeks
in the halls of their lords and kings
or troubadours before the gathered court

Emmanuel George Cefai

Musing, Musing, The Old Lad

Musing, musing, the old lad
musing
over the bastions as
the sun went down
and
he noticed not the dusk
the beauty of its redness
then the night stars
the curtain of the night
but musing, musing, the old
lad musing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Mute Cries

Land of frozen icicles
Nights of thundering

The teeth tremble together
Bud out
The muscles of the head

And
We are going,
Going.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Black Queen Of The South

my black queen of the south
sent me a postcard
showing her city by the sea
long white beaches roaring waves
and surfing white of enraged seas
then calming to soft billowing winds
the quaint cathedral
the streets winding and sad
the cobbled squares
the houses thick and strong and colored to the mood:
here
here
let me come to stay, dance with the wind.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Blood

My blood be thicker than
The waters,
Yes,
I suffer
My brain wanders.

The waters gurgle
Down
And so when wounded be
The heart
Gurgles my blood
Down the rocks and
Ledges of my Soul.

O! hills whose beauty
Best
Shines in the dawn
And then at dusk
Shine with the night stars
When I wander by
Broken-hearted lie
On the moon-lit green grass
Scent the distant myrtles and
The magic herbs
Hear
The great grating of waves
Coming
Far, far from the Ocean Sea
Raging mild in its immensity!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Brain Is Faded

My brain is faded
Months ago
It received
The shock to fading
And now
And now
It fades
It's faded.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Broken Heart Transcends

My broken heart
Transcends
At last
The limits of the time
On verse and song
Wild and raw
My verses trace
Listless and
Nonchalant
The bursting of the usual dam
Cyclical
I wrought.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Candle In The Night I Lit

My candle in the night I lit
How eerie wild the winds
Roared on the plain and shores
The foaming waves now white now green
How leapt they in the dark
As in and out and out and in
They went.

How light and here and there
My candle flickered
Round the winds howled
Like madmen in the night
And I
And I
Like a ghost looked
Bearing a candle-light
In that abandoned land
That night.

And howled the winds
That night.
My candle flickered tapering
The white seas surged
The waves rose hundred yards
And more.
And in the night
That sordid plain I trembling felt
Beneath my feet:
And here and there
In the distant fields
A few farmhouses lights
Went off and on and on and off
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Computer Writes On Its Monitor

My computer writes on its monitor
Lines I dictate I do not know from where:
Really I do not know
They simply flow.

And
When my hands come off the key-board
The ticking of the typing stops:
One tick per figure that is – there was.
And now
And now
There is no ticking
My fingers do not run across the board
And I
Only I
Stare vacant at the monitor

And all is silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Emotions

Would I
That my broken heart
My emotions
Into blood be transformed
Together
Together

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Emotions Declining

Fading

Fading

My emotions declining

Down the hill

With quick steps

Go I

Without a sound

Without a word

Descending:

Fading

Fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Feet

tired my feet
yet
trudging home
I think of home
a warm plate
and warm cries
and loosened muscles
and jovial voices family

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Gaze

My gaze to the heavens
My fist to the heavens
My salute to the heavens
My map of the heavens
My ever-expanding in the heavens
My subconscious in the heavens
My flirt with the heavens
My sighs to the heavens
My yearnings to the heavens
My mask to the heavens
My soul to the heavens
And
verses to Earth
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Hand

My hand peels off

The waters run

A withered glove falls
In the mud of Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Heart Got Broken.

My heart got broken.

Like a glass the level
Rose and rose.

At last it reached the Rim
The chains were cut
The heart lay broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Heart Is Broken

My heart is broken
And your deepening
Sickness now
Extends to the brain
The wavering flame
Grow dimmer see I
And
My broken heart
Is broken as by sub-division.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Heart Is Rent

how I wasted all
I will not say
My head is bent
My heart
is rent

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Heart My People My Countrymen Is For You

And you need not reciprocate

My love requires no reciprocation and
Boundless be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Heart That Was Down

A word

Just a word from you

And

My heart that was down

Rose up in flames

So is your power, love.

A wink

From your lovely eyes

Set my tired body

Inflamed with strength

That love gives so.

A kiss

Inflames more than

A word

A wink:

A kiss

A wink

A word!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Love

My love
our love
I, we,
too are rare
grow frost
glimmer in the white of frost
I, we
too fade at the touch of sun
as frost
we fade
fade.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mistress Has A Twinkle In Her Eyes

My mistress has a twinkle in her eyes
What a mischievous twinkle!
The day has just been born
Enjoying still its liberty
From the sun's oppressive heat
My mistress rises and puts on
The sandals on her feet
And then into the garden goes
And starts to sing a lay
A lay of love I think – as yesterday
Did our nightingale!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mistress Sweet Now Capriciously

My mistress sweet how capriciously
She looks on me:
Her eyes twinkle and shine
This morn mischievously:
How her legs move
And from beneath her dress
Her limbs enchant:
She into the gardens goes
And by the fresh fountain stands
And fresher looks she
Than trees and water and morn
And then - and then
Looks she up to the heavens - mysteriously!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Monsignor

Let me my Monsignor
not chant or sing
about
what the speaking yew sings
and speaks
and whispers
the speaking yew
in the cemetery.

Graves, tombs, graves,
monuments, tombs, graves,
creaking, groans, moving
shadows and lights,
shades, grey, lights
and then
dark, dark, dark
ashen dark and ashes

Moving dresses, of flesh empty,
lighting,
for it be midnight in the cemeteries
sub-conscious
the Poet Seer dreams
dreams
and tosses in his bed.
It's mid night and
about.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Monsignor Do Not Sing

My Monsignor
My Monsignor do not sing
To-night

Your deed I praise
But Time is not

Yet
What you do not do today
My Monsignor left's will
There be another morrow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Monsignor, How Can You Flee?

My Monsignor, how can you flee
the stars, the night, the dawn,
the dusk, the seasons, weather,
animals, plants, nymphs, fauns,
and all the rest?

This be the life alternative
to the rote annoyant life
that the conscious presents
before our eyes
that the Earth tempts us
towards
power, glory, wealth and
all the rest.

My Monsignor, how can you flee
the Alternative World?

After all nearly half
of life's hours all be constrained
to sleep.

For that be the reign of the
Sub-Conscious.

And

the reign of the Sub-Conscious must not
be denied.

If so, will not Earth remain only
with tragedy upon tragedy on its hands?

Night heals the Earth from the day's
wounds.

Sleep heals the body and its woes from
daily tragedies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Monsignor, You See!

You see! You see!
My Monsignor we
Have to revert things:
Of light there be
In the stars as the suns
And
Let all plants rise equally
Erect and point
And hold their hands
As to the Sun and its light
Now
So
Will they do daily to
Starlight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mother

My mother
Bring to my mind light
To my heart warmth
To my health breath
To my life love
To my body strength
To my thoughts the new
Bring to me
My mother

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mother How You Have Tried

My Mother how you have tried
Me
How bent with sufferings
I pain in trauma after trauma.
Nights come and with your
Prayers I have slept to other
Days
But now
But now the glass is full,
My Mother, Amalia to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mother The Snow In Other Lands

My mother.
The snow in other lands congealed
And in our country blew the unkind
Winds
And blizzard small for a Mediterranean land:
Yes, my mother
The time you in the hospital bed
Lay.
I remember.
I remember your face was not white
And strong your voice resounded
Clear the mind bent with ageing years
But more and more bent with
Tracherous and vindictive hands.
But it was winter, yet
Yet
And the fresh wind of Spring
Loved you too much to let you go
But ah! cruel Winter nails determined
Were to set you down and set.
And in my Poet Seer's prerogative
See I treacherous and murderous hands
Throttle your life: they were
Winter hands, chill, frost and red.
And at last midst the cries for
The last mercy
That spirit indomitable
At last spoke not
At last said not a word
No, not a word.
Your seeing another Spring was over
And lay
Your head and your face now not
Red and flushed in blood but
Growing white
Yet beautiful
Beautiful on the bed and
Cried I 'Mother!
Mother speak! '

And you spoke not, nor moved
But your face only spoke
And still was beautiful as in your
Younger years when flushed
In blood spoke the spirit indomitable.
How white and grey yet beautiful
Your hair, your last hair that grew!
How many tales
How many sufferings each hair
Spoke in its mute silence funereal:
I saw you, I saw you, mother.
And Spring mourned for you
For it was not so afar
No not a month away
Yet cruel Winter made you away
Stole you from the Spring that
Would have given red again
And flush of life in your pale face
That now speaks not. In vain
'Mother! My mother speak! '
I cry and weep and then
Fall silent
In that reverent place of sacredness
Where you lay mute and silent:
In vain
In vain
In vain.
What followed then is in my dreams
My dream of life when
Before
I dreamt not the dream of horror:
No, no, away! The bier entering
The church, I at the church-door
Trembling on my feet
Then following:
The Mass, and then
The last traveling down
Of the bier to the hearse,
The driving to the cemetery,
The cool wind, the rain-threatening
Clouds:

The shock, the cry, when open
Yet for once, a last once
The coffin lid and I
Saw not the face
That was flushed in red
But yellow-pale, devoid
Of flush of blood
And
Of the spirit indomitable:
And then
Came the first even
That you lay under the cold stones
In sad Addolorata:
There was a bird that stood
All night silent and mute
Braving the chill and when
The first white lines of Dawn
Lit by degrees the heavens slow
Then the bird on the cold stones
Flew down:
There
There for minutes it stood
Then flew into the skies
The immense skies to disappear
There.
And that was all for then.
But now the pain remains:
The nights of sweat and pain
Are there
Have not decreased:
Yet in that pain there be a
Strange sweet pain in it:
And here I am
In that strange sweet pain
Where days and weeks and
Months and later
Years will into the open cave
Of Life the rock of old oblivion
Roll.
Then will centuries past now
There will a pilgrim gray and old
A Shroud and bent a Ghost

Will come
And by the cold stones where you
Lie
That is your fragment-bones
Rest from his travels and
There
Stretch him too above those stones
And in his hand will hold
A manuscript typed of Immortality:
And resting still his hand will
Let
The manuscript fall by him:
The pilgrim gray, the Shroud,
The Ghost, the Son that came from
Foreign lands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Mother!

My Mother!
They say it is your day
And
I
I
Suffer as a son
Alone in solitude
In pain
My Mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Nose

My nose
infected with
the chill and
frost of
Christmas Eve.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Only Consolation

Verses now my only consolation and
Dim light!

I thought that others would be who
Gladden me.

I have raw solitary words and just
A broken heart, now, just

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Roof

The earth
The earth
My roof loves
The heavens above.

Yet it has
A cunning fear

The roof's under
The heavens above.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Skin

I
Will
To
Come
Of
My
Skin
If
I
Hear
Power
And
Glory
Fall
Around
Me
Hear
The
Clanking
Joy
Of
Falling
Chains
Through
The
High
Heavens
Falling
Falling
Falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Sorrows Have Led Me To This

My sorrows have led me to this
See, how I suffer
See, how I tremble
How my poor remaining
Little strength
Faded away and oared away
Far, far over the Ocean waves
Where billows and liquid bosom
Aim in them the mirror of the day
The wound is made
The wound will close not
The harm be done
The suffering before I had
To increase be bound
And I must suffer, suffer
In silence, without word and sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Sorrows To Continue.

My sorrows to continue.
After an hour and more
Of waiting
My patience broke the
Chains of resistance.
In to the hands
Of old usual misfortune
I resigned myself and
Sung not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Soul

My Soul wills to a ghost and
Shroud.

Whatever time, whatever history.

My Soul is in this not to be
Stopped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Soul Be Stranded

My soul be stranded
And
My suffering increases.

The last drops
Of energy
Come through
Now

Just desperation on
Desperation:
Clenched rattling teeth
And a field fruitless
Trees grown yet fruitless
Brain brilliant
Waning
Waning
Waning

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Soul Roams

In
The
Civilization
Of
A
Town
My
Soul
Roams
On
A
Bicycle
And
I
Saw
Other
Souls
Roaming.

I
Saw
The
Wonders
Of
Small
Alleys
Strait
The
Fall
Of
Dusk
On
Them
The
Crying bats

And
Then
The

Gardens
Occasional
Owl
Screech
Amorous
Songs
Of
Burning
Nightingales!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Soul, My Inner Soul

The wind is in the yard
It plays, goes round,
Makes growling, sound.

Even so
My Soul, my Inner Soul
I feel restless
Going round and round
To find a peace
That transforms more
To a sad restlessness
And sore
Even so
Even so

For
The wind is in the yard
It plays, goes round,
Makes growling, sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Stomach Aches

My stomach aches
With misfortune
And tidings
That follow quick.

In succession
Medusas fly
Across the threatening skies
Threatening.

Pacific peaceful the houses
Fringe of the ancient
Town sleep to-night
Before thunder and lightning

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Stomach Is Tired

My stomach tired is
Today.

Eat not further.

No not enough:
You must fast
Further.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Store Of Books

My store of books

Give me

Yield me

Before I will go

For I go now

And I will go long

And I will go long

In time and in place

Give me

Give me

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Sweet Mistress This Early Morn

My sweet mistress this early morn
Is woken up as fresh as dawn
With clean feet cleaner made
By the first washing as she rose
She on her sandals puts:
And the loose white robes
Flutter about her in the soft wind
A morn has been born again
How the earth smiles!

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Temple

To my temple
The herd tomorrow
The herd in my brain
I raise
Call Fate
Tell it
'Be what be'

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Thoughts Were Wrestling, Not Just

My thoughts were wrestling, not just

To become Olympic champions

Or win silver or bronze

Or loud acclaim of the

Populace:

No, my thoughts were just,

Just wrestling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Throat Sings Not More

There will soon
come
a time
when my throat
sings not more
nor my chant
verse or verse
bring forth.

No, soon.

Already
the dryness in my Soul

already
the desert parchedness in my
mouth.

The time is come
as comes for other things

Always unfortunate, working
suffering

Out of the sweet waters of life
I drank but little

Others drank to almost surfeiting.

there will soon
come
a time
when my throat
sings not more
nor my chant
verse or verse
bring forth.

My Tongue Craves Water

water
water
water
my tongue craves water
and waters in me
thrive
cool and washing
the dust
that gathered there
these thirty years
or so.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Whitening Hair Now

My whitening hair now
Will be whiter still.

There are no wrinkles but
Stress more than ageing
Will bring them on.

And sickness already there
Will start festering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

My Wise Friend

You
My wise friend
So much
Of my hidden angst
So much of hidden
Thought
Uncovered quite.

For
In you
Burns the same
Fire that burnt
Inside the Poet Seer
When
In the love of the Muse
He writ verse and chanted
Songs.

Yes
You were there
Yes
My friend
Yes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nail Hit On The Head

Nail
Hit
On
The
Head
So
Much
On
Earth
A
Heavy
Hitting
Sent it flying to the
Heavens
There
It became a star
Of love
A brilliant star.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Naked

Naked

naked in dawn:

but the lyric gave me courage

and shame was relative

and minimal

what counted was the verse and song

the lyre

the insatiable desire, unquenched fire¹

and

though I felt another red dusk coming

yet

in the distance rolled its thunder-clouds

and the wild wistful glances of

night stars

Emmanuel George Cefai

Naked And Terse

Naked
Naked
And
Terse
One
Upon
One
The
Verse
Changes
Here
And\there
By
Willed
And
Calculated
Experiment
in
chance
and\probability.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Naked Feet

with naked feet
I moved over the
nails
the burning
charcoal

resignation made
my fortitude

the will to suffer
danced
sensuous a snake

Emmanuel George Cefai

Naked Storm

The naked storm is
The wild storm.

Naked and raw
Naked and wild
In its raw drear

Wild and sad
That be beauty
In a fading world
And day fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Naked Tree

Naked tree of suffering
Ghost of closed winters
And suffering houses.

For
All passes
All passes
All passes

That's motion my Monsignor:
And in the mass universe
The wheels move on
Ruthless as tanks over people
And more.

The sea bubbling with anger
Almost in storm
The black boat's waiting
See
The other shore is a city

The brain presides the
Intelligent confusion
For there be shifting,
Rattling
Shifting and rattling.

Multitudes arise with silver
Voices
That be over the sea bowels
And the water surfaces
And the cross clouds all wintry.

For
All passes
All passes
All passes

Nameless, Formless, Shapeless

Nameless, formless, shapeless
A fog in the brain
A mist in the eyes
Yet in the heart what vulcan flames
From the interior magma rise and leap!

So poetry is born, my poetry
So my lines arise
The genealogy of my lines lies in the fog and mist
And in the leap-flames in the heart!

By spurts, and then after the spurt
An interval of dejection
Fog and mist and blank
And then of sudden
The light shines at the end of a tunnel
The heart-pump leaps
Fanned by the bellows of the interior magma
That rises and leaps, that pumps and leaps!

So the flower unwinds itself
From its night-cover:
When the dews and the cold drops
Of the oncoming night its veins will freeze
And fast its leaves and petals curl.

So the flower arises from the seed
So the flower arises on its stem
So the stem arises through the soil

Fog and mist and blank
And a heart that bellows
And fans its pump
When numbed and frozen seems
The blue petal of day at touch of dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Narcissus Into The Waters Looked And Saw

Narcissus into the waters looked and saw
His beauty dangling like the apple of Eve
And serpent-like it wound herself around
The supple body.

I-I-too into the waters look and gaze
For some sweet silent silver voice all wandering
From water, bush or tree or air - wher'er it be-

That might I find whether my black queen
Keepeth her troth to me or betrays me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nearly All Halts Now

Nearly all halts now.
There were things
That remained till
The Dusk.

But when Dusk went
They fled with it
Carrying the keys with
Them
Of a day that waned.

There were faces
In a half mask
They roamed about
Some hour ago

Emmanuel George Cefai

Neon Lights

walking with a candle

but the neon lights
of the electric tube
are turned on

in the white room
philosophers and I
smoke cigars unwanted
but
crowned
on
us
by
stress

Emmanuel George Cefai

Neptune The Green

Looking glass
Neptune the Green
Liquid waters
Channels of breathing
Collars of wisdom
Tales of falling stars
'They said they saw
Them, ' said he
I
Poet Seer listened in wonderment.
The fig tree wept
In the parched martyrdom
The old oak bent
Under her thirst
Looking glass
Neptune the Green
Liquid waters
Channels of breathing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Net And Web

Through
The net and web
Of Soul emotions
He peered
With a magnifying glass
The Monsignor to view
In detail
The Inner Soul
But he remained
Dissatisfied
Discovered not
What he had wanted
Now
For the emotions
He would not see
My Monsignor emotions
You have to feel and to experience!
In this
The largest lens or telescope
Be vain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Neurosis Round Me

From the neurosis round me

I

Heard the stench of

Acrid acids

Like piss

Ascending

Step

By

Step -

I put on the poetic

Gas-mask:

As the stench passed

A gas

The berries

Turned their faces black

Contagious neuroses fluttering

In the airs.

The earth is neutral-silent

For

From the neurosis round me

I

Heard the stench of

Acrid acids

Like piss

Emmanuel George Cefai

New Civilization

In to this new civilization of the
Sub-Conscious

There be so many things, events and
Histories

That you will calculate whether the balance
Of occurrences nods
In favor of conscious or sub-conscious living

Emmanuel George Cefai

New Sentiment

I heard new sentiment.

My Monsignor, I want to
Surfeit.

I just saw the Dawn.

My eyes are dazzled
My Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

New Style

New style
Midnight dancing
New child
Midnight dews
Hourly showers
Falling as silver dowers
The whole night till the Dawn
And then
On the green till the edge
Of cliff and sea-beach sparkles
A million and more eyes,
Tiny eyes, welcoming the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

New Year's Day

I woke.
Rain was falling slow
Yet of most drear.

Yet it was New Year.
Look said Time:
'What dress I brought you! '

Said I:
'Now it is unwanted
Dress'

Time stood erect
And spoke not.

'Then I will go, ' said
Time.

'Pray, pray for me Sir, '
I replied.

'I will, you need, ' was
The reply.

Thus for New Year's Day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Next Step

Next step
Next stop I go
to the
guillotine.
I know.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nibbles At Life

Age nibbles
Nibbles at life
Ah! Youth when it was
How sweet was
Of sweet beauty
The brain thought
And of beauty
The brain wrought!
Yet now there be a fast change
Sickled Death lies in the range!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nibbling Age And Time

Of nibbling age and time
Into the documents of verses
And
In to the heart
That pumps the verses.

Come! come!
Civilizations be as waves.
Peaks and troughs

For
In the offing
Years to come
Other civilization is just
To breed more powerful:
For
After all, that justice is.

O! let the winds spread out my
Call
To Earth's four corners!

All equal be, yet all
Must sacrifice and pain
To reach the peaks:
Arise peoples who never rose
Or rose far long ago
In distant centurial times
Arise peoples and greater civilizations
Make
In all the corners of our mother Earth!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night And Dark And Horror

Of night and dark and
Horror
And motions phenomena
And ghosts
Of the sub-conscious
Yearn I.

And
In this dark world
Living
Indifferent to me
Power and glory
Restriction and liberty

But
Only when dusk comes
It comes a-glittering
In its sultry garb fluttering
In the winds of the
Times
Indifferent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night And Day, Night And Moon

Night and day, night and moon
Night in so many
Couplings!

Hypnosis
The way to the grove
Where sadness pines.

And
The long nights are now
Long July summer nights
Of love and sweat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night And Heavens

Night and heavens
blood and soil
mixtures nocturnal
spells
spells
and mists abound
above and all around

there is a water
gurgling
gurgling
in the night
but
then I found not
stream nor fount
no other source:
the water stopped
suddenly
my patience
waited
and I was rewarded.

night and heavens
blood and soil
mixtures nocturnal
spells
spells
and mists abound
above and all around

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Birds And Night

Night birds and night
Vultures
Skies with patches
Dark patches
Blue patches
Near to the moon
Azure

Witches that fly
Ah! but rare
Sometimes in centuries
And
Goblins green
And turtles giant
Plodding to the sea
The beckoning waters of the dark
Sub-conscious.
Temple and shrine of awe
And deafening horrors.

O! I seek night
And sing of night
Time only time alas!
For Earth as whole
To be in little peace
And quiet
At least enforced
By tired brains and
Tired limbs
And
Tired eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night By Passed

Night is by-passed
The rivers overflow
Scent the trees of the Rhine
The castles light.

Owls of wisdom fly
Across the heavens
With bats and glow-worms
in multitudes
together make
global camp fires

Thought creeps along
The ground slyly
And stealthy notes
And ponders quietly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Close Thief

Night
Close
Thief
Tonight
Not
Holy
Beads
But
Daggers
Flashing
In
The
Red
light
of
the
red
stars
for
this
night
Where be the beauties
That
The
Night
Smuggled?
The
Pilot
Danced
In
The
Night
Loud
Was
The
Music
Before
The
Kamikaze:

Loud
The
Ghosts
Were
Listless
Silent
Dawn was cowed
And days held their breath

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Come And Like A Cloud Of Mist

Night come and like a cloud of mist
Envelop this our Earth that all
All of us with my mother and with me
Perish in the folds mists of Mnemosyne.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Droned As The Moth

Night droned as the moth
below the heavens round
the firs and oak and rare
owls hidden in the wind-trembling
boughs and leaves in
Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Dwells To-Night

Night dwells to-night
in a sweet hummock.

half a moon
and the night stretches
round.

and the time passes
and the time passes
but
in the Sub-Conscious age
will to fading be
propense.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Escaped Though

Night escaped though
the satyrs were
still in their revels
though
the nymphs were still a-dancing:
for its long nose
smelt
the coming of the Dawn
as was in her cave
just waking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Escaped Though The Satyrs Were

Night escaped though
the satyrs were
still in their revels
though
the nymphs were still a-dancing:
for its long nose
smelt
the coming of the Dawn
as was in her cave
just waking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Feast That Passes

To-night
the people throng
in thousands
to old Valletta.

Laughs, jokes, children
laughing and running,
people clapping
at the music and
fireworks wondering.

For me
sadness be my companion.

And pining eyes
from dusk
broken sobs
into the night.
What be the fierce night stars
for me?

Yet
To-night
the people throng
in thousands
to old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Fly

In the night I
As to the night fly
As to the night bat
Circle I
Round and round
Without a sound
Save of the clapping
Wings
Save of the humming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Follows Frost

Night follows frost
The frost slender goes
A Monsignor amidst
The trembling trees:
He sees them trembling
Feels sadistic and other
Pleasures
In their each vibration.

Slender Time passes
Stealthy
As with motion
Sound of lightning
Speed of it and more
Velocity:
All robber-like
All secret-stealthy.

In the old annals of
Ever-old Time and times
The watermill of lust
Goes round and round
In the reproducing sound
Of things and cycles:
As with motion who
Will keep it
As with thunder who
Will silence it:
As with lightning who
Will keep it from dimming
Slow
Slow and fading?
Speak! Speak!
Your words are history.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Grows

night grows
out of the forges of rotating Earth

night out of the smokes and mists
of Earth

night walked hand in hand with
the Sub-Conscious

ah! they need strike no deal that
already be

night grows
night grows
out of the forges of the mists cauldron
it grows
in magic grows

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Has Come Under The Trees

Night has come under the
Trees
Waiting
Waiting nervous and
Impatient
His love for to-night
The moon.

Below
Below the bastions
Lengthen their shadows
To black cloths
Of mourning funereal
Since
The red dusk
Flourished over the port

The water stiff
Lawyers of the open port
Sit still and mute
Furrowed by the silver
Linearity of the moon's
Light.

Nocturnal a bell
Rings
In Fort Saint Angelo:
But ah!
The service be
Only
Only for the locale
Ghosts and shrouds.

Yet in the night
The skies trembled
Tremble
With the halo stars
That peep and manifest
Their angst nocturnal

To the hidden breeze
Of wild Aeolus.

From the sparse caves
The siren hoots
Flourish
And echo around the port
Only
For ears of fairies
Nymphs and
Inhabitants general of the night
And Poet Seers.

Kronos stits on a wall
Of rubble dilapidated
From the fort of old
Old, old Saint Angelo:
Mourning the centuries
That went.

For what you did
Is stifled:
That is the foot print
Of the grave
The tomb:
Whatever you did
And were or else
Stifled silent and
Mute under the moss
Of stones that sweat
With magic mists of night.

The Sphinx is restless:
But even she
Yet even She
Is here hidden well
Behind a well of wishes
In the fort down
Down
Abysmal to the depths of
The port sea.
'Tele, tele, tele.'

Said the old hag.
And it was night
And dawn asleep
Was far
Far from blessing earth
Hours had to pass
For yet another dawn
And stars to fall
Sudden and white faced to the sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Has Its Cloak, My Mother

Night has its cloak, my mother
And the stars.

Your eyes are stars, my mother,
And they shine.

But you speak not, my mother,
You speak not tonight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night I Saw Bent

Night I saw bent

For

It was carrying

Beauty

To leave her

For the Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night In A Zinc Garb

Night
In
A
Zinc
Garb
Paces
Giant
Paces
Across
The
Accommodating heavens.
Old
And
Wan
Age
Brings
Relentless
You
Drink
The
Potion
Of
Love
And
Waters
Salty
In
The
Closing
Day
The
Night
Sets up
Its tent for reigning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Lamp

The night lamp in the street
It beckons.

Cannot you hear it
Clanking?

Clank-clank-clank: ah!
Its familiar sadness!

Its drawling sounds and
Notes
Jarring and
Mellow

The night lamp in the street
It beckons
Till they put it off
En masse with other night lamps
Switch off the heart of night
For the calm dawn is on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Lamps

Rattled
Rattled the winds
In to that windy
Night
Rattled
The
Night-lamps.

Sad stretched
The steps
Of street and
Centuries.

Around
The shrouds
Hand in hand
Danced
Medieval round

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Lampshade

How many verses heard you?

You saw me write

You saw me sing

Versify

Turn back

See if I closed the door.

And

Then late in night

When the Muse sleeps

I turn you off

Simultaneously.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Like To A Butterfly

Night like
To a butterfly
It open wings
Then closes
Them.

Ah! Beauty thrives
In quarters
Such
Though dark

In the old fort
With ghosts
With shrouds
And
Ancient knights!

Ah! fairy waters
And
Lust of night
Between the towns
The waters glide
To-night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night My Favorite Cloth

Night my favorite cloth
Black has become of me
Dark has become face
Furtive my glance
Dawn the signal
For my hiding place

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of Dirage

Of night a dirge how sweet
For even Venus from
Her lordly cave
Opens her haunting eyes
And sings to meet:
Sad voices and sad words!
In them Beauty lurks
And makes her palaces:
And Art and Artistry
There their tricks play and
Ply
In silence-mute without a word
To say
In deepest night till the full
Break of day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of Love

the night of love

it falls

in the palace
ancient and dilapidated
a certain portrait
rattles
and the figures move
but in the dark
in the garden
a swan sadly sings

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of The Roses

Night of the roses
But where are they?
Their scent only
Betrays them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of The Small

Night of the small
night of the small
came the chant
the African chant
there's a writing
and it's on the wall
there
is
a
chant
a
black
chant
wide
open
mouths
singing
singing
and the wreaths of the night
are thrown by the stars
and flow on the bosoms
of seas and liquids and
oceans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of Trees

Night of trees
Walking up the
Roads of cemeteries.

Enrooting them
Out from their place
They the night of trees

Upwards
Walking, walking,
Walking,
Red
A crucifix of blood
And
Flesh
Bleeding
Bleeding

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of Wonders

the night it wonders
wonders past midnight
searching along
the floors of bones

the moon helps and
the bones blare
white.

the trumpets of delight
they sing slow humming
slow to rhythm of the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Of Yellow Moon

Night of yellow moon
night of yellow harvest
corn sheaves of gold
moon white not white
but as of shining
gold.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Passes Here Deliberate

Night passes here
Deliberate
In this street
But different time
In days different:
A violin when he
Passes
Plays
As from the skies.
Task done.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Peeps Down The Balustrades

Of the stars.

In the hospital the light goes out
Of the windows one by one.

And dream spreads its wings
On the miserable.

And the vultures of sadness too
Go to their bed.

And Dawn yawns and sleeps again
Before waking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Remains Now.

Night remains now.
I wait for it to come.
Now
Dusk the Red has
Faded too.

So
The gay flowers
And
The trees bend
And
Are swayed by the breeze.

So
We
So
We, my Monsignor
We too,
Are faded

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Rode On The Waves

Night rode on the waves with
Ghosts and shrouds:
Ah! I am angry
I suspend Immortality
And ghosts and shrouds that were
Said: 'Justice has been done! '
We that did not reach Immortality
Now that is suspended
We
We will be equal with the breathing
Humans
They too we will as ghosts and shrouds
They too must march like us in the long nights
They too must march with us in the long nights
And mourn like baying wolves to the sad moon'.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Sleeps

The night sleeps

Now

Though it rules

Still!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night So Lovely

I heard the siren song
I felt the lap of
Waves
I saw a ghost float all alone
On the cold waters
Night so lovely
I heard the siren sing
And
Sweet-gold the siren
Sang.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Star That Near Hangs This Night

Night-star that near hangs this night
What message will you give?
Or want to give?

Or like a lover shine
To break my heart?

Or ill tidings forbears
Or joy?

You speak not but still smile.
My heart forebodes and feels but does not speak.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night They Say With Its Black Hides

Night they say with its black hides
Most roaring tempests hideous seas and crags
That front the hailing wind around their juts
And trees the wind entwines aloud with frost:
Though tempests roar and seas tear themselves
Yet the dark mantle hides and paints a calm
With artist hand the better to hoodwink
The fears of our hearts and races pale:
Yet even night to hoodwink and full cover
My frenzied breath and my full throbbing heart
And my hoar lover's fate, fails.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Verse

Verses this night
Come dim
As dim as night
As black as dark
As strait as alleys
As humid as the street-cobbles
As quiet as the sleeping houses
As trembling as the night-lamps
As hot as lovers' kisses
As sweet as the embraces
As lovely-eyed as the moon
As wise as the benighted owls
As honeyed as the nightingales
As happy as nocturnal boughs
As slippery as the rain besotted kerb
As fast as lightning
As dreamy as the clouds
As tired as the sleepers
As trembling as wall shadows
Come dim
This night
The verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Walk Slow

Night walk slow
That in the immense heavens
You will not hit stars that will
Fall
Trembling
trembling
Trembling out of place

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Walked Away

Night
Walked
Away
Seeing
That
Midnight
Had
Been
So
Deep
It
Passed
Few
Minutes
Whistling
And
Relaxing
The
Blood
Boiled
In
The
Test-tube
Species
With
Species
Produces
Reproduces
All
The
Same
'Next.
We
Will
Give
It
A
Name
As

Soon
As born
The
Offspring.'
He opened his mouth
And snored
For the Sub-Conscious wrath
Had taken over
As
To
A
Bomb
It
Fluttered
All
Fluttered
The
Eggs
Were
Beaten
Liquid
Yellow-gold
That mattered,
The sun grew jealous
'Let me get my day, '
It stuttered,
And
Anon Dawn
Opened her wings
And flew serene
Over such spaces
To reach Mother Earth
And the new day
A sighed for new way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Walks Tiptoes

Night walks tiptoes
Night walks on waters
Night walks on forts
Night embraces
Shrouds and ghosts
Fears them not
Loves them as his:
Flees from the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Was Plucky

Night was plucky
Night was saucy
and
her myriad of retainers
all
before onset of the Dawn
before
close curtain of his reign
all
advised
and all he warned
all
to safety they hied
who at once, who
delayed then fled,
yet all went
and captured
safety.
And
thus sheltered lived on
yet
for another day to
return.
And
with every new night new day
all this palinode turned and
turned

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night Wraith

Scream of the night wraith
It rose and fell.

From its arising
Long and stiff I tell.

But
My Monsignor the night-wraith
Changes with ease of light.

The night wraith runs
Into myriads of transformations.

Key-notes on the piano of beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night-Clad

I
Night-clad
night-clad in the robes
spare and light
that the Muse gave
me
when the red dusk brazen
red
with his eyes of pining
lust
made love-looks to my sweet
Muse
in this dressing magic
I
feel the spells
I feel the mists
I
I sing as
the nightingales
I that sing
of peace not war
I
that sing
of people's power
I
that sing
of whittling down
Institution laws to
where
individual humans wait
to receive what after all
be their birth right to this day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night-Dews

Night-dews that fall
As fall
Desert rains in the
Immense chill
Extending its wide
Frontiers with the night
Dripping
Night-dews
Dripping
Dripping

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nightfall

Nightfall
with dark face
bruised in part
by sizzling dusk
as it retreated
for
it considered that
the night had it
defeated:
wanton
its reign I must
not wait longer
I must not wait
longer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nightly Softly

Nightly
Nightly
Softly
Softly
The
Breeze
Blows
Glow-worms
Show
Trees
Rustle
Boughs
Rustle
Leaves
Fall
Some
Wind
Blows
Gentle
Not
Violent
Chill
Of
Night
Not
Gale:
Slowly
Slowly
Softly
Softly
Hatred
Grows
Such
Green bronze
Plant
Color
Smells
And
Music

Spells
All
The
Beauty
Of
The
Night
All
The fragrance
Of
The
Stars
All
The
White
Milk
Of
Their
Dust

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nights Be Strong In Pity

Let nights be strong
In pity

Let nights be strong
In beauty

Let nights be strong
In mercy

Let nights be strong
In stars

Let nights be strong
In storms
When winter calls

Let nights be strong
and ravishing

Let nights be as of
Dreams

Let nights be as of
Sub-Conscious

Let nights be strong
With owls and nightingales

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nights Of Terror

long nights of terror
there were no terrorists
save ourselves,
the victims.

the horse in bronze
rose on stone block
rose facing weather
and gales and soon
some storm.

I that face tempests
everyday almost
I pray that I find
the key that unlocks
so many locked doors
that bar themselves to me.
I that face tempests.
I
Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Night-Wind

The sentinels in the streets
Blow their noses.

Nearly mid-night.

The light of torches manifest
The distant century
And the distant time.

Houses and humans sleep.

Wise owls
Eye with red eyes
The pikes moving
Of moving sentinels
To and fro
Contemplate and
Calculate
On the cyclicalities of
life
of Earth.
Irrespective of new dawns
Irrespective
Of Venuses coming out
From the eye-dazzling
Seashells.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nine

Nine.

Nine years.

Nine years, my father.

It was long ago.

Was it?

The time - how it flees!

My memories stay, however, father.

Now my emotions more saturated are

Less violent, less original, less raw

But still there.

Every eighteenth of June

How it comes every year -

Every year I wait it

And then it goes:

And I will again for the next year:

And time,

Time passes and I do not know (it seems)

And the vulcan of my emotions

Less violent, less original, less raw

Is still there.

Ah! father when emotions sublimated are

And yet are still there

How cold and warm at once

The heart feels simultaneously!

And memories do not pass.

Within them encapsulate

The emotions original, violent and raw.

And I still weep now inwardly

And tears from eyes have disappeared

My iron forehead

Still and yet

Keeps its memories nine years aback and more.

Nine.

Nine years.

Nine years, my father.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nipped In The Bud

But still the violet harbors
in its safe port albeit reduced
the beauty that be of it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Longer Your Words

No longer
No longer your words
Praise me
Lift me
In my discontent
And shrouding chill
No longer
No longer
But in the shroud of suffering
Have entered I
As a cocoon
That be too as a tomb
A cemetery of thoughts
Buried
Before birth in womb
For
The flesh that carried them
And the blood that nurtured them
Went
Went

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Minstrel Sings The Songs And Lays

No minstrel sings the songs and lays
As happened in the ancient days
And in the palace halls roam
Mute and bleak faced ghosts and shrouds:
Ah ancient times! And ancient days!
Histories changes, humans, and ways.
The violin that played lies on the floor
As does the lute the harp and the sweet
Flute that mellowed many ancient hearts:
But that was ancient, that was
Long, long ago: the centuries fly
Destiny will cover with forgetfulness
Not always with a full success
But often buries in ignominy
So many as their destiny.

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Moon Was On That Sea

No moon was on that sea
But slimy toads that swam
All green-bronze and dirty
On that thick bosomed sea:
A pilgrim with a beard
Alone walked on the sea
The waves to him obeyed
Though humble dressed was he:
And here and there fish
Arose to the surface
That moved not:
In that desert sea
Where no land near was
Where no land seen was
Even
Even in the distant leagues:
No moon was on that sea
But slimy toads that swam
All green-bronze and dirty
On that thick bosomed sea:
No moon, no sound, all mute
And the Sub-Conscious was
And the Sub-Conscious be
And the Sub-Conscious will be
On that sea.
No even wind, no moon light
No but dark night
No issuing of star light
Not even paddling of a wave
But silence
Silence
Silence
On that dreary dirty sea
No wind, no moon, no sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Person Laugh

Ha! Ha!

He turned around

And no person laugh

He saw

'That was the voice of woman'

Said he.

'The room is empty but

For the Red Duchess' portrait.

But that's paint.'

He turned.

'Ha! Ha! '

He turned around a-suddenly

And saw

The settling lips

Of the Red Duchess

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Sea

No sea,
no sun,
no dusk,
no dawn,
only I grope my way
along!
only I sing verse
along!
for though half-blind
my fire lights
my fire burns
my heart!

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Verses

Some days now there be no verses.

Age

Is

Mowing

Now.

Yet the flame of life though dim

Flickers again and again.

Verses

Come

Out.

The

Flame

Of

Life

Be

Still

Not

Quenched.

The eyes see dim so often:

Yet

Remains

Though

Blurred

Sometimes

The

Vision

Emmanuel George Cefai

No Wonder

No wonder

No wonder
That the curtains of the heavens
Be rent
No wonder

No wonder
That the rains rain blood
And
Rain in the steaming
Heat of a dark summer
No wonder

No wonder
Last night
The winds dropped blood
And
Dropped
Blood
Slow
Slow
Slow

Broken-hearted,
Yes,

And
Slow
Slow
Played the chord
Of the sad violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

No, Not So Empty Hands

No,
Not empty hands
From life, my Monsignor
Something
However minimal
Remains.

What circumstances
Whatever
Whatever times and
Places
Motions and happenings.

Something
However minimal
Remains.
No, not empty hands
Some grain of sand
Remains
Some part remains
No, despair not
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Noble Bells

Noon.
The noble bells
Have rung.

Time
Ah! it flies
With Motion
With Motion
Elopes
And laughs
At scandal's whispering.

Day still has to go.
One wondrous sight
After the other
Still
Has to tread:
The afternoon
Sunset and dusk
And then the glories of the star-clad night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Noble Lyre That In The Night

Noble lyre that in the night
With wind-fluttering toga
Launches in the dark
The attire of glory
In those sober hours
As hour after hour
The old cathedral strikes
Beneath the white and jutting
Spires
In old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturnal Laboratory

In the nocturnal laboratory
The animals of the wood
Work
Work as cogs in a
System of wheels
Radio gaga
They work
They work
They work
Each his part
Each his bit
Each the toil:
Yet they do it
Voluntarily
In the night laboratory

The night laboratory
In the thick of the woods
Hides
Forms of mists at dusk
Strengthens and
Massifies
Then lo! By the arising
Of the Dawn
With spells and magic
Rare and mighty
It dissolves as it rose
The night laboratory

And
With it
Into the heavens
Rise the animals and
Their works
The machines and the
products
The discoveries one
After the other
Medicine on medicine

New and revolutionary

Disease ageing and

Death

Turn pale

Before the night laboratory

Yet

Powerless

They clench their teeth

Despairing.

For

In the nocturnal laboratory

The animals of the wood

Work

Work as cogs in a

System of wheels

Radio gaga

They work

They work

They work

Each his part

Each his bit

Each the toil:

Yet they do it

Voluntarily

In the night laboratory

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturnal The Bees Hum Today

Nocturnal the bees hum today
whence in the brazen sun
they hummed all drunken yesterday:
yet
today
subdued and still, their hum, though
audible
nocturnal the bees hum today.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturnal Through The Maze Of Thicket Thorns

Nocturnal through the maze of thicket thorns

nocturnal looking at the maze of wandering stars

nocturnal silhouettes of the castles still

nocturnal waters gurgle as they dream

nocturnal skiffs monotonous machines in the night still

nocturnal church bells distant, near ring
then stop

and all is still

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturne

Nocturne

The voice is sad

And more sad the song.

Every now and then

There's the violin

Plays down depressed.

Silence everywhere and

Everywhere

A grave.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturne I

Nocturne I

Delve

delve deep

plain and hill all weep
without a sound

the caves and coves by
a secret code, echo each to each

the sea rises high
as does the storm
tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturne II

in the registered
memory
let
me
encased
that
way
I
hope
oblivion
to
eject.

in the harsh caves
waters danced
by
chance and probability.

yet
there be
so many rocks
all
open-mouthed to
the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Nocturne Iii

slow-moving
the night treads
with transparent veils
over dark abysses.

in those
dark abysses
reign thought
desires, will
- a whole brood

Prometheus risen
plays
a sweet
resounding
violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Noon And The Working Horses

The working horses
Sweat
In the hot summer sun
At noon
Most of them
Thrust their pink
Tongues out
Graphic show of
Suffering!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Noose

noose
struggling
neighing
horse
wild
struggling
struggling
pain
life
motion
velocity
ever-increasing
high
only
noose
struggling
pain
neighing
pain
only
only
only

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not All Verse

Not
All
Verse
Rhythm
No
Not
All
Some
Has
Rhythm
In
The
Relative
Non-rhythm
And
Must
Be
For
The
Sake
Of
New
Style
And
New
Style
In
Its
Turn
For
The
Sake
Of
Evolution
too
*

Come fairy of the night
And close my eyes

For my eyes will not close
This night
Too deep vexatious thoughts
Too deep, too sad,
The reel of images
Too horrid
Second following another second

And
Look
My Monsignor
This be for you
And you
And you
And you
Too
For all of us, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Always Rhythm.

Not always rhythm.

No not always.

I versify not of prose

Merely

I let

The emotions speak and

Write.

And the emotions so

Often write and

Speak, all raw,

Full raw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Always Routine

Not always routine
Not always melodious
Not always
Beautiful:
Beauty reigns
Yet
There be moments
When less beauty be
A greater be to the sad of hearts:
Not always
Beauty reigns
Not always

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Consolation From Stars

This night
The nightingales sings
Not
This night
The nightingale be one
Of sorrow
And
The broken heart
Not consolation from
Stars and moon
No, no consolation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Content

Not content

Ever sad

Never not frowning, no

The Poet Seer trudged on and on

For after all this world is place for trudging

Trudging, trudging, trudging

And this Earth is a place for suffering,

Suffering, suffering, suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Content With First Verse

From the next vintage
He made and prepared
New offspring plays
And
So walked a playwright

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Count Of Poems

Today

Not count of poems

But

Count of verse

And

Cow-smells all

Around me

Lurked

Laughing

Laughing

Smiling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Happy

No joy
Every day
Moving towards
The womb of life
Growing
The laughing babe:
No, no,
Every day
Moving
Towards the wasting
Dumping
In the junk-yard
Where drear and horror
Reign
All
Uncontested and
Sovereign.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Long

Not long

Not long

The verse is like lightning

The chant as thunder

Roars

Thunder that grumbles

Loud

Then stops.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Many.

Not many.
Few verses speak
Aloud.
Not many.
Not many

Even if the verses
Bring not forth flowing song
Continue Poet-Seer:
Continue

Calculation after calculation
Before the advent of Immortality
A skeleton in the coffin
Made
Face upwards
Ever

You see.
The verse just sung manifests
One reason why we need
Immortality.

On the feast-day
The church all lit.
Full of parishioners
Gilt and lighted
The festive statue.
Transfixed
I saw the church
Filled
By as many skeletons
As were parishioners

Proposal made.
Proposal to do.
So many made.
And see
Where we are heading to.

Storm and water.
Storm and fire
Storm and sound
Lightning
Thunder
Storm of restlessness
Human.

What must care I
For Fame?
Just I reply:
Continue verse
And song
Experiment; diversify
Evolve along
And care not
No, care not.

Waters flow
Somewhat like
Currents
Currents of the brain
Hectic in trading
Intellectually

Wealth counts, but here.
In the skies
I soared by the
Prerogative
Of Poet-Seer.
Not more.
Not else.

Not power.
Not wealth.

A broken heart.
A vessel in the midst
Of the green jaws of tempest.
I.
Now.

Break the jaws of the liquid tempest
See
Just look and see
The island of rest beckons
With the Dawn.

Desperate I made the move.
For what do
When desperation
Only remains?

I need courage.
Fear rules me
Now
More than ever.
Help!

I saw the jaws of Fear
Open.
Yet so great my fear
That I feared not

One word.
One verse.
One poem.
One song.
One feeling.

I saw dusk stealing
Defeated
The poor thing
Had any alternative?

Even dusk fears
For when haughty Night
First stars alight
Dusk disappears.

At the end of the tunnel, dim light.
At the end of the tunnel, fading
Fading sound of a train.

Grimy walls, dark in the tunnel.
From beginning to end,
However you trudge on and on and on.

Ah! that be life my Monsignor!
I make equivalent the dark tunnel
With life, dark, dim light at the end.

The winds are rife
The trees strive
Garden trembling
Deluges falling

I read my drama.
My own verses.
Some.
As I scanned
My eye fell
Here and there.
And I wrote more.

The Will unlimited
Looks over
The panorama
Looks
Looks right above
At the immense heavens
To be as immense
The Immense Will
And
Not limited.

Scour, scour my Monsignor!
You will see drear
The more you scour
Feverish as the miser for the pelf
You search and dig
For fading happiness.

Despair my Monsignor!
That way you will desire
Not, and never ever.
That way
You will draw happiness from her lair.

One emotion is enough – let Time stop now!

In my hand
I took a skeleton head
I looked and looked
So that
Might I will
Immortality
So that I might think
Deep
Deep
Deeper

I know.
I write verse.
I then look.
I see the verse
I have just written in the skies.

Write here.
Here.
Here, my Poet Seer
Here
Then
Then look at the heavens
Immense
See
See what you wrote
Writ
In the face of them,
The heavens immense!

Chest of dreams.
But I lost the key.
I know.
I know the tempests.
I know the roaring winds.
The trembling trees.
The screaming gardens.
The shivering hands.
The trembling brain.
I know what suffering
To find the key.

Coasts that fume with waves
Rocks with spume
Waves of green.
Centuries that whirl.
Times that stop,

Then sprint,
Intermittent.
Ah! the human breast
Emotions
Heave
Restlessness!

Thoughts.
Desperation.
Union of thoughts and desperation.
Then heaving of emotions.
Storms and tempests.
Then quiet.
Immortality suspended
Red-carded by the Referee of Life himself.
Skeleton in a coffin
Looking upwards.

Where?
Where was the black milk of yesterday?
We drunk of it and tasted
That we drunk more.

The stars – well part of them
Had fallen in the cup
Where the black of misery
Sopped them all
And then we drunk all.

Where?
Where was the black milk of yesterday?
We drunk of it and tasted
That we drunk more

In to the heavens
A red cow flew
And flowers after grew

In to the heavens
Started falling night dew
And more and more it grew

In to the heavens
The black of drear and misery
Mirrored our lot of now, we.

Await the Dawn.
In desperation await the Dawn.
Is there alternative?

If so, assert to me.

Desperation here
Desperation there
What alternative but Dawn?

My brain hammers
Yet it be weak and vague
Thoughts stammer.

Even the Voice from the heavens
Says:
Await! Await the Dawn!

The night is bleak.
How many nights
These centuries past were bleak.

So after all
This be one bleak night

Of all those centuries.

The palms over the bastions
Are downcast; with bent heads
They care not for next Dawn
When it comes.

This night my mother
In hospital
Wanes.

This night I in my house
Away from my mother
Wane.

For this night my mother
In hospital
Wanes.

Dim candle,
Light that wanes
Heart sad.

Broken voice,
Hoarse throat
Harsh words.

Deep Soul
Penetrated to blood
Ruthless clinical.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Melodious But With Wise

Not melodious but with wise

Words full:

Passion not melodramatic

But raw and cutting

Not

Particularly of rhyming

Yet

In the heart melodious rung

After for more than once it had been sung

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Mid-Night Horrors

Not mid-night horrors only

No

But horrors of a Dawn

That's woken.

The dusk on the horizon

Looms alone and

Distant.

When time is time of

Dawn

And the sea-horizon is

Grey-green on the fringe

Between heaven and waters

The ghosts and monsters

Of three centuries ago

Are distant baying

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not One Poem

Not one poem
Not one poem only
But
In the turn of time
I yearn to sing more
About
The poets and the scientists
And philosophers and more
unknown
Whose work with cobwebs of
Oblivion
Goes:
these under the cruel shutting of
the tomb-slabs
lie
forgotten in oblivion
yet the worst
be that the Earth has disowned
their works
themselves
as disowned children without legitim:
these too
were and be children of the Earth
who wants them not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not Sweeping Endings

Not sweeping endings
no! but abrupt cliff edges
in verses.

these
make you think
sharpen and whet
the very knife of thought

life with red eyes
sits gloomy in her joy
and joying in her gloom
each day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Not The Words

Not
The
Words
Count
The
Number
The
Ordinary
Of
Words
The
Sublimation
Of
Self
In
Passion
Speaking
Through
The
Loudspeaker
Of
The
Heart
Makes
Styles
In
As
Proportion
Direct
To
The
Emotions
So
Many
Emotions
Variants
Colors
As
The

Night
Stars
So
styles

Emmanuel George Cefai

Note To Advert

My verses be for sale
Note to Advert:
The Philosophers and
Thinkers be preferred.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Notepad

Notepad
where
be
jotted
down
verses
of
the
heavens

those
verses
hear
the
heavens
and
when
they
speak
to
us
humans
below
they
speak
that
self-same
language
of
the heavens

so
we
we
humans
hear
too
and
comprehend

with
time
the
language
of
the heavens

these
descend
in us
become
of us
and
we
of
them
the
heavens.

but
best
communicated
in
our
sleep
when
Morpheus
touches
our
dreams
with
his
magic
wand
and
Mnemosyne
puts
off
the
with
of
the Conscious.

Our civilization
Ay! It must turn
Around the coin:
To the Sub-Conscious
The coin
Remains the same
But
Must be turned around

Emmanuel George Cefai

Notepad Of Joy

Notepad of joy

For it be of

Verses

And verses be

Joy

Of joy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Notepad Of Verses

notepad
of
verses
notepad
of
pain
recorder
of
sufferings
scrivener
of
the
Earth
and
drear
and
drear
and
drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

Notepad Of Verses.

Notepad of verses.

Though it be summer of next
Christmas think I if I be
and of the bells that ring
ring for a peace that's
long coming:
at last the least and last
few days of careless happiness.
For happiness has to be careless
to be happiness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Aged, Now Aged, I Crumble Midst The Snows

Now aged, now aged, I crumble midst the
snows

and the winds cruel rage around me laughing at
my weakness

and a hundred harps around string horrible sounds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Here's An End!

Now here's an end!
That supreme pain that was
Our fear for so many years
Is come
It will pass too
Over my head and
The guillotine that fell on it:
It will pass too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Horror Looks Me In The Face

Now Horror looks me in the face
My grim and emaciated face
Where is the proud Poet Seer?

Demoralized and humbled
I to sing try and fall
Till a verse falls from heaven.

And it be the Muse that comes
A little light, a dim little night
O! in this horror-laden night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Is Drear

Now is drear
now is dies irae
now dies illae
today

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now June Begins.

Now June begins. Rain from May's
Last night poured in.
Slow and pattering
And sad.
O mother! You slept while
The rains were drizzling!
But then
You have been sleeping slow.
The end is coming.
Call me not.
Call me not.
I will be coming.
Now another new month and
The guillotine falls more
And more.
Another month, another small
Survival,
Yet no joy it has brought, but
Pain
Pain more intense and
Suffering.
My mother, worry not,
I will be coming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Life Counts Hour By The Hour

Now

Life counts hour by the hour

My brain hammers.

Mistake after mistake these year

I made, I remember.

And my guilt as a knife pierces me

With each remembrance.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now My Play Is Towards Its Last Act

Now my play is towards its last Act
The last scene of the Act penultimate
Is ending:
The next scene that will be in the
Next Act:
Long, long age has been a-drumming
Quiet, hidden and imperceptible
Now
Age sits to watch the conclusions:
So it wills
Though my desperate brain
Thought after thought till now
In vain evolves
Escape its clutches:
Now my play is towards its last Act
The last scene of the Act penultimate
Is ending:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Night In His Palace Stands

Now Night in his palace stands
As on a throne embraced by the clouds
Now the dusk red
Turns to increasing dark and black:
And day changes its skin to dark
Come dark that I
May to my black queen yet again
And Night will envelope
Our love again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now No Winds Blow.

Now no winds blow. Throughout
the night only the drear
hovered around me.

Not enough to render me
sleepless.

Iron screw that to bronze
turned.

Wood that in the moon-light walked
a meter.

River that blows with scents and
flowers.

Eau de perfume, child of the Rhine.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now The Naked Philosopher

Now
the naked philosopher
became more
public
though he was predominantly
by far
private:
he ran naked into the nearby
woods
but
these were just an extension
of his home.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now The Verse Makes The Song

Now the verse makes the song
Majestic noble somewhat long
Now the verse makes the song
Fast speedy and somewhat short
Full freedom to the verse!
Full freedom to the song!
A group of youthful Poet-Seers
With mugs of ale in hand
On a silver sea on a satin barge
Sailed on the sea-waves
And on the beauty of the verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Now Though, It's Summer Already You

Now though it's summer already you
Seem to be thinking, thinking of winter
And of its gelid snows, its frosty touch
Its numbing of your feelings
And your love
Else how has your passion cooled?
How has your skin that burned and moved
In wave after wave
Now motionless and rude
No longer burns under the loving touch?

Your look
Has now assumed
The aegis of indifference beneath your mask:
Your eyes
No longer throw dark brands of fire
Your lips
No longer posed and desirous
But flaccid and uninterested

Ah! my queen
You play your game and think
That I have not a card

No! No! at least a card I have – you do not know.

For if
Your burning touch no longer comes
Nor your delirious breath
Nor fire from your nostrils come
Nor your lips desirous of sweet kisses are
Nor your arms for my embraces yearn
Then you will quench the fire
Slowly but surely
The fire that burns in me will of itself
Burn itself to ashes that remain
And these can only rise
If you my black queen of the south
Will your heat renew and double it

Then - only then
My ashes will be warm and heat again
Rise like the phoenix.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Effigy Of Pride! You Human Are!

O effigy of pride! You human are!
In every limb and bone, there, there,
As you walk, there's pride, emerges
It.

In the silent dark the silent night
With bowed head lights up such
A myriad of burning stars that
Humility's valor and practicality demonstrate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Eyes Hollow Here And There, And

O eyes hollow here and there, and
Then occasionally filled with dust
Of crumbling bastions hit by millions
Of gusts over the ancient centuries
Past; o eyes hollow here and there,
Though hollow,
You weep all the same and red,
Though the color is to fairies disclosed
And not to humans yet still the pearls
Drop from the sides of the walls
Crumbling with age and disappointed
At seeing the city inhabitants
And hearing the laments of shrouds and ghosts:
O eyes hollow here and there, and
Then occasionally filled with dust.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O For The Cemetery Of Sadness

O for the cemetery of sadness
It is as yet as of the breathing
The flowers there grow wild
And care not ever:

Emmanuel George Cefai

O For The Thrill Of Seeing Last!

O for the thrill of seeing last!

To see last without calculating last.

Let that be the foundations for the flashback
imagery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Game Of Tears

Rising soul of fears
Condemnation for years
A pain
That echoed forty years
Or so:
Even so
With me too
The tears have been mine
Too much, too more,
And
yet
Not one fair dawn
Arises in my home.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O History Is At Present In The Grave.

O history is at present in the grave.

We buried her, but it will transcend
The grave-stones and the bier.

And any way its ghost will not shy
Of haunting us again and again and again

There is so large a queue I see so many
Many heads royal, wealthy, poor,
Desperate, emarginated:
All under lock and key
Out of the trammels of human history:
Human, I say, human history.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O How Wish I To Go

O how wish I to go
Go to the land
Where season does not follow
Another season
Where dusk and night and dawn
No longer separate
Or rule between them the realm of day:

And in the dark unfathomable night
My soul will sail and feel and speak not word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Let Me Find The Courage Of The Man,

O let me find the courage of the man,
The grown-up, the Adult, the antithesis
Of the Child in Heart and in Soul:
More Heart less Soul the Adult
More Soul Less Heart the Child:
Were I to do a bad thing
I would feel Adult and I would feel Man,
See the swaddling clothes of Child
Behind me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Let Me Tell You,

'O let me tell you, '
Said the old white beard
And he sighed
And he groaned
Then continuing said
'when yonder buildings
Were just a green field'

'I knew them in my youth
I knew them in boyhood
And in my old age
I only view the stones and
Cement
Bury the view that once I
Sat upon'

'Yon, yon there was an oak
Old oak with boughs
And branches furnished all
For housing of wise owls
Aged and younger nightingales
Who sang all seasons
maturely in the
Nights'

'How many glimpses of
White come and go
saw I as in the dark of night
the ghosts and shrouds
played round the oak:
fearless the friendly owls
continued still and fearless
sang all night the nightingales'

'But ah! times change
As the Latin assert:
O times! O customs!
Before more in the eyes
Of the owners as a field
A pride of land it was
But then came times
When sound of coins
Dross papers and dross
Wealth the brain and will
That was before blinded'

'No longer the tree that
majestic loomed; no longer
friendly round played
ghosts and shrouds
and in full sight of
all the other trees.
No longer now.
The owls have aged and
Gone their young ones
Flew and the same fate
Followed the nightingales'

'Now only the winds neighs
And this
On wintry days of hoar
Mostly and generally:
Its sad heart emptying
And this sad tale
In its rough language telling.
Now only the wind,
Now only the wind neighs'

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Orient You Must To-Night Work

O Orient you must to-night work
Work what you should before arises
The coming of the Dawn day's genesis:
Come close your eyes
Taste of the wine
Drink deep: for deep
The pitcher has cooled in the earth:
Come, close your eyes and
Sleep.
Ninny nanny, sing a ditty!
Come Orient close your eyes and
Taste of wine!
Put round your head the Bacchanalian ivy,
The green that sparkles so in the moon's light!
O Orient!

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Said I To Myself To-Day

O said I to myself to-day
As I was walking below the arches
Of Saint John's Square in old Valletta
The air was lean; the clouds were mean
And frowning as I passed
By the shops, the restaurant, the shoe shops,
The clothes shops and the rest:
Then up to Zachary Street and more shops,
O I said to myself under the arches
If why so-called living things are as of sexes
Why females are as females, males as males
A book of Principles will open before me:
Let me explore and think and find Principles.
No sooner said than done.
On the damp earth made slippery by the rain
That slant-wise under the arches too had wetted
I was about to slip; O! my back
Have I broken my spine? Fear, fear, fear.
And in the trembling of that Fear saw I
The fading – for the moment – of my thinking.

*

O Saint John the Cathedral!
The night in the square I!
How wish to terrify!
Below the trees that cut
Now grow again
To be the home of the past homeless birds:
Temporary their exile from their berths.
So with us, . Humans.
Pain, suffering, imprisonment, auctions, Courts,
Marshals, police, hand-cuffs, cells, grating of iron,
The judges' sentence, and the rest of paraphernalia
Are just the same as temporary in proportion direct
As cigars, automobiles of luxury, sedans, halls,
Palaces, lands, flats, projects, et ceatera, et caetera,
And as the high-dressed tail-coated presidents
Of States of courts, prime minister, ministers,

Cabinets and councils, tycoons and politicians,
Well need I continue with the list?
It is not worth such trouble being
Only so temporary.
Easy, my friend
Obvious, my friend, Doctor Watson
Said Sherlock Holmes
Easy.
Easy
Obvious.

*

I.
I that saw land upon the littered sky
The heavens, the embittered, disappointment
After disappointment – a photocopy
Of all my life –
I
Saw, I knew and I experienced.

*

Four thousand days or rather
Three thousand days – ten years:
My mother is already eighty-seven
And she is well nigh blind:
And she decays now day by day:
What will be in four thousand days
And three thousand days or more
Or less?

*

Then in the north sang the wind
Then from the north came the chill
And then the rain that formed a little rill
And splashed with rain-drops the dreamy window-sill
Yes dreamy! The housed dreamt and slept
When before their pining eyes wept
At the red dusk's fall and passing

At the night unwelcome coming
At the grow popularity of night
As star by star he cunning light:
Then in the north sang the wind
Then from the north came the chill
And the rain formed (see above) a little rill.
Uli sere feri ghere
Pesi fere teli mere

*

Come through the fog that hangs!
Chilly ghost of the reel of the future;
Cut my hair now before it grows not
Cut it you will hold it
In a reliquary of forgotten humans:
Who strived not to be forgotten:
Who wrote, who thought, who asserted.
Come through the fog that hangs!
The clock of age is to be reverted as by magic.
Magic will be the mechanics by which the clock of age be reverted

*

The pulpit violet opens its mouth
That its petals (in as direct proportion) :
To-night I will recall some of Tolkien's
Characters – o! call Kafka to the meeting:
Add, me to them and from our meeting
Let new forms and new characters arise
The profane crowd needs them; yes
Now more than ever; the rate of
Balance will be as directly proportional
Between the materialistic down
Down-to-earth characters and the magic characters:
All be that is asserted; so all characters
Magic and materialistic be
But the magic ones prefer we
We, Humans who dare to dream, and save ourselves
At the last moment.

*

You must be stronger than is more Machiavellian
To win this political chess in a democracy
Where the incumbent has the upper hand:
And is unashamed to use the upper hand:
You must never hesitate in the circumstances
To use the dirtiest of tricks, one after one, ever-increase.

*

Gilded dwell
Amidst the blue lights
Of the winter night:
Of the moon light
Of the star light
To us
These be given to joy
The Earth's toy
To us her children:
A heart that joys
More than it grieves:
A heart that pines
At the red dusk
That ecstasies at the new Dawn.

*

Whither do you go lone star that strays
From your path towards the arch
Of dark that surrounds you?

Why stray you from the company of peers
And kin of stars this night that so
Serene looks over the earthly scene?

You will not speak; you will not tell;
But give me the key to your heart
That I may know. I will not tell.

*

Over the silver waters, relax you
Just as Moses flowed
Over the Nile unawares a young child.

And Destiny took care and still
It makes the Moses case not just
The single exception.

But more, more Destiny knocks at the door
With joyous tidings for those who
Expect it not, the more for them to joy.

*

Waters that rise
Though there be no fountain
But as magic surprise
And dances the snowy mountain.

*

Blue light that from the wild dark
Escapes into the moon light
Strays into the path of flying insects
Round the neon lights:
And shuns the path
Out of respect
Where ghosts and shrouds lament

*

New style
Midnight dancing
New child
Midnight dews
Hourly showers
Falling as silver dowers
The whole night till the Dawn
And then
On the green till the edge
Of cliff and sea-beach sparkles
A million and more eyes,

Tiny eyes, welcoming the Dawn.

*

Pere fisad merev kilieg
Bere tulag dihah milieg.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Said I To Myself To-Day 2

O said I to myself to-day
As I was walking below the arches
Of Saint John's Square in old Valletta
The air was lean; the clouds were mean
And frowning as I passed
By the shops, the restaurant, the shoe shops,
The clothes shops and the rest:
Then up to Zachary Street and more shops,
O I said to myself under the arches
If why so-called living things are as of sexes
Why females are as females, males as males
A book of Principles will open before me:
Let me explore and think and find Principles.
No sooner said than done.
On the damp earth made slippery by the rain
That slant-wise under the arches too had wetted
I was about to slip; O! my back
Have I broken my spine? Fear, fear, fear.
And in the trembling of that Fear saw I
The fading – for the moment – of my thinking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Saint John The Cathedral!

O Saint John the Cathedral!

The night in the square I!

How wish to terrify!

Below the trees that cut

Now grow again

To be the home of the past homeless birds:

Temporary their exile from their berths.

So with us, . Humans.

Pain, suffering, imprisonment, auctions, Courts,

Marshals, police, hand-cuffs, cells, grating of iron,

The judges' sentence, and the rest of paraphernalia

Are just the same as temporary in proportion direct

As cigars, automobiles of luxury, sedans, halls,

Palaces, lands, flats, projects, et ceatera, et caetera,

And as the high-dressed tail-coated presidents

Of States of courts, prime minister, ministers,

Cabinets and councils, tycoons and politicians,

Well need I continue with the list?

It is not worth such trouble being

Only so temporary.

Easy, my friend

Obvious, my friend, Doctor Watson

Said Sherlock Holmes

Easy.

Easy

Obvious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O That I Dream, And Dream Abstruse Today

O that I dream, and dream abstruse to-day
Dream full abstruse to cut the chains
Of this attachment to conventionality:
Day follows routine of the day
Night follows day, next day follows
The wheel turns on; the sands fall down
The time-glass full becomes; years pass;
And our hands are empty.

O that I dream, and dream abstruse to-day

At last my vexed brain in the vexations
Of abstruse dreams and dreaming will
Find its old self its will its youth, past.
No subject is proposed; goblins
Fauns, satyrs, all welcome are
As the Three Graces; beauties white
And the white northern snows I want
And more the goddesses of ebony
From weltering wealds in tropic lushness lost:
These all I want and love and all commixed
In one abstruse idiom; like a potion
Everything is mixed and simultaneously
There is a taste of everything
The abstruse film at one time concentrates
And the scene is 'diurnal' 'normal' nay:
Then the ribbons of the film are raveled
And images whirl one into the other mixed
And climb I the high mount of the abstruse:
And in those intervals
My brain its lease of vital oxygen gets
In its gasp, and asphyxia intellectual:
The night slumbers on touched by the wand
Of Morpheus.
At one time then the ribbons of the film
Seem to be unraveled by themselves
(Or by a hand invisible else unseen
In that morphean madness) such the brain
Mutters itself away as do the lips

Giving strange words in language unknown:

I dream

Of ancient towns, of alleys strait,
Of waters raging opening their white jaws
Of green-faced storms; green seas; then
A green giant lizard on the shore
With horrid rolling eyes of red
So large, I say, so large; and then
Seeing me so small Gulliver-like
I yield to my arcane instinct and flee.
Then on the roof I stand in the dark night
And horrid the wild winds about me whirl
Their eerie cries how frightening to me
I seem to hear now that am awake:
And then, and then, the shadows grey and taut
That like a robber going down on the wall
Went down the stone-stairs and in the dark
Was lost, into the night it went.

O that I dream, I dream abstruse to-day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O That The Flow Of Time

O that the flow of time
Could be transfixed
As Lot in to a statue!

Then I would stop the clock
Full many a decade ago
To repair my errors.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O To Be Haunted!

O to be haunted!
What a favor sir!
You
Will have fortune viewing
The night tremble at
Your feet
As a sick pet!

How haunting has
Chosen the night for
Her playgrounds favorite?

Haunting be beauty
And the night choose beauty
Chose haunting,
That's it, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O To End Verse In Fragment!

O to end verse in fragment!
You will object, I not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O With These Thoughts, You Query,

O with these thoughts, you query,
And you say,
Why do you dwell, why?
The spell of martyrdom is on you.
That you can view
By looking in the mirror of last year.
There
You will see reflected the New Year.
Enemies – excuse me for the word to-day –
The same as the last Year will bear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Wound That Red Opens And Gapes.

O wound that red opens and gapes.
Still restless as a wild tsunami.

The red flesh still beats, beats, beats.
The heavens roll their eyes.

The ruins of the ancient temples
The bastions and salty stones shudder.

The red eyes of the Poet Seer circle
Around the dark or erudition.

Mute the painting sits and gapes.
Dawn hides behind the curtains.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O Yearn I To Distance Me Away

O yearn I to distance me away
From the city:
And into the green open bosky land to roam and roam.
And therefore let me sing

Of the enchanted bough that bent itself
To reach to rabbits brawny that around it played;

Of the old oak that in the midst of night
Spoke and conversed with the nightingale
That on its high bough sate and sang and sang.

Of the yew tree that midst the silent walks
More silent made at night in cemeteries
From its lone place unearthed and with silent steps
Moved its trunk all-leg-like through the paths
That are the streets on which the graves do lie
While the pale moon like a search-light still
Threw its pale rays across the silent slabs.

Of the green hill that in the thick of night
With bosom black against the azure sky
Linear and ascending high
Was peopled with animals queer and strange
That in dark hours find their liberty.

Of goblins green that clambered through the vales
Of fauns that climb the citadel's high walls;
Of satyrs colored that in some hidden vale
Dance on the mead as the Three Graces do
When dawn sheds its first rays on sleeping trees

Of nymphs that silent dance in hidden coves
Their foot-print tiny in the red sands sinking
While the great Ocean letting his waves in
Runs over the small foot-prints hiding them
From curious eyes and minds that morrow brings.
Whilst the great Ocean's mighty waves resound
Echoing from arm to arm of bay with sounds rebound.

Of these, of these, and more I sing and let me sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! For The First Red Lines Of Dusk

O! for the first red lines of dusk
Than for the glory of the mid-day sun
For the small-wafting wind among the trees
Than for the gusts of restless winter frost:
For the sweet gurgling of the friendly stream
Than for the current of the river strong:
For the sweet pain, the sweet remorse,
The stolen eye-glance from black eyes
Like arrows vying furtively:
The sweetness of the ending day
The switching off of chirping birds
As one by one the city-lights afar
Light up all linear in the hazy dusk
And day now on her pillow rests her head.
O! for the first red lines of dusk!

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! I Need Verse, I Need Song

O! I need verse, I need song
To warm from the frost and the chill
That I came from:
Outside
Outside
Ah! The heart warms inside, but
More in the thrall and ecstasy
Of word sculpted on other word
Michelangelo-like but not in marble:
And then
The fragments gathered like a broken china
Gathered, and gathered with love
And dedication new
A song, a poem, and a joy new constitute.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! Let Me Gather These Mellow Lines

O! let me gather these mellow lines
for they matured in weeping and
despair, in long, long nights
of sleepless restlessness,
in reddening dusk of pining,
in sunsets orange and waning,
o! let me gather these mellow lines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! The Seed Is Not Yet Ripe

O! the seed is not yet ripe
the grass is growing and the
fields are greening:
but as yet winter slow is going
and with soft tiptoeing
slow, alas too slow the Spring
is coming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! The Skies Were In His Eyes

The skies
O! the skies were in his eyes
And
The heavens were in his face
And
The authority of his face
Was the authority of the heavens.

His voice was loud as was
The thunder of roaring crowds and
The thunder of busting heavens
The thunder of clouds at their wild
In vast Patagonia.

His heart was as the Ocean for it was
Quiet in its restlessness.

And his feet were the glaciers and mountains
And canyons of earth
For they were giant symbols too

And he
Knew that the times had for him come
To lead with that sparkle in magnanimous eyes
That paradise that was lost in heavens and skies
That faded but was in the dark of the night
That came yet again and again with the light of the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

O! When In The Levitation Of Ecstasy

O! when in levitation of the ecstasy
Of song and verse and sheer poesy
I rise, I will rise to
The heights of the heavens
Immense
Immense
High and dwelling before
The altars of the Olympian gods where
Incense-laden bearers torches bear.

O! intensity! Intensity in All, Intensity is All
And is the One in Evolution, Evolution
Whittling its pride to the One,
Evolution to Evolution, One to One,
Those
Those, the transformations
The transpositions.

Cupid will be lactated by his jealous mother:
Though
He has grown enough: already
She taught the Art of the Quiver
The Art of the Arrow, the cunning
The ecstasy of love, its net.

Imprinted in the sands are the traces
Of the giant feet where on the
Long, long, long sand of beach,
Deserted, far from the Human towns
And villages:
Jove lighting down on Earth,
Came down, like an Eagle,
But not an eagle of war, but of Peace.

Inspecting as in a film
The events of History he rose
Disgusted from the airy hall
That was no hall and had no roof at all:
Jupiter arose and back to Olympus sped.

You see, my Monsignor, you see
How I sing, versify and chant:
You that have heard me now
For many a long hour can
Your judgment pass on my methodology
Nay
You can start yourself, set up
Yourself as a Poet-Seer.

Then
There will two Voices rise silver
Through the mists and clouds
Where Venus dwells half in
Between the Earth and great Olympus:
There
Let us both, my Monsignor,
Lull the fair beauty goddess by her trick,
Her own property, Beauty, lying
Her to rest
In her golden hummock between Earth
And great Olympus.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oak

An old oak
And old sight
A pity
A lost pride

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oak Of Root On Root

Oak of root on root
old and ancient-edged
flattering
of age of centuries
waters
that you look in
pond
in the public garden
from drear clear turned
to crystal clarity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oars In The Water

Oars in the night
Oars in the water
In cunning stealth
The waters delved they
From the banks
On either side
A march of sighs
And groans.
And it was night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oblivion

Oblivion cunning
Amongst the graves
He roams
Smiling
Day and night
His was work be easy
For
In the hum-drum drear
Of days
All days
Day after day
He oversees that
Just things remain
Unnoticed or at war
His net be wide
A few escape it
To his dismay
But
Then he sees
Vast crowds inside
Feels satisfaction

Emmanuel George Cefai

Obstinate Poet Seer

Obstinate Poet Seer

I speak to you

You do not answer

Nor look the way

My words come.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ocean Ablaze

Ocean ablaze

Though it be winter

Though it be night

The music sings

The violins play in the

Heavens

Where lyres compose

Verses divine and

Sacred

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ocean Rustling

The ocean how

It

Is

Rustling:

The ear of

The lighthouse

Is half deaf

With giant

Screaming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oceans Seething

A sea of seething

Oceans seething

Only land quiet

The rest is bubbling

The rest evolution

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ode To Dawn

'Dawn climbing yon eastern hill'
'Dawn with a crown and scepter walked'
'Dawn climbing the hill of Fiesole'

All these describe
Your genesis of life
And ushering of day
Good news
Dispelling solitude
And black despair.

For you
the Graces will
out of the hidden lair
arise before they could
with sleepy eyes
and still
by sweet Morpheus potioned
moving listlessly
and talking prattle
and chatting like small girls
coming out of the lecture room

Sweet Dawn reminder of the way
The cycles of life
Will come and go:
As Night hath closed the day
Another leaf you open
Another day
And so the cycle starts again.

In you
The scars that Earth
Hath gotten in the day
That went before
Are as in ablution solved
In you sweet river
In your waters fresh

As the Indian in Ganges
His cleansing makes;
As the Greek fauns and elves
That in waters sacred laved
And turned to reeds and grass
And then all back again
At will transforming them.

You too
You too
Sweet Ode to-day
Hath marked
A new
Beginning in my poesy:
In line with your namesake

And where
Sweet Dawn has trod
This early morning day
I will let flowers grow
Out of the dewy grass:
And violets appear
Where soil bare soil before
Was in the night before
When Philomel last
Rang out her lay
With grace and harmony
To the admiring moon
That gladly shone
Its languid rays to where
Our nightingale sang:

And I
And I
My lyre will take
My hands are strong
My hands are fresh
And flows in my mind
The river of Poesy:
And o'er my brow
The Muse now kisses me.

And with me here
On this small hill
That overlooks my town
Fair Botticelli
On his canvas paints:
And birds ring out into the sky
And waters gurgle in the flossy mill
And sheep and cows and

The Muse now kisses me
And here I see
The Graces coming too
And so
Together we
Will make new life again
In Dawn
In my sweet poesy
This Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ode To Gloom

Sometimes, sometimes
The depth of gloom
Descends so far
Far
As to reach hell,
The entrails of the earth
Far point from hope
Where the long night
Reigns all day
And
Where the stars
Will never twinkle
Nor the moon
Its friendly languid rays will shine.

How many times
I lay
Thus pained and sacrificed
Like to the sacrificial lamb in gloom:
No friendly welcome lighthouse lit
The dark motionless sea
No breeze cooled
The leaden humidity around my soul
No oasis
Appeared; desert sands
Stretched ever-increasing and wide
Red burning raw and parched and hostile
And the stars
Never did twinkle in the frosty nights
Nor the moon
Its friendly languid rays shine.

But in gloom spirit works
My spirit remains
Full and unconquered, suffering
Yet vanquished not
Blind with pain
Yet stubborn in resistance
Leaden in humidity

Yet working, toiling, toiling...

Across the parched sands
I moved I pained I suffered
And then
And then
I saw an oasis
I saw my works
Bloom in full spring
Surrounded by the winter wraiths:
And I thanked gloom:
Gloom, the fuel of my works.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Odoriferous Bushes

Odoriferous bushes
Touched first by night-dews
Then fomented by the dawn.

With flushed face you fronted
The first sun rays
The sorrows of each new day

The tragedies round the earth
Reserved for that day's fill:
Then
In the night the many wounds
The many tragedies
Of Earth are nursed –
Wounds closed and
Stitched hastily –
Only to be re-opened
Each fresh day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Frost That Bites My Hands

Of frost that bites my hands

Sing I:

But worse, more deep,

More sorrowful,

The frost that gnaws the Inner Soul,

The frost that harms more, more

Than frost that bites my hands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of All That Verse Has Given Me

Of all that verse has given me
There is the sweetness of
The bitter.

The sad of life that turned
To desperate.

The eyes bent downwards to
The earth
As the red dusk departed
From earth's field
And twilight waters fast
Transformed to a deep black.

The tragedy is done!

To perish
In the lone night
As practicable
I go to the cemetery
Direct
This night
To meet the new inhabitants
And peers.

Desperation is bitter but
Resignation sweet.

Desperation looks down
Resignation humbly
Raises again from the fall
Its eyes to the skies.

Desperation is confusion
In brain at most.

Resignation starts
Restoring ideas of clarity
A clear eyed dawn

After the hacking night.

Desperation hacks wild at
Serenity.

Resignation starts humbly
Serenity.

I know it.

I know it,
All, my Monsignor,
You have to learnt it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of All The Nights

Of all the nights
This year
This night

The dark pit
Opens
Sump of a decrepit
Sunset
Gathering orange
Clouds.

The lone chapel
Bell rings
Tolls
Vespers done
The clouds soar
Slow
Beginning of a storm
Narrow roads
Country and
Winding
Stars eyes
Of the night
That weeps:
Waters
Twilight and
Muddy now
But
Clean
In the
Moon's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of And Regarding The Necessity Of Lust

Of and
regarding
the necessity of lust
it be hard
to debate
considering
decreasing populations
of late:
and necessity
be
the rule of
the thumb
the rule of
the laws
why are made
the laws
how are made
the laws
when are made
the laws
and lust is supreme
and
from it servants
and slaves
carry it on it's
throne:
on its sedan of
gold
and humans with
small cloth hiding
their loins with
bare muscled thighs
bend and rise
and dance
the dance of the lust
and the dance
of the rest
as they bear
triumphant and

obedient
King Lust and the Rest
King Lust and his train
for
King Lust knows that it
be
a strong necessity
necessity of State
and more
and with that necessity
being so
biological
the laws write as it
wills
the King of the Laws
and
at the same time
at peace with
Individual Sovereign Wills.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Beauty Yet Another Song

Of Beauty yet another song
Sing I
So many songs
Sung I
Yet of Beauty
I never wear
Never tire
To sing a song.

Look! There goes
The elfin throng
Hand in hand
Among
With the muster of
Ghosts and shrouds
Along:
Look! You must sing!
It be past mid-night
And the night declines
Steal with fast feet
The slippery hours.

Of Beauty yet another song
Sing I
So many songs
Sung I
Yet of Beauty
I never wear
Never tire
To sing a song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Desperation Sung I

Of desperation sung I
For would I otherwise?
Before me fall
I saw the walls of fort by fort
Fort after fort
And now
The night is come where desperation only reigns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Desperation You Now See The Face

Of desperation you now see the face
That face be my face too
That desperation

You see what remains?
My Monsignor, only desperation.

I will meet thirty, forty people before I go.
And I will show them some thing in the least
I will show them my desperation and my face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Emotion In Sleep

Of emotion in sleep
ah! look at the watch
and temperature of
the sub-conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Fauns Of Satyrs

Of Fauns
Of Satyrs
of Nymphs
of dancing Graces
of dancing Nymphs
so many!
so many!
The Spirit-World the crown
of the Sub-Conscious be!
let us join
let think
and
let us sigh!
Wear green round our heads
drink
from pitchers of the night
where
in the cool glades hidden
and coiled round
cuddled in chill
the Rats Toads Hedgehogs
sleep:
of Fauns
of Satyrs
of Nymphs
of dancing Graces
of dancing Nymphs
so many!
so many!
The Spirit-World the crown
of the Sub-Conscious be!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Fear Experience Has Given Plenty

Of fear experience has given plenty
the glass of injustice Destiny
with cruel pitiless clinical
hands forced me to drink - ay!
drink to the last drop and more:
I was prepared after you my
mother
to you too they presented
the chalice of poisoned injustice and
calumny
and every thing they could hurl at a martyr's head:
you
went away a martyr,
though
they feigned you made a restful end
that I
who raved and raged for my loss was a villain
of whom they too sought and seek still the end
ay! that is injustice upon injustice upon injustice
the weary heart how much it can be loaded
at last the strings will break
too much, too much the heart be loaded
another martyr will like his mother fall
and join her in the Elysium where she dwells.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Horror Do We

Of horror do we
ever have enough?
Life has thrills
one be horror.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Jewels Of The Night

Of jewels of the
Night
Stars
Night-dews
Flying veils of
Nymphs
Goblins with long
Green ears
Palms that wave
Firs and oaks
That slightly move
The wind at night
By the song of the lover nightingales
Impressed and sealed
Lured over bastions
Lured over twilight seas
Decadent houses hotels villas
Lured
To the centuries of old
Romantic
Lured to the sub-conscious
Lured
To the night lights
Suns minor that come
At night and go
At will
Rather than as by Dawn
In parts
Where spells hold their sway:
In these
In Finland
There was a silence
From this orchestra
There
Was a silence and it was
At once
A sudden silence
The night
Stepped slow down

Piss-smelling steps
Right going down from
The bastions at their heights
To plains and vales
Below
Hewn in the rocks of
Brazen centuries
Wild
With the greatness of night
The walking of the dawn
The Finland sadness
Violin that strings
Not just in Venice
But in less warm lands
And climes
Of snows and ruffling winds
Finnish plains and
Finnish woods
Where the wind plays the
Orchestra of plural violins:
These be the facts
These the spells
Of so many hazy nights
In to the mazy ways
Of centuries
Of centuries.
The rocks of history
Hewn
With hammers and picks
Of centuries
Brimming
With the restless clapping
Of the wings of Time
Sucking
The honeys of long nights
But that was long ago
But that was long ago
But that was long ago.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Pain

Of Pain

You must use your brain

Decrease it:

Whatever the circumstance

Let pain you will decrease

Decrease.

Thoughts so often blur

The pangs of pain

Together Pain and Thought

So often war

So often compete

For be not Pain and

Thought competitors?

Therefore my Monsignor

Let Pain be lessened everywhere

Save where

The pain works of high intellect

Brings forth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Skeleton And Bones

Of skeleton and bones
Now think I:
Mother you were
A fount of energy
Sick but not distressed
Down but wall of courage
Yet
Now
Now
Skeleton and bones
Now think I

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of The Old Church

Of the old church
foundations weep.

For they knew not happiness
and knew only hard work
and pining eyes.

Verse so often be so.

Yet of all
verse speak out the Inner Soul
more than other things.

Even the Inner Soul in its
pristine strength
and glories of the old
and heavens wide
will bend and remain so.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Things That Happened That Again

Of things that happened that again
will happen
phenomena

in the cemetery every night
the school of ghosts and shrouds
opens its doors

the school of ghosts and shrouds
is moveable, not fixed not rooted to
the ground as our human buildings be.

For it has not fear from falling, nor
needs aid in not tumbling.

Last night attentive spy I heard
the chants Gregorian of the singers
and saw that not only we humans sing

yet there was a shrill eeriness
in those voices a-angelic yet
that brought to brain multitudes of thought

and if last night that
phenomenon happened, why not on other
nights for those who watch?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of This That According

Of this that according
to old science and
civilization
is to be 'proved'
by building on 'that' and
then 'that' will be built
on another 'that'
and so on
and so on
till
be reached that level where
there will a last 'that'
in the finity of 'thats'
and the last 'that'?
that will just assertion
just.
therefore we come full circle
and all in all, all rests on and be
assertion

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Thought Deep Now

Of thought deep now
I
Am void and my brain
Ticking through the day
Needs rest, quiet rest
To begin yet
Yet another day
Another dawn that looks
A fresh dawn yet
In
Its first growing seed
Carries with it, in it
The sunset, red dusk,
Gloom
And Night and trembling winter tombs:
Await! Await!
The trembling skies with trembling stars
Are loaded
But the frost and the chill augment
The gloom
That be our destiny
Of mask the joy
Joy be a mask, not more
Below the doom
Of misery and gloom.
Noble the verses remain
And the more sad
More noble grow and shine
But still the night
Dark in the background
Shines ominous: the doom
Of all of us that joy at times
Rare, medium, many
Yet to a path we come where
Before us we behold the wraiths
The shrieking bats, rivers
Worse than Styx and hideous shrouds
And grey, grey shadows pacing
Restless here and there:

And
In this torpid scenery and time
Let me in the arms of Morpheus
Fall:
My mask will fall and so
I will the other masks to fall
And in the gloom that rises still
Mist-like around me cowering
The silent spirit with damp hand
Skeletal:
I find in sleep the doom
Of my days, the film
Of all that passed, the close,
The falling of the curtains
End of scenes, the drama ends
And I will speak no more
No, nor more sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Of Words In The Important Occasion

Of words
In the important
Occasion
I grew chary
Of thoughts and what
To say
I grew scary
Near to dumb
And
Rooted to the ground
I left the place
Without a sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oh For The Forte Of The Notes

from the piano of the heavens
the heavens wanted that
the heavens and the firs
the gardens were in accord.

animals preferred, certain animals,
preferred
to hold the funeral of friends and
relatives at night

chants rose, now higher, higher
wafted on the winds
higher, higher,
the funerals were there, the
cemeteries not only, the gardens
everywhere yet
all silent spots

I saw the night walk over the clouds
towards the city-gates of his own
City.

o for the forte of the notes
from the piano of the heavens
the heavens wanted that
the heavens and the firs
the gardens were in accord.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oh My Judgment

Oh my judgment
I must not pass judgment
as otherwise
some one else claiming equal rights
willing full right of
the Individual Sovereign Will judge me
and that's peer review!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old

'Old' what is old?

Old be relative

As

All in the mass universe

And

Young be just

As relative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Age

Whereon work I
Old age
with me blares
all round
and
at the door
ringing the bell
A figure with a scythe
humming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Fig Tree

Do you remember beneath
The bastions
Beneath the old fig tree?

I and you
Together huddled
As the dusk went out
And
Night on his car
Lighted star by star.

Do your remember
Hours that passed
And months and years!
Those were ten and five years
Those fifteen elapsed
Years!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Humble Breeze

Old humble breeze
That withers slow
As you trudge on
And on
The towns approach
And leaves
The open country sides
And
In the town
Around
The houses neighs
Around
The corners
Singles out chimneys
And their tops:
Old humble breeze
That withers slow
As you trudge on
And on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Humble Breeze That Withers Slow

Old humble breeze
That withers slow
As you trudge on
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The towns approach
And leaves
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And
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The houses neighs
Around
The corners
Singles out chimneys
And their tops:
Old humble breeze
That withers slow
As you trudge on
And on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Man Figure

Old man
Figure
I saw you on the cliff
Before
The break of day
Before
The smiles of Dawn
I
Saw you
I saw you
Standing
Standing
In
The
Frost
Of
Chill airs
And
Clouds
Where
Hope
Was
Ever-dim - now
The smiles of Dawn
Are passed too and
Returns
The drear of day
Again
I see you move
Then
Go
Walk
Slow
Then
Beyond and
Under
A ridge-line of rock
Fade.
So fade we

Too
It be a matter
Of time,
Yes,
A matter of time, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Man Figure I Saw You On The Cliff

Old man
Figure
I saw you on the cliff
Before
The break of day
Before
The smiles of Dawn
I
Saw you
I saw you
Standing
Standing
In
The
Frost
Of
Chill airs
And
Clouds
Where
Hope
Was
Ever-dim - now
The smiles of Dawn
Are passed too and
Returns
The drear of day
Again
I see you move
Then
Go
Walk
Slow
Then
Beyond and
Under
A ridge-line of rock
Fade.
So fade we

Too
It be a matter
Of time,
Yes,
A matter of time, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Monastery

on the night clouds, driven, lugubrious
the goblins!

from earth as with wings Minerva
raised them

old monastery of miracles preached

miracles are as of us all

and monasteries our thrill of night

come! climb the hill and view
the monastery in its splendor
old-arcane

song of the boiling blood, white
handkerchiefs in the frost airs
and mists
wave till the Dawn chases them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Oak

Like an old oak
I go down
My boughs
Bend
And
together
towards earth
descend.

Age
Brought me
Here
Age
Brought me to this
My voice
That once was loud and
Clear
Filled the buildings
Country streets
Where it went
Now
As the dimmest light
Drawls syllables.

Trees
Have seed in them
And I
Had seed unutilized
And now
That I regret
Those days
My seed is sere;
My seed be old.

Like as to as
Old house
Like as to a rusting
Bell
Like to a flower in

Its prime
That bends and fades
Like a fair maid
That maddened all
With beauty
Now
An old grey woman-pilgrim
Walking-stick.

Like an old oak
I go down
My boughs
Bend
And
together
towards earth
descend.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Romance Rages

In the old musty pages
Old romance rages

In the old musty pages
Hid in between the lines
Often
Wisdom of wisest sages.

In the old musty pages
Dream folded up
The Ages

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Rust

Oak
Old
Rusting
Iron

Youth
Rusts
Age
The miner

Pain
Suffering
Drear
Remain

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Skeletons

The old skeletons they train
The new younger ones
In drill and military discipline
For marches of the night
Deep midnight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Stones

rumbled the old stones over the cart
rolled the wheels over the cart ruts
fell right before midnight the moon
that had risen over Santi and Mtahleb
in arms of Gnejna.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Valletta

I saw him
Going up
The ancient turrets
And
The ancient parvis
In the ancient fort
By old Valletta

Knight in green
He roamed
Disconsolate
Without a word
In silence
He lamented yet
Went through the world.

This night of nights
I saw him going up
Again
Again
For
I saw him
Going up
The ancient turrets
And
The ancient parvis
In the ancient fort
By old Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Wisdom

old wisdom ruled the Earth in
ancient days

and we must not boast too
much of our ways

for though we have wisdom too and
more
yet both ancient and now
in wisdom be all relative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Old Wood

Old Wood silent
In the folds of the
Night you dream.

Feel
Solitary but at night
The dreaming city-town
Makes company.

Here there no laws
Save
Those that Beauty enacts
When Minerva to her side
Descends
For a the high heavens
For a good measure,
Old wood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On A Clear Night

Ran

Ran

The hounds

I saw them on a clear night

Running black small from

Star to star

Increasing speed as

Fear pursued them

Their survival instinct as

Proportionate to

Their ever-increase of speed

The hounds

I saw them

I

I

I

Emmanuel George Cefai

On A Lower Hill.

I
Found
Him
Suckling
On
A
Lower
Hill.

Dawn
And
Dusk
Both
Retiring
Under
The
Same
Coppice
Whispered
Together
Close

And
Lanky
On
The
Seas
The
Hammer
Beat
Of
Freedom
Screaming
Full
'Free me!
Free me! '
Time
Was

Passing;
Age
Was
Following

Emmanuel George Cefai

On An Island

On an island the waters wave
And go.

And in the night the palms
Through their reeds
Flute sounds low
And humming over
The sacred hills and low.

On the island
Not far from the sea
Most places gone
On a sacred island.

Fear not!
The mists are friendly
And the chill
Just haunting.

Temples for centuries
Have long arisen
Rains, chill, winds
On them all
They battled wild
And raw.

Yet
On the island be sweet
Recompense:
Soft spring, wild
Summers on the go
Temples for centuries.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On And On The Vessel Skimmed

On and on the vessel skimmed
silent through the night waves
and by and past flew lands

till in the open seas
where the moon passage formed
on bosom of the waves
the vessel skimmed and sailed

that night ah! that night
that night was one of spell
there was more magic than one should tell

alone and without hands
the vessel plied the waves
only voices heard
were of shrouds ghost and slaves
that in the past gone by
the vessel plied the waves

by now the slaves were shrouds
and
on and on the vessel skimmed
silent through the night waves
and by and past flew lands

Emmanuel George Cefai

On Every Front I Lose, My Armies Lose

On every front I lose, my armies lose.
Yet when the dusk begins its reign
I take up the lute and seeing which
The Muse kisses me and I
Sing what coins and power cannot sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On March We On March

On march we on march
Will it be otherwise when
With every step unfolds the new
In Beauty's reign?
When calm and quiet smoke
Arise around us
Calming our eyes and our brains?
Lo! Where are below cut and
Gone
Abandoned those that tied us
The earth's chains.

Now thus unbound
As great Prometheus strong around
With dainty nymphs other nymphs
Reproduce
A gentle kiss - enough!
A fairy born! A nymph!
No complications as in lower Earth
But Beauty surfeits herself
Continual in giving birth.
Thus Beauty more of Beauty grows
Reproduces and her reign she spreads
Everywhere, every time the target

Emmanuel George Cefai

On One Shortcoming

On one shortcoming
The structure fell
As it was done
Throughout
All in and in and
Out and out.
And he would not
Find tears to weep.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On Poetry Am I Drunk

On poetry am I drunk
as with the bee
that flower to
flower
sucks and nectar
finds.
But drunkenness is
finite.
So when finity
of it be near
let the Olympians conspire
give way to my desire
make me
drunk again
that I am sing
continue in my verse
forget all else:
Drunken I view
the Earth be full
so full of injustices!
and I as drunk
the Earth as topsy turvy see!
Earth does the same to me!
We disagree!
Yet somehow we go on:
As a bee I suck on my beloved
drinking
my verse and song
and sing with clear tongue
and chant:
for
On poetry am I drunk
as with the bee
that flower to
flower
sucks and nectar
finds.

On Pretty Toes

On pretty toes
On pretty woes
She dances
The Muse dances

And there's a
Sweet sounding
Of notes
From Hastings Gardens
Coming.

Though it be night
Continues subdued the
Music
Continuous
On her pretty toes
The Muse a-dancing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On Rare Night, Not All,

On rare night, not all,
Not all nights,
There be a cunning Shroud
That stealthy paces and paces
With footsteps in the sand
At the beaches of Porto Ercole
And the stars are above
And the town dreams and sleeps
And it be night
Precisely mid-night striking

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Bastions

I breathed a plume
You moved not
I on the bastions
Rose
Head downwards
Suddenly you rose
Joking

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Dull Humus Sate A

On the dull humus sate a
Butterfly
With wings spotted,
outstretched
with childish look in its small
eyes
and sunset was in one eye
dusk in the night
yet
on its forehead amidst
its wise antennae of sensivity
it lodged the night
expectant to come forth
as pregnant mother to a destined
birth
the stars already were servants-in-waiting
the droll waters were slow, slower
gurgling:
and one by one farmhouse on plain
destitute and
dreamy town came off the sordid
lights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Grey Walls The Doomed Walls

On the grey walls
The doomed walls
The shadows danced
How rapid the shadows
Flew!
And in the background
An eerie music played

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Heath

On the heath the figures tall
as pencils stand
together stand
and smoke arises
sacrificial smokes

a hand
grows out of the
moon
and comes towards
then stops

rises
rises higher the smoke
ah! that was in the turn of time
in ages of the centuries
that were long
long ago
slow yet irreversible
they faded.
slow and irreversible
ah! that was in the turn of time
in ages of the centuries
that were long
long ago
for age wins
wins so often, my monsignor,
so wearying.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Heath He Stood

On
The
Heath
He
Stood
Turning
Round
And
Round
From
Distances
The
Cry
Of
The
Bleat
Of
Sheep
A
Rare
Cry
Of
Wolf
A
Sudden
Rustling
In
The
Hedge
Then
Silence
Just
The
Nearby
Springlet water
Gurgling
Silence
Silence
Silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Hill That Is The One

On the hill that is the one
That at red dusk glimmers
With a strawberry light that comes and
Goes
We on that hill were climbing in
The afternoon already
To be there by the dusk and ready.
For we wanted
To view below us the red dusk
Play with the wide-blue-eyed seas and
Waters below us
And there came twilight next and
Blinding colors in a short mist
Curtain that went and fell as
Fast as it had come.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Myrtle Of The Dais

On the myrtle of the dais
Marble and gold intertwined
And mixed site specific
And not
The beauties of the night
Of the last night
Fled with running feet
Of rapid stealth and
Sliding.

Where be the cross that
Hovered azure and blue
And yet deeper blue
According to the times
In the high trees tree-high?

That was of cemetery
And we must, we must,
Harp on cemeteries,
For there so much of time
And destiny
Of so many humans
Passed
Even though
Admit we Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Plain Of Sacrifice

On the plain of sacrifice
The Angels from all
Sides
With golden trumpets
Sang harmonious melodies
Nocturnal
Sweet as Dawn to come
Harbingers of the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Port Sand He Stretched

On the port sand he stretched
saw the earth giddy in round
saw the sun turning round and
round
stretched there and stirred
and then moved not
and that was that
at Porto Ercole
the Artist unfortunate

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Red

shots on the red
birds
night
walking
the
bastions
with
socks on
though
it
be
end
of
summer

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Reversal Of Destiny

On the Reversal of Destiny

Yes

That be the title of these

Verses

This song.

You reverse

In a supreme reversion

Through Immortality

And you

Are at a loss

When you suspend Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Warpath

On the warpath
Yet reason
Stirs
Still.

Organization
Still
Lurks
Minority percentage
Even
In the clouds flying
In the air
The spume on the rocks
The white-foaming
Mouth-waves

Thought meanders
Here and there
Snake
Of revolution
Not to be
Stopped.
Too late
Too late
Master Time and Evolution
Have taken over
Now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Waters Glimmering

I

On the waters glimmering
the red toed nymphs are treading
slowly
slowly
slowly
though night be yet
beckoning

II

O to be Beauty and to give
of Beauty be
a noble task:
and Beauty in the night
quite equally
shines smiling
and as splendidly
as in the first splendid lights
that Dawn with her bring when
over sea and shore and land alights

III

Small songs be these
small verses
the Lyre strings
the Poet Seer sings
and chants
where there was silence
before
but soon
Silence reigns back on All
and no sound rings.

IV

I saw you go

helter-skelter round
the corner of the house
where alien be all sound
and silence silver
rides
where
together Dawn and Dusk abide.

V

And
tingling are the bells
to-day
I heard them when begun they
on the sad air to float
continued since
yet
before noon the bells had
ceased
and ceased again

VI

Sundry notes
sundry verses
sundry sounds
all
all go round and round
terse and lyrical
wine of the Soul
and breeder of more Inner Souls
nobility herself
walking

VIII

Verse I have been friend to you
Verse
Long have I suffered
Long, long, to make you
long suffering Soul
that with long

hours parched
suddenly flames
alights
the Poet Seer the Lyre strings
and verse and song begin

IX

Not in the halls
of emperor and king
Nor in the sombre majesty
that gilt cathedrals adorns
No, nor in the palaces of nobility
No, no.
But on a humble hill
the Poet-Seer since early dawn
awaking night
star-gazing, tired sings.

X

Notes

Notes that come
and
with them
the sprinkling of thoughts
random as yet as
lyrical:
chance and probability
their mechanics methodical.

XI

Sweet silence
sweet
in the long, long hours
where silence silver
reigns
in the glooms
of waning dusks and tombs
not marble gilt but humble:
to his roots

the human turns tired and bent
sick of glories and now
the brain of cemeteries
dream
and rest
rest
blessing of the Earth
and
body turning
towards the Earth from which
arose
to close!
the book to close!
the tale and yarn to end
at last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Waters Looked The Sick-Room

On the waters looked the sick-room
with three others old yet breathing
still
face upwards you lay mother
all unmoving

Emmanuel George Cefai

On The Wings Of The Night

On the wings of the Night
Flew a lonely fairy:
Weeping, weeping.

Below scoured the bats in circles round
Without a sound.

I saw the fairy
'My mother, o my mother'

Emmanuel George Cefai

On This Black Earth That Hits

On this black Earth that hits
Our naked feet with thorns
That hits our naked feet with jutting rocks
This Earth is raw, yes, raw
And savage
But She be sincere:
And in that sincerity she hurts us
Thereby she teaches us and points
How suffering must be to save us
Somewhat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On This Land

Though
On this land
The discovery was made
History remained as
Silent and
Tight-lipped
As the old ramparts

Emmanuel George Cefai

On Toes And Tenterhooks

On toes and tenterhooks
up on my toes stand I
waiting the wings of destiny
to wing their dark way by:
scented the waters
flow.
As by the Rhine I by the scents
that exude in the night
I
am elated.
Though be I on toes and tenterhooks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

On Top

On top
On top of the hill side
To reach
You have to pass
Lawn after lawn of
Beauty
Snow white
Snow but warm
Breathing quiet first
Then with more heaving
Breasts:
And more and more
Passion lights and blindfolds
The paces towards the
Desired heights
More frantic become
And then
On reaching the heights
A panorama below
Giddy and ravishing
And quieter the breathing
Goes
Quieter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Once Gone

Once gone

Gone

Gone just

No way back

Emmanuel George Cefai

Once Struck So Many Times In A Decade

Once struck so many times in a decade
And just a little more of Time:
I took my hammer so to strike again
As I had struck before the decade past:
Now Time was past and so its motion:
Relative motion that is: mind my words.
I struck again and saw that notes
As sweet or sour or as dreary came
From the rock that I struck at the beginning
Of yet another presumed and wished for
Decade: and I was winning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Once That Dawn Her Reign

Once that Dawn her reign
begins
Once that black Night
her reign ends
Once that shrouds and ghosts
over fields cemeteries flee
as an army in disarray
Once that happens
the Sub-Conscious turns pale-faced
in a cloak turns
fugitive
and the Conscious troubles start

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Day

The verses once
One day
Will come to a halt.

Next day
And the day
After
And
The week after
And
The month after
And
The years after
The Halting will be
A Frozen Statue.

The tongue of the Poet Seer
First dilapidates with age
Extreme
Then falls and breaks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Day, One Day Will Come

One day,
One day
One day will come
One day
One day will rise
As the dawn will rise
One day will grow
As the dawn will grow
One day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Hundred

A day

One hundred

one thousand

ten thousand

ah!

the cunning philosopher

with the Poet Seer

they distilled

All, the All

in one big single

drop!

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Language

Thinking in one language
translating to
another
in the laboratory of
the brain
I made new verse
I made some new history

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Law After The Other

One law after the other
Each crossing the other
That
What one law does not cover
Then
Another crossing it
Will cover

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Long Career, Year After

One long career, year after
Year,
Climbing a mountain of
Snows
Height calculated in the
Blue heavens and threatening
White of clouds
But ever, ever
From ledge to the other
You go ever-increase
You think you reached the top
And
Calculations burst atop
Just
Year after year
Colorful yet at the expense of
Confusion, battles, envy, malice
Arrows, courts, causes –
And the rest in the category.
A vessel tossed here and
There
Now up
Now down
Yet ever surviving the sinking
Despite the time
The ageing
One long career, year after
Year,
Climbing a mountain of
Snows

Emmanuel George Cefai

One Step

one after one
step after step
the Figure tall
ascended
how hurried it
that Figure tall
as it
the steps ascended!
the dusk by hour
was now past
and night-torches
were burning:
hurried the
Figure up and up
the secret staircase
in hand its bore
a precious phial
secure in holding it
one after one
step after step
the Figure tall
ascended
how hurried it
that Figure tall
as it
the steps ascended!
And
that was long ago
Gone be the Figure
in the womb of Time
gone are the steps
in castle dilapidated
shunned by those who
know
and ruin in danger
of falling always
creaking of doors
groans at night
screams they heard

of murder:
all went away
into the night
and left the Castle
silent.

And

and

that Figure tall

the Figure

that ascended:

ah! it went in

to the womb of Time

its groans and creaks

remain

out in the centuries!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Only The Moon Knows

The rest are sleeping
Do not want to know
Yet it be not their fault
In any way
But Morpheus.

He touches with
His wand
And
People sleep:
For
Those suffering
It be a
Benefit.

The rest are sleeping
Do not want to know
Yet it be not their fault
In any way
But Morpheus.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Opal Thrusts

Opal thrusts
Of
The miniature
Giant finger of the
Heavens!

The owl
Spoke three
Long speeches
Tonight.

The boughs
Creaked under
The chants
And rueful
Sight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Open Curtains

Play
Begun
Curtains
Open
Curtains
Rise
The
Lights
Descend
Actors
Emerge
First
Act
Begins
First
Scene
Begins

Emmanuel George Cefai

Open Your Jaws Mists

Open

Open your jaws mists

That hide beneath

Them

Ghosts and shrouds:

And in the opened jaws

Pop skeletons and

Skeleton eyes

And skeleton hands

And march of skeleton feet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Opiate Sleep

Opiate sleep, open mouth
Of snoring in peace
This be the man that
Mirrors Prometheus...

Nor worries vex him
Nor troubles assault
Nor fear in his liver
Or his face
This be sleeping Prometheus...
Mirror

Opiate sleep open mouth
Of snoring in peace
This be the man that
Mirrors Prometheus...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Orange

The Orange has Children Too

Yes, my Monsignor
Oranges have children oranges
But not so noisy.

Monuments of almost-immotility
And of slow feelings
The oranges have children
Too.

I saw them hanging ready
For the taking
Or else for the rotting
And the seed-ejection

But
When they reproduce
On a large scale
Miniature of
The common ancestor tree
Of knowledge and of thought
And Principles and wisdom
Then
They will hide in moon-less
Nights.

They will think always.
I walked by casually
And did not hear
Their brains thinking
Beating
With the warmth
Of the day's dreariness
Of the heart beat of it
In its wild restlessness

Ah! for the orange
Albeit slow what multiplication!

Yes, my Monsignor
Oranges have children oranges
But not so noisy
To us lecturers and
Examples
My monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oranges

Oranges
That on the tree
Where the cricket
And
The grasshopper
Melt
The boughs and leaves
And fruit
At night
With notes
Amorous:
Oranges
That wake
Into the gloomy brilliance of the day
Into the gloomy brilliance of new dawn
In to the cooling white of the new day
And
Still
The hisses and the amorous
Notes
The violin notes are
All at home
For
Oranges
That wake
Into the gloomy brilliance of the day
Into the gloomy brilliance of new dawn
In to the cooling white of the new day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Orchestra Of Animals

Orchestra of Animals

In the deep night playing slow

In the deep night sad all playing

Slow and sad, and sad and slow

Orchestra of Animals.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Orchestra Of Sounds By Animals

Orchestra of sounds
By animals

Attend!

The fires are lit
In Hastings Gardens
They prepare
For the nocturnal feast
By the Monument of the Tomb

I saw a pair of skeletons
Hand in hand
Lover-like
They to the feast
Their steps were tracing.

For
In the Orchestra of Sounds
By animals
In Hastings Gardens
They saw civilization new

Emmanuel George Cefai

Organ Crying

I
Heard
An
Organ
Crying
It
Had
Stopped
Playing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Organizer Of Beauty

Organizer
Of
Beauty
Dawn
Without
Hard
Work
Of
Easiness
Serene
Yet
Bustling
And
The
Whole
World
Wakening
And
The
Whole
World
Stirring
And
The
Whole
World
Moving
Beauty showing off
Vain its peacock
Feathers.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Orpheus

Orpheus in a mist of cloud
descended to the Earth
in Hastings Gardens.

Tinkling became every leaf
and every bough
competed with the
song of the nightingales.

Ceased the nightingales
each to the other
in wonderment they looked.

The Muse from her heights
looked down to Earth
her chin was in her hand.
At first.
Then smiled.

Midnight struck and
the cloud of Orpheus
lifted itself and unto
the familiar heights it soared
as a golden vessel thousand oared

And ended the night
And came the Dawn
And smiled the Muse
and heard
Tinkling every leaf
and every bough

May Orpheus re-visit Earth
again!
And again and again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Orpheus Sings, But Hoarsely Sings

Orpheus sings, but hoarsely sings
To-night.

See, see how the tall thin fir trembles
Trembles to-night.

See how the north star vibrates
Humming to-night.

Then Neptune churns his waves
Green-dark to-night.

Then the cathedral clock-tower
Strikes to-night

Hour after hour go, and reverse
Not, to-night

The tall cathedral thin in the shroud's eye:
To-night

Then the whole night dances wearily
Around to-night

And the moon turns around in trances
All to-night

North, cold, and windy houses bleak
To-night

Centuries that rise as ghosts and shrouds
Lament to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Other Side

The cats on the floor
They
Moved among the rats
But caught not one
For the rats were too
Cunning
And then
The cats on the coin's
Other side
Too friendly were:
So joining up
The faces of the coin
Resulted
In
The cats on the floor
They
Moved among the rats
But caught not one

Emmanuel George Cefai

Our Lips Dry Yet Burning

And
I hold you
And
Our lips
Dry yet burning
On rim
Rim to rim.

Ah! love be parched

And we will
Not to stop
Yet
Time to stop full
And motion be
Motion of us
Only us.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Our Propensity

Our propensity
is in the direction
of storing, storing,
storing
not so, my Monsignor?

you
you sir, my Monsignor,
ask me to comment
your verse:
but it comments itself
I feel unworthy of being
your judge.

then take
this message.
And remember, sir,
that more we store
the more at the
Pyramid of Ageing
lose
in the black havoc.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Out In The Blue! Out In The Blue!

Out in the blue! out in the blue!
said the Poet Seer:
beyond
the waters stretched and a full
Ocean made
beyond and upwards heavens stretched
in their first gleaming blue
the blue of post-dawn
the new day - another new day
at last
at least!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Out Of A Few Ideas The Cluster Grew.

Out of a few ideas the cluster grew.

Ideas! they part of the body intangible
so to say in the parlance of ancient
philosophy.

The One who the Ideas expressed went
below.

But ah! the Ideas remained and grew and
grew

And as the sere leaves tossed by the wind
in eddies and in circles ever-growing
so the Ideas and their ever-widening circle
grew and grew.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Out Of My Own Verse I Read.

Out of my own verse I read.
And out of the verses
Are born other verses
In an ever-increase
That be a generation after generation
More numerous than
The grains of sands on the vast shores
That girdle land on Mother Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Bridge

Over the bridge
Pass a labyrinth of
figures:
hedgehogs, snails,
lizards, small
and
great, thorny elephants
slow and stately,
tiger with her cubs....
and wait...

there's a long, long train to pass
creaks the bridge,
the wooden bridge, spaces glitter,
nymphs and satyrs
stand by liveried
and they pipe and
play the flute...

and a Poet Seer at the end
very end
of the bridge
plays a lonely violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Bridge Airy In The Heavens

Over the bridge airy in the heavens
Hanging by golden threads of
Safety:
Over the bridge the gods in sandals
Golden
Look down smiling at the dots of
Stars and planets
Fixed
Transfixed
Condemned to their place as Ixion
Or the donkey round the water mill.
See,
Human, the dots of stars
And planets are
Fixed
Their will moves them not
As they will.
And the gods chuckle slow,
Laughing sardonically

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Edge Over The Slippery Ledges

Over
The
Edge
Over
The
Slippery
Ledges
The
Gaunt
Bird-Figure
Slides
Below
Thirty and more
Storeys
Looms
The
Sea
Up
High
Overhang the cliffs
White and chalky
Ghosts
White
In the dark of night
As
Interrupted by the moon
There be
A secret round of
Steps
Down to the very
Seas:
There it stops
More
Than just thirty nine steps
Yet
Shrouded in the mysteries
Of its own
That speak and
Whistle

In the nights of cold
And
Tell tales to the lightning
That comes and goes
In winter
In winter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Heap Of Buzzing Bees

Slowly
Slowly
Over the heap
Of buzzing bees
The crackling last remains
Of fire
Slowly burnt
And
Fell
By slow degrees
The whispering of
The fire
The clouds crowning it
The cocks that crowed
Had moved long way
With the Dawn's going
And the growth of morn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The High Cliff Edge

Over the high cliff edge
The Poet-Seer looked
Below shrieked the giddy whirlpool
Of waves in the rock cleft:
Behind
Over the rocky plains droned
The humming bees
Solitary in the drear routine
But we humans are not so different
Only
The brain gives sparks of light that differentiate
The brain only
Practically:
Over the high cliff edge
The Poet-Seer looked
Below shrieked the giddy whirlpool
Of waves in the rock cleft:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Houses

Over the houses
over the aerials
over the hills

over
wide expanses of
Ocean and the seas

over
the Earth in blue
rotating
half dark
half light
stars on one side
and moon
the other side
for night-in-waiting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Seas Over The Waves

Over the seas
Over the waves
The white captain
Speaks
To the oar less vessel
Un manned
Yet
Moving secret seas
And waters of dark nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Silver Waters, Relax You

Over the silver waters, relax you
Just as Moses flowed
Over the Nile unawares a young child.

And Destiny took care and still
It makes the Moses case not just
The single exception.

But more, more Destiny knocks at the door
With joyous tidings for those who
Expect it not, the more for them to joy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Streets The Wind Flew

over the streets I passed
over and over pace after pace
and the violin played and
sang the violin

over and over and over
there bea beauty, rainbow
of beauty, on the increase,
colors, colors, colors,
and the earth is still wild
the earth is still of black milk
and the earth still with red of blood dyed

over the streets the wind flew
over the streets I passed
over and over pace after pace
and the violin played and
sang the violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over The Walls

'Over the walls!
Over the walls
said
the Cock of the Blood Shot Eyes
'such roaming thoughts
such roaming thoughts
are not to be lost.
This way
next day
night will be day and
the day night
full of surprise stars of
white star light.'

tigers burning inside
their tanks of Emotions
for Emotions burn
as they
wave currents be
and turn
over the pointed domes all
escalating.

'Over the walls!
Over the walls
said
the Cock of the Blood Shot Eyes
'such roaming thoughts
such roaming thoughts
are not to be lost.
This way
next day
night will be day and
the day night
full of surprise stars of
white star light.'

Over To The Muddy Streets

A ghost and a shroud
Moved.
The night-rain was falling
Slow.

Rapid and furtive
Why?

My mother and I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over Woods And Gardens

Nights in the light of
Hanging stars

Lamps that hang over woods and
Gardens

Haunts that betray the playing of
The violin.

Showers of white particles adown
The columns of the heavens

A nightingale that Poet-Seer sings
Lonely

Emmanuel George Cefai

Over-Riding

How over-riding
Be
The verse and
Poesy
Over laws and
Institutions in
The State and everywhere.

And
All things of the same ilk.

Water
Water
Shouted the Figure
And
They mixed garlic
With water

Emmanuel George Cefai

Overt Night, Overcast Heavens,

Overt night, overcast heavens,
frowning men, speeches over a
man who moves not.

Heavens are overcast not necessarily with
clouds and rain and storm.

Face upwards, without moving, in the suit
favorite to his father.

The crowd that gathered would then soon
disperse.

This man had a love as a Muse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Owl

Soft owl
That downy calls
It be past dusk
The seas recline
The first stars fast
Emerge
Tremble the
Trees in
The familiar garden
Sprawl
The circlings of the bat
And its shrill
Calls:
The nightingale on the
Home bough
Grips
And for her songs
And chants prepares:
Though
Midnight be
Far away
The day is faded
The day is faded

Emmanuel George Cefai

Owl Of The Sharp Call

owl
of
the
sharp
call
going
to
the
heart
as
a
sharp
knife
yet
it
must
go
fire
to
the
brain
for
wisdom
must
be
spread
not
in
an
owl's
brain
compressed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Oxygen Of Life

There's
Oxygen of life
Dwarfing
The rotting
Poison:
Waters
Into cascades
Falling
Falling
Above the moon,
The trembling
Stars of white burning
Background
The somber cloth of night
Still and imposing:
Beauty on a hedge
Smiling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pacing Alone

Pacing alone
a detached ghost
a rebel
pacing alone
waiting the Dawn
where others flee
pacing alone
alone
solitary
to meet the Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pain

Pain

Lark

Waters

Cliffs

Edge

Coast

Sand

Bones

Bones

Bones

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pain - Ah - Pain - And The Chill Icicles

Pain - ah - pain - and the chill icicles
hanging hanging hanging
from the vindictive hanging -
no, no, sweet pity bring
even to the doer of the deed!
there was a man who on the Cross
suffered:
and so my mother suffered
He too forgave, and why
not my mother?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pain Of Heart

Pain of Heart
Today.

Of this
Many days
Come

Of this
Many days
The heavens
Of the heart be overcast.

I fell
But rose
To keep on marching
But fell again
Those rose not.

Rest! Inner Soul
There is justice in you
And rise again
And walk again
With a high head
Of one whose Inner Soul
Be innocent and noble:
Let others fear
And let others woe

Emmanuel George Cefai

Palace Of Penguins

Palace of penguins
where
you walk
from shore
to sand
from sand
to shore
at will
courage taking
in
your
numbers
increasing
from the sea to land
increasing:
you walk
you walk
slow
plodding
even miles
even kilometers
you walk
you walk
and
in the sovereign
will
you tread not
in your humility
but more
more in your
indifference
to power and
glory to
laws that bind
shackling
the Individual Sovereign Will
there
there
I want to be

there
will I to be
land of penguins!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Palace Of The Dark

palace of the dark
though the thoroughfares
to it leading are
all lighted
but ah! they be not haunted
the
palace
haunted
is
there
be
rooms
where
cobwebs
densify
secret
passages
so
strait
that
hardly
ascend
or
descend
the
spiral
haunting
for
palace of the dark
though the thoroughfares
to it leading are
all lighted
but ah! they be not haunted

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pale As The Sacred Trees That

Pale as the sacred trees that
colonnade
the heights to the high temple where
incense past mid-night rises
burns and goads
the dancing spirits farther
up the skies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pale Strutting Star

Slow by degrees
Though fast in miles
If near to it be.

The wintry hoar
Below
The tempest subdues
Now
As lights of midnight
Glow.

Time passes
Time passes
All things look so far
To come
But soon they come
But soon they pass
And we.
We humans with empty hands
Are left in discontent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pall Bearers Hedgehogs

Pall bearers Hedgehogs at
The funeral of the Ant.

A Squirrel played slovenly
A saddening violin:
Played slowly
Slowly.

Owls, nightingales, on foot
Glow-worms, (for it was night) ,
Insects and the rest
All lined
The way of the bier
A handsome funeral!

The while
Continued playing slow
The slovenly violin.

No false tears shed.
Slow
They laid her in a half-inch
Grave
Deep half-inch
Only.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Papaya Pepper Salty

Papaya pepper salty
Sea crabs and oysters
Of royalty
On the Olympian table
Strewn
A fire
Burns in the chimney place
Of mists
Below
On Earth blow warring
Storm and rain and frost
And chill and
Night and stars and moon
And more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Parched Throat

At times
the parched throat
feel I
and raise my eyes to
the heavens
A Voice speaks one sentence
but
that be enough
I obey
that be enough.
What if one year
Of one single canto be composed?
What if?
What if?
No, my Monsignor, assertion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Parrot That Dances

Parrot that dances
to and fro
ah! in your routine
there be so much
a blotting of
the consciousness of
us humans
the stress
the worries and the angst
you
parrot that dances
to and fro
live in your life
a stable line
of quiet tranquillity
whilst
our line arises falls
arises delirium-like
and yours
your line
quiet and straight
almost all day
you garrulous rascal
dear and endearing
you dancing parrot
dancing to and fro
know you too
knowledge without pain
without the sufferings
of a human
you dancing king
you garrulous rascal
so endearing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Particles Of Night

Particles of night
Blizzards of fields
That shone in spring
Where Spring and Venus made
Together their abode each day
When Dawn had settled
Its rays upon the Earth
Inside
There's Holderlin
He has not been out of his
Castle
For long now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Parting

Night is the site for parting
It yearned for it.

New lovers part every day.

I saw a railway packed
With Skeletons.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Passé!

Passé!

No in this earth and mass universe relative
Passé no!

There be a no to all
For all be relative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Passing

Passing
passing
but wait! wait! in the back ground a chorus
sings
chorus of Fisei untouched and green
and hills and streams and glaciers
that gleam
trees that dream
birds that chirp
and tears in the eyes of a Poet Seer on
a new dawn!

I saw the mourners in a vest of black
I saw the figure in a veil whose face
was hidden:
mystery was written in that figure tall

Adiemus! Fisei is in waiting
There is much of it we will not touch
So much there be for our puny be:
and much beyond our Earth beyond our
greed and power and glory, so much!

I saw a lonely bird of plumage vast
chirp lone and thin and tall on a high
bough of green
and it was sunset

a shroud passed by tiptoeing and
went round the corner

then silence fell again: night had begun

passing
passing
but wait! wait! in the back ground a chorus
sings
chorus of Fisei untouched and green
and hills and streams and glaciers

that gleam
trees that dream
birds that chirp
and tears in the eyes of a Poet Seer on
a new dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Passing By At Red Of Sunset

Passing by

At red of sunset

I

Asked the bending flower:

'Why flower of such beauty,

Such beauty bends and fades

When in the skies so other beauty be? '

To which

Replied the bending flower

At red of sunset:

'Ah! we of beauty handmaidens fade

For other beauty to make way and change'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pasternak Said That Our 'Complex' Life

Pasternak said that our 'complex' life
would only
be written in prose
not verse and song

But my great master look! there is but
relativity as between verse and prose
and one in to the other transforms
and vice-versa

It be like Einstein's $e = mc^2$ and
indeed one of its extensions.

I want to read prose that be verse and
song, though not so divided and
arranged formally.

And to have prose sung to me in verse
To lull me in the arms of sleepless
nights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Patches Of Sad

Patches of sad
Patches of dark
Hovering
Hovering
Above the cemetery.

The bells
Last time they rang
Were in the vesper hour
The dusk hour
The fading
And
Thus the bells rang
Already.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Peace Is What Remains

Peace is what remains
After the warriors are exhausted:
Therefore peace is born in flames and fumes?
Amidst torn bodies?
Amidst an arm here, a foot there?
Is that the genesis of Peace?

Our rationality, the ship of our rationality
Can travel green tempests.
It fails yet oftentimes
To course on the flat sea-breast

We humans are forced to Peace
And therefore say that we love Peace:
We love what we are forced to
Or because
Our biology so dictates:
For when biology dictates the fumes of war
Very little rationality remains
In the time-glass of the brain

And Peace becomes a wish, a sigh, a word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Peace Of Dawn

We
We humans yearn
For peace
Though we stay
Taciturn so often
Not speak so often
Drown
In to the beauty of our
silences
The Port of Dawn
Is quiet
And taciturn too:
Small the quiet waves
Lap with the sand
And black-grey rocks
Where sirens sate themselves
Into last night:
We
We humans
So often
Let
Of our will
The grains of time-sand
Through our fingers pass
Falling
Falling
Undressing our wealth
Undressing our powers
Voluntarily:
And feel a joy
Rational
At hearing
the earth-chains
Breaking
Breaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Peak By Midnight

Spirits of the night
Will you peak by midnight?

Then follow me
Adventurous Poet Seer

Walk,
With me
Up the aisles of
Organ cemeteries
Cathedrals of the
Inhabitants of Spirit
Bones and skeletons
Walk,
Come unto these
Our brothers and sisters
And
You will change
Civilization

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pearls

Secret fountain of pearls.
Night shines from my
eyes.

The waters reflected
A red crop of hair
that stood on end.

Yet
the waters shone beautiful.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pears

I saw pears
Overlooking
The palace garden
Wall
The palace
Where doors are closed
For more than century.

Ages here
Weep in its sacred
Gardens.
But they do it
At night
As and just as
A secret burial.

I thought and
Thought of the
Pears
The pressing of
The juice
Its falling slow
And sensuous down
The mouth-watering glass
Melons of beauty
The pears
In their yellow
Sports gears:
And scented even
In deep night
Mellow at bewitched
Midnights.

Ah! even so
Is life are ages
That one on one
Make life:
Dark-faced and

With brows of fire
Brazen and restless
In their dancing
The glow
Of distant beauty over
The seas and oceans
Coming in
In over the nights
Following the dusks.
With the hoar echoes
Of the giant hearted
Water-waves that hurry
First in coves and caves:
Circe in a wind furled
Mantle
From above watched
Smiling.

The waters were
Twilight
But that was rather
Long
Hours have passed
And little
An hour or two
Separates us
From the dawn waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pebbles Of Charted Seas

Pebbles
Of
Charted
Seas:
There
Must
Be
Energy
Dispended
Energy
Stored
The
Walls
Of
Pain
Have
Risen
High
And
Higher
Before
Me
Barrier
Of
The
Day
And
Of
The
Night
Weary
And
Grinding
Another
Form
Of
Suffering
In
These

Days
Another
Form
Where
Valley
Full
Of
Luscious
Trees
Yet
Pain
By their
Hostile
Floors
In
Passing
Through
Other
Gethsemane.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Peer-Review Rests On Peer-Review

Peer-review rests on peer-review
and on and on we go:
to be fair and just
we must continue going on and on
till
we reach levels where no peer=review
but just assertion will do:
therefore my Monsignor why, why
peer-review?
When an assertion, just assertion
that has never been made, will do.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pelted With Disaster After Disaster.

Pelted with disaster after
Disaster.

Fear grows.

The glow of Fight is
Dim.

Our sinews break,
Piece falls after piece.

And fear grows
Grows exponentially

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pendulum Of Masks

To left
To right
In alternation
Swung the pendulum

There was no clock
No tickling
But a large aerial
Pendulum
To which
The masks attached were.

And
Danced
Each mask
Puppet on springs
Drawn by the ropes
Of pendulum.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Penelope

Line after line
As spinning Penelope
The Poet Seer
As the wise spider
Silent
Waves
Verse upon verse
Suffering in Time
Till landmark makes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Penumbra

Penumbra

On the shadows of the wall

Make up on tired eyes

Of beauty

Still the waters glide

Somewhere beautiful

Still the Time glides

Hand in hand with motion

There's a Pandora's box

Of thoughts and small-winged

Nymphs and fauns and satyrs

All want to navigate away from this night

Emmanuel George Cefai

People Are Bristling

The people are bristling
And in the bristling
Though others have boxing gloves
History for compromise
Tends to settle.
Rats along the streets.
Waters foul and drinking
Water bad
Lights dimming, some out
Some electricity be broken
And
In the houses people
Hide and go
They eats cats
And
They eat rats
That's desperation.
But the heroes resist
And Earth needs heroes.
History needs heroes
For heroes
Change her continual
Making evolution.
Go up!
Go up human!
For in bristling
There's always something
To gain by bristling.
That's chance and probability, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

People's Soul

the cell a people's Soul
a tiger

that once in to the woods
pounced
hearing its own majestic paces

but now
but now
she withers
and
she fades
but still a tiger

once a tiger always a tiger?

Bring, bring on bronze for
statues;
you will little tiger statutes
and one giant tiger
for the square people's curiosity
and photos
and elements

Emmanuel George Cefai

Perdition Of An Enchanted

Perdition of an enchanted
Wood just
Outside the ardent city
Snakes
That run silvery yet
Perilous
Everywhere
Everywhere
Perdition, sound of
Crushing hoar and
Frost
Rivers that bathe
Of human blood
Sparkling in the
Deepening night:
Cries and screams
Ridiculous to right
Of a sub-conscious night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pere Fisad Merev Kilieg

Pere fisad merev kilieg
Bere tulag dihah milieg.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Perhaps The Nightingale

Perhaps the nightingale
that in our garden sings
As dusk wears faintly
And the stars one by one
Usurp the darkening dome of heaven
Perhaps the nightingale
Is a black beauty queen of the south
That still no scepter holds
Save her transparent veils
That fly with night
As she
Dances over the night-floor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Permutations And Combinations

as into
permutations and combinations
chance and probability
sweet life herself
enfolds into their
hummock
smiling:
dews of life
fall ever night to go
at the touch of the first
of sun rays
and the sands
pass through our
naked hands
falling
falling
falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Permutations And Combinations And Tricks Of Poesy

Of permutations and combinations
There be some tricks of poesy
Not dogmas
Not absolute
But freest of the free

Ah! tricks
You smile
But so they be!

And on and on
Goes the train of poesy
And song
All merrily.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Persistent Fear Throbbing

Persistent
Fear
Throbbing
Of
The
Heart.
Wandering
Blood
Finding
Its
Way
Through
Thistles
And
bushes
warm
still
warm.
And
Then
A
Cry
Of
Hunger
From
The
Parched
Lips.
Turned
Pale
The
Moon
Frowned
Faces
Stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Personal Computer Of A Star

Personal
Computer
Of
A
Star
who
shares
her
wealth
with
other
stars
so
that
saw
I
a
whole
cluster
of
stars
working
by
computer
in
the
night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Petals And Stems

Petals and stems
that bend in the cold
of cruel dusk and night

night even more cruel

dawn savior of the wounded
flower
just
just in extreme!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Petty Light

Petty light
In my beauty's eyes
Playing
In the her love shrine
Dwelling
Petty light
Light of the universe!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Phaeton The Reckless

Well

The Poet Seer looked into the mirror

And saw Phaeton the reckless

And reckless he clicked on the

Computer keyboard

Flowed the reckless verse

Reckless

As Phaeton the reckless

Emmanuel George Cefai

Phantom Of Night

Phantom of night
wetting your feet
on the rain drizzled
streets:
and no, no,
not deterred
till another night
and another
and another

Emmanuel George Cefai

Philosopher Of Sadness

though
you make not a philosophy of sadness
yet
sadness
now
mother is to your philosophy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Philosophers

Philosophers

And

Laws

Who

Has

To obey

Which?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Phosphorescent Skeleton

Phosphorescent
Phosphorescent skeleton
Rattling its teeth
It be night!

The chill and cold
Conspire fast
The bastions
Twilight changed
And frown all black

In the garden
Trees in silhouette
Wise owls and
Amorous nightingales

Emmanuel George Cefai

Piano

Piano that plays subdued and
Wanton.

Syringe that goes in
Sucking the blood.

The older year is out
The new is come
To the same Order.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pied Piper Of The Mask

The Pied Piper of the Mask
he wanders out at night
and children in the sleep
rise tiptoes all to peep.

But ah! the Pied Piper of the Mask
came not for children but
for other Masks - hedgehogs
and all that followed him
in Masks

And smiled the awed night
and smiled the moon
dancing carnival steps in
its delight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pigeons Of Desire

Pigeons of desire
Across the water-spuming front
The irate rocks desire
Desire as the pigeons desire

And instead
Of seagulls circling round there
Be seagulls in a dim light of
Centuries.

For by descent, descendants
Extend over the centuries and
In as proportion direct
The light of an ancestor
Grows
Dim
Dim
Dim

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pigs In The Air Flying

Pigs in the air flying
Blue kites zigzagging
Moon that floats here and there
Moving
A miniscule meteor
A tree taller than the other tall trees
It stands among
Silhouetted still and majestic
In the dark
Horses that drive across the heavens without chariots
Wild and directionless
Going here and there
In danger of once getting higher
Hitting into a star
How far
How far.
A rabbit limps giant across the film disc of the
Heavens.
The hours tick-tock on a clock that strikes in the
Heavens suspended.
A sleepy Poet-Seer stranded on a rock yet content
At having witnessed the dusk
And now the night.
Moon that floats here and there
Moving
A miniscule meteor
A tree taller than the other tall trees
It stands among
Silhouetted still and majestic
In the dark
A scientist with dark patches round his eyes
A discovery from proportion made this night
This night that walks into the streets
Amidst the cold and frost and storm
In and beyond old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pilgrim Of The Night

Pilgrim of the night
I saw you pace restless
Restless over the plain
In a plain robe and tall
And gray and humble
I saw you, pilgrim of the night:
And in your plight
I saw the pitying stars,
The pitying moon,
The night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pilgrims Of The Grey Walls

Pilgrims of the grey walls
Fairy that string harps
Clouds that tremble
Dancing
Dancing
Dawn that barefoot walks
On the sea-bosom trembling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pilgrims Of The Night

Pilgrims of the night
Gray and humble
Shadows of silence
Hearts broken and mute
And Dawns gone by.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pillow Of The Night

Pillow of the night
And beauty pied!
The glooms are in the
Background
And the tombs after the sad
Dusk of thirst
Now at their thirsty most
On verge of night
They
Will become more thirsty
As night deepens
Heats
More thirsty, more wild!
And
The sea-waters majestic will
Respond will with brushing of
Equally Majestic tides!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pince-Nez

Pince-nez down sloping
Nose
Bags of eau de cologne
Each linked with its
Own specific emotion
Particular
Chosen from the war-chest
Of contending
Emotions
Shifting and rattling.
The circus throws its
Light
And all be dreaming.
A whit hand
I saw
And then more
All in veils white to
Black in color
Varying:
They danced
To here
To there
All silent
Made no sound
Save
High heels clicking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pinches Are Every Where.

Pinches are every where.
The brain is the last fortress.
If the brain fall,
Lost will be the All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pinching Soul

There was a
Pinching soul
Restless
Angst
Stress
Felt
Guilt
There was
A whole pack
Of
Emotions.

There
Stayed
I
In
The
Rumblings
Of
That
Womb-bay

Soul
Restless
And
Mixing bath
Of all the
Emotions
As fire
They
Rolled
And
Rose
And
Fell
The
Gamut
Of
Those

Emotions.

I
Had
To
Wash
The
Bath
And
Sterilize
It
Every
Day
Before
The
Rumblings
Of
The
Labor
Of
The
Earth
Began
Before
The waters
Frothed
Seethed
Giant bubbles
Ready for
The
Mixtures
And
Rumblings
That
Resulted
In
More
Rumblings
Echoes of desert bays
Cries of the Harpies
That yet were echoes
And echoes of echoes

Signs of the times
Yet mirrors of the past
Ante-diluvian and before
Time of the thick dense
Weald and sweaty soils
Time of instant growth
Of trees and plants
Heat and swelter
Multipliers of the
Tropical.
And
Multipliers too
Of such exotic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pine

You see how
Verses walk.

Time walks
But hand in hand
With motion
Direct proportion.

But verses no,
They boil
As fire boils
Burn as desire.

The lo0nely pine wood
How many pines
It has
How many
Yet I forget all
For my verses
Though stunning
The beauty of the
Woods of pines
Swooning in the
Hands of the red dusk
In the hands
Of a slow-declining
Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pining Be Joy Subdued

Pining
Opportunity on opportunity
Lost
I'm grieving.

My heart is rending
In all this pining.
I
That am the Statue of Sadness
Ridiculous puppet of lost
Chances and sadness.

Yet
In my pining
There's a little underlining
Lose all:
The chains fall
Amidst the peaks of sadness
A green vale
At last
Of joy, but subdued
Subdued joy sinking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pining In Love

Sweet girl that in your teens
Pines by the window
When the dusk calls in.

Alone, alone, you wait
And wait more patient
Than Patience itself.

The sweet dusk red to
Reddened glows
As the day fades.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pinned Here On Earth

pinned
pinned here on Earth
I raise my hands
and hear
the clanking
feel
the weight of
the chains and
the suffering.
the waters glide
I yearn
but my thirst
continues
I hear the same
chains
I feel
the same chains
Only
distancing from Earth
I cut the chains
Even
if be by cutting
the Gordian knot.
For
pinned
pinned here on Earth
I raise my hands
and hear
the clanking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pistols That Fly

Pistols
That
Fly
And
Somersault
On
Their
Heads
The
Lands
Are
Parched
And
Here
Dwells
The
Reign
Of
The
Xerophytes
Here
Came
Last
Night
And
Nights
Before
The
Witches
In
Their
Haze
And
Purple
Guise
And
Wind-fluttering
Veils
Here

Here
Here
My Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pity Me

Pity me, pity me,
here where I lie,
the night is warm in
its very chill
the snows on hideous
mountain tops turns lead and
zinc.
around all things go
I am surrounded
as in a giant coffin
where I go, I be.

No light of Dawn to cheer me on
from these my plights:
no, no light here
save a dim grave yard light
that drops stinking dews
and on above I hear fluttering
the wings of large red bats
that overhead fly.

Time I hear strike by
some far distant clock
that so loud bleats
that sounds to me
as yet
as yet
and in deep midnight
accordingly
I hear
the rustling of hooded capes
of hooded shrouds and dress
inside I view not things:
how horrid even the rocks
sigh
and the rock floor all pointed
belches red and lava-hot
from irregularly distant
spouts

horror with me!
horror with me!
O pity me!

Things unclean pass around
my flesh:
insect like I feel them or
else scorpion-like
I hear too their snouts and
moustaches brush
my skin whose hairs stand on end:
so horrid, and so long, so
pitiless!

My Inner Soul is frozen
Anxiety stress horror fear
instead
and the sweat on my body covers
full:
So be so kind
that I who in this dark, dark place
Sight almost lost to just a
minimum to grope:
So
Pity me, pity me,
here where I lie,
the night is warm in
its very chill
the snows on hideous
mountain tops turns lead and
zinc.
around all things go
I am surrounded
as in a giant coffin
where I go, I be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Planet That Flies

Planet
That
Flies
Planets
So
Distant
Black
As
Flies
White
As
Milk
White
As
Flies
This
The
Soul
The
Inner Soul
That
Wills
To
Hover
That
Wills
To
Cover
The
Radii
Of
The white
Lights
Of the heavens
Of
The
Skies
Lights
That

Come
And
Go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Played

Played

The elfin pipes but not

On Scottish hills but on

The dunes nigh our

Ramla bay in Circe's

Isle

And the red dusk

Waned

With surfeit and

Sweetness of the heart

At the sweet paradise of music

Notes

From very start

And every second a newer

Pleasure a

Newer surfeit

Brought.

Then came the night egged

On

By the night stars who

Begged and prayed for

Him to come to light

Them on his chariot gold.

And

Heard I – as a Poet Seer –

The grinding of the axle

Star to star

Emmanuel George Cefai

Playing Clouds

The
Hoofs
Of
Playing
Clouds

The
Waters
Heated
Up

Your
Breasts
Go
Up
And
Down
Forges
Of
Heating
Water
Bursts

Emmanuel George Cefai

Please

Please

The song yellow

Winds

Through the last few

Orange drops of sunset

Becoming Egyptian sensual

Beauty-sucking as in

sump

By the red brazen dusk:

And fading as into

A silver stream of night

To join the stars, the moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Please Hurry

Please hurry
Hurry and at
The heavens look!
The comets numerous
On this rare night
Shoot free
O! this be night
Of magic!
Please hurry
Hurry and at
The heavens look!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Plot

What is the plot today?

Night will soon come.

Sunset the same as night,
Nearly

Dusk the same as night,
Nearly.

What remains
But plotting romantically?
The old moon will be out,
Out everlastingly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ply Boats On The Silver Sea

Ply boats on the silver sea
And lurk below the rays
Of the sweet moon:
It is a quiet night
To-night:
To-night
As many other nights
Let me in sadness and
Despair
Together mixed
Together sizzling
As in one glass
My failure after failure
Celebrate

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poems For Ella (I)

thunder loud
and
morning Dawn
all, all dazzle
your brain lights
your eyes open
lovely Ella!
sleep, my love,
my innocent,
my loved one,
my thunder loud,
my lightning proud,
my stars that twinkle
one by one
and
morning Dawn
that your brain lights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poems For Ella (Ii)

Congeval water to frost
congeal
my Ella to see you
smiles!
Make her happy!
She deserves!
night has come
wild the winds
but
night be beautiful
for the light
open, open the wide eyes!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poems For Ella (Iii)

Verse beautiful must
I chant
verses are verses
yet
they be a song
each verse a song
make it for Ella!
In a hummock soft
sweet Ella of the
ruddy face and eyes
of wonder beauty lies
her eyes be closed
closed for now
yet
when she opens them
the earth and heavens
jump and chant and sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poems For Ella (Iv)

Though late in life
you came to me
my fairy child
came from my brain
you
be more beautiful
to compensate
the cramps and
regrets of age!
Sleep in the hummock
I prepared today
and
I will tend you
fondly, child,
recount many a lay.
And then
your eyes will open
wonderful
adding to me
new day after new day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Of The Abrupt

I, Poet of the Abrupt,
do I delight you
before so abrupt
I end the verses and
I end my chant?

My pleasure is delight
Yet my depth be in
the thought
My heart be in the Just

But then must I forget
that last but not the least
I love Beauty too
and for her will vigil
all nights; go hungry;
go thirsty with a parched
throat; sing verse at
her hest parched and sick?
Then know that, my Monsignor
and be advised.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer

The Poet Seer to the balcony
Escaped
For a few moments.

You too
My Monsignor must seep
The oxygen of things
Inside you.

Outside farmhouses and cows
Bask
On the arid plain
Sweltering in the
Noon sun.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer In Parable.

Poet Seer in parable.

Ah! yes he versified and sang
Because the people said:
'We want to hear you,
But here you in parable'

So spoke the Poet Seer of life
So spoke and told a parable.

And the people heard intently because
The experiences of the parable had
In one way on another been
One or more of their experiences too.

For that is how all Individual Sovereign Wills
And the Will of the Plurality co-incide,
Find common factors and
The One becomes as of the All and
The All becomes as of the One.

And when finished the People said to
The Poet Seer:
'Speak more to us for your words
Are as waters to us in the midst of the desert
And as food in the midst of the desolate snows.'

And so the Poet Seer spoke again and again
Till tired, he slept
And the People bent blessing him
United, One Will in All and
All in One.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer Of Sad Verses

Poet Seer of sad verses
now
that you have heard me often
you know that I am sad
and know that I am
broken-hearted:
yet
you never looked
intently in my sad eyes
pining
then you would know
all that be sadness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer Restless From The Crowd

The Poet Seer restless from the crowd
Himself detaching
Roamed disconsolate
Searching for the lost verses...

Had he writ them
On slips of paper
He missed them
And restlessness again
Agitated in him.

Sang and rang the crowd
In the square of enjoyment
Wine and song went all
Along; and dancing and
Other joys.

In the dark the Poet Seer
Fetched the missing verses:
Too deep his tears were
Too great his emotions for
Expression stood.

For
The Poet Seer restless from the crowd
Himself detaching
Roamed disconsolate
Searching for the lost verses...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer Thrive

I
Poet Seer thrive
In the silence
In the night
Not of wealth
And
Not of power
But
Of night
Ah! welcome night
In your arms
I will to sink
In your arms
To drown as sweet
Sweet and slow
And in the mellow
of star light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet Seer You Go

now
Poet Seer you go
towards the woods
to hear the winds
blow
as organs in the church
the more
the better
now
you go
in stealth and paces low.

ah! you be wise!
you left civilization
though on Earth remained
colossus-like you kept a foot
here and there
a finger in each pie...

so that
now
Poet Seer you go
towards the woods
to hear the winds
blow
as organs in the church
the more
the better
now
you go
in stealth and paces low.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poetry And Prose

Poetry and Prose in a tavern
Met.

Poetry said to Prose 'In
Background of me you are'

Replied Prose to Poetry, ' In
The background of me you are
And we be One and
All in One'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poetry I Write And Verse And Song

I sing:
but without look at class at school
at gathering
but all admit
admire all, and suck
as the bee from each yet
let no one be my golden calf:
thus of all, in all, the Muse be
my golden calf, or approximation
nearest approximately

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poetry Is Like A Gem

Poetry is like a gem
It is not easy to find
But once found
It is worse than a gem
Because a gem will stay
Unless the thief gets at it:
But poetry flees away
At the first blow of frosty wind
Cooling its frenzied heat and ecstasy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poetry Of Snow

Snow dropping

Snow dripping

A Poet who writes

A Poet who thinks

A Poet who feels

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poetry Today

Today
Tomorrow
Verses added
To verses
Song to song
Chant to
Chant:
Of all
In all
There be an
Encompassing
A Whole
And the Whole of my verses
Is a corpus
One, whole
One for All
All for One
Today
Tomorrow
Every day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poets They Crown With Laurels On Their Heads

Poets they crown with laurels on their heads
And deck the Capitol with green
Red carpets
And

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poet-Seer Who Suffered

Poet-Seer who suffered

Poet-Seer hero of the Earth

Poet-Seer martyr for your verse and song

Poet-Seer bold in the face of storm on storm

Poet-Seer bold in the face of adversity on adversity

Poet-Seer you are still silent yet

Poet-Seer the verses still come out drawling

In to the mysterious quandary of silence

Posited by Mother Earth, just now

Just now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Point Of Singing

The
Point
Of
Singing
The
Point
Of
Writing
Verses
Clicking
The
Keyboard
The
point
is
to
be
as
of
Merlin
And
The
Round
Table
And
The
Enchanted
Sword
In
Waters
Of
Deep
Magic
Magic
Magic

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poison Flowers

nectar of poison flowers
loud
straight
erect
lover
of
night
stars
fleeting be the hours
'the night how much
I mention' said the Poet Seer
Will you subscribe
to a civilization of the night?
The bells are tinkling as of
cows that walk on clouds
and alps of snowy flakes
before they rain on earth
before they rain on earth
O sing and dance a jig with me
O sing and dance a jig with me
Sing
with
me
dance
and
a
jig
with
me
the hills in their silhouettes
against the sea-line on
the dark horizon
is that not beauty?
you are tinkering with the
atoms of beauty
engineering
from clouds to green of grasses
skeletons and bones to living
again

and reproduction:

The bells are tinkling as of
cows that walk on clouds
and alps of snowy flakes
before they rain on earth
before they rain on earth
O sing and dance a jig with me
O sing and dance a jig with me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poisoned Violets

Poisoned violets but from love
ah! how on this Earth
as sands slip
riches, power slip from me!

ah! if poison be from love
ah! if poison be of love
then let poison be made
quick
and
let poison be made such
in large quantities
in all times

poisoned violets but from love
ah! how on this Earth
as sands slip
riches, power slip from me!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pontifex

Pontifex! Pontifex! They said
Who said?

The owls all lined
Along
The firs
Along
The
Elms
They cried!

Pontifex! Pontifex! They said
Who said?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Port In The Night

For us
Who dream about a
Lonely bell
Past vesper times
Which rings and weeps:
The port at night
Is as the flower
To the bee.

We,
The romantics,
We
Humans not romantic
But with a percentage
Romantic, however minimal,
We,
Flock to the Port
As the night comes
But now with feet
Of flesh and bones
But rather and often with
The wings of brains.

They be machines the same.

The port waters
We sip
But drink not:
Yet
The delight in sipping
So greater than the
Delight in dreaming
Those twilight waves
The twilight in our mouths
The twilight in our lips
The twilight in our taste.

In us
And yet evanescent

The twilight foment in
The dark
But sweetly
Foment.

Till the Dawn
Many hours of night
Before us stretch:
The beauties of the dusk
That dazzled us and
Made us wild:
Now
Fade in higher beauties
Of the night
And I see vessel and small
Boats kissing the waves
They ply:
And subdued machine sounds
And flickering lights
Most come and go
The others go
Just go
In to the glorious night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pour Slowly The Mists

Pour slowly the mists
sacred
hands
I will kiss them.

the powers of evil
now
gather as bats of bats
around, around
to whisper plots
vindictiveness go around

Emmanuel George Cefai

Poverty

Small lines

Poverty

Misery

Combined

A

Guillotine

At last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Powder In The Hair

Powder in the hair
Almost wig
Fancy dressed
Style of centuries
Ago
Style of centuries
Ago
Gathering up
The lost of centuries
Gathering up
The broken glass panes
The centuries
and years
fragmented.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pregnant For Its Echoes

the
cave
be
pregnant
for
its
echoes
enclosed
and\unheard
are
till
birth
of
the
sea-child

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pregnant Girl Why Weep?

Ah! pregnant girl why weep?

Make your calculations now and exact
Calculate.

The father of the child now
Lays face upwards in the cherished
Tomb
And moves not

In vain to fill the church with sobs and
Shrieks occasional.

So with all us of flesh and blood
And human, all too human!

Remember the child.

The future beckons though the past
Be past.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Prepare, Prepare, Poet Seer

Prepare, prepare, Poet Seer
Long is the voyage and
The barge awaits:
The Port is void of human eyes
That peer:
Prepare, prepare, to flee
Yes, flee Poet Seer
From this country, from
Land as this,
Sail
Sail
Directionless yet afar
In to the Ocean Sea prepare
Of wise lone immensity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pretty Ghost Laughed

Come! Come!

She laughed, the pretty
ghost.

In white without a spot

Come! Come!

amongst the tombs
she slid and
glided.

Night moon shone on
weak
fierce the stars
burnt

for her
she
from tomb to tomb
from
grave to grave
she went
weeping and laughing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pricked Ears

with pricked ears
listening
listening
to the heart-beat
listening
to the throbbing
listening
in the hummock
of Love
sleeping
in the arms
of Love herself
fading
fading
with pricked ears
listening
listening
to the heart-beat
listening
to the throbbing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Princess

Princess
for
love
complete
enmeshed
you
endure
even
the convent
ploy
for
your
amorous
adventures:
the
dusk
comes
on
your
face
when
the
night
comes
for
love
fires
all
in
you
heaves
the
breast
open
the
eyes
the
nostrils
by

wild
love
wild
things
and
motions
wild

Emmanuel George Cefai

Problem In The Brain

There be a
problem in the brain
that will not go
still
goes unsolved.

I
Am shivering.
Since Dawn
However there is
Little cold.

The waters glisten
Malicious and
Sensuous simultaneously:
I heard
The weather-wave
Rattle
Rattle
As it turned
Round and round
And round
In its wild gyrations
And
From over the sea
Azure
Came the colorless wind
Neighing and
Singing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Processions At Night

Processions at night
one after the other
processions at night
ghosts and shrouds in arms
ghosts and shrouds enraged
in the holy rage of incense
processions at night

flambeaux
voices that soar high
laments and groans and
prayers at the same time
flambeaux
voices that soar angry
now high, then higher,
emotions that fly,
processions at night

processions at night
one after the other
processions at night
ghosts and shrouds in arms
ghosts and shrouds enraged
in the holy rage of incense
processions at night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Profound Thought

Profound thought
the Aetna beckons
for this night
the lave flows
the red lava.

More fertile
the fields will grow
You and I hand in hand
by the edges at safe distance
will go
aware and beware of the lava flow

Philosophers have been and thinkers
discoverers and science grows
poets dramatists prose writers
to literature added too
so step by step by degrees
slow
Civilization will grow

This month was fairly heavy in the heat
this month the sun shone long
and heavy afternoon:
this month was not so kind but
neither so cruel too.

Ah! Earth gives to us Humans
First the day through her magnificent
Dawn; but then in return
Expects her fees, expects us to repay

At least with peace between us and
move forth instead of warring:
Reason be easy
reason be difficult
Round the circle turns to a full
cycle:
behind the bars of Earth we always
be from birth and stay and stay
willy-nilly, and irreversible
till come slowly hobbling either
old ancient mortality or newly-crowned Immortality
So far, so far,
things go.

Ah! the Poet Seer look what grace
As he plies his lofty trade:
As he ushers in to our Earth
Such Beauty
This man, this Mid-Wife of Beauty!
I yearn to be more and more of
A Poet Seer!

In the span of the Earth's
Radar of the day so many dots and
Lines:
Occurrences the dots,
The lines the human plans
At least even though not a iota
Does he execute
At least there's the dream-vision of
A promised land!
A dream vision that aggressive dusk
In its own time and way in vain
Will to erase attempt.

Whistling through his crooked
Shoes
On and on trudges the Poet Seer

Cacti and xerophytes
Pass by
And long the plain stretches and
Dry:
Yet undeterred and suffering
The Poet Seer whistles his way
Through
Till the flow of the verse in that dry
Land
Comes home to him and sings
Sings the Poet-Seer!

'I will stay here not long, '
Said the Poet-Seer
'I must not have passed all,
All in this ungrateful land
And time has come my shoes
To clean and shake off the dust
That stuck from this ungrateful land.
To another land go I, there
Not this land will
At the stroke of the Time
My bones possess'

'Misfortune after misfortune has
Been my lot:
Here I am always tempest-tost
Here always crave
For just a little break
From suffering malice and hate:
Just crave, just crave and beg
The noble Beggar of Misfortune's Way'.

I saw last night beneath a fir
Tall and straight and proud-erect
I saw two Figures bent and
In the dark
Destiny the one
Other Misfortune

And whispered both
And stealthy approached I
And heard my name
In that nocturnal conspiracy.

I had the night, I had it in my hands
As it fled before Dawn
Just a few minutes - I giant Soul
Captured the night.
And in the waning end of
The moon's light
I spoke; Night silence stood
And spoke without a word
Then my hands opening
Night fled.
Dawn came
And with peerless flame
Lit a new day though still
Reeling from a sub-conscious
Night the Earth still lay.

And there is come the moment when
My verse to you for now I end:
Thereby all hath its end and
Must gracefully know and learn
When to retire just before
Others retire you; so I

Emmanuel George Cefai

Prometheus Carrier Of Fire

Prometheus carrier of

Fire

Brain under anvil

Muscled hands at

Forge

Black

Dirty

Oily

Ire

Emmanuel George Cefai

Promise Me. My Friend,

Promise me. My friend,
Promise me.

Promise me to put the lines
All that I wrote
Before
The judgment of the generations.

I do not mind their sentence.
I only want, want those
Generations that will come
To know
That once was I, a suffering
Human:
Whose mother cried at birth
As I cried too:
Whose mother treasured him
Alas! Too much:
But made me what I am,
You, my mother and my
Ancient father, thrones on
Which I sit.

On them I wrote and thought
And thought and wrote
Civilization was in my ear
Song and verse in my heart
Thought and all in my brain-mind:
But now
Now
No mother lays her hand on me
Nor father gives his blessings by
The night:
Alone
Alone I pine and my dorsal spine
Towards the earth as an old oak
Whose youthful days are done
Now bend and bend.

Times to me and peoples to come
Will judge me.
But how judge me if
You lay not before them
Each verse I wrote?
That is question and that is your task.
That is your promise.
That is
How to unravel my problem.

Whistle; whistle to the stars.
The time is come.
The night with sadness
Shrouded ghost and mute.
I descend the steps:
If no Dawn brings me up
Then
My friend remember
Remember the promise that you made
Publish my all, each every verse,
Then
Let the times and peoples judge
And judge.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Promises

Promises be made
to keep!

So said the Skeleton
In the cemetery

Then the nearby Skeleton
Rose and said

Ah! words I will not
To hear!

For yes, promises be made
To keep!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Protest Of Alternative Civilization

Merrily the Dawn sauntered
as every day

But there was a civilization
that bred and grew at night
blessed kissed and bath
by Oceans of star-light and
sudden winnowing moons...
in the celestial spaces
roamed it arising from
our planet returning back
when Night was passed and
Dawn established a new day
of the old civilization

There was civilization
It read skeletons and ghosts
and shrouds and spirits
Its typical animal was the Bat
the Night-Bat
drear and squeaking-lamenting.
There
that be another civilization,
the alternative civilization.

No,
No, no, not wealth, not power,
not dynasties,
not descent and heredity
but the hungry throat
and the broken throat
and the broken things in
the mass universe
that still went on and on
evolving, evolving...
a grey civilization
thought on thought
wave currents circling
through the brain

hitting colliding
shifting, rattling,
shifting and rattling
the Broth of Wisdom rose
abhorring wealth and power
and their ilk:
though it morning, new morning
and
though it was Dawn - see
the larks were still
flirting high in the skies

Away with wealth!
Away with power!
Away! Away with
the whole list of the same
ilk!
Away with examinations!
Make collective education yes
but make her yield
unto the individual search
and thought and produce
intellectual!
A new civilization usher in
Let the other civilization be
but in competition.

The new civilization be of
night
as the old one be of day:
both siblings are
yet separate!

More the Soul than at present
in communion full
with the old woods and trees
and sounds of life:
more with the rumblings
of seas into the bays
and rumblings of the waves
and the seas' roar.

Let civilization new be one of thought,
deep thought,
all times
all places
and works scientific, philosophical,
verse, epic, social sciences...all!
A new civilization usher in
Let the other civilization be
but in competition.

Of monuments of war and squares
let go!
To monuments of the new geniuses
exchange!
Of palaces against hovels
equal housing make for all:
and
let all work, be entrepreneur,
taxation in the glass
of history will go down.

And in the night with shrouds
and ghosts and spirits
roam the cemeteries
awake
the night, the full night
to watch the sudden-falling stars
the flight of moon and bats
and before you witness
the birth of new Dawn.

But there was a civilization
that bred and grew at night
blessed kissed and bath
by Oceans of star-light and
sudden winnowing moons...
in the celestial spaces
roamed it arising from
our planet returning back
when Night was passed and
Dawn established a new day
of the old civilization.

Back.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Protozoa My Ancestors

Protozoa
My
Ancestors
Of
Old
Of
Arcane
Times
When
The
Earth
Was
In
Dawn
Primitive
And
Wild
Protozoa
My
Ancestors
I
Must
Suffer
Hard
To
Multiply
I
Suffer
And
Reproduce
Not
I
Know
What
Passion
Be
Of
Suffering
I

Know
The
Agony
Of
Childlessness
I
Know
I
Know
And
As
They
Prayed
Long
Long
Centuries
Ago
Rayed
To
Their
Ancestors
So
Must
I
Pray
Alas!
Alas!
And
Suffer
Still
And
Suffer
More

Emmanuel George Cefai

Proud That I Dream

I dream
and am proud that I dream
proud
that I hold my hand
up the heavens
high.

I dream
that millions of the ill
holds hands unto the heavens
and dream
that there be health
where sickness was before
I dream
I dream

I dream
that millions hold hand to hand
and yet
each individually
a genius in his land
that is the Earth
the Earth of all of us
without races without barriers
without frontiers
I dream
I dream.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Puissant To The View, Hoarder

Puissant to the view, hoarder of
sleepless nights, perverse (so to
say, so they said in our
modern civilization)
perverter of the thought and
feelings
emotions rampant under siege
from holy crusaders decked
in cuirass and iron arms scarce
moving
and yet
puissant remain the view, the feeling
the enchanted thought
the yet unrequited desire
the still thwarted will
puissant

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pupa

Pupa
of the chrysalis
joinder of the troubled nights
outside there cold and chill and
frost conventional:
here
here in the closed bedroom there be
warmth for us two, my sweet lady-doctor,
now
that we are found alone let love fire
us to do all
the bed is waiting plain yet
inviting
linen as white as the cold frost
outside
we inside plan then make
new life
pupa
of the chrysalis
peace-maker of troubled nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Purgatory Of Poet Seers

Into the purgatory of Poet Seers

Wait I

At night

Dream of horror

I see oblivion in a

Yellow gown

Coming to me.

Why this?

Why me?

The pains of a purgatory

Are severe absolutely:

The chains more heavy

The sighs more subdued

Freedom of speech limited

Albeit all this

Heavy and prolonged

Groans arise

'I am in oblivion

Give me light.

Even dim light,

At least I will ferret some

Way here.

Down my chin

Tears fall rapid:

Yet I view

Oblivion statuesque

Jelly yellow made up

Constantly wriggling

At me laughing.

I bend my head

Resigned

Increased in fear

And the incense of

Anguish

I loosen the strings of consolation

Look vacant to the heavens

Know despair.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Purple Blowing Wind

the waters turned to a purple
blowing of wind.

Ay! allow me to resist and
cry.

The drear is falling, falling,
falling already.

The trees weep and nightingales
sing not but cry.

charade
of
night
march
of
ghosts
and
shrouds
along
a high
steep
road
of red
grueling
charade

I found a man trembling, trembling
as per Earth

'I have a secret missile-plane to the
high skies

Will you ascend with me? '

His hurry made him still and in he
climbed with me
to the Altar of the High Heavens

whence our Earth be viewed
as a small dot.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Purple Light

purple light
trembling
vibrating
simultaneous.

It be night
vespers done
the house doors
locked.

and
around in hats
black, elongated, tall,
wonder hunger-faced
witches lank.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Putrefaction Has Become Sweet To Me

Love wins over smell whatever be.

Now is the Spring; but mother
Your body blossoms not.

Yet the heavens blossoms thinking
Of you, of eight-eight plus years.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Pyramdial

How water waves rise
Pyramidal
To lap the skies, the clouds
And by the sun.

Blurred be drear day
And sad the mists.

The juice of a pancreas
Runs over the untidy
Pier.

And the water's smelling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Quaff

Quaff

Quaff

Goblin of the night

The green sap of the bending

Green

And of the bending petals

Quaff

Dracula-like the sap.

You think

Green goblin of the night

That

The sap will turn you

Wise:

So you gulp

And gulp

The liquid treasures

That you

Little sweet thief steal silent

And secret at night

But

In the morning

Dawn will still

Arise

There will be breaking of the

Reign of night

Else

In the earth

And

Of the earth

Will not be cyclicity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Quaint And Somber

Quaint and somber
But what be quaint and somber
The mass universe is all relative
And we in it
Are inevitably relative!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Quantum Of Stars, And Light, Light, White

Quantum of stars, and light, light, white
lily of the seas, strewn everywhere, Oceans
light of the eye, apple of joy, gas of strewn milk
fearin the yellow of the eye
ghost of Ghost Town naked-decadent
loop of verse and hoarse of song
hangman pending here and there, pendulum

Emmanuel George Cefai

Queen Of Love

Sweet Queen of Love,
My love,
How many times our hands
Passed caressing
Each other backs
Albeit clothed:
We yearned all the same
Sighed
The sighs of lovers,
Feared
The fears that lovers have,
Sweet Queen of Love,
My love.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Queen Of White Teeth

Queen of white teeth
Dental beauties
But ah! when
Accompanied with the
Smile romantic and
Confused-mysterious Mona Lisa
Of the time
Then
The queen of the white teeth
Be Venus, Minerva and Sphinx
All at one time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Queue From Oblivion

so great the queue from
oblivion was:
all waited on the bank
of the dark river
which flowed slow
as stew boiling:
bubbling:
their faces white
and nervousness
was of them
fo long centuries
waited they to be ferried
whilst they saw
others as them
ferried at once a
distant mile
these
from oblivion swept
away at once
and they,
they
they waited there in a
purgatory
of yearning souls;
that crowd, that queue was I
and only I.
O if had to list
the suffering and the
stress emotional!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Quiet Earth

To
My
Verse
Continue
To
Give
The
Old
Nobility
Rustic-like
Of
Yore
And
The
Quiet
Earth
That
Shunned
Power
And
Glory
No
Pigeons
Are
Cooing
Now
And
The
Sweet
Lark
Among
The
Bushes
Hid
Makes
Not
More
Noise
An

Hour
Ago
It
Made
The
Noise
Of
Sweet
Arising
In
The
Heavens
Jumped
As
Its
Heart
Into
Spaces
Immense
Of
Waking
Heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Quiet Yet Reverberating

Song
Low-sound
Quiet
Yet
Reverberating.

There was a track
I followed it
With verse
Then the song
Came.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rain From May

Rain
From
May
A
May
That
So
Dry
Stood
Yet
Now
To
New June
It transfers
The rain that would have been

Emmanuel George Cefai

Raise Him On High, Raise Him On High

Though

The body is now transforming

But raise more the Ideas

The New Ideas he gave us

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rang In The Distance Bells

Sedated to the left
Sedated to the right
Rang
In
The
Distance
Bells

The head turned
Round
And
Round

The waters sudden
Took on fire
First parts of
Their bosom
Then joining
Part
To
Part
Their
Bosoms
All
Over
All
Over

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rang The High Bell

Rang the high bell
over the cliffs
but there was just. just air
and the sea wide
immense that stretched below

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rapid Star

though far
far
you, rapid star
of white
though far
you
mother of blue veils
soaking of
wetted mists
scream of the band
that plays
high
high above
in Heavens of Joy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rare Lighting On The River

Rare lighting on the river
The mud banks
Croak with bronze colored
Toads
This night for
The red dusk is gone
And
The house light one
By one
Are going off:
Silence was there
Already in the dusk
Already in the pink
Twilight
Trembling
Already
Already in the night
Growls a sound that
Was not on the previous
Nights:
Already there rustles
In the sparse bushes
The scent of mists
Gathering since the sunset
Painted orange
And the sun set.
Ruthless the clouds
Frown:
Threatening with
Water-deluge the river
To flood:
No human will pass here
Except
Some straying Poet Seer
This night:
There will be
The animals of night
Led
By the twinkling glow-worm

And the mirth
Of ghosts and shrouds
That after each other
Play
Round bushes to the
Ancient castles on the surface
Of the black river reflected
In the shivering rays
Of the white moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rare Mermaids

Rare chant

Rare

Rarely.

I, too, as Poet Seer

Amidst the crowds of

Mermaids in the night

Yearn to chant and sing

And cease at Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rarely, Rarely

Rarely – rarely

One could see

A city

Like this Valletta – this

Cluster of narrow streets

Straight up and down

Rarely, rarely

How plaintive the wind neighs

To-day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rat That Runs Slow Through The Vaults

Rat that runs slow through the vaults
Underneath the city: look how many
Beetles red and black and antennae
Moving horribly; there one flies;
There one the other follows:
Is it rape?
And in the vaults the silence of the drops
Mysterious falls in to those deepening
Labyrinths.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rattling

Rattling
Night
Boutique
Red
Fire
Thunder
Roaring
Light
Dour
Cliffs
Chalky
Heights
Sea
Eroding
Tight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rattling Drums

Rattling
Drums
Playing
Now
And
Then
A
Voice
Of
Wine
Filled
Beauty
Throws
A
Verse
We
Be
In
Bacchanalian
Times
On
A bacchanalian
Night
On
The
White
Spume
Of
Nigh
Italian
Waves
And
Seas.
We
Be
We
Be.

Raucous

Raucous,
Raucous,
The ball settled in the
Moon's light after
Running in the shades relative of
Hedges and field-walls:
Raucous
Raucous

The night has come
No
Longer the night is coming
No longer

The stars have rung
Their door bells of the
Heavens

The night-dews have densified
And
Fallen
Obediently

The nightingales have
Ceased singing
Silently

Two hollow eyes
Then
Four hollow eyes
My parents have
My parents had

How hollow
How hollow are your eyes
You
Must have wept long
And

Are still weeping

Raucous,

Raucous,

The ball settled in the

Moon's light after

Running in the shades relative of

Hedges and field-walls:

Raucous

Raucous

Emmanuel George Cefai

Raw Bones

Dancing bones

Raw bones

A night

A heart-beat

A fright!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Raw Owls

Raw owls

Cooing and ageing

Speaking slow stopping

Starting again as

Threads of golden wisdom

Drop

A life line to our Earth

Bring the Babel translator

Or similar machine:

The wisdom must be writ down in

Our books

The wisdom must be kept in our

Records

Their wisdom must our new civilizations

Conceive.

I,

Poet Seer ageing and tired

Turn over the pages of my book

But close it not as yet

As yet

The magic of our ancient wands

To hold

To keep

To be

Life line to our Earth that

Needs so much:

Lifeline to our civilization

That breathes a little low

Now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Raw Verse

Raw verse I sing
Raw verse I write
Raw songs I sing
You read and at
The end,
Feel the raw inside
An undissolved jewel
In stomach.
For
That be the raw

Emmanuel George Cefai

Read Again

read my verses
see the world that
they convey.

read again and
read again and
live that world.

let it be
alternative to
our civilization and history

Emmanuel George Cefai

Read And Digest

to read and digest
all that comes
not
just what the peer
says the best!
ah! a jewel
dark, muddy
and shoddy
will lie
in the garbage
oblivion from peers
o we must
change
the civilization
we live
all have their worth
all have produce
all have genius light.
And
all that we need
is just to light flames
for
all have a genius light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Read My Monsignor, Read

Read my Monsignor, read
And in the beads of words
The lines
The verses
Hear the gurgling seas
The gurgling waves
The gurgling Oceans
Read my Monsignor, read
The castles of the sea are nocturnal
And they are fairies
And there are nymphs
And there is water-level rising
And there is gurgling
That is the language of the seas
The Oceans
You must understand it my Monsignor
Apply for the dictionary of experience.
The night
The night is ending

Emmanuel George Cefai

Read My Verse

Read my verse
Read my verse
Then
When you go
Into places that
To the alternative
Subconscious civilization
Appertain
As cemeteries and
Graves and
Tombs and
Ghosts and shrouds
You
Without much explanation
Around
Will go
Whether alone
Or in a shady crowd:
You
Will as colossus
Then
With feet the one
On one civilization
Other the other

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rebuffed Unanswered By The Inconstant Stars

Rebuffed unanswered by the inconstant stars
I walked away, away into the night
Beneath the lanky trees without a move
Looking half—afraid half-dreamy down
On to the cobbled paths whereon I tread.
And thus that I to the statue came
That in the garden stood alone and sweet
Marbled full white half-robed : to meet
My fate to her I went - vain fool! -
That she might speak to me and know
About my lady-love my beauty-queen
And so in to the night amongst the trees
Alone stood I beneath the pitying stars.

The moon smiled faintly languidly

Emmanuel George Cefai

Recalling

Recalling

recalling beauty

leaps from cliff to

cliff

recalling beauty

lights

from star to star

recalling beauty

on its tenterhooks

recalling beauty on the

plain of sorrows

recalling beauty

on the plain of sighs

recalling beauty,

love, in lover's breasts

the stars became diamonds

the moon

a jewel of the far East

the style of verse

was changed:

more Eastern notes

were heard and

more Sub-Conscious

floated in the air

Emmanuel George Cefai

Recalling Beauty

Recalling
Recalling beauty
leaps from cliff to
cliff
recalling beauty
lights
from star to star
recalling beauty
on its tenterhooks
recalling beauty on the
plain of sorrows
recalling beauty
on the plain of sighs
recalling beauty,
love, in lover's breasts
the stars became diamonds
the moon
a jewel of the far East
the style of verse
was changed:
more Eastern notes
were heard and
more Sub-Conscious
floated in the air

Emmanuel George Cefai

Recycled Minerals

Dressed
In
Recycled
Minerals
And
Bronze
And
Metals
The
Boy-general
Roamed
In
Tatters
Clanking
In
The
Silence
Of
The
Night.
The
Moon
Rebuked
Him.
The
White
Stars
Hotter
Burnt
With
Rage.
But
That
Was the
Sub-Conscious
Was not it?
For he was dreaming.
Laughed
Eerie

The
Mask
Of
The
Night
And
Harlequin
Jumped
Kangaroo-style.
For the Sub-Conscious
Mattered
For he was dreaming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Dawn

Dawn today is red

See

The horizon

See

The waves of red

See

The reflected towns

And buildings

The old forts

The bastions

Moving

Moving

Red.

And

The face of Dawn

Be red

This rare day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Eyed Hawk

The red-eyed hawk
Enamored of the
Ancient castle
Where cobwebs too
One on the other
Had made their home.

Through a slit-window
It flew in and out
The whole day long
And in the night

Frightened the bats
First stood away
But then
Habit ah! habit
Made them more
Confident
Till they came to
The hawk, not fearing.

The night, realm of
The bat was shared
With the hawk,
The red-eyed hawk.

And the red-eyed owl
Philosophically sate
On her bough
Resigned to the hawk
Flowing out and in
Through the slit-window.

Pondered
The red-eyed hawk
Even while flying
His heart beating
The music of deep thought

Little by little
Found himself
Foundered in deep
Thoughts transformed
In Soul and Inner Soul
Into a wise baffling
Owl he was;
He was Philosopher.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Face

Red face
Burning
Since the dusk
With its red faces
Escaped into my face
Withered
My blood its race
Along the veins:
And
Pined the more
I
With a higher pace
Scarlet
The face
Burning
Leaves and pages
Turning
The painful past
Coming
Right down
To the crucifixion and
The Calvary to today
At last
At last.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Ghosts And Shrouds

The way round that
The red ghosts and shrouds
Made circle
After
Circle
In that dark
The pyramid of laments
Went up
Was heard by heavens.

Slept the city dwellers.

Under their noses,
The ghosts and shrouds
In red
Danced and
Groaned
The
Night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Nose Sprite

Red nose
Red nose
Red nose sprite

Not alone
My sprite
This night

See!
See!
Of sprites
Hundreds
Roaming
Roaming
In the night!

Red house
Lightning
red bells
pealing

It be night
And spirits
Roam
And the ghosts
Roam

Hunts Dian in dim
Light: her own light.
Not so much the stars
Lurk bright

Blurtd sudden the
Watchful Toad:
Dawn be near!
One by one that
Company of night
Fled their way
Before Dawn's new and fresh light!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Pigeons Were Ticking

Red pigeons were ticking
Under the moon
Eating.

Yellow fish
Grew their fins to wings.

Flew
In the night
A century of old.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Reign Of Lightning

Thunder
Red reign of
Lightning.

Tonight lightning
Is red

And red the towns
And dreaming homes
from above viewed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Red Seas

Red
Seas
Spume
White
Dark of night
Fort
Eye
Bastion
Palm tree
Swinging
Night-wind
Bleeding
Nightingale
Solitary
Singing
The
Rest
Of
Nightingales
On
Strike
The
Crests
Of
Clouds
In
Heaven
Ride
And simultaneous rest
The heart
It glides
Amorous and
Serene
Yet
Still
it
Rests!
The
Mother

Went
Away
I
Went
By
Her tomb
To stay
The
Cemetery
Had
Life
Teeming
Not in mass
In
Energy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Reed

A
Reed
But
Ah!
That reed
Was
Restless
And
That reed
Was
Sad
And
Restlessness
And
Sadness
Made
It
A
Wonder
Reed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Reference: My Monsignor

Reference: my Monsignor

Reference:

Refer.

The clouds

On

High

The

Heavens

Frown

Thought

Is

In

Genesis

Yet

Not

Expressed

The

Throat

Is

Parched

The

Brain

Is

Yet

Dark

Relatively

Attention!

My

Monsignor

The

Shadows

Of

The

Dusk

Faded
And
Yet
Grey deep
Shadows are still
Running
Round
In
The
Night
Lamenting
In
The
Background
With lamenting ghosts and shrouds.

New York
The city too is like others
At night:
What right to
Exception?

Night
Passes
Its rosary hands
Over the earth
And lands and countries
Night
Reign
Night
Passes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rejuvenated Ancientness?

Rejuvenated ancientness?

A star that cast

Off its old aged

Ancient dross

Set on a modern dress

Sexy and to the tune

Of times:

Valletta saw and wept

Emmanuel George Cefai

Relentless

Slow yet relentless pass
month after month
hills, towns, cities,
countryside change
yet not the change
that Age wreaks in one man:
For me
Age has wrought change
bitter change
and stress and
works of adversaries
and tragedy upon
tragedy
injustice on justice
wrought
and
survive I by a thread
Attached to the navel
of pitying gods;
looked on and watched
furtively by
the eyes of shrouds and
ghosts;
and
in the realm of Morpheus
I calculate
that divine hands
above me have saved me
of late.
Prepared for the voyage I
That any time
a Voice from the vast heavens
will
call me unto its bosom and then
go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Remember My Love?

remember my love?
we
were by the sea
in the sea-side town
the tavern of fresh fish
and scents of spume
rock-bitten
sunset had gone
and
you looked more
sultry in your love
than the coming
dusk of red:
at the restaurant table
sate we
your lovely legs askance
and
your look that of
pining love
surfeiting
in excess flowing
ale flowing from
the brimming jugs
slowly:
and
dropping to the earth
in golden tresses:
so you that day
sultry and lovely
and in love
together
by the sea
in the sea-side town
the tavern of fresh fish
and scents of spume
rock-bitten

Emmanuel George Cefai

Remember, Remember,

Remember, remember,
The earth is yawning
And the timber creaking
And the wide eyes open
The wide eyes of heavens
On the seas and oceans
Blessing their quiet
Stillness in the humility
Of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rendezvous Of Spirits

The rendezvous of spirits
Ah! in the summer
They gathered in the night
But now also in day
The Spirits!

Around and around dance
The Spirits in their
Rendezvous
Feel more at home
In the coming winter
Nay even in the autumn
They bolder grow
The Spirits!

With merry cup on cup
They dance even in
Dusk:
For wilder do they grow
And wilder in their dance
The Spirits!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rendezvous Of Spirits 1

We,
We spirits that have broken chains,
we
here gather.

Here is our agora, our parliament
together.

See! a Spirit-Skeleton already
beats the drum
and a Band of Skeletons
play in their orchestra.

Others that were speaking to
each other
cease
and gather round
hand in hand
as in a dance.

Dance Spirits! dance!
the night defeated dusk!
dark weighs
on human eyelids!

This be a line of evolution
to where we
old humans arrive:
from birth of child
the human grows and ages
then having many times
garnered
the wisdom of the sages
the human to here transforms
crosses the bridge to us
welcoming.

Drums flute and other
instruments play.

The dance slow
Begins with measured steps
and measured paces.

the haunting silhouettes
form the scenery:
our eyes close slowly
in serenity.

the hours fleeting
we will not to see
though as Dawn approaches
a brusque cessation
make we.

but
then will we
not have the night
enjoyed
enjoyed together?

Time flies
not on our side
but we,
we spirits with human's
intelligence and more
adjust together.

See human
see to where
so many humans came
that now as dust
you can pick in your hands
but not the spirit catch.

Hush! do not disturb
let us enjoy each second
each second utilize
the drums, the music
plays
and the night-dance
goes on with measured

step after measured
step together.

For
We,
We spirits that have broken chains,
we
here gather.

Here is our agora, our parliament
together.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rents

Rents are to be paid.

We humans must pay rent to Earth.

And we, naked, pay rent
With our bodies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Replace What Of The Earth

O replace!
Replace what of the Earth
Of power be
What of the Earth of glory
Be
What of the Earth
Of wealth and
palatial be
Replace!
Replace!
Dreams lie in wait
By corners of
The nights!
And
We will touch again
Those heavens that
Each of us
Saw and touched
In us
The child!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Reproach Me

Do you reproach me
For
Ending verse
And my song cease
So abject
So abruptly?

Then
Please recall
That for me
All is broken

And
That broken wilderness
Mirror to me harnessed
In all sides
Everywhere I go
Every time I sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Resigned To Beauty

Resigned
Resigned to beauty
Beauty only
Not more things
Not more
Wealth
Not more power
But
Only beauty
In her glorious youth
When heaven's trumpets
Blast the air
With a sweet background
Song
Resigned
Resigned to beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

Resting

Resting

resting

after the fading:

the trees have to earth bent

the seas and Oceans still

and quiet the Earth engirdle:

the birds fly not,

the woodland animals sleep,

the vales and hills nod,

and humans tired rest

dreaming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Restless

So much in my
Verse and song
Restless

So many times
In my verse and song
Restless

So much destinies of
Each of us pacing
Pacing restless.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Restlessness The Evolver

Of things that evolve
There be restlessness
However
Minimum the percentage
Be

Of things that evolve
King Restlessness rules
Those who his commands
Obey
They thrive and move.

Let us be with
King Restlessness, come
Give me your hand,
My Monsignor,
And whilst not giving up
On the civilization of Consciousness
Let us together go
In that of the Sub-Consciousness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Return To The Cemetery

Return

Return to the cemetery of

My mother's grave

Return.

Within that ancient city

Drooping

You will transform

Were you to stay too long.

Bring your scissors to

Cut time

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rewriting The Poem

Rewriting the poem
the verse the song
I knew and
learnt
sacrifice

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rhapsody In Hasting Gardens

In Hastings Gardens the wind
makes rhapsody
but not alone
no.
not without accomplices
the drizzles of the rain
the blaring thunder
over the waters
the distant lightning:
the firs, the elms, the oaks
shaking and
trembling
the owls silent
nightingales silent
yet cozy on the boughs
accomplices of the wind!

Together
Through the night
Together

La rapsodia in Hastings Gardens!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rhapsody Of Wind

Valletta, the Bastions.
The wind sates
itself running round
embracing this house
coiling as a snake
round this tree and
that
thus
that it goes
to Hastings Gardens
place favorite
coils round
an elm, and then an oak
yet full
with nightingales from
the next night.

The
waters
sing
they
feel
the
coiling
wind
skim
them
lover-like
with
windy
kisses

All
all in a secret rhapsody
the winds thrives
the wind makes.

Restless
with throbbing

heart
and pale as guilt
silent as silence
the wind round and
round
coils itself
the day comes
the day grows
into its dress of drear
usual dress of drear:
cars lighting to carry
secretaries and men
for work
students to the schools
o! the winds yearns
pale in the face
of sounds newborn
in the new day

the rhapsody it carried
forward
from the night

the
buses
clonk
look
there's
a
bus
waiting
someone
something
and
with
it
jams
the
rest
of
the
traffic

Come! come! little by
little
the silent rhapsody
of the dusk originated
wind
little by little
goes the rhapsody
little by little.

by noon its stops
to an inaudible
minimum.

but sunset
will come again
but dusk will come
again

the wind will rise again
the wind will originate
again
traffic will subside
and house lights will light
up
first
then as the wind rhapsody
grows
one by one
lights off:
and the dark comes.
The rhapsody continues.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Riding

Riding

Riding

Horseman

Whither go?

It

Be

Night

In

The

Marshes

You

Ride

Then

Towards

The

Sea

The

Rocks

Heavy

Grey

In

The

Moon's light

Then

Off

The cliff's

Hideous

Edge

You

Fly

Into

Kingdoms of Fading

Mirrors turning

Turning sly

Turning

Turning

Turning

Right Up To The Heavens Like A Smoke

Right up to the heavens like a smoke
Of mist of magic rose the chanson fair
The singer sang; her heart beat out
In the cantilena what she felt.
Word by word, like hammer-blows
The singer steamed her emotions
Almost – but not as much – one
Blow for each emotion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ring Nightingales With Your Lays Ring

Ring nightingales with your lays
ring

it be the night, you have
the license

at times you rise in joy, then
alternating
fall into the realm of gloom

so with me fellow travelers of
night

so with fellow Poet Seers of the
nocturnal boughs.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ring Old Bells

Ring
Ring old bells
Of the old chapel
In the countryside
Alone
You stood
For centuries
The gales, the tempests
And the winters
Left you
Left you, standing.
Human look
Look at these sad
Stones
The chapel coming
Out
Of magic vespers
Few people from
The vespers
Came
And to
Their homes
Amidst the dust
And fields
They hied.
Closed the doors
One by one
The moon went up
Before
The white stars
Then
Completed
The dark night
From the horizons of
The sea-edge upwards
Upwards!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ringling Bells Of Vesper

Ringling bells of vesper
Extending into night
Through the black
Clouds and haunting
Cries of bats.

The waters almost froze
In the first call of the cicada
In the garrulous cooing
Of the first owl.

Ah! nightingales came next
But far away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rise Above

To rise above
A million pointed swords
Of trouble
To rise and head
That must the human be:
The stars of heaven will applaud.

Not flowing strategy
Just
Set-piece after set-piece
At last
Will have
Propensity to the goal.

And
In the distance dusk the red
Leaves stage with a bent head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roaming Listlessly

Roaming, roaming
Listlessly.

The sun is fading
And with it day
But lesser fading.

An Artist with palette
On hand
Paints slow-morose.

The water-lilies bend their
Head.

In the heavens the first clouds
frown
In host
Though
Not numerous.

Nightingale
Prepare
Your time to sing
Soon comes.

In the Port darkening
The ferries slowly roaming
Grumbling
Their machines
Turning.

Veteran of the heavens
The waters turn
The waters turn
With them
The clouds
Of light-blue
On tiptoes dance.

The waters moan
The clouds groan
The heavens and
Earth
Clone, my Monsignor

Merry with stars
The face of the heavens one by one
Fills.
The Earth is as of
The Owl.
Earth seeps in wisdom of
The brain.
And then
The nightingale
The songs amorous
The verse warm
The heart
Throbbing
Throbbing.
throbbing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roars That You Heard On The Beach

You
Will
Tell
Of
The
Roars
That
You
Heard
On
The
Beach?
Lone
Figure
Of
The
Night
The
Dim-lighted night
Figures
Other
Than
You
Were
Passing
And
Re-passing
Whilst the majestic sea-waves
Black
Roared from the Oceans to
The wide-opened arms of Earth
And
This
Was
Night
This
Was
Before
The

Next
Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Robber Of Joy

Robber of joy
Fate? Destiny?
The Poets have sung.
The Poets strung the lyre.
The centuries swung.
The violins have screamed.
Not just in Venice.
Not just at night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Robert Burns

Robert Burns

Robert, Robert, whither go?
'Tis the night
And 'tis
the chill
Ah! I see your test of life
Poet's chords of its sweet thrill!

Night, moon, day, dusk, dawn
all together gather round
when you pipe your verses
sweet and the animals and
plants stir in magic, magic-bound.

Robert, Robert, whither go?
Father of children, of verse more,
Forget poverty - you had all!
And I hear distant sounds
from the Scottish hills abound
nocturnal chanting verses round
verses yours,
high rocks, cataracts, the deep vales
the wise owl, the nightingales,
spell bound dance in Tartan trance.
Robert, Robert, whither go?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roll The Tomb-Stone

Roll

Roll the tomb-stone

Over

Over the chill

Over the frost

The dark night

The night of sadness

Nocturnal desperation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rolled The Thunders

Rolled the thunders - opened the clouds
Thunder the heavens again
Then the Voice spoke
And it was the same Voice as the Poet Seer's
And its words were as the as words of the Poet Seer
And its majesty was as the majesty of the Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rolled The Waves

notepad! the Artist
said
Rolled the waves
fired white the spume
in anger
the grey caves responded
each to each reciprocal
the heavens and
the seas
cathedral of fresh beauty
lurked
the town was sleeping
but now's awaking!
As the cock rises
so
on his feet
the maganimous Poet Seer
and the Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rolled Then The Waters, The Rains Fell

Rolled then the waters, the rains fell
Wild and shaggy in that stormy night:
And as the torrent rains from step to step
Bounced ball-like in their sad display
The step whispered but their whispers
In to liquid suffocation the more loud
In direct proportion to their suffocation:
Rolled then the waters, the rains fell
Wild and shaggy in that stormy night
And went the smothered whispers
They went from step to step:
In liquid suffocation the more loud.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roman Figures

roman figures
roman numbers
on the wall
written I saw
yesterday they were not there.
when against the wall
I pressed you dear
the wall; blank
was there;
no figures
Roman figures
but now numerals
since last night
some hand placed
on the same wall
silence
silence
and sweet whispers
kisses sweet
and yearning
words
words of love slow
sensuous turning
echoes fading and
re-starting
sound of kiss after
sweet kiss
but to-night
was that, my love
now
there's silence:
save
for a rare distant
foot-step proud
and strong but
once passed fading
in the dark
in the night
fading

fading, love....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic

Romantic the strait
Streets
Romantic the uneven
Stairs
Some long
Some shorter
All
Bitten with age
Yet
All romantic so!

I stopped by
And saw
Blood dripping
Dripping
Dripping

In the strait
Out in the near sea
High granite grey rocks
Loom imminent and
Tall
Ships at sea
Tremble
The sailors raise
Their hands up
Ghosts ships only
Sweep
Silent through
As fish swimming at
Sea.
Romantic,
All romantic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic Be The Hedges

This night

Romantic be the hedges

Romantic be stone-walls

Romantic the night lamps

Romantic the sea camps

romantic the strait streets

romantic cities walled

romantic bastions ancient

romantic hazy mists

romantic the stark steps

romantic sighing bridge

romantic silver seas

romantic pity-moon

romantic stars a-burning

romantic Earth in turning

romantic magic mists

romantic a whole list

this night

romantic

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic Clanking Of So Many Things

Romantic is the clanking
of so many things

the clanking of the
old
lamp-light
in the night-growing wind
or more the gales
in a tempest storm

the clanking of the
bridge that sighs
and creaks at night:
even in summer
without wind
and yet it clanks,
clanks.

no hope
just dark
and groping

distant the clanking
iron in the brain
less, less romantic.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic Street

Time passes
Time passes
My Monsignor

Therefore let we together
Go out
My Monsignor.

You see there are
Old centuries walking
Round.

This night
In the deserted streets
They walk mourning
Silently.

The town sleeps and we
And shrouds and
Centuries
Round the sleeping town
Go round and round.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic The Night Lamps

Tonight

Romantic the night lamps

Romantic the ancient steps

Romantic the stealthy cat

Romantic the dim light

Romantic the star light

Romantic the sea bright

Emmanuel George Cefai

Romantic Time

Romantic time
Romantic lamp-lights
Romantic lamp-posts
In the old streets
Strait and grimy
Of the only town
The island has.

Vesper bell
That rings
Over the town part

The plains denuded
Continually
By the trash gales
They
Hear not the bell
The vesper bell
No
Not even in the distance
No.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roof Kind

Roof
Kind
In
Rain
Cruel
In
The
Summer
Boiling
I
Heard
The
Drops
Of
Blood
In
To
The
Night
I
Saw
The
Signs
To
Me
Of
Old
Starlight
I
Read
In to
The
Heavens
Just
As
In
A
Book
And

I
Heard
Voices
Read
To
Me
But
Then
I
Am
A
Poet Seer
Yet
All
of
us
will
be Poet Seers
if
only
we
will
so.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roof Of The Stars

Roof of the stars
the immense heavens
on this our Earth so
opening
a circling ball of
land
and water
viewing.

Yet what lies therein
where life breathes out!

waters lave the Earth
herself
she washes her face
yet
her heart will remain
torn
though white Dawn shines

Emmanuel George Cefai

Roofs Of The Heavens

The
Roofs
Of
The
Heavens
Are
In
My
Brain
There
Be
The
Target
Said
The
Scientist:
He
Stretched
His
Hand
he
strove
and
strove
this
Scientist
This
Human
And
Higher
Went
And
Higher
Went
And
Always
Higher
Yet
Never

Touched
The
Roof
Of
The
Heavens
That
Faster
Up
Than
Him
Moved
Yet
Smiled
The
Scientist
And
Evolution
Smiled with him

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ropes Of Hope

Ropes of hope
To you I cling
Now!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rosy Scented Wind

West that brings
The rosy scented wind
The sigh
Of the fading dusk
The
Awe of night.

The waters that
Rustled
Since lazy afternoon
Still rustle
And more
Since dusk
Red dusk
They sigh.

Tonight the heavens
A growing tinge of
Red
They have
It's growing
See the deep of night!
And
Comets stars and moons
Swim in the ancient sights
Of heavens
That centuries know
And count
As we the days
And in all this
A laugh -
A scream
then
A groan
A sigh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rotating

light
rotating
on
the
bald
flat
top
head
of
the
hill
village
below
that
dreams
in
the
long
nights
I
saw
a
civilization
bleed
I
heard
the
cries
angry
a
little
painful
more
at
the
shrine
of
suffering:
light

we
a
dim
light
to
see
beyond
star
light
for
so
much
dark
around
our
civilization
lurks
that
we
must
get
more
light
more
light!
More
Soul
wake
up
Inner
Soul!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round

Round

round the mirrors of the Earth

went

round him poor Poet-Seer

child

of the innocent eyes

he looked around

and saw around

the first gleaming waters of

the sun

go round and round and round

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round And Round

Round and round
the same thing
like the donkey round the water mill
like Ixion turning round around round
but ah! from that turning round the
same
there grows diversity
mutation and variation
and ever-increasing evolution
not less of emotion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round And Round The Nymph Danced

Round and round
The nymph
On her tiptoes
Danced

And
The night
Played
The minuet

As heavens play
As heavens play
At night
That night of magic
When
Beauty's eyes were
In spells
By a Poet Seer
Captured
At last
Enmeshed
At last.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round Round

Round
round
my head whirls
my Inner Soul
a pole
round which
all turns
gyrates.

At least!

In this jelly sea
there be
a fixed point
Inner Soul
a Hand
that touches high
and long as need
be
the mighty heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round The Earth

round
round the Earth
the myrrh and incense
blew their way
slow, slow, slow

yet
continuing as in ever-increase
there were
sacrifices

there was suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round The Gorges

the waters wind and
round the gorges
in the mountains
ply
round desert cliffs and
dunes
in desert lands

o! here magic dwells
by night
by day
in mists and not

here
courts, conquests, police,
generals, armies, admirals
and fleets
unknown
kilometers from here
stretches alone and immense
a haughty sea

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round The Land

Round the land
The waters vast
Immense bound
Hedge in every
Inch of land
Wise the waters
Waters vast
They control at least
The Earth round and round
In the last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Round The Tree Of Spell

Round the tree of spell
round round
of silence holy silence
the sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ruddy Wind

Rate of the ruddy wind
this eve of feast
eve of Saint Paul's Day
though on other days
you bring not joy
you bring joy
now
if you keep the rains
away.

the heavens
with niter-flushed clouds
are beset:
the kerbs and asphalt
still
dry and my hearts
will to see
them so remain:

for
it be
the feast my mother
made
glad at least
once
in a whole year
now
no longer her sweet
voice
the solitary house
does haunt
no,
no longer:
but her spirit yearns
and
I heart it yearning
in the house
more
in my heart.

I heard it.
I felt it.
I obeyed it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rude

By my verses of all suffering

Rude

And raw each word

Rude

And raw each note jars harsh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Run Of The Ages

Now that in the run of the
Ages

My black hair grays in part
And
My spirits fail

Yet for all these I feel
The wisdom of the sages.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rushes

In the rushes
There was a wind
Going round
And round
Restless
With a lament of sound
In the rushes
In the rushes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rustle The Mighty Waves, Whispers The Storm!

In to my ears both join symphony!

And in my heart
both breed verse and song!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Rusty Clouds

the rusty clouds - the bells
of vesper -
'All hands on deck'

merry the wind though
showers light - Earth
speaks nasal through her
microphone.

Emotion tired sleeps.
Sub-conscious surges
high.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sacred Incense

Sacred incense,
Sacred incense, rise!

The temple-shrine it scents
Of holy smoke-incense

And quiet be the night
Barefoot the monks

And in that awesome
Silence rise
The voices of the monks
And canticles.

And from behind a pillar
In monastery
Peeps out the Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad Departing

In the sad departing
Towards the cemetery
In the sad loss
Of an Immortality!
In the fears of futurity
In the angst of the funereal
In the fugue of the blocked
Memory

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad Figures March

To-night sad figures
March

Tonight sad figures turn
Grey into dark

On a twig a nightingale
Occasional
Chirps silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad King

Before the sad King
Sang the minstrel.

In the vast hall
They were alone

The one to sadness
As a King of desires
Unbounded.

The other as the servant
Smiled
And sang of made-up joy
Though as sad as his master
Was his heart.

For an hour
They stayed so.

Then
Of a sudden
Like to a light stick fire
arose
enraged the King
Bade him go.

And
On the face of the minstrel
There was writ the stark
Question: 'Why?
Be this the reward of
My patient suffering? '

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad Rocks

The waters lap
The waters lap the rocks
The sad rocks.

I see apartments,
Shops, lands and
More
All sinking.
In the damned waters
Before my eyes
They be sinking.

There's fear too now
Add
To suffering.
I will not look.
I will my eyes
Close.
The waters lap
The waters lap the rocks
The sad rocks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad Sad Star

Sad
Sad
Star
that
from
the fellow-stars
fell
fell
down
down
lost
and disheveled
always
falling
falling:
so me
from
summit heights
that
I
Had
Labored
So
To reach
Now
Falling
Falling
Falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad The Notes

Sad the notes
Sad is funereal
And
Funereal is sad
And now
You be amidst the ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad The Wind

Winds

Sad the wind neighs

And

Your eyes

Glisten more

The sadder

The more beautiful!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sad. Not A Verse!

Sad.

Not a verse!

Not a word!

No,

Nor even a parched throat!

Eyes cast

No, heavens too high!

Life too rich

Not a verse!

Not a word!

No!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sadness Was Walking Lone And Mute

Sadness was walking lone and mute
A lyric Poet sadly played his lute.

The moon was vying with star light
To win its place in the lone night.

Shrouds and ghosts were lamenting
And a Mother in a corner weeping.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sadness, Angst, Ennui

Sadness begins
But then begets
So much of angst
So often!
And so much
Of angst
Over the days and
Weeks
Spills in ennui!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Saint Joseph

Verses.

Saint Joseph on the wall.

My father moves his
Bones.

Today's the sun.
No wind.
No storm.

May the approaching Spring
In its feast
Now begin.

I saw bones moving up the
Road
At Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Saline Cliffs And Smelly Waterways

Thoughts that as smoke
Ascend
Winding

Wave currents that through vaginas
Suck chromosomes from female eggs:
Then re-throw back
In zygotes made.

Violins
That sings slow and plays meanwhile
Ducks
Head-moving gargle notes of violins.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Same Hapless Thing

Ah! woe is me!
The same hapless thing
Again
Again
Again
Occurs and re-occurs.

How many nights
Had I
With open eyes of
Waking fretting
Stood
Fearing
The hapless thing?

Time had to pass
For the hapless thing
Not to occur:
But as the game
Stood finished in tow
With extra time
The goal of misfortune
Destiny scored
With the last breath
With the last try
In the last second.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sands Speak

I heard the sands speak and
Did not care.

I heard a giant lyre played
In the high desert heavens
But I cared not.

I heard the whispering of
The Muse
Perhaps it was the best of
Verse
And did not heed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sank The Poet Seer

Sank

Sank the Poet Seer

Sank more and more

In the mires of despair

And dark thoughts

Dark, dark, dark,

Ah! where be Beauty?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sappho 2014 Now Long

Sappho 2014 now long
Centuries separated with
Voice eerie whispering
Through the long, long
Tunnel of Time-Motion:
I read
You yet again
When dusk had settled

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sate Sipping Energy

Sate sipping energy
It
Had just gone
Out of the body mass
She laid silent
The chains one by
One
Undressed the earth
In earth
From earth
Sate sipping energy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sate The Owl

Sate the owl
Wondering in her empery:
The empery of the Vacant
And it was silent
It was a way of after-thought
Its face looked white
Though
Dawn was far away
And
Deep the dancing:
Brimful of
Candid stones
That glimmered with
The eyes of night-dews
In the forested
Night.
Sate the owl
Wondering in her empery:
The empery of the Vacant
And it was silent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sate The Wise Owl

Sate the wise Owl
Sate on its thick bough
The winter was not deep
But was begun
And just
The broken heart that
In September waned
And in the summer faded
Faded slow
That broken heart
In silence found its sway
For wisdom in silence breeds
Most time thoughts propense
To such variation and
Experiment
That Silence be preferred to
A loud Voice.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Satin

Satin hands

And

Satin eyes

The spirits round

They dance

The night

Spectator night

With stars and

Moon

And lake glimmering!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Satyr

A satyr jumped
With giant strides
A Satyr flew
As the wind flies
And more.

A Satyr sung
A sacred song
Tress, flowers
Among:

A Satyr he
As in a bat
Transformed
Over the town
He flew
And at the night
A powder light
A magic light
He threw.

And woke the town next morn
Next dawn

And though the conscious civilization
Kept
It added the sub-conscious one too
Yet.
Yes, so, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Satyrs Fauns

Flurry of feet
Of satyrs fauns
And nymphs
Piping bacchanalians
And staring owls
And piping nightingales
Whither go they?

The night be cold
The rain be sharp
The frost be dense
The chill that cuts
The clouds that frown
The thunder roars
The lightning lights
To-night
This night.

For
Flurry of feet
Of satyrs fauns
And nymphs
Piping bacchanalians
And staring owls
And piping nightingales
Whither go they?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Savage Winters

Beast
Of
The
Savage
Winters
Beast
That
Talks
And
Down
The
Wetted
City
Stairs
It
Walks

Emmanuel George Cefai

Save With The Stars

Save with the stars
gather with the dusk
spend with the Dawn
the generous Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Saw Him Yesterday

I
Saw
Him
Yesterday
Yet
This
He
Has
Not
Come
This
Way
No
This
Dawn
Be
Not
For
Him
But
A
Tear
But
A
Sigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Saw I A Shroud The Passed.

Saw I a shroud the passed.

It was a lass.

It was a lass
But of last century!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Saw I The Castles Falling

Saw I the castles falling
Falling
The walls were burning
Down they crashed
Falling:
Burning
And I had joy
To see my castle falling
Burning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Scarecrow

the scarecrow
it was night
with secret eyes
the scarecrow
saw its redundancy

'I'm heavy heart'

The shout
woke the owls
stared
the nightingales

Emmanuel George Cefai

Scent Of Camphor And Myrrh

Scent of camphor and myrrh
Issuing
From Earth
There be
With us
A human rights activist
He's willing
To shed his blood
And
More
A Poet-Seer
And
I think
His blood will soon
Be shed in martyrdom
That's why
Earth be already
Preparing for his
Parting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Scented Gardens

Scented are the gardens
The meadows on the Rhine
Garlanded in the night
The green is overcome
By black
But not its scenting!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Scents And Motions

In the walk
There are so many
Things
Phenomena
Scents and motions
Surprises and wide
Open eyes:
In the walk.

But
Not these I look for.
But
For the thoughts
That come to me
Come
In those deep and
Profound of silences.

Even a leaf falling
Turns me round.
My steps go slow
As thoughts
Slow them as it gets
Deeper.

In those times too
The night is not
Of dark completely
As I walk
Between the aisles of
Trees
There be a certain twilight
Glimmering
Trembling in the dimness
Of the moon-light.

Before me
Stretch the passages
And layers

Of thought on thought
Synthesis and drops
Of experience on experience
Before me
And
The night goes
And
Winter be not of necessity
But
The calm sequestered solitude
That after all is where
Man speaks to Man
In ages all
And in all destinies
And centuries.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Scream

The scream I heard
But this was not
Of Earth

Slowly, slowly slow
Shadows thick

If you saw my lines then you
Saw my heart
And read it

For our ways be different
From
The ways of the earth.

I want a jungle

Emmanuel George Cefai

Screams And Shouts

Screams
And
Shouts
Verses
Will
Not
Avail
The
Hammer
Of
The
Clouds
Pricks
Then
To
Night-dews
Waters
Of
The heavens
Cool
Places
Of
The
Earth
And
Glittering
Lakes
By
Hamlets
Of
Hamlets
Glittering
In
The
Sole
Night
Thinking
Groaning
Mourning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sea Bosom

The thin sea-bosom

Having tea

Quiet

At Dawn

Beginning of a day

Muscling itself

For woes to follow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sea Craft Of Magic

Sea craft of magic
Rolls
As thunder clouds
Over
High peaks in Patagonia
snows
there
grow
the mists of yesterday
and the growing spell
of the night of today
the sea craft with its magic
wings
flies on and on and on
in the wide twilight
waters glaring:
southward
the waters glow
northward
thunders blow
and
lightning
and still
the sea craft
goes on and on
deriding

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sea Roars

To-night the sea roars not
Though
On the sandy beach
Under the palms
The sand-grains tremble.

The pebbles rattle not
Nor does the bat
Whistle its way
Around
Screaming.

To-night Hesperus wills
Calm
And quiet
And silence of the tomb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Seagull

gull
gull
that
lonely
flies
and
hoarse
it
cries
over
the
dry
sand
and
the
mountains
dark
whose
slopes
peeled off
slow
but
secure
and
sinister
over
the
centuries
of
dilapidation
dressed
gull
gull
that
lonely
flies
and
hoarse
it

cries
over

Emmanuel George Cefai

Seas And Oceans I Left

Seas
and
oceans
I
Left
A
Flag
In
The
Midst
Of
The
Oceans
And
The
Flag
Had
All
The
Flags
Of
The
Other
Countries
In
It
Little
Afar
A
Man
Floated
On
The
Waves
Face
Upwards
To
The
Sun

To
The
Stars
And
To
The
Heavens
Immense
He
Was there
And
There
Were
Around
Hundreds
Of
Flags
From
The First Flag
That
Was
And
All
The Flags
Floated
Round
The
Man
All
In
One
And
OneIn
All

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sea-Shore

on
the
sea-shore
thinking
I
found
a
Soul
but
not
the
body
the
dove-Soul
as
the
dove
strutted
the sand
and the oncoming waves
the rush
the thinking
there
was
a
man
escaped
from
what
I
call
lunatic
asylum.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sea-Spirit

Sea-spirit

There's a basket

It floats

It floats

Along the Ocean

Right in to the bay

Where golden dreams

Be made

For the old dwellings

Already slumbering

In the first dusk

In the first dusk.....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Secluded Town

Into
The
Secluded
Town
Willows
Weep
The
Wind
Speaks
Slow
And
Many
Times
Whispers
Only:
And
In to
That
Seclusion
Was
Heard
The crystal
Music
Of
Waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

Secret

Now that the secret is out
put off the lights
and let me cry
silent
and in the dark
all night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Secret Eyes

the scarecrow
it was night
with secret eyes
the scarecrow
saw its redundancy

'I'm heavy heart'

The shout
woke the owls
stared
the nightingales

Emmanuel George Cefai

Secret Fountain

Secret fountain of pearls.
Night shines from my
eyes.

The waters reflected
A red crop of hair
that stood on end.

Yet
the waters shone beautiful.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sedated

The wines went round

Sedated

They sat green wand

On head

Amidst the green

Alighted by the moon

And incense rose

Incense

To friendly gods

Selected from Olympus

As the leaf

Selected from the tree

Then from the bough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

See

The shadows slowly steals.

See wall and shadow are one.

I felt the struggle to become
A father

I experienced it.

I had the pain, the suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

See A Flower Walk

See a flower walk
And walk
The flower in red boots
The flower in red shoes
Along the moon-lit sward
The moon-lit sward of green
Amongst the scent of mists
Of magic and of notes
That music sweet and weird float:
One after one
As chained though free
Untied
The ghosts and shrouds
One after other walk:
Soldiers of the magic night
And of the dark mute brides:
See a flower walk
And walk
The flower in red boots
The flower in red shoes

Emmanuel George Cefai

See In The Year – Open The Calendar:

Fetch up and look up the holidays
Look the Sundays, here and there
Calculate a Saturday;
These are days of oxygen?
Amidst the weltering pressure of
The throttling martyrdom my enemies vowed
For this year each hour
Of those aforementioned days
Be a dower, as precious as the Orient
All its pearls, not just one, but all, all, all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

See My Cold Hands,

See

See my cold hands,

Outside the gelid frost

Reigns.

Yet

Sad, sad heart,

The cold here in my hands

Goes deeper

Deeper roots than

Just gelid frost

Emmanuel George Cefai

See Though Drear And Sadness

See

Though drear and sadness be all near

And covered are the cheeks of the heavens with fear

Yet Winter's days are falling one by one

And in the midst of chill, this frost, this chill

The first signs of new warmth begin

A Dawn of Spring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

See, See, Calculate, How Many Hours

See, see, calculate, how many hours
As we humans calculate – are there
In a span all round of a whole one year:
You will find rough and approximate
About a eight thousand of them:
Now
On the first day already twenty four
By now
Already almost nine have passed:
See, how Time slips away?
And Time is Motion; Motion therefore
Slips so away: that is the syllogism.

Emmanuel George Cefai

See, See, My Monsignor,

See, see, my Monsignor,
Take Time at least day by day,
Not year by year, or
Week by week:
But even hour by hour take
And every hour that be gained, is gained.
So let me do this year: at least
To it have I little alternative:
With all the daggers in my direction drawn
And on my head already I see
The crown of red and bloody martyrdom.

Emmanuel George Cefai

See, See, Thoughts, Ideas,

See, see, thoughts, ideas,
climbing
climbing
and
they be irresistible
occurring and occurring
as day and night and dusk and
dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Seed

The
Seed
Of
The
Plant
Dispersed
Lay
In to the gales of night
In to the chills
Of winter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Seeing And Realizing

Seeing
And realizing
That all around
His own built Fort
Storm upon storm
Green mouthed
Red
In thunder and
In lightning
Was swiftly
Gathering
In the relatively
Safe
Haunts of the night
He left
His castle
Drunk the spell
Became a ghost and
Shroud
A type he willed:
himself
Another Dracula

Emmanuel George Cefai

Semester Of Lineage

Semester of lineage
Ghosts that pace
Noble and
Round
With sibling shrouds.

The food be ready
So the cry
The Cook of the Olympian Table
Cried
Hoarse and bawling.

Accordingly
Went out the fires of the stars
The trembling shades
Of moon
The ghosts that elude
Centuries
And mock
Century after century!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Send Me Minerva The Light, Even Dim,

Send me Minerva the light, even dim,
Even if the first flame,
The stone that in pre-history
Pressed against the rawness of another
Stone
Made fire: but not that fire,
The flame of wisdom give me
That I may in these days be indifferent
To the black Winter haunting me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Send Us Minerva A Wiser Man Than Me

Send us Minerva a wiser man than me
I dreamt to humanity of Immortality
Of Body plus of Soul already:
Send us great goddess from your head
Some wiser man than me beget
More practical and engineering too:
I lit the light; let not the flame-glow
Wither before some turbid winter-thaw:
But catch it while it be, I lighted it.
I meant it to grow, not wither.
I was a dreamer, perhaps, yes, perhaps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sensing Our Ways

By sensing our ways
Groping and
Scuffling
Hoarding and
Pondering
We
Think that in the race
Of Time
With Time
We win
Time sits on a trimmed edge and smiles
Sardonical

Emmanuel George Cefai

September Expectation

September month of expectation
September month of trepidation
the leaves to tremble start
and
in their trembling starts
their anguishing:
on the one side
the Inner Soul
begins its angst
on the other side
the Inner Soul
awaits expectant
the end of the year:
day after day pass
superfluous and sterile
with every passed day
resignation grows
the foot slides further
in the grave.

Emmanuel George Cefai

September Night

Sitting on the branch in a
September night
the wise Owl garroulous
cunningly garbled her wise
saws.

Beyond the line of dark seas
where the moon plays
she sees and dreams
as humans dream and
more.

too soon
too soon the cool September
will soon pass
yielding to a ferrous October
than thin taut cold and
frosty eyed November and
December.

Yet
in the fortress of your brain
wisdom as old wine
betters with every day
deepens with the chill
and the wind ruffling feathers.

September slips quickly
day by day
and night by night
October grimly looks
at its near triumph

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sepulchral Eyes

Sepulchral eyes
Hollow
With desperation
Loaded
Red and lighting
Emotions find
Their seat in them
Sepulchral eyes
Praying of the beady
Anchorite:
Sepulchral eyes
Hollow
With desperation
Loaded

Emmanuel George Cefai

Serene

Serene
Serene
The pictures roll
One after the other
Roll

Serene
Serene
And the violins play
The drum beat
Rhythmical
And the violins play
And the violins play

The ancient Greek gods
Haughty and sweet
Mediterranean look
Latin look
Yet
In them the look of gods
The look of inspirations
And the violins play
And the violins play

Loud
The drums beat
Stately and majestic
And most of all
Rhythmical
One after the gods
Rotate
Then the deep-browed
Thinkers
One after one
Hear!
The drums are beating
Rhythmical
And the violins play
And the violins play

Serene
Serene
The pictures roll
One after the other
Roll
Gods and thinkers
Then
As in roster
By the turn
The drums are beating
Rhythmical
And the violins play
And the violins play

Emmanuel George Cefai

Serene The Face Of Earth

And all
All
All be quiet
Serene the face of Earth
Serene
The stars to-night
The moon in its light
The sea in its bosom
Bright
Silver night dews of
The night
Fall, fall,
Fall
Night closes its eyes
Drowsing
For it be past mid-night
And soon
Dawn be on wing!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Serenity In Vexation

More thought
Serenity in vexation propense
More reason
More plan
In to the works of night
When all silence will be
When all silence will
Fall
Not merely winter
But in summer too
The thrall
Of the night be:
Said the Monsignor:
How will silence remain
If all awake the humans be?
Spoke then the Poet Seer:
That
As with our choice of Night
Over the Day on us depends:
We
Must a civilization be, a way of
Life
Conduct in silence to the night's
Respect
Do things but silent,
Not work with trumpeting,
No, no,
Things and events be done in
Silence equally
As things we do now
Yet
Not the same things:
Not wars, not injustices, not ill
Not sheer necessity of laws
But still
An ever-evolutionary will
Ever-increase, silent suffering,
Advance without trumpeting.

Serenity, For You I Wish

Serenity, for you I wish
serenity, for you I sigh
serenity, for you I pray
serenity, for you I yearn
serenity, for you I cross the bridge of sighs
serenity, for you I spend nights walking
serenity, for you I be in solitude
serenity, you have become my Dawn
and Dawn serenity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Serpent In The Fold

The Serpent in the Fold
The hedgehog silent
Goes
And innocent
He trudges
On and on.

Great crowds
Saw I
But lines erect
And moving
The figures stood.

Over the bay
Turned the light
Of the old lighthouse
While Night silent lay.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Service Of Beauty

what
you
do
once
you
do
another
and
then
again
in
the
service
of
beauty
all
withal.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Seven Queens

Seven
Queens
Saw
I
Emerge
In
early
Dawn
From
The
gates
of
the
cemeteries
seven
diamond
crowns
on
head
they
bore
you
had
not
better
looked
to
them
for
they
so
had
beauty
in
their
eyes
that
dazzling
it

was
blinding
thunder
and
lightning
soundless
emerged
arrow-pointed
rays
to
meet
\the
Eyes
So
Much
Beauty
For
The
Drinking
Yet
So
Much
Beauty
Medusa-type!
Better
That
I
Looked
As
They
Entered
In
The cemetery
Gates
Slipping
In
At
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shade That Giant Looms

Higher than human height by far
Yet have chains tied for your legs

How creak and clang the chains
Your feet move, Shade that moves
And the chains remain tied and tight.

The centuries pass
The centuries pass
Yet despite, the chains remain
Remain tied to the legs of the Shade.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shadow After Shadow

Shadow

Shadow after shadow

Creeping

Grey ones, greyer ones,

Dark ones

Yet all be

Shadows

Yet all be ghosts

Yet all be shrouds, my mother.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shadows Of All Shades

shadows

Shadows of all shades

and colors

sub-dividing matter: energy

ramifying and

rarifying

the skeleton of old

I heard them laugh

a big laugh

then they ceased

silence.

Ossuary

Of long deep quaffs

Of bones from graves

And tombs and

Charnel houses.

the indifferent moon

is used to these laughs.

Ah! we humans will propense

be to laugh as skeletons:

human will you not like

and relish crumbling into a

handful of red-white dust?

There be nobility too

and sacredness in such a

dust.

For sacred the human be

and more he grows

more

with every

shadows

shadows of all shades

and colors

sub-dividing matter: energy

ramifying and

rarifying

the skeletons of old

I heard them laugh

a big laugh

then they ceased
silence.

Calmed be the waves
Those same waves
That rose at dusk
And made havoc
Of twilight beauties
The bats ceased to shriek
And went back
To their hanging upwards
Downwards
Calmed be the waves
A current of strength
Fanned by Neptune blew
As to a ramming road
A little below
The breasts of the seas
And liquid waters.
But now
But now
There be the return to night
As of the other night
As yesterday
As the day before
As before
Before.

On land and sea
Floated the scent
Of ossuaries and of
Sacred bones.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shakespeare Had Sung This Too: Wisdom

Shakespeare had sung this too: wisdom
On this unite us.
If his country and mine had but two rivers
Principal we would have joined them:
But
Shakespeare has his Thames and I have no
River.
Therefore we can join the Thames to the
Mediterranean sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shakespeare Too Unfolded His Emotions

Shakespeare too unfolded his emotions
Like the waves that roll and roll majestic
When roaring stands the mighty Ocean:
Wave upon wave, wave after wave
Time and Space, Space and Time united
All in One and One in All :
So I; so write; so feel; so versify
And times to come will perhaps
Brush off the dust over the lank words
The ironed passages and the highlighted words:
O! Shakespeare too unfolded his emotions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shall We Shall We On Earth

Shall we shall we on earth
Finish as walking cadavers
As walking cadavers with jittering teeth?

Our civilization has sapped our blood
That the mass universe hath given us:
And now like Dracula feels its wings
To fly in to the dark lake of the night
Where war, destruction, disease fly
As hideous night-birds with full hideous cry
How hideous - as they pass and wheel all by!

They wheel mechanical previsible like rotating planets.

And on a pitch-black crag
Envy and Hate two lovers of the Night
Put hand in hand and smile and look

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shark Eye

Shark
Eye
Not
In
The
Liquid
Reign
Of
Neptune
But
Rolling
Here
There
In
The
Midst
Buried
In
The
Dark
Of
The
Heavens
Rolling
Eagle-type.
The
Shrouds
Rolled
Up
Its
Eyes
Dawn
Had
Not
Come
As
Yet
Was
Far

As
Yet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

She Came Round

She came round and asked
Him; she the princess.

'Why do you languish and
Hours spend looking in the
Waters of the pool? '

He spoke not; only
Sighed; and he replied.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shine In The Light Of Glory

The ghost tonight
They feel the
Chill
But not as me
No, for their bones
Strong
Shine in the light of glory
Of those
Who cut the chains of Earth
With Earth they fall

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shoals On The Sea

Shoals on the sea
Rocks
Where sirens stood
Little islands
That hide in the night
Vessels know of these
They have to zigzag or
Run aground
The waters
Whisper
They hear them
And
The shoals rustle
As grains of sand
Turned here and there
And with fury
Tossed
Occasionally:
Ah! the mass universe
Has ensured these
So many centuries gone
And yet to come!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shocked Frustrated Faces

Shocked
Frustrated
Faces
Grey
And
Sheet-white:
Blank
Expressionless
Expressions
Of
Guilt
And
Regret:
So
Are
We
Now
And
Long
Will
We
Remain
We
Can
If
Only
We
Work
Our
Ways
Back
Again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shone

Shone
Glimmering
The
City
Of
The
Night
And
Out
Were
Stars
And
Round
The
Winds
Neighed
The
Waters
Of
The
Spells
Spurting
Into
The
Night
The
Town
Of
Ghosts
And
Shrouds
Not
Derelict
But
Quiet
Still
Dreamt
Dreamt
Wild

Out
In
The
Howling
Wilderness
That
Be
The night plains
And
The
Tree-bent
Gardens
And
The
Wise
Feather-ruffled
Owls
And
The
Solitary
Silent
Nightingales.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shoot On Sight

Shoot on sight
From the guns
Of night dews
Sight
Dark cut through
By the
Knife
Of
Glow-worms
Adding
To the stealthy
Moon light.

Ah! how many
How many
Nights as this
Love, centuries
Long, long centuries
Witnessed and felt
In long experience and
Deep heart!
How many!
How many!
How many!

The doves of night
Those turtle doves
Lovers of gloom
And
Eyeing waves of
Doom
Those turtle doves
They roam the night
Borne on fragmented
Clouds of fleeces light.

The night is as the nights
And so many things
Phenomena expected as

Exceptional
When passed and
When experienced be
As others gone
Long gone
And others lined to
Come!

Ah! how many
How many
Nights as this
Love, centuries
Long, long centuries
Witnessed and felt
In long experience and
Deep heart!
How many!
How many!
How many!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Short Verse

Short
verse but felt
into the heart
where
it touched the chord strings
the writing on the wall
that was at night
disappeared in Dawn all
out of sight;
I saw
a Hand that wrote as with
charcoal
black clear letters, large
for eyes to read
yet little before Dawn
a white hand delicate
passed over the writing on
the wall and
swept it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Short Verse Yet

Danced the fauns
And danced satyrs
And danced the nymphs
They danced and danced
Till bright-eyed Dawn
Froze them in trance.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Short Words

Short words

Brief

In verse

Face book

Twitter

Everywhere

Every time

Everyplace.

The moon's brief

Its lips pursed.

Tonight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shout

The syringe of the heavens
It shouts so many times
Loud and clear and
Deafening:
With every injustice that goes
In its face
Hidden at night the heavens call
And shout.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shout Slow And Hilarious

Shout slow and
Hilarious
The heavens will
So
And you must
Obey the heavens
For they be immense
And
From them emerge
Lightings and
Thunderings:
The statue stood slow
And erect
For it was thinking
It was thinking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shouted The Owl

The night
The night
Shouted the Owl.

She ruffled her feathers.

On another bough
A nightingale hid
Behind a cluster of
Searing leaves
That yet remained
For now
Till now.

Sung the first note,
The nightingale.

The Owl was first, there
Before
Wither
Wise grumbling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shouting Colors

Shouting colors

Vivid

Yet all sad and gaudy

All sad

A cemetery is

Near

Yet

Night is yet

Afar

And day

Yearns so to fade

Yet

Fading is far away!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shouting Red.

The land
It is shouting
Red.

It is night.

The wind has usurped the
Trees.

Insects of the night are
At work or love.

The mill works as in the day
But slower.

The ploughman returning looks
At the high heavens.

And says not one word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shrine

Shrine
That in the wall
Of an old street
In the old city hangs
Where grime and
Dust
Crept in centuries
Shrine
Last night I passed
I heard words
Speech
And in my language
I recognized:
To me directed
Were those words?
I asked the Shrine
But no reply.
No sound.
Only the grit blasting
Distant sound
Over the waters
Up Nix Mangiari steps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shroud Of The Earth

Shroud of the earth
wandering
with our shrouds
associating and
conspiring
in dark and
straitened alleys
whispering.

ah! what the sighs
what yearnings
the regrets and
the unrequited
wishes!

Shrouds in pain
increase their pain
the waters of the Earth
console them not
nor drive away
tears from their red
socket eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Shrouds Of Black Whither

Shrouds of black whither go with
Hurried step and pompous pace?

Pace after pace, torch-bearing each
In a hand hidden all in black?

Down the streets, down the alleys,
Down the winding ways, they go.

Nearer and nearer the sea-shore
They wend hour after hour strikes.

And the night ah! the night of dark
Covers their incantations low.

Soon, soon arrive they at the ferry
Where a barge in black awaits.

A plank draped black each ascends
One after the other torch-bearing go.

And once the barge with its cargo
Full, alone unmanned it goes, goes out to sea.

Lone neighed the winds, the waves danced
Though not in tempest but in moon lit glow.

And more the barge from shore it distanced
Itself louder the low chants grew.

Glimmered the torches on the barge of dark
Till out at sea a speck from shore it shone.

Glimmered, glimmered, glimmered,
And the moon light smiled, clouds frowned.

And the barge goes, goes out the barge,
Out un to the open Oceans, open seas.

Out, out in to the immensity of Ocean
Depths where land so far alights.

And still the motley crowd sang, sang
Its incantations loud in to the night.

Still glimmered the torches, still
The torches wind-flickering burnt,

And lighted the dark round. Stillness
Of immensity in that immensity abounds.

And on and on sailed the barge
Without direction and without a plan.

But whither the waters threw it, went it
That barge of dark, carrying dark hoods.

And no land sighted, yet hour after hour
Of the night lapsed.

The curtain of the black became as edged
With silver as the moon and then with white.

And lo! Of sudden fell the curtain dark
And Dawn appeared rosy in her might.

And as soon as at touch of magic wand
Disappeared as in a mist the barge of black.

And whither it went let the Dawn sole know
And whither the dark hooded shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sign Of The Cross

Sign of the Cross

Vesper

Bells voices

Wafted in the taut air

Above

The harrowing clouds

Of vesper time

For

Vesper time

Be

The time of

The fading and

The waning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Signs Of Tiredness

Signs of tiredness
Signs of ageing
My Muse is
Shaking.

During the day
I sowed
But now
Now
Age away.

The heart and spine
Beat dim
Yet beat
Vesper is past
And dusk
And night be deep
And the stars have sunken eyes
And
The moon groans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silence

I reply
and the silence be
my reply.

That's my methodology.

And a way of my discovery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silence At The Round Table

At the Round Table
The Knights at round
Their cuirassed King
The Queen set on a throne
Behind:
The dusk was falling
Slow
Slow
Slow
Silence; no words
Not even when old Merlin
Came
Thoughts raced as lightning
In furrowed brains.
Words ceased.
Looks talked and spoke

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silence Broken

The silence in the
Wide, wide plain
And in the glen below
Where birds sits
Still on bough
And move not
The silence was long
In being broken.

The Heavens, the immense Heavens,
I felt
That they were as pending
Clouds waiting for the bursting
Flooding of the rains
Whilst
Torrents breaks
And loose Zephyr
Lets the string of
His bag of winds.

It was thus that the Heavens
Spoke
It was thus their mighty Voice
It was thus
That Heavens broke the Silence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent And Humble

Silent
And
Humble
The Sub-Conscious works.

I was in the sub-conscious
Quandary.

Then before me
In surprise came
The answer.
Conscious it was
The root sub-conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Face

I saw the silent face
glide by
enter the door
the figure
ascends the stairs
quickly
I was left behind
ah! ghosts!
ah! spirits!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Fields And Roads

Silent
Silent
Fields and roads
that wind straight
and round
dusty
dust of stars
of the white stars
in the moon's light
of the owl calls
nightingales
amorous
singing
and then
sudden
in the not so distant
Bourne
a Figure of Night walks
walks so swift
whistling
whistling
whistler of a magic night of spells!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Ghost

Breathe silent ghost
The tales of old
The centuries past
Let them walk by
Walk on their
Toes this
Last of night
Before the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Is The Night

Silent is the night
Tonight!
Yet so be so many nights!

Would I be within a night
In the time of the old knights
Hear the clanking of the swords
Match the clanking of the winds!

And the night-watch from his place
the new dawn arising trace!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Masquerade

night' silent masquerade
the chorus
made of
lizards, squirrels,
hedgehogs and
dancing raspberries
elucidating cranberries
figs and firs
with top hats stuck
against the summit
gales
open
open
open
the lids of graves and
tombs
hang their heads
resigned nocturnal
yews
shades of the swollen
night:
Draculas fly as large
bats.
For how much blood
will skeletons conserve? '

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Mute

Silent

Mute

Funereal faced and

Grim I

My mother

Professor Peter

Both in hospital now

This night

This cold night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Star That In This Night

Silent star that in this night
Fronts the cold and the frost
That drop curtain like through
The sad heavens:
You silent star are the mirror
Where I look to view my
Inner Soul, my deep Inner Soul
And in the silent night
As in a film my unhappiness
Where I my life I wished
To do not as I did:
The pain
The excruciation
And now
The heavy punishment
Of emaciation of the soul, my Inner Soul.
The Soul, the Inner Soul has thirst
In the desert of sadness
There grows the seed of
Further sadness:
Dawn after dawn will come and
Be
But power will change its vessels
Vessels that hold power now
Will not hold power then
And wealth will change its vessels
Vessels that hold wealth now
Will not hold wealth then

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent The Poet Seer

But not mute

No,

No, not mute

For

seeing injustice

His Voice high

Raised he unto the skies

The high skies

And the heavens moved

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silent Was He.

Silent was he.

Then

He spoke.

Little he spoke.

Few words.

Then he returned to silence.

The Assembly looked at each other.

And the Assembly was mute too.

And the Assembly spoke not too.

And the Assembly felt a Philosopher in the midst of it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Silver The Music Notes Ascended

Silver the music notes ascended to
the dreary heavens; in one long
anesthetic of ever-changing mist.

With every second colors change.

Slow and mute the moon reflects
On its mute face the changing
Colors in the frosty mirror.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Simple Dreary Song He Made

Simple
Dreary
Song he made
Free of all
And free of things
No thing that was not him
Made
To him
No thing
No thing
And he sang
Sang all freely
Sang of Spring
That was now
Towards the end
Sang of Summer
That was waiting at
The door
With parched throat now
Filled with wine
Waters and liquids divine
That kept coming
Coming
Coming
On he hopped all
Merrily
On he hopped and versed
And sang
Poet Seer who had
Inside him
A heart of sad
Yet he hopped
Yet he joyed
As the Sub-Conscious showed its hand
And welled up
Up to surface as a well
Magic well
With the liquid almost coming
Stream, no end, ever-increasing.

Even dusk
And its failing twilight
Then
The night and the eyes of
Stars
Did not cease him from his
Songs
And his lines to heavens rose
And his lines the people sang
And his lines were of the heavens
And his lines the heavens rang

Emmanuel George Cefai

Simple Sweet

Sweet the simple
Simple sweet
And the two
Be made to meet.

Night is calling
Owls are rustling
Nightingales singing
Waters brimming

From the cataract leap
Glancing moonlit waters
Loud
And the grey rocks light
Aloud!

Souls to this site fly
Here lie before you vie
For wealth power glory
All.

Sweet the simple
Simple sweet
And the two
Be made to meet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Since That All Proportional Be

Since that all proportional be
One of the other symbol be
And of what symbol be the sea?
And of what symbol heavens be?
And of what symbol nights will light?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sinews Of Oak

Sinews of oak
that with ageing
thickened and swelled
this be
how life must turn
and how more ageing
will bring its fires
more to burn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sing A Little

Sing a little
Sing awhile
Time an eel
Slips and slips
Days fade
And so many
Things:
Sing a little
Sing a while

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sing A Song

Sing, sing a song
The child wants sleep
Wants to go along
With fairies nymphs and
All the throng
Of Beauty and secluded song.

Sing, sing a song
And let
The woes of earth serpents
Among
With poison and with venom
hiss
Here the child goes, here the
Sleep, the dream,
The fairy elfin throng.

Though many a fairy song
Entrance
Enthrall
Yet there will remain songs
To sing
Tunes to chant sweet
And words and verses meet.
Ah! therefore
Sing a fairy song
So many have been sung
And this
Yet as yet another song.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sing I

Sing I
Of dawn and night
And seasons and
The rest:
For these are we
And we are them
And
What in us in not in them
Let us shed:
My Monsignor, remember that:
Phenomena and motion are
Behind all these
And these
Are boosters of phenomena and motion
Therefore
Sing I
Of dawn and night
And seasons and
The rest:
For these are we

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sing In The Garden

My Monsignor, you wish to versify
And sing
So told me.

You aim at the sacred at
Divinity.

But forget not the pain, the suffering,
The restlessness
That now you must make yours.

But sing.
For to sing is given to every heart
And
To versify given to every brain.

Look! The nightingale has begun
To sing in the garden!
Come! Hear!
And
Like the nightingale begin to sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sing, Sing, Maiden

Sing, sing, maiden
I know
That your heart has
Been pierced
By the shafts of
Cupid;
Now
You sing, you bear
Consequences'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sings Sweet

The playing on the violins of last farewells.

I am now come.

Sing sweet

The playing of the violin of the farewell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sip In The Beauty Of The Flowers

Sip

In the beauty of the flowers

The night

Has endowed them with dews

His lasting dowers

See

Their eyes

Millions still weep

Still mourn the spirits of the

Night

The shadows grey

Over the green

A million eyes be seen.

And the dawn smiles not

And

The dawn mourns

The funeral cortege

Of last noble night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sir Of The Day

Dear sir of the day
The drear day

We hunt here and there
To escape dreariness.

But like going round and
Round
The same planet Earth
We finish

Emmanuel George Cefai

Siren Of A Day

Siren of a day
Sate on a rock of old
With cove in it
Wherein
The siren hid from
Curious eyes:
No sound made she
No song
No humming
But looked
With affrighted eyes
For it was day
And
She was out of her
Habitat:
Waited for a quick dusk
And then
A long and splendid glorious night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sirens Dipped

Into the waters
The sirens
Dipped:
Small round circles
Floated
On the sea-bosom:
Above
The stars looked down
With eyes of young
Fresh children:
From
Somewhere and
Everywhere
Sung voice and echoes
Of a Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sitting At A Table In The Midst Of Other Tables

Sitting at a table in the midst of other tables
of glass thin and transparent with
skeletons
as guests and patrons sitting too at tables
like me
like me
they sat
in the Residence of the Cemetery

And
contrary to human cafes and bars and pubs
they
the skeletons
just sat at the tables
staring
staring
staring

And
they were not friends and they were not enemies

And
they did not socialise and no word
said they
but stared,
stared, just stared in silence

Sitting at a table in the midst of other tables
of glass thin and transparent with
skeletons
as guests and patrons sitting too at tables
like me
like me
they sat
in the Residence of the Cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sitting On The Desk

On sitting on the desk
Remember I
A tapestry of imageries
One after one
They come whether
Desired or not:
They come, they come
For Beauty so dictates.

The picture of life
Changes
In these successions of imageries
Whether
An
Emperor
Or a pauper be.

For
The coin of life two faces has
One the routine and rote
The other the reveries
That Beauty with her magic
Wand brings.

Which choose?

To you, my Monsignor for you.
And to me
I do not for Beauty to root
Hesitate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeletal Lights Blind

Skeletal lights blind
Across the cemetery ways
For it be
Now deep midnight.

Dresses white and
Colored
Move
With no flesh

Old tombs yawn, monuments
Light
Fires swarm as snakes
But not of glow-worms:
The feast of the Spirits
Hist! disturb not!
It be deep midnight.
And
Dawn is far away
Better for her
Awhile to wheel away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton

Skeletons people feel:

A Civilization

Of Skeletons

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Eyes

Skeleton

Hollow eyes

Wide

Dripping

Not tears

Nor blood

But

Dripping

Dripping

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Hopped On And On

I heard the bones crack
though
still
the skeleton hopped on
and on

I heard the bones crack
the waters dyed to red
by magic cysts
I heard the bones crack

the ghost lament elongated
united
into the heavens
melted
I heard the bones crack

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Of The Golden Tooth

Skeleton of the golden tooth
that outshines all the rotten
peers and sibling teeth.

yet
all the teeth together rattle
in the night

also the golden tooth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Of The Popping Eyes

Skeleton of the popping eyes
Fortunate
That your eyes remain:
Popping in this wilderness of Earth
Skelton
You speak not, but stand
Mute and inglorious
Hollowed face without
The beauty that clothes the bones
That now soiled with dust
Reign:
Skeleton of the popping eyes
I see you beckon
You point to humans gathered
As in the vale of Josaphat
And
In your eyes I see gleam
The anger and the wrath of justice
To be done:
Not of vindictiveness, no,
No stronger
Skeleton of the popping eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Of The Surge

skeleton
of the surge
in
the
Tunnel of Life
light came and
went
and went
and came
intermittently
cyclically:
how fell
a
chill
in to those
secret passages
and ways
were they
by the skeletons dug
away from
light of day?
Westward and eastward
he
they
moved solemnly
skeleton and human
in the world of
Age and of the skeleton

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton Snoring

I heard a
Skeleton
Snoring.

That brought me verses.

And that brought me song

Song to join with the
Giant flame of the Skeleton Chorus
On nights of gruesome moon
And rabid thunder.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton That Roamed

Skeleton that roamed
Yesterday
Away from the bunch
Of ghosts and shrouds
That marched with flaming
Torches
In the night:
Island of yews
Midst of the cemetery
Water silvery
That trickles seeping
Washed with bones:
And
Skeleton that roamed
Yesterday
Away from the bunch
Of ghosts and shrouds
That marched with flaming
Torches

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeleton With One Eye

Skeleton with one eye
Still glistening:
And a hole shining.
Night tonight has a nervous temperament
Yet
As yet the Law of Silence
Is not broken

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeletons

Skeletons that march
Over the plain
Step after step
Like soldiers goose-step
After goose-step:
And the night-hours strike
And the night-hours pass
And the night-waters flow
Clicks the water-mill
The donkey turns not but sleeps
The horse awakes and
Out of his stall
His head looks out and views
Skeletons
Skeletons that march
Over the plain
Step after step
Like soldiers goose-step
After goose-step

Emmanuel George Cefai

Skeletons That Rattle

Skeletons that rattle
Ghosts that huddle
Shades that grey
Circulate
Moan
Chorus of
Ancient Greek tragedy
Snapshot and
Photo shoot
Of life, life now
After all.

A couplet of sweet lines, just beauty
And fancied married
In a nocturnal wine goblet.

Skeletons that rattle
Ghosts that huddle
Shades that grey
Circulate
Moan
Chorus of
Ancient Greek tragedy
Snapshot and
Photo shoot
Of life, life now
After all.

Black, white, grey, in between
Surrealist, symbolist,
What more?
All these Intertransform and
Be specificities all on one and
Same tree genealogical.
And thus related
Accordingly.

Skeletons that rattle
Ghosts that huddle

Shades that grey
Circulate
Moan
Chorus of
Ancient Greek tragedy
Snapshot and
Photo shoot
Of life, life now
After all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleazy March

A sleazy march
A grumbling crowd I saw
And it was night.

Up,
Up a cemetery road
Went up the crowd
And sighs and
Groans crawled round.

Fatigued and slow
Moved
Round the tombs
The crowd:
White Dawn began to come
And
Faded the crowd
Before the Dawn.
Though it was night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep And Breathe

Sleep and breathe
Breathe so warm
Forget all
Forget all
Close your eyes
Out and in
In and out
There's the breathing!

Sleep and breathe
Think not, no,
Ban all woe,
Ban all worries
Sadness throw.

For outside
Storms and tempests
Blow
Dim the light
Out be night
With just starlight
Here warm
Sleep and breathe
Echo peace
Forget all
Forget all.
Forget

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep And Subconscious

O give haunting
Give me not more
Except the Dawn
When haunting be
Yet gone
And peaceful days
Of dream and afternoon
Sleep and subconscious
Opium:
Not more
Then
With the fading dusk
Bring
Bring on
Haunting again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep Gave Me Better Verse And Sweeter Song.

Sleep gave me better verse and sweeter
Song.

But I woke with a mind relaxed rejuvenated
And blank.

The sudden burst of the Conscious masked
The wealth of the Sub-Conscious that
Had just been.

And that wealth of Sub-Conscious got not
Out

But only sweet of song and parched of
Thought

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep Sub-Conscious

Read the verse

And

Sleep sub-conscious

Waking yet

With a little conscious.

A big clock

Ticked the time

Impatient

Ruthless yet.

A lark passed high

In the drear skies

And silent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep, Sleep, Fresh Dawn

Sleep, sleep, fresh Dawn
Though you be fresh
Yet sleep again
For sake of beauty,
More and more beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep, Sleep, My Little One

Sleep, sleep, my little one
'Tis better in this world of us
To sleep the sleep of the innocents
Than sleep the sleep of the just:
At least you'll have a greater chance
To avoid long knives and plots
And bloody rendezvous.

For in this world, this world of us
The just is alien and his sleep
Most dangerous negligence:
Long knives will wait at corners round
And plots and darts abound
For all the just around.
For in this world, this world of us,
The sleep of innocents is better than
The sleep of all the just, my little one.

Sleep, sleep, my little one
And let outside the dark wind neigh
And rain and chill make fear
And the sea's waves make storm and rage
And evil win
And the good disappear
And do not open your eyes sweet one
Before night and storm have passed away.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sleep, Sleep, My Sweet One Sleep

Sleep, sleep, my sweet one sleep
Let the film of Morpheus come
Like a veiled mist
And visit your eye-lids
And in the airs around
Invisible a sweet sylph sings
A lulling lullaby.

Sleep, sleep, my sweet one sleep
And woes forget and ills
And wrongs and plots
And treacheries:
Like a veiled mist
Dreams are falling through
Falling
Falling
Falling thro' your eye-lids thick
With the lead of Morpheus awhile
A sylph doth sing
A lulling lullaby.

Sleep, sleep, my sweet one sleep
And think of day and night
And dusk and dawn
And even
As one film images pass
Along your eyes a-dreaming
a-dreaming
A-dreaming
Awhile
A sylph doth sing
A lulling lullaby.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sliding Through Life

Sliding
Through
Life

a
wanton
star
that
parted
with
the
other
stars
not
even
a
farewell
no
it
was
a
rebel
star
and
the
other stars
wanted
not
amongst
them
a
rebel Star.

*

*

A sword
a sea
a cliff
other cliffs
all high and
horrible

a cavern deep
and arched
and other caverns
and coves half arched
into the sea
gulping waters of salt:

Ah! time passed here
became enamored
stayed
for long asleep
in drowsiness and
innocence relative:
ah! Time stopped here.
Yet
by and by
Time heard the ticking of his
watch
Time heard the hammering on his
brain
Time heard the alarm clock in his
veins and blood
He woke
And as he woke
he looked more noble than
Prometheus waking under his familiar
rock
in summer
more muscled tall than Hercules.

A brain
that thinks
projects
one thing after another:
always wanting more
and more
but stable in the end
towards sleep
as the old houses facing
Hastings Gardens.
They sleep; mid-night
peaks; passes

then
in the night stillness
rolls on the wheels of Motion
silently
till Dawn with her damsel army
appears on the line of the horizon.
Time stops; moves not;
then moves again;
there be a higher Urge
that pricks so to move.
And we
We humans move with time
All in to History
as per History
and are rolled on and on
the wheels of Motion
silently.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slight Infringe

Against
All laws that even
Slight
Infringe any human right
And civil liberty
I rise
And shed my blood

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slim Grizzly

Slim
Grizzly
drear
Delight I to glide
barefooted in September
from crag to crag
on the raw shore of rocks
and hear
the seas and waves
echo the Ocean's feelings:
feel the Ocean speak
to its depths and under waters
vast, hear the martial
steps of a realm
other than earth, larger and
vaster by far
another way of life,
another civilization as of us,
which we,
so largely often dismiss,
and think,
of only our civilization material.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slippery Eel

Eerie
As
The
Sly
And
Slippery
Eel
Into
The
Depths
Increasing
Of
The
Obfuscating
Well
Slid
Down
Towards
The
Port
Where
The
Salt
Mixes
Spume
And
The rocks
Arched
Gulp
The
Waters
Down
As
Enter
Waters
From
The
Cracks
And

Holes:
Long
Long
Centuries
Tale
Of
Long
Centuries
And
Inauspicious
Dark
And
Creepy
Screams
And
Haunts
Nocturnal
Breathing
Of
The
Spirits
Vast

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sloping

Sloping

Sloping

The Way of the Heavens

Sloping

Sloping

The night of the vesper stars

It lost its way

But in its immensity

Stays.

For the immense be the beautiful

And

The beautiful

Be the immense

The compass guides of us

Our lives

Our souls

Our noble Souls

Our noble Inner Souls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow

Slow

fast

exhilarating

depressive

you see, cyclical

intermittent

verse and song

experiment

I sing

I chant.

even today

at Dawn past.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow And Pitch

Life and sounds
Slow and pitch
From the base
Of silence rises.

Acid the Ocean
Swells
And bubbles froth
Magic
As in the night
Though it be Dawn

Yet
In mid Ocean
Waters, waters,
Waters
All around
No land
No eyes
Daylight relative.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow And Shy

The night peeps
Slow
And shy
The Dawn peeps
Bold
And raw

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow And Sultry

Slow and sultry
The beauty queen
Unmoving yet
As moving
Her beauty spread.

No flesh
Just petals
Scent - colors -
A flower!
Just a
Flower!
Yet
What Beauty encased
In her!

Thus
Slow and sultry
The beauty queen
Unmoving yet
As moving
Her beauty spread
And magic scent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow As A Trickling Tap

Slow
Slow
As a trickling tap
Drop
After
Drop
The words woven
In the oven of the brain
The alembic of
Rattling emotions and
Heaving breasts
The drops continue
In the dark of night
More of mystery
Pendulums
That stately stride
Clocks
Of cathedrals noble
That
Strike drop by
Drop
Across the taut and
Asphyxiated
Mouth of the night winds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Beginning, Then Increase

Begin slow, expect little

Nay

Nil.

And then you will increase

Propensity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow But Sure

Slow
Slow but sure
The verses
Slowed.

This month
From thousands
A few hundred
Grew.

And
In the next months
A few tens of verses
I preview.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow By Slow, Slow By Slow

Slow by slow, slow by slow
The past year rolled on at
The line
That we humans have given it in time
It crossed
And instead of winning the palm
It won its jactation over the high cliff
Rapid into the depth of the
Waste-paper basket of a chill January sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Chorus

Slow, together, Chorus
Moaned the skeletons.

Into one huge cloud of moaning
Moaned they.

Look, I looked at the grey dull
Walls and
Pained with
The solitude

I wanted the skeletons
For
They were not of this Earth

And I wanted suffering out of
This Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Fast But Sure

Slow
Fast
But sure
The days pass
And
In as proportion direct
Lowers
The guillotine
The hammer of the night
Prays
On its rosary beads
With tears in its
Eyes
To the tune of
The oncoming dawns of
Red
Slow
Fast
But sure
The days pass
And
In as proportion direct
Lowers
The guillotine

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Grinding Of Time

The slow grinding of Time
as to the giant stone slab
that grinds the chaff and
wheat
in the mill underneath:
the slow grinding of Time
how deep it be
flying arrow that suddenly
decreases speed
then halts
faces grow glum
then white and gaunt:
and blanched
ah! Time's slow grinding
the horse
that running was with
majestic manes:
but now
there's a bronze figure
of the horse
motion all ceased
with one leg less
that such a horse needs not
except for standing:
September coming
the Horse at the entry
of the old city
will the storms soon
face
and the ungentle winds
and the blizzards of rain
and the cruel drops of water chill
and the frights from thundering
in the long distance
over other towns and places
heard yet here
in the Old City entrance
the Horse immotile and powerless
commands the glances of the populace

yes
yet
the glances dark smiling shallow
proud - all sorts of
emotion; all
sorts of living
awhile
the slow grinding of
runes hummed by the skies
people hurrying up and down
the streets and squares:
and all above Gloom hidden
look, views and grimaces.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Moved He.

Slow
Moved he.

The heart beat
Saw the hands of
The clock of time
Tick wild.
As between two giant crushing stones
The Poet Seer was sandwiched
Yet he sang and sang
And the crushing of stones
Bewitched retreated.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow Night And Day

Slow the night moves slow the night
today

the stars burn bright
today

the winds abate today
that were of yesterday

and in this stunning quiet
I

to sink, just sink, and go
pray I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow The Bells Ring:

Slow the bells ring:
They were more rapid
Minutes ago.

My mother time passes.
The wound of yours
Remains.

Deep in the ocean-seas of sad turbulence
Lie the gems that sadness brings
Lie the diamonds of your eyes that weep.

Time and times will say
They will speak verdict
They will be judges.

For now
The empty hands remain
The sands
That fall through them

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow The Night

Slow the night
ascends
as does the moon
in tandem
or in servitude
or both
hill grew silent
in as proportion direct
to their darkening:
sylphs flew transparent after
bats
shrieked the bats
the sylphs in silence lay
red dusk withdrew his reign
to night
ended the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow The Wheels Grind.

Slow the wheels grind.

Softly.

Softly.

And yet

Destiny is written

Not on walls but on the

Blood of hearts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Slow, Slow, The Verses Flow -

Slow, slow, the verses flow -
the water murky turned in to the river
and dense and loaded it moved so and so -
it was a sort of Styx - yet burned not -
but
rather chill under the drear winter heavens
flowed discontented and unwilling:
so
my verses flow, do flow, but slow,
crawl in the violet light of a waning day
But they had their time too - let me say
and so
slow, slow the verses flow, this dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Bells, My Monsignor, That In The Time

Small bells, my Monsignor, that in the Time
Of the Waning Day,
That in the Time of the Pining Day,
From the small chapel top, there,
Lost in the country-side and plain
Amidst the zigzag of country roads
Wandering hither and thither
By chance into each other reciprocal
The better to blind the traveler:
Confusion will you say?
Utter, small bells, those notes wild
That I heard yesterday at vesper as
The red dusk fell into the sea
Accompanying the previous Sun
That dipped:
Small bells, arise on magic nights
On spells of witches on brooms flying
Violet lights, transforming continually
Quantum physics, patches of the tiny
Amidst those immense plains of desert hope:
And in that night of cold and winter storm
Far, far away hidden in a cave shivering
Lay half-hidden the fair Dawn awaiting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Drop Dew

Eye that twinkles
small drop dew
Dew of night
Lover of light
Trembling in
The burning starlight!

The sand-glass of time
It moves
It ticks
As each sand falls
It moves
It ticks

For there be
Eye that twinkles
small drop dew
Dew of night
Lover of light
Trembling in
The burning starlight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Kiss

a small kiss
all hidden
then stop
but only a little
a little
for the appetite be
growing
for another kiss
be coming
you hungry lass
I hungry man
the second of the kisses
triggers now
succession of long kisses
one on one
adding each one
the voluptuous fire
the burning of desire
just a small kiss
see what revolution!
and in passion-torrent
revolution on revolution!
and more than leads to
more
for a whole hour
near
till I and you
exhausted fall all blinded

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Neutrino Lost In Way

Small neutrino lost in way
floating
in the space of day
dawn has come
protecting night
has now gone
has flown and
neutrino
small neutrino
I too
too
I have lost my way
as you
yet
my brain points the way
out of dark
towards the dawn
the new day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Perversion In Repetition

There be a small perversion
In repetition

Yet in that continued state of
Mind

Great verse and lines be born
And more abound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Thoughts

Small verse, small thoughts,
The grinding suffering
Of the Muse is
Quasi-martyrdom.

Yet as a careful parent
Keeping her children in
Discipline
The Muse starts for her Poet Seers
The discipline of suffering.

Yet
In recompense forth
She bring
The moon, the stars,
The silences of night
And
quiet seas and oceans
immense
and nightingales that sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Verse

Small verse

Terse

Yet captures

Beauty in its net

More so at night

Yet too by day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Village

Whose people from our island hail

How many moons

How many nights

How many centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Village Bell

small village bell
house of couple
they be ghosts.

spirits in the belfry
play
chasing each other
as midnight
strikes.

phantom grey
greedy of hiding
disappeared

Emmanuel George Cefai

Small Village By The Sea

There
I will stay
Now.

The quite lapping
Occasional sea-gull
Crying

And here
A few people yet
No enemies.

At least
In this tiny ness
My soul's a little free

And
Here I will stay me
Here
I will close my eyes
Here
My friend start to play
Albeit a sad
Albeit a gruesome playing
Play
Play the farewell violin.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smell Of Formalin

I was in the smell of
formalin

I was in the smell of
nitrous clouds

I was in the smell of
gunpowder niter

I was in the bleak of
the conscious

I was in the smell of
formalin

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smell Of Herbs

smell of herbs
magic wettened vesper-time
and the hand of Zeus
through
the thunder vibrating
through
the heavens immense
the pilot eyes of dews
post-vesper thrown by night
ejaculated....

the seas rustle
the palm rustle
the shore sands
grind but slow
their sound
and the moon light
skips around

beat the drum!
beat the drum!
see
out of the dense of trees
come out slow but dancing
full
animals and inhabitants of
wood
hedgehogs, squirrels, lizards
gay, three owls slumbering,
nightingales in mid-lay...

so many
so many
then the fairies goblins
green, long eared satyrs and
fauns, naiads, nymphs
and all the troop...

look!

a satyr and near faun
steeped in wine
fell upwards lay
motionless yet gay
dreaming
dreaming
dreaming dreams
sipping wine subconsciously
on their backs
deep bacchanalians!
with their belly heaven-turned
and their feet towards the moon.

bats around and low
they circle
flipping of their wings
I hear
make the sound
the sound of bats.

and the drum stills beats and
plays
and to it under moon light
on the sands they dance and
turn
frenzied-silent in a trance
of Sub-Conscious conscious dance.

here stay!
here lurk
till at least the break of day
till at least the first of light
till at least the breath that breathes
over Ocean and wide seas.

and the drum stills beats and
plays
and to it under moon light
on the sands they dance and
turn
frenzied-silent in a trance

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smiling

I don't like
Smiling when
I do smile.

I am who am.

And
I am entitled
To it
I am entitled to assert it.

All of us, friends.

I like the wry face
For it tells my woes
My existential stresses
That be
A better X-ray of me.
Photo in depth;
Emotions undressing.
Yes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smiling Face

Smiling
Smiling face.

A Soul in glee
Fluttering
On Oceans.

A Bird fled
In immensity
From Earth and
All of Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smoke

Smoke

From the candelabras
Dark and unkempt
Went out to the ceiling
Night
Caught in a hummock
Unwilling
Red faced and restless
Uncomfortable night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smoke Rose

High
The smoke rose
And
High
The sacred incense
Flowed.

The night
It walked in pajamas
Red.

The night
Is stunned
By beauty in its bed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Smoking Ghosts

Bowels
Of
Smoking
Ghosts
TheFires
Of
The
Night
Last
Night
Be
Still
In
You
And
In
My
Last
Days
In
The
Artist's
Gown
I
Burn
The
Incense
To
My
Summit
Muse
I
Need
Not
Dawn
For
This

Smuggled

Smuggled

Through the thin lines of

Gratings

Smuggled

The lines, the verses, the lyrics

The Poesy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snake

Snake that withdraws

Its slow length

Along

Verses that long

And slow

Draw their slow

Length along

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snakes Of The Night

Snakes of the night

Mists

That rise fear

That fades in to the

Sad night

Raises it head only

With a new dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snakes Wandered

In the fresh lush grass
Snakes wandered
Wandered here and
There
With no venom.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sniper Of The Woods

Sniper of the woods
The woods are burning
But not with fire
But with the ire
Of storm, hail, hoar and rain
A cloud of mini-goblins in a train
Passes by
Three hedgehogs cross
The dusty pathway.
The days count themselves
This night
This wood
For
The woods are burning
But not with fire
But with the ire
Of storm, hail, hoar and rain

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snow

of snow statistics
word for herbs
the waters of discord
and the round sows
the thief with knife between
his teeth
held:
waters
waters
waters
my mouth is dry
for waters
berries and buds
public sales outrages
of sun and moon
stars in the offing
harbors sheltered
Circe wave currents
trembling
in warm snows vibrating
burning
burning
snows
geriatrics of the landscapes
no reply after seven days
and
not an acknowledgement:
he stopped old mariner
that he was
with white-browed eyes
thick and uncomfortable
yet there:
you respond asserting.
lips red and pasted
with the tastes of
twilight waters
in deep wells and cool
where heard
the chants of the old monks

fat
the chorus of the lizards
squeaking
from their respective hiding-places.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snow That Falls

Snow that falls
Night
Night
And in the chill
A Soul restless
Treads the earth
Restless
Restless

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snow That Melts

snow
that
melts
falling
but
water
turns
on
touching
of
the
earth
the
asphalt
snow
mantling
weary
souls
that
in
the
street
fell
trudging

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snow Was Falling

Snow was falling
Fast not hoar

And in midst
Red devils dancing

Long tails here
Long tails there
All a-dancing

All slept; lights
Were out; save starlights

Snow was falling
Fast not hoar

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snows

Snows

Snows

Though it be

June

Snows

Snows

Two boxers fight

Fight to the utterance

And

The snows fall

Fall in June

Snows

Snows

Though it be

June

Snows

Snows

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snows Be Of The Breast

Snows be of the breast

But

Lighting be of the brain

And

Thundering of the heart

That's done for me.

I walked to the cemetery

Told the rusty gates

'Open and close for me'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Snows Will Not Come

Snows will not come
not come that easy
but winter cold
already beginning be
though be just September.

For
after all
how many days separate
us from December?

Christmas New Year's Eve
and then the fateful
New Year?

There will be many rains
in between
and many storms
and many tempests
and my eyes will so
to weep
and be dry.

My sides be dry
Not with summer heat of
Parchedness:
But with the hunger
Born of wintry dread

But wait:
Autumn still has
To deepen
Nay to come.
But then time passes
As sands that glide
Through fingers.
As in time-glasses.
Time be swift and
With it age

As time with motion
Goes
Motion be swift, so
Time, so age
So the fleeting days
And slipping sand.

The cold chill many a time
will cut my face,
the fields be soaked with
waters,
the leaves fall,
and sere bend the olden
trees
fear will raise its head
in the last year's few days:
few?
Over a hundred days and more.
Wrath, despair lie in store.
And
the cold chill many a time
will cut my face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Beautiful

So beautiful
in Beauty
already there
no need
for perspiration
no, just stretch
your hands
over the table
the viands are there
ready for the taking!

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Beauty Speaks

So beauty speaks
So
Beauty ordains.

Waters rise and
Fall
The flow goes on
With ages.

Above
Above a peak
Chin in hands
Scant clad and
Almost naked
A subdued Zephyr

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Few Minutes After Waking The Muse Comes To Visit Me

Then I be strong in verse and song

Then as the mid-day comes I wane before
the coming of the dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Groans

So many groans
The wooden bridge
That over the street stretched
To join two other streets
That night
Sighs came from every where

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Humans Forgotten

So many humans forgotten

Or quite!

I ask a reason.

Then I blot my brain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Lines

So many lines
So many sighs
So many whispers
So many cries

So many oars at night
So many oarsmen transparent
So many barges without
Sailors ride
The seas nocturnal and
The seas of dark.

So many oars!
So many oars!
So many lines!
Whispers and sighs
And demon cries
And rattling
Skeletons deep night
Till
All a little before Dawn
All banished be!

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Things

Of
So
Many
Things
To
Think
Aspire
Sigh
Desire
The
Night
Violin
That
Plays
Dangerous
And
Sad
But
Mostly
Sad
And
Slow
Fire
That
Burns
Low
Fish
That
Sleep
In
Upper
Barrakka Gardens

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Times We Humans Meet

So many times we humans meet
With blinding lights!
So many our hands arise
To cover our trembling furious eyes.
I saw a hedgehog with light in
His eyes. His eyes turned red
Transformed chemically.
And he crossed the street away
Fast
Hopping on one leg the other he
Used as a hand to shield off
Light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Verses

So many verses
Songs
That all compete
To all:
Better so
Though
Very little outstanding
Yet
All in all
And
All the All
Together string
Of masterpieces, masterpiece

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Many Verses In Their Tens Of Thousand

So many verses
in their tens of thousand
now
and more:
so many golden years
torn of out my
leaf-book
now
the bones remain
the carcassas
and the skeleton
that was the price paid
and
I fear
more balances in the
future loom
for
so many verses
just for
so many verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Much About In Pain

I
Poet-Seer
So much about
In pain
And
Suffering
Go:
So many
Times
I breathe
Most now
With scope of
Escaping
From such oblivion
As to never hear
My name in centuries
Three or five or ten
Or more
And
Then injustice be
More done
To Earth herself
Harming herself to
Deprive itself
So totally of me
So cruelly
As not even my works to discuss
Nay criticize as much
As it will:
But by that keep
The flame burning
That
Oblivion turns away
At least
A little.

Emmanuel George Cefai

So Solitary

For speech
For speech I thirst:
So lone
So solitary
That speech to me
Even if not
Of joy
Is still a boon
That I must now enjoy
Sweet sounds and
Words
And thoughts
I hear
Sweet music to employ
In singing
My new found joy
This dawn
After the horror-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

So The Economy Of Times: So It Goes

So the economy of times: so it goes
My health so far now ties me
To my computer, I hear
The first bell of a church in old
Valletta ring:
And to me it is an indifferent thing
It is New Year; and in it I hear no Mass.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sockets Of Heavens

sockets
of
heavens
civilizations
wildstrife
tempest
storm
born
hard
reproduce
induce
bush
sacred
fire
vigil
by
camp-fire
ball
in
net
stars
in
the
eye

civilizations
tame
civilizations
neutral
civilizations
average
alternative

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soft Clouds Hard Rocks

The willows mourn but do not
Weep
The soft clouds on the hard
Grey rocks
Their shadows cast
And stay in frame.

Cry
Cry
Soul
Your
Time
Has
Come
The
Night
Be
Past
You
Will
Not
Take
Refuge
In
The
Night's
Deep
No
No
Now
Dawn
Has
Come
Now

Dawn
Has been

Yet

Making
Your
Calculations
You
Choose
To
Let
Off
The
Angst
And
Sorrow
In
The
Heart
Your
Heart
Now
You
Count
Not
Your
Years
They
Be
So
Many
You
Weep
You
Mourn
Of
So
Much
Wastage
You
Cry
You
Cry
But
The
Wise

Heavens
Hear
Not
For
They
Will
Let
You
Cry
Take off
The pain
That
Burdens
And
That
Loads
Your heart.

In the night in the day
Civilization always peers
Attentive:
With God-like eye and
God-like power
With its hand directs and
Moves the traffic of life
And day and night:
Ah! Evolution so requires
And evolution be so sovereign.
I saw hearts pouring out
The soot in them
Soot
That issued as dark botches of
Mourning blood
In the night in the day
As civilization does.
And
Evolution smiled
Sat on her fence
Silent not sulking,
Smiling.

Minarets of talk,

An afterthought.

Calculate, my Monsignor,
Calculate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Softly Sun

Softly sun, softly
The earth emerges
Yet
From realms of cold and
Rains and winds
High seas and waves
And
Other tempest storms
Softly, sun, softly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sol

Sol
Sun

The universe is clouding
Albeit it be expanding

I give the mass universe
A Soul, my Soul
My Inner Soul

And then
My spirit will breathe over all immensity

Without a stop or ceasing
Hover round and over.

And the laws in the universe be
The laws of that Inner Soul
Hovering.

Whatever powers on Earth
Will stop me from that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soldier Of The Knight

Come! soldier of the knight
Knight
Of
The
Clouds
Of
Heavens

See!
The angels sleepy
Drowse
In
A
Lost
Trance

Sub-conscious
Makes
You
So
Turns
You
So
The
Eyes
Tremble
Half-open
And
Half-closed

The
Night
Goes
Up
The
Hill
Of
Wantonness.

And
Then
Towards
The
Sea-coasts
Heads
Down
When
Time
Be
Come
When
Fires
Slow
The
Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soldier Of The Night

Who paces bastion
The only sound
The clanking ancient
Armor.
Not more.
Mute and without word
You pace slow in the
Moonlight.
The centuries will
Discover how many nights
You
did so through them
As this night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soldiers Of Beauty

Soldiers of beauty

Blue

Azure

Twilight and lightning

Thunder and neighing

Soldiers of beauty

Marching

Marching

Marching

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soldier-Skeleton Moving

Soldier-skeleton moving
As a grey shadow
Grey and dark as
Moving rats
As stealthy
In those cemetery glooms
Where a line was drawn full
As yet
On so many dooms.

Now the onward march
Of their doom
That marched proud
While breathing was
A ruthless tank
And pitiless
Now moves not,
Stopped.
The doom of doom.

The earth does not open up
The heat throws up a fire
There be no humans
And no steps of Poet Seer

Even so
The cemetery and its inhabitants
Would share with the Poet Seer.

He made
A rite, sacred or not
Or relative:
For in his village they
Controlled destinies in fumes and
Smokes

For after all
Were not destinies transformable
As matter: energy their carrier

To fumes and smokes?

The self-confessed
Witch-doctor smoked his pipe
Muttered his words, syllables
As in other languages
His own?
As burnt as a tipsy man
He chanted.

For life
Be as of everything
No fairy tale for ever
Not just sweet talk
Play of sweet violins
Beauty enmeshed eyes of
Surprised dawns.

In
Those myriads of rows
Of tombs below
So much
So much
And spokes in the wheel
Need I list more?

Soldier-skeleton moving
As a grey shadow
Grey and dark as
Moving rats
As stealthy
In those cemetery glooms
Where a line was drawn full
As yet
On so many dooms.

The night is closing
The night is closing
Hurried shadows and figures
Slide
Often colliding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Solemn Pattering Of Waves.

Solemn pattering of
Waves.

Dust of recorded
Ire
From the Olympian table
Down.

Fires that in the woods of
The heavens
Shot blood faced.

Verse upon verse building
As the Spider
Weaving.

Ah! we humans
Spend so much of life
In weaving!

Tell tale face
Guilt dripping
From the frowning
Not from the gibbet

A guillotine prepared
And Thoughts were
Queuing.

Images that change
Scenarios that
One after other
Burst.

Change of style
As driver changing gear
Bewildering and
To put off
Traces of detective

Critics.

Driver of clouds

Slovenly part of the clouds

For rains

Storing

Drizzling on the Seas and

Oceans

Immense and wide and

Daring.

And at last

The guillotine cuts down

Once, but the first

Time.

More to follow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Solitary

Solitary

Solitary

The crowns golden

Rested on

The heads of nightingales

And

Ruffled feathered

The sweet owls

Solitary

Solitary

Emmanuel George Cefai

Solitary Christmas Pain

Solitary Christmas pain and
blindness to joy!
To hear cavalcades of humans
pass and merry talk and
joke
merrier than the chirp of birds
more
boisterous than the song of
bacchanalians in
the delirium of the drunken night
of joy:
for me
for me
Pain is the welcome home, cocoon,
of my solitude and ever-growing
bitterness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Solitude: This Night Was Blessed

Solitude:

this night was blessed
you were night
with the night
co-regent and throne sharing
airs serene, the winds around
surrounded the solitary Poet Seer
with oblivion all around

Yes oblivion!
Ah! oblivion!
So much need I
from my wounds
one on other
I am falling
Away! Away!
Bear the scene!

And let
all this potion work
ever permanent
oblivion sweet
filming mask
of all my woes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Somber Dazed With Ravished Hair

Somber
Dazed
With ravished hair
The maid went
Went about the woods
The thorns
Bled her feet
Drops of blood
And in that forest dread
No thunder roared
Nor heavy rains fell
Nor moon light penetrated
The thicket of bronze leaves
No, no, the drear was silent
There.
Yet
She went on and on
The maid with bleeding feet.
Somber
Dazed
With ravished hair.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Somber Figures That Pass

Somber figures that pass

Grey

Grey

Pilgrims of the night walls

writings on walls

When the moon hides

When the stars fear

The dawn wakes dazed

And weary the day trudges on and on

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song

'Song', said the Poet Seer

Then a Voice loud erect
And majestic
Said from above:

Let Song for now to the
Heavens
For now be only time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Moved Us Along

When young
Decades ago how high
We!
Then song
Moved us along, and
It with us
Sung strong!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of Beauty

A song of beauty
That be propensity.

So
I do my work
As Poet Seer

I glide
When anger screams
Below me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of Heart Broken Nymph

A song
That rings
Sweet
Into a mourning night.

A heart that broke
A will that bent
A health that went.

The broken hearted nymph
Is you
Is I
Is us
Us humans too.

This night
By the still waters
Sad she stayed
The moon rays above her
Played as she
Mourned:
'Cruel, cruel life
And cruel destiny'

Her heart that broke
Her will that bent
Her health that went.

The moon mourned too
The night stars wept
The mountains dropped
Some tears.

For
After all
The broken hearted nymph
Is you
Is I

Is us
Us humans too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of Spirit Wandering

I
wandering Spirit

I
lonely and heart-broken
roam
along
not even with
the other Spirits.

To sadness therefore
loneliness be added.

I
Spirit
lonely
wandering

Nasal
voice
of
thirsty
throat

Broken
accents
syllables
of a
sad heart

Wandering Prophet Seer
poor
in
body
yet
rich
in the Soul, the Inner Soul

I

wandering Spirit
I
lonely and heart-broken
roam
along
not even with
the other Spirits.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of Spirit Wandering 2

Spirit
Wandering
Not by design
By chance
And random
Spirit
Arising
Over
Earth
Speaking
On
Rare
Days
At
Rare
Time
On
Rare occasions
Pilgrim
Not gaudy
Running
Running
Running
Spirit of the times
The Soul
The very Inner Soul
Of All and One
Of One and All
That very Spirit wandering!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of The Blue Night

Song
Of
The
Blue
Night
Reflected
In
The
Moving
Waters
The
Wise
Owl
Looked
On
And
Garbled
Wisdom
Philosophical

Remember, remember, my Monsignor.
We have cards
And where have
Not already up our sleeves
Then as the spider weaves her silk
And web produces
So we, my Monsignor our cards
Produce.
That is our survival, our mode of
It
And direct proportion to it.
Remember, remember, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of The Desert Thorn

Song
Of
The
Desert
Thorn
Song
Of
The
Lacerated
Soul
The
Lacerated
Inner
Soul
Bleeding
Bleeding
Bleeding slow
And
Seeping
Parched
Throat
In
The
Desert
Out
There
There
Be
Thorns
Born
Of
The
Arid
Land
And
The
Dust
And
Wind-whirling sand.

Here
Let
Me
Let me alone
i
I with myself
I
Only

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of The Long Extinct

We,
We the long extinct
With centuries that
Hang from us
We
The long extinct
Are dried and baked

We
Our bones are by the
Hour becoming slow
Fine dust
Inaudible
And
Silent

We
Where memories were
Stored
In vases scented sacred
We
To whom burning candles
Burnt
We
To whose vases shrines
Erected were
We
Who scented in incense
In our dry nostrils
We
The long extinct. (iii)

We
Heard a High Voice yesterday
And then a Figure saw
A Figure tall and lank
And spoke he to us:
'Look! There must be Justice
Done to you

Who suffered and joyed not
At your descent on Earth'

We

Then rose up

In Chorus said:

'How will this be? '

Then

The Voice rising but not

Loud

But kind in its each syllable

Said noble:

'There will be a Day of Wrath

Once it will be,

No more

No more but once,

But that once for the Earth

Will wipe all descent in the Earth

And with you

The descent, ancestors, all

Will know at last

What be the humiliations and

The pains

Of all the long extinct, all,

One by one,

Each one, and all.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of The Morn

Song of the morn
The dawn is come and gone
Yet
Her white freshness still
Goes round and round
We
Of the new day
In this new day need it so!

Last
Night
The
Moon
Slept
Yet
Shone
The same
Last
Night
Opiate
Stars
Trembled
Not
Yet
Shone
Last
Night
Last
Night
The
Cocks
Crowed
Into
Deep
Midnight
At
The
Time
That

Certain
Tombs
And
Graves
Yawned
And
Slow
Opened
Up
And
Ghosts
And
Shrouds
With flambeaux
Turned around
The streets and
Ways
Of the old cemetery

Song of the morn!
Hear
Hear
The richness of the lark
Hear
The sad beauty of
The hours passing
Passing irresistible.
Now
That days' begun
And
The morn's on
Its way
Now

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Of The Nightingale

Song of the nightingale
on your bough
you be alone
but not in the garden
on each tree
one and more nightingales
inhabitants of the boughs
their loved territory
so high
they do not have to fight
for it
for it
nor thus aggressive me
malice and hate are
distant from them:
that's the genesis of serenity
that in the notes rings
through the streets and
houses dreaming nearby:
a sleeper would not dream
but hearing
the songs of nightingale
the Sub-Conscious drowned
him in its wines
and kisses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Song Sing

a song sing
and let it ring
around
the numbing sound
the Voice
the through
the microphone speaks
nasal
and slow
of syllables almost.
and
in this song
let me
with my hand
catch
the red dusk
raise it high
prolong
it at the expense of the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Songs Of The Boar

i.

The donkey round the water-mill
Is plying, going still:
And her poor ears are hanging
And all her flesh is dangling
And she is always at her place
Though making many a pace
She always goes
To where she started

ii.

In the monastery
The monk is pacing, pacing
And in his books he holds
The Psalter and the Rosary
And from the censer old
The incense cometh slowly
And to the roof ascends
And from the chimney goes
That o'er the monastery-roof grows
And overlooks a vast expanse
Of sleeping fields and sleeping farms
A vale not large but misty-full
A stream that distant, distant
Gurgles with a water-mill
And the moon smiles
And the moon shines
Without a cloud
Then all is still.

iii.

how the night walks
how the night walks
when cities are enchanted

when towns sleep
when waters are wild
with awe of clouds
that smile across the face of moon:
and the white mounts are capped
at their extremities
where the clouds soar
and soar
to-night

iv.

how the emotions flow to-night
like the electric wires hum they:
like the systole and diastole
of the fast-beating heart
how the emotions flow to-night

v.

there was a god
who as red dusk fled into the far east
descended to the earth this earth of ours
and then over the solitary field roaming
he looked up at the moon
and saw red drops of blood
tears of blood from the moon's eyes
were falling

vi.

how the night falls slow and austere
and the night-sirens sing
from hidden rocks
posted at strategic intervals in the magic bay:
from hidden caves
from hidden juts
the night-sirens they
sing and play

vii.

in the wild foot-path and clean
that lies between the airy colonnade
of firs and oaks fast-dreaming in the airs
and in the wave-notes of the summer night
there is a gurgling distinct
and clear
though looking here and there
by flower-beds and rooted tree-trunks
and o'er the red soil
looking everywhere
the hidden stream you'll see
nowhere

viii.

the wild ox roameth lonely over the field
and the field overlooks the lonely seas
that shine the moon-light on their bosom wide
the clay-built hill of grey looks on in dark
silhouette in that stillness where you'll hear
a needle that falls,
a hedgehog that passes rustling
with slow and awkward feet
moving towards its family
in that lone night
over that lone field
the wild ox roameth lonely over the field

ix.

night-stars are reeling
reeling
reeling
and in the night
on the floor of the heavens
there's a wild type of music
there's a jazz-like type of music
and the stars are dancing
dancing unconsciously

and so they reel
reel into the night
on the floor of the heavens
there's a wild type of music
there's a jazz-like type of music
to-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soon

Soon

The ten years of verse

And song

Uninterrupted quite

Will in their anniversary

Celebrate modestly

I

Fight a strange moth

I

Will for this year

At least not total bad

Of destinies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soon Enough

Soon it be frosty nights
And though
Waters will not congeal

Drear will spread
Its fingers over land and sea
And air

Soon
The hours
Days are rolling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soot Of The Night

Soot of the night
sour clouds and curdled mists
cathedral spires trembling
thunder the very earth splitting
vibration after vibration
see! the Earth is desperate!
Bring on Doctor Dawn before her time.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Soul, Inner Soul

Soul, Inner Soul
That soaring ever
Flies wherever it wills
Endowed still
By that Human Intelligence
That it received at birth:
Soaring
Soaring
In the high heavens
No, no, it soars
The Inner Soul in freedom that
It had not
Now
Where no power however great will reach it
Where no glory of the earth will tamper it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Souls And Shrouds Will Travel

when not in meetings souls and
shrouds will travel
single in the spheres
of bleak black cemeteries

as in concentration camps the guardians
tour and look out the night
with cemetery lamps

shrouds and ghosts and shadows
harassed feel:
yet they be not human!
not liable to harm
as humans thereto in those camps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sounds Of Rattling

Sounds of rattling
Coming from the caves
Though
It be dawn just yet:
Of rattling sounds
Mill-stone of life
Sub-conscious version
Transformation
Of conscious and
Vice-versa too:
Sounds of rattling.
For life as a coin
Has two faces
And the duality
In to the conscious
And in to the sub-conscious
Lies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spades

In the night of
Spades
There was digging

Shovels at work
In the dim
Light.

No hands
Manned.
A light wind blew
In the soft bushes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Speak

Speak, speak to us and sing
They said.
The Poet Seer nodded just
And forward bent

Emmanuel George Cefai

Speak Human

Speak human
Speak
The Verse is up
Erect
To speak to you.

The Poet Seer he looked
Around the shadows grey
And the clothes lighted gay
Walk in the night
The road way
Up the cemetery.

The Muse wills
To come to each of us:
Open the doors
Let her in
All humans of the Earth
Speak human
Speak
The Verse is up
Erect
To speak to you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Speak Not

Speak not to the night: it is silent
So wills it – it shows you.
Obey.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Speak We, Pendulum Here And There.

Speak we, pendulum here and there.
this and that
weep, for mother is not here:
a year ago she was here.
no, to fear, to courage, yes
courage entered through the back-door
because it had courage
so to do
troops of the night, not
solely shrouds and ghosts
celestial dust, milk of the gaseous
night of dews.
first dawn feisty dawn
await you like the sick man
in the delirium of the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Speak!

Speak clouds from which
The thunder last night
Roared!
Speak cliff edges
Where
The wind played as a violin
Last night!
Speak lightning
That terrified a town
Ancient you beauty made
Speak!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spectacles

I took the spectacles

Away

To see things

Naked

With eyes naked

Emmanuel George Cefai

Specter Of The Night, Whither Go You,

Specter of the night, whither go you,
You shudder realizing that I espied you
Yet look! There be thousands of ghosts
And shrouds that roam the streets and
Alleys of this old city
This night in this cold city:
Where winter and the night compete
For sovereignty over the old town:
The winds, the frost, the chill
Have not deterred you
To go underneath from whence
You came
Or from the yawning tomb:
Specter of the night, I will sleep now,
With one supreme desire
That you haunt me in my dreams, be
One with my Sub-Conscious All
And All with you.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spectral Dance

Into a spectral dance
And glow
The bony skeletons
Of the hollow
Eyes
Move hither and
Thither so!

Why
I opt for the spectral dance
You must be
As I am
A lover of the night
Though not a hater of the day.

But when
You put up I prefer
Night to the light that's
Day
Though
For the Dawn I have my sway.

But night too wonderful
That is
Full of wonders
And I deem night
Too beautiful!

What more one needs
Than night and beauty
And subconscious too?
Put them in the scales:
And for yourself
See which scales fall
Or whether for you

It's the case
Of having just an equal all.

But for me yet
The scales towards night
Fall rather easy:
My verse shows
How in the night
My song glows.

And
In all this
Desire so
Into a spectral dance
And glow
The bony skeletons
Of the hollow
Eyes
Move hither and
Thither so!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit Of The Dawn!

Spirit of the Dawn!
This night I dreamed of goblins wild
And horrid
Green were their looks - and menacing
Their very gait - in every move
And in their hand
A bloody axe they held:

Spirit of the Dawn!
As lightning comes and goes
In wintry thunder-peals
So at the touch of You
The ill dream dissolved
And I could breathe again
And I could dream again.

Spirit of the Dawn!
I saw you walking on the waking sea
The sandals in your feet - how they
Gleamed in the first chills of day:
And from the distant cape
The light-house still turned round.

Spirit of the Dawn!
Great ancestor of all renewal
Of hope and re-construction
From aught that remains
From civilization!

Spirit of the Dawn!
Not just
Not just the body renew
But in the Mind of all of us
Renew the ancient fire of Prometheus
And all its ire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit Of Woods

I am the spirit of woods
drenched in winter rain

I am the tongue of Cicero
with a pin put by a lady

I am the pen of a Poet Seer
who bends suffering in solitude

I am the dough that makes
fires burn in gales and rains

I am the Poet Seer who sings
I am the Poet Seer who trembles

I am burnt in angst
and boiled in throes of fear

My body vibrates and trembles
I wither in the costume of a clown

I am the Poet Seer who paces
restless at night the City Town

I am the Poet Seer whose sufferings
Dawn pities nursing wounded heart.

I am

I am the Poet Seer, I am.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit Spying Over Morning Mists

I am the Spirit that hovers spying
over the morning mists

I am the watcher of the Dawn as
the hunter watches birds

I watch the night stars as astronomers

I the circling clouds without a
wind

I speak word upon word as my heart
speaks

I am who restless thrives irreversible

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit Sub-Marine I

i.

Sub-Marine volatile
And translucent
Transparent
Fleeting through
The waves arrow-like
And it be night.

ii.

No hands man
But yet
Propels itself
Through the seething
Waters
The Spirit sub-marine

iii.

Soft waters, dark
Yet dark, walls,
Whole walls
Storeys high,
Dark walls,
Solid yet liquid
Liquid yet solid
No hands man
No hands man

iv.

seething crowds
of fish
with eyes of light
lighted eyes as
bulbs light
pass by
slumbers above the night

v.

indifferent rather
night and day
here in the Spirit sub-marine
the Spirits of the Liquid in
the liquid kingdom thrive:
here little civilization
and yet you pass and thrive
no volumes, tomes, thoughts,
masterpieces, universities,
geniuses.
No, just liquid dark
And cold
And just a little light.
The Spirit Sub-Marine.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit That Arrives At Dawn

I am the Spirit that arrives at Dawns

I arrive from my night rounds

Yet I, I know not tiredness

I am the Spirit who remains as fresh
At Dawn
As in the deeps of night.

I blow in faces of humanity that they
Forego tiredness as I do;
Be yet as me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirit White

Down the Rhine glides
A Spirit white.

The groves scent magic
On each side.

The river banks all curious
Watched and looked

All ears were the trees and
Plants and animals.

But spoke not that Spirit
White.

Though down the Rhine they
Saw it glide

At times over the waters walk
At others by the fringe of the Germanic shores.

Ah! life goes on like that – it
Glides and glides.

And this Spirit spoke not word but
With sovereign mien it walked.

Yet all felt thrilled from tree to animal
And the waters of the gurgling Rhine.

There was no Voice, only glide after
Glide; and gliding only just a Spirit white.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirits

The Spirits
They whispered
Of old dreams
The Spirits
They whispered
Of old castles
Tales and screams
They whispered
They whispered
The Spirits
Whispered

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirits Are Light

The Spirits
Are light
Lighter than
Feathers are.
The Spirits
Turn life
Light
And
Suffering less.
Yet if to catch
A Spirit you
Attempt
The Spirits
Will treat you
With contempt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirits Of Delight

Witches of the night
Spirits of delight
eyes bedazzled
bright.

the green swans
wander
wander
though it be night
over the rippling pool.

the garden round
the heavens overcast
over the bastions
occasional the
ancient sound of
thunder
thundering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirits Of The Sub-Conscious World

So many spirits of the sub-conscious
World

Moving as extinct saurians on a plain
Red with bursting fires

You see the blurred images in their
Transparent living

Your hand to touch them they elude
In spirit

And leave your hands emptier than
Hands where the sands slipped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spirits Whisper

The Spirits
Whisper so
And mischievously
The Spirits
Whisper so
And sportively
The Spirits
They glide here and
There
The Spirits
You do not catch
The Spirits
You not touch
But hear
In the night
Hear
Whispering,
Whispering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Splendor Of Moon

The splendor of moon
Delights us, delights
The bats and the woods
The oaks and the firs and the cats
On the prowl:
On the thick branch the wise of
The Owl
And near the sweet nightingales
Ah! night the beautiful
The magician of yet
Another civilization alternative
To day.
Hear humans!
Another civilization!
Hear, the night comes each night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spoke Slow The General

Spoke slow the General
'The cannon's roaring
to fire'

The sun came low
and
even
the grass burnt

And the cannon
exploding
got on fire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spoke The Eerie Voice

Spoke the eerie voice
and
the voice was skeletal
and the voice was hurt
and the voice was sad
and the voice was hurt
and the voice was that of a Shroud
and the voice was of a Poet Seer
the eerie voice
the voice was skeletal

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spoke The Shark Revolving

Spoke the Shark revolving
Amidst the other Sharks.

At first it spoke a babbling
And then the Shark spoke
A gurgling.

And then audible words
For us my Monsignor:
'Red dusk! Red dusk! '
He said

'For if they sing
So much of red dusk
Do not in the mirror
Themselves view
Fading
In their fading time
And fading days? '

Then silent was the revolving
Shark
And it spoke not more
Then.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spread

Spread

spread my lines

as sun-light over the Earth

piercing through everywhere

through every nook

bringing warmth

dissolving snow

spread

spread the verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spring Has Bolstered

Clean

Clean dryings of sand

Darlings of the sun

That Spring has bolstered.

And

Though there be

No washing in and out

Of a high pebbled sea

Yet there's

The scent of spring

On the beaches all around

One vast organ immense

Echo to echo in sound!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Spring Has Come, To-Day

Spring has come, to-day

But there is wind, in
early morning there was
rain, light rain.

But then Sun to assert
herself
opened slow and
stealthy
the curtains of the day
And peered the Sun
into the Sun
and people walking

O!
light
the
brain!
there
has
been
early
rain!

Of Spring the constituents
are gathering.

You flower revolutionaries
carry the banner
of early revolution in the Spring

Sings
a
sweet
nightingale
though
it
be

not
night
but
sings
she
exceptional

But
church bells ring
not
yet
the
violets
bud
their
mouth
opened
to
the
little
Sun
that comes

I saw a girl and she
had sugar in her
eyes
this day
beginning of the Spring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sprite Of The Night

Sprite of the night

Mischievous

Ghost and shroud

And

Sprite:

Lamenting

Jesting

Leaping

Star-gazing

Sprite of the night

Mischievous

Ghost and shroud

And

Sprite:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Standards Of The Great

The standards of the great

The international:

The humble and

The homely Soul

Subconscious Inner Soul

The noble-great.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Star Nascent

Star
Nascent
From
The
Dusk
From
The
Fleeing
Of
Dusk
Ascent
Of
More
Now
Superimposed
On
The
Dark
Curtain
Of
Night
You
Have
Emotions
You
Lust
You
Tremble
You
Twinkle
You
Are
An
Emotional star.
Emotional star
Hear
Hear
Your
Hours

Be
Counted
As
The
Hours
Of
Yours truly, accomplice-night
Dawn
Will
Come
Nascent
As
You
Dawn
Will
Not
Tremble

Emmanuel George Cefai

Star Of The Night

Star of the night

Long

I

Observed

You

Hand picked from all the stars

From the firmament:

For you

For I

Are too

Two souls that sigh

Two Inner Soul wounded

On Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Star That Fades

Star that fades
That not much
Long ago
Was shining
Laughing
Now
The heart's away
And down:
Your right to
Happiness
Overruled
And
Challenged
By the dark cloud of sadness
Now
The waters in the
Garden
Sing not more
Nor trees flowers and
All
Smile in Hastings Gardens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Star That Overstepped Boundaries

Star
That
Overstepped
Boundaries
Of
Thought
Celestial
Levels
Higher
Than
Human
Slightly
Yet
Inter-transformable
Thought
Castles
Of
Arguments
Walls
Solid
As
The
Olden
Centuries
Oaken
And
Old
Days
Passed
In
Ulyssean
Dawns
Words
Coined
For beauty's sake - given!
Art for Art's sake!
Beauty for Beauty's sake!

Star-Dust That Stung

There was star-dust
That stung

There were night heavens
That orbited

Waters that shone and
Rebelled

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars

Stars

That are falling

Owls that are calling

Wisdom

Wisdom

Wisdom to the Earth

It needs it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars Dancing Jazz

Small
Dust
Of
The
Stars
Dancing
Jazz
Long-legged
In
Flying:
In
Synch
With
Chill
Frost
And
Winter
Storms
And
Haunted
Ways
And
Cries
Of
Colors

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars Flee Before Dawn

Star
Of
A
Night
Lonesome
And
Disgruntled
With
Bent
Head
Waits
In
The
Airy tunnel
Of the heavens
Whence
Stars flee before
Dawn
Helter-skelter

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars Of A Night

Stars
Of
A
Night
I
Saw
You
Yearn
Tonight:
Your
Heart
Like
As
My
Heart
Be
Full
To brim
And
Will
Not
Longer
Hold:
Stars
Of
A
Night
I
Saw
You
Yearn
To-night
I
Heard
The
Deep
Wounds
In
The

Yearning

I

Saw

The

Red

Eyes

In

The

Groans

I

Saw

The

Heart in breaking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars That Fight Stars That Light

Stars that tremble in their fright
Stars that tremble in their rage
Forgetting shape and age
Stars that fight
Stars that light
O! heavy the heart to-night
Heavy,
Heavy,
Heavy,
Any my eyes have lead on them
The lead of misery!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stars Wandering

Stars wandering
here and there
path after path severing
criss-crossing
wild the night
and
trembling violent
the color changing star light:
below humans awoken
from their sleep by tremors
of puzzled Earth
run here and there
from summit heights as ants
wandering
running
running

Emmanuel George Cefai

Start Dripping In Your Black Rains

Start.

Start dripping in your black rains.

Your shroud is cold.

The dance of the gruesome too

Has lust in it

The flame of life

Music begins to play

And in it life will

Stay.

As in a budding flower

At sweet Dawn opening

Her sensual mouth

So and thus

You lie in the petals, tiny,

Ever-changing, ever-transforming beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stately

The mast ship sails
In to the silent night
Surrounded
By magic harps
But
Manned as by
Invisible hands
On the deck solely
Rose
A Figure lank and short
A Poet Seer
He sang and versified
And
Through dark seas and waves
The silent barge it goes!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Statue

That was
a Statue that was
to be greater
that was
a Statue
that was to be taller
by roster
the Statues at the entrance
stay
and go
and other come again.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

Statue Of Justice

see

the Statue of Justice
has its face begrimed
though it be not yet
night
its face is dark
and frowns
despite beauty's dusk.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Statues That Dream

Statues of flesh

Statues of sleep

Though winds neigh round

Though the rains have been falling ten hours

Today and now as night approaches the rare snow comes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Statutes Of The Seas, Commands Of Neptune

Statutes of the Seas, commands of Neptune
at his whim.

So many sailors stranded drowned and floated
on those frozen waters.

And the putrid stench cried justice to the
heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stems Bewildered

Stems
Bewildered
In
The
miasma
of
a
million
thought
locked
in
the
brain
yet
not
arranged
yet
not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Step Slowly, On Your Toes,

Step slowly, on your toes,
On this that was common ground
Down-trod by thousand soles
And more in morning
Now in the night
It has become of sacred:
See
See,
Smell the incense divine
Of the old ancient gods:
It comes not from the spare trees
That look on proudly:
Silence is the key.
O! that silence were the key
The dorsal spine of History!
Below
The port glares with lights
Divers and moving here
And there
Like glow-worms of the night
Like shrouds and ghosts
In flight:
Step slowly, on your toes,
On this that was common ground
Down-trod by thousand soles
And more in morning
Now in the night
It has become of sacred:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stiletto Shoes

Stiletto shoes
Red
Floating in the air
To-night:
With spluttered blood
Tracking
Tracking
A night owl
Off her boughs
In the high
Heavens
Circling.

Furrowed brow
Vexed spirit
Soul existentialist
Level of hormones
Poetical and
Verse
Up to the brim
The Artist kneels
Before the Muse

The nightingales
Stopped
They sung
Right after
Dusk.
But now
They sing
Not
As usual
As they do
In the dark night.

Strikes
Mid-night.
Shadows move
In a Dantesque dance

To and fro
A background music
Of medieval tunes
Florentine scent and
Wine
Venetian violins
And
And
A midnight
That deepens, deepens.
Ever-deepens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still

Still

still there be yet some time to
arrange;
the wrecks the tempests left,
the last was great
was heavy
and the wrecks by far
the wrecks of all the previous
tempests pass:
thus exceeded, the loss so great
that in great times and long will
be repaired.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still Beating

Heart
Beating
Beating
Still beating
Heart
Throbbing
throbbing
Still throbbing

Mere keli
Demi seli
Xecli kon
Honte son
Benti koris
Seten moris
Retes koner
Fрати bonner
Sprigus iont
Digtus sont

See,
The Giant lifts in his hand
The Heart of Red
Still throbbing
Still running
Still beating

And
In hands the Giant lifts
The Sword of Nobility
Towards the heavens
He lifts it
The Sword of Nobility
For
In his hand
The Giant holds
Throbbing
Beating
Running

The Heart of Red.

Mere keli
Demi seli
Xecli kon
Honte son
Benti koris
Seten moris
Retes koner
Fрати bonner
Sprigus iont
Digtus sont

Overcast the heavens
Were
Hidden the night-dews
Trembling
And the Orchestra of Noble Violins
It had ceased playing.

Civilization that we knew
Now
Dissolves
In
Front
A
Thousand
Suns
Burning
Melting
The
Wave after wave
Level on level
Of the Old Civilization.

For
In the Heart of Red
Lay the nobility of the
New Civilization
And
The Giant held
That heart of red

In his hands
By his body
Protected it
Against the vampires
Sent again him
By the Old Civilization

Civilization to Civilization
A Civilization not
Bent on the God of Knowledge
Only
Not on the God of Power
Not on the God of Glory
But on the God of Nobility

And
I saw that
The New Civilization had
All that the Old Civilization
Had
And more
In its Nobility.

And
The legions from the Earth
Raised their standards
Threw their old crowns
Knelt before
The Shrine and Light of
The New Civilization

And the overcast heavens
Now smiled
And the night-dews as
Manna were as
abundant
Trembling
And the Orchestra of Noble Violins
It now begun playing.

Smiled the Giant of the New Civilization

Mere keli
Demi seli
Xecli kon
Honte son
Benti koris
Seten moris
Retes koner
Fрати bonner
Sprigus iont
Digtus sont

And the Violins in wonder began
Playing.

No,
No,
The
Waters
Are
Gathering
In
One
Great
Magic
Waterfall
And
Magic
Spells
Fly
Round
And
Round.

See,
The Giant lifts in his hand
The Heart of Red
Still throbbing
Still running
Still beating

And
In hands the Giant lifts
The Sword of Nobility
Towards the heavens
He lifts it
The Sword of Nobility
For
In his hand
The Giant holds
Throbbing
Beating
Running
The Heart of Red.

Mere keli
Demi seli
Xecli kon

Honte son
Benti koris
Seten moris
Retes koner
Fрати bonner
Sprigus iont
Digtus sont

And the overcast heavens
Now smiled
And the night-dews as
Manna were as
abundant
Trembling
And the Orchestra of Noble Violins
It now begun playing.

Smiled the Giant of the New Civilization

And the Violins in wander began
Playing
More than ever
Hands moved
Playing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still Here Still Here?

There be a World out there
A world that's in my verse
Not far from Earth
Yet not the Earth
No towns
No cities
Lands
Power
Glory
Country
Laws
State
Wars
No, no,
Not these
And
No
For
More
So
Many
Things
Years
Pass
Years
Pass
Make
Your
Step
Now
And
Hesitate
Not
When
Youth
Be
Past
Perhaps
It

Be
Too
Late

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still On The Plain; Still On The Plain

Still on the plain; still on the plain
The waves of the fading sun dance.
How? Red dusk has emerged.
The farmhouses are putting off
Their lights one by one.
I am not a Mister, you not a Mrs.
(I had to distinguish from Mistress
So I went for the abbreviation) :
Hot on the heels of the chilling heights
The clouds raced in the heavens
The surreal is the real plus:
And the real plus is the plain dreary
Real
Raised
Raised
To the ecstasies of the Aesthetic.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still Strong

To sing
To chant

Rises the incantation
To the night
At night
By me, ageing Poet Seer!

But in the incantation
Receive my wish
You immense heavens
Children to bear
I am a solitary Poet-Seer!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still The Music Sounds

Still the music sounds and the
Sound is one of eerie humming.

It be night.
Delight is weird and raucous.

Ghosts and shrouds in pencil
Lines pass by flitting.

For them the steps and stairs
Of old Valletta are
Gymnastic exercises.

The waters dark beckon their spirits.
The ebb and flow their breathings.

The paintings on the wall
Of faces ancient as in a film
Projected.

As fast as come as fast
They go.
The night is weird, the night is sweaty
For it be nigh summer.

And the heavens are heavy and dull
Though with no clouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still Waking

Still
Still waking
The winter roots
That woke dread
And fearful
In Winter:
Mow the currents
Flow warmer
In
The
Soil
The
Electric
Kiss
Of
Love
Now
Warmer
Makes
Things
Move
As
They moved
Not last Winter

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still Waters

Tonight

The waters are more still

Than

They were yesterday

Today

The dusk lasted much less

Than

Lasted yesterday.

Today

The fog machine of the

Skies immense

Pumps more than yesterday.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Still, Still The Barge Moved On And On

Still, still the barge moved on and on
its slow moves through the waters skimmed
with motion silent more than silent waves:
the night fell slowly on the town and port
dull eerie distant the lights shone:
but still and still the still barge moved and moved.
The moon shone slowly; without a wind
The cloudless heavens gazed and stared.

as in a regal funeral the still barge moved
and on and on it moved all soundless quite
over the skimmed waters lapping gently white
without a noise in that funereal gloom:
without a pilot moved it, without a sailor
the still barge moved on and on and on.

And in that gloom, the gloom as of itself
To pilot the still barge seemed; or else
By hands invisible unseen the barge
Moved on its voyage in the horrid calm
The stars seemed full to hide; the wind
Moved not; and in the night restless
The bosom of the sea lay tall and flat.

But still the barge moved on in stillness
As if its sorrow great it stifled in some mode
Unseen and hidden in that frightful dark;
No light shone on the main; no path appeared
Yet the still barge moved on and on and on:
The stars seemed full to hide; the wind
Moved not; and in the restless night
The bosom of the sea lay still and flat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stirring Of Wings

Stirring of wings
Whirr of the tides
Fluttering
Of giant bats
No cities
No towns
Just plains and
Fields
And mounts
And hills
And rocks
And
The lake
And
Afar the line of the sea
But
The smells of the jungle
The claw of raw blood
The red of the centuries
And ages of geology:
Genesis
Extinction
And
Extinction
Genesis
Concurrent
All time

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stone Upon Stone, Brick Upon Brick,

Stone upon stone, brick upon brick,
they built a tower, already red,
they painted it more red,
and the Red Tower many saw from all afar

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stones

Alas! Alas!
The old town sang
And the stones bled
Though Dawn was
Sailing in to the port town
Red were the heavens
And they smiled not
And wild
The emotions ran
About
Trickling blood
Drop after drop
Whilst still around
The shrouds and ghosts
Still roamed with
Ghostly sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Storm Are Of Drear

Storm are of drear
And acrid times
But desperate times
Are acrid times multiplied
And tears in the eyes
That will not come

Emmanuel George Cefai

Storm Wild And Raw

In the utter heights
The nymph transported
Saw all below
And Oh
She said wandering
A storm wild and
Raw
In its beginning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Storm-Wall Of Dejection

flow

flow of the summer currents

fruit of parched dust and dried up rocky sides:

water came as blood comes from those rocks

In the airy glooms

the thunder perpetuates

a long extension

extension after extension

Lightning

to vie with thunder

does not less:

And

in the midst of this

all this

I wander

wander like a frightened insect-ant

across the terrains of the lone rotating earth

I wander

I wander

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stormy Waters

Stormy
Waters
Everywhere
Under
Bridges
Silent
Centuries
In the
Open
Seas
And oceans
Wave on
Wave
Bays and coves entering
Words
Words
Words
Verse
Verse
Verse
Beer and smoke
And loud of talking
Red-faced
Red nosed
Red cheeked, jocose,
In the airs
The screams of Souls
Fears all high
Liberating
In the night the palms have waved
In the night the oars were splashing
In the night in sands came foot prints
In the night Hedgehogs in Orchestra
In the night Venice with violins
In the night girls in seraglio
In the night how many conceptions
In the night
In the night
In the night

I heard the Poet Seer sighing
And Crowds hearing were groaning
Then
They turned their groans to praying.
As the day was slowly fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stout Figure

there
was
a
stout
figure
in
the
castle
keep:
there
was
perplexity
but
above
all
there
was
anxiety

Emmanuel George Cefai

Straight

The words are straight
As arrows speed
To target that
They think first
They shoot then
And reach
The exact target

Emmanuel George Cefai

Straight Letter Typewriter

straight
letter
typewriter
ink
pen
now
this
now
that
but
always
verse
verse
verse
emotion
flows
winds
through
the
bowels
of
Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stranger Of The Night

Stranger of the night
Star
Blind to the aching cry of day
Wounded:
Yet you are blind to aching
Yet you hear not
Star
But wander serene in your glory
Stranger of the night
The silent night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stranglehold

In stranglehold
Beauty sate by the dusk
Blushed in the deepening
Red that was darkening
As areolas:
In the mantle of vapors
The mist-less air lighted
One by one with stars
Blinking
At King Night and his gold
Chariot.
In this heavy metal situation
Night locked into dusk as
Wheel on cog wheel in machines.
Lit suddenly the hills, the little
Snow, the villages,
Lit the small village streets
Closed houses and windows
Light by light went out
Think! Think! Poet Seer,
The I,
For misfortune and for poverty
Intelligence substitute.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Street Of Sweet Music

Street of sweet music
Magic here at night
Makes its sweet home.

Here too nocturnal come
The lanky ghosts and
Stealthy shrouds.

Street of sweet music
Magic here at night
Makes its sweet home.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Streets Of Saint Elmo

Night.
24th December.
Midnight and deep.

Midnight:
See
the windows lighting.
Yet they sleep.
They drank vodka also.
Once in a year.
Once in a year
let them rest!
See the Ghost of the New Day
becoming!

Scene One:
Past midnight now.
See the bats are bolder.
They cry louder.
That bat screams.

Scene Two:
The cats are calling
They have been making love
Even on Christmas Eve
They want conceive.

Scene Three:

A posse of figures hurry.
A donkey passes speedy.
Has it fled?
From where?
For short.
Everything
for short here.

Stress

Stress
Violet lights
Over the streets
Garters
Fast
Round
A
Girl
Legs.
Yet
Modest;
And
Emotionless as
Emotionless will be.

But
There's
Dresses
Everywhere
Even
The
Heavens tonight
Are
Covered in the
Sailing clouds
Of dun and sadness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stress, Fear, Anxiety

Stress is as of Earth
Fear is as of Earth
Anxiety is as of Earth
Anguish is as of Earth
Guilt is as of Earth
There is a whole list.
And it continues.
You see so many
minuses as of Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stretched And Tired

So very short
So very short
Time has passed
I am stretched
Stretched on the strand
Stretched and tired
The waves no longer be
Enraged
Yet my heart tires
Tires
Tires

So very short
So very short
I still experiment
Still my heart feels
Still the light of nobility
Intellectual dims:

So very short
So very short
Time has passed
I am stretched
Stretched on the strand
Stretched and tired
The waves no longer be
Enraged
Yet my heart tires
Tires
Tires

Emmanuel George Cefai

String Lyre, Though A Poet Seer Be Sad

String lyre, though a Poet Seer be sad
the cliffs hanging
the sea crystalline and it
reflected the glacier of beauty
the blue glacier

the blue angels are singing
hear them! hear them! and rest
your heart, your heavy heart
my mother, my mother, life-blood that
circulates in me gives
me my breathing makes me
the scientist, the dramatist, the philosopher,
the thinker, the Poet Seer
hear! hear my mother!

hear my mother the winds that were loud
at your command sub-conscious to please you
obedient in their silence cease
hear! hear mother!

though beauty lurks in her high heavens where
she prefers sojourn; yet
in your case mother
beauty trod barefoot the black earth
barefoot, mother.

string lyre, though a Poet Seer be sad
the cliffs hanging
the sea crystalline and it
reflected the glacier of beauty
the blue glacier

Emmanuel George Cefai

String The Harp

String the harp
Tune the lyre
Place the hand
Let the brain on fire!

The waters with your hand
You will spread
Swimming and as
Swans chant.

Open the waves
Your hands be strong
And you will feel the fire
Of breathing verse and ire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stringing The Lyre

A shadow
A dim light
Am I
Now.

But the lyre
Can I string
But the lyre
My fingers play

And there be
Amidst my fingers
That old, old fire
Eternal in the singing lyre!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stripes Over Balconies

Stripes over balconies

Red

Ham-smelling yet not

Hams

Below

The chameleon street

Strait and common

Through the village

Flows

With people in it:

There

Be the usual cries of

The morning

Preceded by the crowing of the cocks

Emotions as lithe as snakes

Gasp through the hurrying

Feet and crowding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stronger Man

There was a time
there was a stronger man
than the bent Poet Seer.

Then I would rise hills
leaping past fields
and country roads.

I had a gift in me
that alas! went unrealized
now
punishes me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Structural Fields

Structural
Fields
Wanted
Search
Night
Ghosts
Elusive
Shrouds
Bargain
Of
Judas's
Field
Tree
Hanging
Clods
And
Soils
And
Moist
Of
Clouds
The
Rains
Are
Far
Now
And
When
They
Come
Where
Will
I
Be?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stunned

Stunned

Stunned by life's

Pressure

I saw

Flesh melting

Into current and ghosts

And

Ghosts and shrouds

Emmanuel George Cefai

Stunned In The Eyes

Stunned in the eyes
Broken on the cross
Broken in a day

You will see
For yourself.

Bring me to the tomb
The grave seeps water
I fear not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Style

Style

Not

Just

Alternates

Style

Is

Not

Mathematical

Style

Is

The

Feel

Of

The

Words

The

Thought

That

At last

At long last

The time be come.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Such Beauty Is To Be Raped?

Such beauty is to be raped?
What pleasure for the Human to rape birds?
[That is by doing the sexual act]
No, humans rape birds differently:
Though
These [birds] bethink them that they have
The power to escape human cruelty
By flying high and free
At airy liberty:
Till
A barrage of shots was heard from
The rocky land below where the birds
Upward winged towards the
Heavens:
And straight and linear fell
Those up-ward looking birds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sudden Prometheus

Raised
Of a sudden Prometheus high
His arm
And fell.

I heard his groan.
View
What Age brings
Even to the Strongest
Nor spares from
This the Bravest

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suddenly Turned Around

suddenly
turned round
with sword in hand
stopped the retreat
new music beats
direction turned
the men advance
and stop retreat

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffer With Me

'Suffer

Suffer with me, my friend

You will be great

Your Inner Soul will warm

Amidst this gelid frost

And desert cold

And verse, your verse, be great.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffered Long

I suffered.
Long in the game
From the
Beginning.
But in the end
Had the card in hand:
Triumphed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering

Suffering
Suffering
Suffering

Yet in this suffering
Yet in these failures
Yet in this drear
There is some dim light there.

Ah! dim light! Rope
Of salvation in the
Waters of tempest
And temptation:
Here
The shore is bleak
And the rocks spell
Hostile desolation.

The heart dictates the style.
Not otherwise.
The waters lap the shore.
Not otherwise.

Ah! dim light! Rope
Of salvation in the
Waters of tempest
And temptation:
Here
The shore is bleak
And the rocks spell
Hostile desolation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering And Bait

Suffering and baits
Sharks and traits
Of mad blue clouds
Skeleton maids
That in the garden
Totter in the night.

I saw
From nearby
And the lips
Were blue
Though the eyes
Red.

In the night
I
Walk alone
Woken and
Restless
Flesh that covers
Bone
That rattles

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering In The High Degree

Virtue be suffering in the high degree.

So a high percentage.

And virtue-not then be a low percentage;
That yet
Be always there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering Llovers

Suffering lovers
and
simultaneous in
storm and passion!
Roll, roll
storm and passion!
We, two, regard you
not
we, two, continue
lost
in ourselves and
our love
we, two,
we lovers!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering Winters White

Suffering
Winters
White
Light
That
Trembled
Now
Frozen
And
Transfixed
Professor
On
A
Turning
Chair
Cigar
And
Verses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suffering!

Suffering!

Suffering was to be my lot:

It was writ on my forehead

When I was born

The first cry that I gave

That was of suffering:

And

It has haunted me for aye

Since then

Suffering was to be my lot

It was writ on my forehead.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sufferings And Verses

I
Think
Of
Crucifixes
Now
I
Am
A
Crucifix
Of
Suffering
Myself
And
That
Be
Why
These
Nights
I
Hear
Of
Ghosts
And
Shrouds
The
Sigh
The
Groans
The
Sufferings
And
Verses
Of
Beauty
High:
In
My
Heart
All

Whirling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suicide Trees

I paced my way
Solitary
To rumored suicide trees
And
I saw them darken with the dusk
And
More at night
Bending in increase
Till under weight of
Bending
Trunks uprooted themselves
And the trees feel
Head downwards
Enrooted
Suicide trees
And
Sighs of liberation
Heard I chains all clanking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sullen Night

Sullen night
In my desperation
Hanging
Ally of the Dawn
So long in coming

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sum Up The Words

Sump
Sum up
The words
The verses
The songs

We
In conclusion
Are

We
In conclusion
Move

We
In our direction
Bound
Irresistible
And
Irreversible

The night
Moved slow
Yesterday
It will so
Today

Ah! for centuries
Night has plied
Here

For centuries
It will go and come
And
Come and go
To sighing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Summing Up

Summing up

I

Piled a sum

That as soon

As assembled pyramid

As by a magic

Wand

Touch

Broke in pieces

Down.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Summit Heights

After the summit heights
The Soul, the Inner Soul
Turns back her look to the
Dust
And to bend her spine.

There it goes searching
Why
It the verses did not come
That came out yesterday
The song and chant resound
That yesterday resounded.

More thought, less words?
A methodology in civilization
In motion
Alternately

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sumptuous Temples

In the sumptuous temples
That hide
Over the hills
Amidst the jungle crowds
Arise fires
Arise scents
Arise sighs of
Ardent desires.

The vestal virgins
Lie
And
The moon dimly
Shines.

Giant columns
Rise
The monks
Hit
Hard
Cymbals
Occasionally.

And
The earth trembles.

The waters of beauty
In a scent of the suns
Burn themselves.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sun At Summers

No, not more.
The sun at summers still to come
Will beat upon the grave-lid.

But
You will feel not heat or
Sweat
Not more.

And when the winters come
Along with their tempests
They will beat all around
Unquiet and restless:
You will
Not feel them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sun In The Eyes

Blank look

Sun in the eyes

Gates of the cemetery

'Hurry we will close'

Night lets them lock him in the cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sun Light

Our world is the world
Of Sun light and of Day:
See what these
Have brought in
History
Still bring:
Injustices, inequality,
To a few power, glory
To many misery:
And on and on
Turns the Conscious world
The open-eyed
Ruthless without pity
This human be your world
And as with opiate wand
You succumb to its
Sovereignty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sun Which Be Born To Fade

Sun which be born to fade
Into your cycle

So we too
Unless we seize of Immortality

Prepare for tombs and graves and
Cemeteries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suppose That You Unclothed Lie And Hide In Veils

Suppose that you unclothed lie and hide in veils
Your limbs dirtied these last years the more
You wallow pig-like in the loving mud:
You wear stiff necks in your conventionality.

You quote, you speak, your roar authority
And smoke your cigar to the face and laugh
In the casino where with your coterie
You sit and dance and eat and yawn and piss.

And then in high church with prayer-book
In hand you light the fire of your hypocrisy
The first flames light - away how high
It goes! Soon like a funereal pyre
The flames will reach full summit heights.

You glee to see me burn in that sour fire
Then your false pity your hypocrite lips
Moves with tears before all to see.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Surfeiting

Surfeiting
Surfeiting
Into the grip
Of the day's iron fading
The swirl and swishing
Of the sinking seas
Into the arms of dismemberment
Slow drowning
A top
That hums and hums
As
The earth sinks:
A bell
That tolls and
Tolls
As the curtain rings
Down
The act for now has ended

Emmanuel George Cefai

Surprising?

Surprising?
Under the warmth
Sleeping:
Serpents were
Hissing.
In the night
The earth was
Beaming
You had to call
You had to call.
But called not.
Time growls in
The grotesque masks
Slow\advancing
In the streets
With night-dews
Wetted.
The haloes sprung
It was
An alternative civilization
O! let there be
Many alternative civilizations
Round
Many and ever-increasing,

Emmanuel George Cefai

Surrounded In The Ocean

Surrounded
Surrounded
In
The
Ocean
Surrounded
A
M
Man
By
Hundreds
Of
Flags
From
The
Skies
Floating
Surrounded
Surrounded
By
The
Flags
Not West
Not East
Nor North
Nor South
But
All
Were
There
And
One
In All
And
All
For One
And
All
In

One

Emmanuel George Cefai

Suspended As By A Golden String

Suspended
As by a golden string
Between Earth and
Heaven:
I see below
I see above
I am
In between civilizations
I will compare and
Enjoy all:
Take
From this ad that
As the bee
That hums round sticky flowers
In spring ad winter
And
So often gets the best of deals
There
In her position
That
Be my position
The In-Between
Yet
The perceiver of the All
Enjoying
Up and down
In favor with the All
Up, down.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swan Song I

My strength decrease I feel
and a light in my eyes steal
but it be not the color of dusk

My book I close; to prepare
to travel to another land
more quiet I stand.

Belongings no for to where I go
they want not belongings so
Only quiet, courage, dreams,
and not more to carry
no, only rest of Soul, in those realms.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swan Song II

where streams glide
and where the sea-tide
washes vast beaches
of quiet solitude
go I:
prepared! my love my Soul
where my earthly disease
be healed; and light
come strong to dim eyes;
and quiet and serenity
to expectant frame at last,
at last, go I! At last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swan Song Iii

In the street
the piper pipes a music
slow and wan:
the low heart lower goes
for many years of war
it has gone now;
the body only wants to
slow and in fatigued rest
dream and sleep and sleep and
dream where silence be the best.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swan That Sing

Swan that sing
White
The lens of view
Always retiring
Leaving
The swan in
Hazes and in
Mists

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swarthy

Swarthy

Tanned

Sunny

Strong

Muscled

Chill

Winter

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Building Of The Ruins

Agent for
Dracula-shaped night things:
And weird things
That in late red sunset
Already strike.

The verses flow
The verses flow
So does the chant
To-night
For now the dusk
Be fleeing.

And the sun –
The sun is gone long
Ago.
The waters getting
Dark
Swish the night fugue.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Clear-Water Island Wave-Lapping

Sweet clear-water island wave-lapping
Sweet-chuckling moon-waiting juts
Of rock, of wind-cradling showers.

To-night the moon-lovers smoke
Quiet and reclined-backwards yet
Restless-vibrating in their minds.

And the smoke rises as the incense
Rises amidst the silhouette palm trees
Amidst the darker in the dark

You island! On you waft me winds of
Magic that verse and song will bring
Waft me from this Earth so hard and cruel.

Waft we, waft me to the sweet clear-water
Island where the waves lap kisses to the
Moon on the white-sleeping sands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Earth-Sounds

spirit of woods
in this and that tree
residing:
in love as I
abounding:
with the red dusk
a-pining:
in sweet earth-sounds
ecstasy having
in depth of nights
below star-lights!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Friend

Sweet friend, sweet friend
who reads my verse
appreciates, discusses,
comments
sweet friend:
you
do not only stop
at this noble task
but then
yourself dutifully
take a lyre and string
your verses - a wonderful thing!
You wake up Beauty herself from
her sleep!
And in your noble thoughts
exalt the Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Hell

Sweet hell
A Poet Seer
Made it
A Poet Seer
Tasted it
A Poet Seer
Lived in it

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Is The Corn

Sweet is the corn
And salty
Are the seas
Mixtures of night
In night
Fondling of love
Phallic erection
After
Erection
Of the song and
The wind
Of dusk into
The night.
Beauty in yellow
Bonnet.
Slothful beauty thrives.
Too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Is The Morn

Sweet is the morn
And drear the day
Ocean and seas
Bend their sway
And vessels be
In sway
In port
And outside
This day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Maid

Sweet maid
Since that we started kissing
After my long years of yearning
I feel a fire shock my very Soul
Every time I see a girl like you:
But you are the Queen
Undisputed and sceptered
In our sweet love
Together
Each kiss a world
Each kiss
Paradise
Your sweet lips yearning
With my lips melting
Sweet maid
Since that we started kissing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Night

Bless
The
Earth
It has ailed enough
Hear
Its groans!
Hear
The pain of its
Heart!
Touch
The pulse of
The delirium temperatures!
There's poison in the blood
Of Earth
Yes there's poison!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Rivers

Sweet rivers that from
The nipples brasts ah! Breasts
So full of Beauty flow
And round the world and
Earth they lighten and they glow
Where drear resides at least
To bring a smile they try
And joy in part at least
To faces dull and wry.
Thus unloosed the tongue
Of a Poet Seer goes:
While a shy satyr in the
Bushes hides
When I come near
The rustlings of his
Flight in the bushes hear:
Hold! Stop! A glow worm
I was going to crush
But it lighted at once
To send a warning glow
My feet stopped slow
And I
Towards a coppice of
Thick trees
Where dotted by
The nightingales
The sweet song will glow.
In the night
In the night...
Time for spells
And magic over towns and
Cemetries:

Fragments of moon
Afloating the seas
And ocean mains
Floating
Floating
Floating

The breasts of the
Waters
Lighting
Coffin of waters
Seas and oceans
Repose
Repose

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Rose

sweet rose
sweet kiss
fire in my veins
in the forests of
seed
rage thunderbolts
seeds germinate
and
germinate
sweet rose
sweet kiss

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Silent Darkling Bosom Of The Sea

Sweet silent darkling bosom of the sea
That passes listless beneath the orbs
Of the pale-shining moonlight and traversed
By its white path linear over the bosoms
Of waves cooling from the summer's heat.
Sweet silent darkling bosom of the sea
On you as in a film the emotions
Of a hundred dynasties I see
Running in the sweet moon-light
This silent silver night sweet-passing sea:
And in your cool embraces this night
The riot of emotions quells and cools
And passes with the waves and rides on them
There is a quietness this night there scarcely is:
The bosom of the sea is quick yet does not heave
This silent summer night in the faint orbs
Of the sweet silver moon more calming looks
The under-currents pass and drive the waves
Small cool austere like shining boats
Over the sea-kingdom captained by the hands
Of goblins small a-riding in the night
Over the waves, the silent silver waves.
And all is silence.
Not even the high oak that overlooks
The bastions' fall into the giddy sea
Rustles a leaf: and on its bough
The owl doth shelter full but doth not move.
The roads are still; no foot is heard to tread;
So silent is the night; the neon-light
Sheds its red-dusky electrons on the road
Where no foot treads. The windows
Of the sea-fronting houses dream and do not stir;
The air is calm; the still wind doth not move
Alone in distant acres o'er the port
The light-house sheds its lights in intervals
All else is dreamy-still and doth not move.
Not even the high oak that overlooks
The bastions' fall into the giddy sea
Rustles a leaf: and on its bough

The owl doth shelter full but doth not move.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Silent Sea-Waves Lapping By The Rocks

Sweet silent sea-waves lapping by the rocks
That beneath the frowning bastions lie

Nature, the tricky one
Left the door ajar half-open half-closed
And none of them - yet leaving things in the middle:
And he
And he
Pondering
Pondering as not be foolish
Said to himself
There's danger if I open the door too much
I do not know what I will let in:
Yet
Yet
The option beckoned: either close or open to full:
So he pondered again
This time being quicker, rasher
Decided for the line of least resistance
For the prudent path
Fear, tall impudent fear
Stood by him like a dubious angel
His counsel was not lost - it moved him
And so
He closed the door thinking he said
And making sure against 'the unforeseen'.

Courage had stood by him
But Fear won him smiling green
Into the face of Courage
Another soul was won to Fear
Another to Courage lost:

Then Courage went away bashfully.

Fear sate him invisible by and by to watch.

So the drama quick unfolded:

And he sank
He could not walk on water
Because Fear had won him
Because Courage had lost him:
And so
And so
He sate on a safe rock
And put his feet into the water like a child
To feel the cool sweet water rush
And press with sweetness round his ankles
But Fear, yellow fear won!
For even here:
The sands started to
'Twas a slippery bank, a bank of treachery
And treacherous the sand sank
And fast the sand
Sank like down the time-glass.

And Fear seizing him
He was un resourceful to the full
His mind Fear had made blank
It was blank – worse
Than if Morpheus on touching it
Had exceeded his dose of opiate sleep;
He saw nothing
Except him sink
And sink:
And all around him crush
And all around him go:
And yet
He felt a pleasure in the ruin
A sweetness new not felt before
He felt:

In sinking.

And so sinking
He still heard
The music of pleasantness
Ring in his ears
The sea was calm and wave-less

So no current churned
And linear and tall
He went down to the floor
The walls of water around him raged
The walls of water around him pressed
Like flames of wrath
Like flames of ruin Nero-like
When Nero burned his Rome
And staring stood
Stringing here and there a note
On his large funereal harp

And so
He touched the floor of the salt sea
Deep in and smiling in his ruin
At least pain had flown away
Fear had granted in recompense
A painless sinking:

And as he fell
His eyes were open yet closed
And he
Could not recriminate himself
As to why
He simply could not open the door - it was so easy
So imperative:
Yet so he did not and he sank.

And thus engrossed
He thought himself alone
If he could think:
And could not see
A case like his a-sinking to the floor
Another coward Fear his victim made

De te fabula!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Silver Night

Sweet silver night
This Earth look down
Upon and bless
Illumine it from
Stress.

For stress so much
Be multiplying
That round and round
Serpent like it be going.

And
In its wake
The guillotine of emotions
Cuts down to
The bone and more
Sweet silver night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Song

Sweet song
A child's song
Sung
For the child's
Sleep

Eyes
That when
Grown
Weep

Better
Now
To sleep
To dream
To smile

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Suffering Is Joy

Sweet suffering be joy
My Monsignor you must
Have fortitude
To suffer more and more
And more
That in the end
As seeds sown in the Winter
That show not
Yet
Awake at touch of Spring.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet The Notes Together String

Sweet the notes
Together string
And join
And sweet verses
Ring!

Dance
The nymphs and
Fairies of the wood
Satyrs, fauns, goblins,
Sileni - a whole brood!

Hear
The nights are
Dreaming
Hear
The very woods and
Seas be Ocean
Dreaming

Look the Ocean
Be mark!

For
Sweet the notes
Together string
And join
And sweet verses
Ring!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet The Old Melody, The Line

sweet the old melody, the line
wherein the old play finished,
here the fragment,
the broken statue,
the pitcher in a hundred parts
and fragments:
sweet the old melody, sweet
and sour.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet The Verse

So sweet the verse
That in exchange
I fear Destiny will
A string of punishments
On me ordain.

I dreamt of coffins
And of shady nooks
Of graves and tombs
Which house the
Silent powerhouses
Of wisdom great

For
They have known
What to cut chain by
Chain
That tie to Earth
Means:
And more:
How to cut chain by
Chain
That tie to Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet The Volcano

Sweet the volcano
Sleeps
From
Whole centuries.

Ah! long, long
It flamed
Flamed so often
Red lava stained
The red soils more
Red
More fertile

So let our life be
So our heart be
The blood stains red
And the more
Red
It stains
The more red
It be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Unconsciousness

Into the sweet unconsciousness
of the heavens
laying on the soil and dust
of the silent countryside
looked I
looked
at the white stars

the white stars
I always loved
I always feared
I also saw
my grave and tomb
in them.

A hummock coma
yet not coma
seizes me this night
above
the heavens
guard me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Verses Now

Sweet verses now
Now
That in an
Impassioned heart
I thrive:
Sweet verses
Kisses sweet
Kiss after kiss
The hearts all glow
Beauty her reign
She pipes
And full declares
The country smiles
The green all round
Rises from dust
And
From the hills
The streamlets blow
Small yet many
For to see you
Grow in such beauty
Beauty herself more
Beautiful she grows.
For
Beauty her reign
She pipes
And full declares
The country smiles
The green all round
Rises from dust
And
From the hills
The streamlets blow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Violin

Play
Play sweet violin!
The Figures in the Heaven
Move
Silent and mute
Into the airy clouds
And immense wildernesses.

There be enchantment
And values be
Writ on the face of the heavens.
There be
A giant hand that writes
An all wise Eye that all
Observes.

Play
Play sweet violin!
The Figures in the Heaven
Move
Silent and mute
Into the airy clouds
And immense wildernesses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sweet Welcome Summer Night

Sweet welcome summer night
Brought in the breezes that waft
Across the port of coolness where waves sleep
Lights flicker on Saint Angelo lazily.

The night is dreaming, the night is dreaming.

Far far inward the Bigli lights
Flicker red and white and red predominant
Into the long night
The long and winding night
As in a tunnel of drowsiness
In the long silence that hovers
Over the small cemetery unused.

The night is dreaming, the night is dreaming quite.

The night is leaning, looking over the rails
From the Upper Barracca on the port
The dreaming port where ships and skiffs
Forget past wars and dream of all but past:

The night is dreaming, the night is dreaming quite.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swift Cathedral Of Alms

swift cathedral of alms
built amidst the roof
of palms of the high heavens
floating in the spaces and
rounds celestial.

amidst
the
hails
of
adrenalin
of
heaven
a
Chorus
sings

you see, you see,
this type of poesy
the verses fly, the
images gyrate and now
you here be another second
there
and yet
in a few seconds
everywhere.

I hear the sea-waves
swinging
and in their swinging
they be roaring:
roaring
up the caves
up the coves
up the low hills dark
and granite rocks
nocturnal.

hear!

Hear!
the cry goes round
A posse of bats
flies
low skimming the sea
enraged and calmed

you see, my Monsignor,
in a few verses
too
from civilization to
civilization
we go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swimming Crocodiles

Lagoon of swimming crocodiles
but
as tiny as sperm
glowing as yet
as the night stars that fell
on the sea's bosom.

owls that flew
through red boughs
and olive leaves

that was the sub-conscious
that was transformations
galore
that was dreaming
that was living
the other coin of life
the living

Emmanuel George Cefai

Swirling In The Heavens

Swirling in
The
Heavens
The
Task
Master
Of
The
Stars
Laughing
Is
Laughing
And
Occasionally
The
Heavens
Laugh
And
Laugh
Then
Stop
Why be afraid of the Loud Voice of the heavens?
Not just
When they play violins
Not just
When they string violins at night
Not just
Not just
There was strawberry milk
That dropped
Profuse yet slow
From the heavens
Yet with time
With time

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sword On The Battlefield

They laid on him
The sword of honors
Proud he rose
With hawk eyes
Looked around
On the foot soldiers
Idolizing.

Ah! they laid on him
The sword of honors
To chase and murder
[As hunting foxes, birds
Nobles in their immense
Woods]
The strong over
Less strong
The deft over less
Deft
The cunning
Over less cunning:

Then said the Historian
'But that was long,
Long ago'
Then said the Philosopher
'Rethink, my friend,
Rethink'
And they stopped there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sylph

Sylph that rises
Just from sleep
Just from dreams
Sub-conscious
Deep
Tell me
Tell me Poet Seer
What you have to
Tell and tell
Tell me
Tell me
In the conscious
For decades
I have been drunk
In the sump of History:
Tell me
Tell me
That in the sub conscious
Without throwing off
The conscious
My eyes open, I be free!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Sylphs Of Time

round and round
the sylphs of time
they go
restless and
breathless:
I saw grim faces
here
and I saw
dreary faces there
I saw the waters boiling
the raucous seething
of acidic bubbling:
round and round
round and yet
all remained in drear
and surly without
sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

Symbol

when I go
light a lamp-light
I will be there
the symbol
the lamp-light
and keep it
lamp-light burning
burning always

Emmanuel George Cefai

Symbols Of Night

Symbols of
Night

Bats
Flying
Goblins
Giggling
Prancing
Out
Of
Hedges
Then
Jumping
In
One
Leap
Out
Of sight.

The flowers were
 Fading
 Light and
 Bending
 Drying
Desiccated with
 The waning day.

Shrouds crying
 Ghosts wailing
 Shadows flitting
 Lamenting
And a distant zooming sound
Rhythmical
In to that gruesome nocturnal scenery

Dawn will come
 And bring a little light

To the nocturnal horrors
From the night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Syringe Of Beauty

ejected
from into the
syringe of beauty
naked
I found myself surrounded
by woods, trees stand-alone
burning smokes and
pyres
snake rattling
heads of
desire
roses and balsamic
scents
odor mellow
gentle steams
massaging
eyes dazzled;
the fountains of waters
burst into colors
printed on each spout
a philosophical direction
a hundred emotions
for beauty is
beauty is
beauty
and warms the heart's
ailing
fear:
heavens that smile
with mild suns
where stress and
stressing
melt:
into the warmth of beauty...
into the warmth of new beauty...
woods, trees stand-alone
burning smokes and
pyres
snake rattling

heads of
desire
roses and balsamic
scents
odour mellow
gentle steams
massaging
eyes dazzled beauty has swindled
all her peers
now
today
for
for beauty is
beauty is
beauty
and warms the heart's
ailing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Syringes Of Wisdom

Syringes of wisdom
Ready for injecting
A hundred years from hence.

Then
Wisdom will not be
Taught
Nor much attention
To experience given.

The waters of wisdom
Will dry in their pools
Captured
By the syringes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tadpoles

tadpoles and
rats
hours of
the
sad
pond light
muddy
dream
that
dims
yet
remains.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tale Of The Lamenting Ghost

Tale of the Lamenting Ghost

[A Ghost's Lament]

[Struck by Tuberculosis]

i.

Dusk had now risen
In its glory
Not like cocks it crowed
But silence spread
amidst the town and field
amidst the human animal and plant

ii.

O red color that from
the orange of the sunset goes
and as the day fades in its throes
winds round the Earth and throws
its twilight on the waters stunned
from the day's and Earth's events:
and the wounds:
O red color of dusk twilight of waters!

iii.

Till then round old Valletta
circling the woods
around caught its eye
and then it settled on those sites
that as the night approached
more and more devoid of humans
turned.

iv.

already Night was on his car
though Dusk still reigned:

and on his car
Night already lighted had
one star
then
the cunning sovereign
continued lighting star by star

v.

Till all the immense heavens
shone; Dusk saw; turned pale;
with quick step down
towards the seas and Oceans
trode his way
to safety and rest and
out of the fading day.

vi.

thus settled Night new king
new Sovran but of a fading
day by half
and of the other half of day
the first Sovran and yet
in the dark part
when humans to subconscious betake
and conscious leave

vii.

the new king Night till mid-night
ruled as a new king
then as the mid-night deepened in
his reign more colored yet more
lax became more tottering
with every hour
till at sight of Dawn
Night with haggard hair of white
replaced the youth that
hours before ascended heaven's throne
to watch our Earth:
and fled before the Dawn.

viii.

till in a wood of old Valletta old
an ancient spirit roamed desolate
desolate in flesh
desolate as skeleton
what more destitution be made?
he lamented low though quite polite
and his sad notes like arrows
entered and broke the very heart of night

ix.

of how an early end tuberculosis
brought him to:
when in the height of youth
the first joys of life in cumulus
had brought him to life's first pinnacle
and last:
yet humans this enjoy albeit decline
yet this lone spirit faded before he
made offspring of which full lament
he made under the stars and to the moon.

x.

all heard; all pitied; yet still
the spirit tormented restless plained
and ran around with vacant eyes and
red amidst the bending trees and sad.
Still sate the owl, and the nightingales
few that were chanting stopped and
heard and pitied in their heart the tale.

xi.

till by the Dawn as spirits will to do
so oft this spirit unfortunate
he too dissolved as a frail flake of snow
at touch and attack of a fervent sun:
so ends the tale, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tall And High And Distant

and the heads roll
and the heads roll
and
spears squeak
and blood burst
out
as spitting
and the heads roll
and the heads roll
now
the drums
already started in
the chains
they fall
fall
fall
and once the ties be cut
then
serenity follows
but see
but see
that figure smiles
in the mists
tall and high and distant
come!
come!
come!
no!
no!
but just
the violins play and sing
the violins play and sing
the violins play and sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tall And Wise

A man of sinews
Tall and wise
He walked
Trembled
The Earth underneath
Smiled Earth and Heavens
As in his cave
Slept and rested
He in the white mornings
Rose the night
To work, to think, to do
In the star's light

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tambourines That Laugh, Tambourines That Weep

Tambourines that laugh, tambourines that weep
Through the salty scent of misty seas
There rose so many wraith of centuries past
And played on and on the tambourines.

Crazy
The
Night
Is
Red
And
The
Moon
Red
And
The
Stars
Red
Tonight

Tambourines that laugh, tambourines that weep
Through the salty scent of misty seas
There rose so many a wraith of centuries past
And played on and on the tambourines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tangles Of Leaves And Restless Nights

sub-conscious with sub-conscious
reveling champagne in hand
dreams whirling round the dreamer
chance and probability
outdone:
outdone we humans
outdone our brain
however
though
I be a thinker:
the tangles are too fast, too deep
they dance
too deep they cut
into the white of brain
and the thin pencil lines of blood
seep through the convolutions of the brain
tangles of leaves and restless nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tarantula

Tarantula

Of

The

Night

Climbing

Climbing

Climbing

No

Malice

Harboring

No

No

Team that never

Qualified

That has known

Disappointment

On the face

Only

Only

Now

You wait

Broken-hearted

In the delirium of angst

In the delirium of sweat

You wait

You wait.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Targeting

targeting
targeting
the
wall
of
Blood
the
piles
of
straw
one
on
the
other
wrestling
one
on
the
other
bristling
there is no May to night
in
the
going round
and round
of
the Merry Go Round of Months
tonight.
No, not tonight
No.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tavern Of Loud Voices

Raucous

Delight of music

Voices low and high

Notes of music various

Light

Dances in the corners

Of the old city

Where houses and humans

Sleep

And the Sub-Conscious reigns

Sovereign

As all the nights

In old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tear-Drops

the
salt
of
tear-drops
gurgled
down
my
cheeks
dropped
impatient
salty
down
my lips
closed
tight
yet
I
felt
clear
the
salt
in
them
and
fire
of
the
cribs
long-term
desire

Emmanuel George Cefai

Teeth Yellow

Wide-mouthed
Teeth
Yellow
Gleamed
The
Rattling
Skeletons:
This
World
We
Come
To
The
Soul
Saddened
Years
To
Come
To
This
Place
To
The
Broken-hearted
Sad
Grieving
And
Groans
Dimming
Of
A
Light
That
Once
Brighter glowed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tele Keli Bere Mesret

Tele keli bere mesret

Ha! Yes these words, this language:

I project

And what I project in chronology

That is in order chronological

I then assert:

Thoughts, notes, verses, songs are given birth:

Theories and hypotheses, Principles

That enroot themselves in Proportion strong

You know the rest: need I elaborate?

Tele keli bere mesret

Mire seli fere kerret.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Telegraphic

The lightning speaks
On the lone bastions
In solitude
A hooded monk

Against
The background
Flare
The lightning
Roar
The sound
The waters of the heavens
Open their tap
The monk
Raises his hood
Completely over his head
Yet remains
Suffering

You see
My Monsignor
Dusty lizards foul
Crawled on the bastion walls:
Frost
Fell without mists
Bare and raw
And naked as wild
Chill
Sparked
The lightning on the
Tooth of a heaven-hovering
Skeleton
These, these
My Monsignor, the words,
The styles,
The civilization that shades
Off
In part at least
The civilization of day light

These the styles
My Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Telephone That Rings

Telephone that rings
Rings
Rings after mid-night

The night is bleak
And long
And tortuous

And the ghost of my mother
Hovers
Hovers above

And the telephone rings
And does not ring
And its midnight struck

And

The night is bleak
And long
And tortuous

Emmanuel George Cefai

Telephone That Rings Once

Telephone that rings
Once
Just once
Then stops –
And then begins again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tempest And Storm

tempest and storm

ally

themselves easily

I

made I think my

mother's will

felt

some weight drop

off my heart

and I

I

King of Drear and

cold nighted dreams

felt

some joy

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tempest On The Fields

To be a nightingale on the
Boughs
To be tempest on the fields
To be lightning on the roads
To lay thundering on the weald
To lay wreaths on the old stone
Where my mother dreams and sleeps
Then sing as nightingale on bough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tempest Over Valletta

Over Valletta
When the tempest comes
The thunders roar
As in the olden
Centuries

Tremble the streets
The houses
Vibrate more
And tremble

The tempest cloud
Sad and angry
Flies over the city
All eyes
And remains
Sad and angry.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tempests Will Come

tempests will come
tempests will glow
and
the rain fire
the hitherto silhouetted
cliff
from top to base
one great funereal pyre

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ten Cities

Ten cities
Decapolis
seas
drear
land
that
slept
in
honey
for
times
that
wallowed
in
blood
in
other
times
ah! freedom
what prices
be paid
in history!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tender Village

Tender village
In its smallness
Shining
But planet-like

The moon is on you
In the night
The stars smile
It be night

The waters lap
In the lake
Red eyed a figure
In black
Runs

The eyes of the
Houses and
Their faces
Wry and see.

The tender village
In its smallness
Is
In the night
A poppy field of red
And dye.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tere Weri Serim Kele

Tere weri serim kele
Ghali vreris heri sepre
They rhyme – those words
Those words of a tongue of tongues
So many tongues – all with a right
Should not this tongue have right
Equal and fundamental with the rest?
Tere weri serim kele
Chali vreris heri sepre

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thank You

Thank you

Thank you for your verse
You made me go
Fast in a sub-conscious throe
From the stark conscious.

I am not stark
Now
And
I am not conscious

Let me in this dazed stunning
Be
Sub-Conscious ever in
All circumstances freedom,
liberty.
Let me
Let me
Let me

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Be The Way

That be the way of
Poetry
The way of verses
The way of chanting
The way of a Poet Seer
Who be philosopher too.

That be the way
And in all
In the All
For the All
There is always the
Way.

Yet
After the drunken noon
And glories
Of the lazy afternoon
The dim lights
Start to fail
With
Them
The day to wane
Then dusk
And twilight on the waters
Dances:
Then night
Full sovereign and all
All bend their heads
resigned
for his long sway

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Creepy Voice

Give me to
Hear
That
Creepy
Voice
That
Slow
And
Winding
My
Ear
Ascended.

The waters that
Yesteryear
Defeated were
And losers
See
They have arisen
Have come to advance
For
They look ever
High
High
To
The high heavens
immense
they look
they rise
the waters roll
the waters murmur
and
the murmurs sigh

scented
the heavy gardens
rose
terrace on terrace
as the river passed by

the sacred river of
immortality:
we see it
we have it
but have it not
and see it not.
Scented.

Emmanuel George Cefai

That In Them Smart Principles

That in them smart Principles
With little or no noise.

Silence.

The brain needs thinking now
The dusk is shrinking
With stars heavens be filling

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Is Where The Roads Lead

You see, you see, that is where the roads
Lead.

I saw individuals, humans walking, trudging,
Trudging

From all directions came they from east and
West from north and south
From all directions.

And
Then as into one direction they
Joined
Joined together

And that direction was the
Home of the Individual Sovereign Will
The One
In whom the Ocean of the All
Flowed
The All in One, The One in All.
That.
That direction.

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Thing

That thing

Yes

That thing

That be centuries old

That thing

And

In those centuries

Styles of verses, dresses

Buildings

All changed though

The common root never dried up

For

It was an ancestor

Root.

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Together Hand In Hand For Company

We
That together hand in hand for company
Went
Went walking to the pebbly shore
Where caves and the waves resounded
Each to each
Lovers reciprocal
We
Went to seek wraiths and quaint company
The cries that rose half-mumbled from the sea
The words written on the wall
The liquid wall of the bosom of the sea:
We
Were there to hear tales, to be in fear
At every word,
At every sound,
There
There the sea and the caves resounded as
A bomb, as bombing:
And
There was the liquid mirror
Wherein we saw much human misery
Men, women walked in chains with
Arched backs bent heads and weary steps
They walked
They marched
They trudged
Yet once we saw most of them wearing
Tiaras and capes, smoke cigars,
Ply millionaire yachts – what?
They were too in the pages of history
And in the books, ancient engravings
And sullen living paintings.
Yes
We saw them.
Shuddered we.
We saw the level of the bosom of the sea
How at the end
All storms subside and all the waves

However high
Level and flat with their former lower fellows lie:
We saw there so much of humanity
So much
So much
And looking up we saw
Time sitting high on a cliff edge
Laughing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

That Was The Child

That was the child: but years that
Passed motion that moves as
Motion in the mass universe
And the child grew and walked a youth.

No longer boy, though first a boy
And then the soul of boy in to
The body of youth, then
The soul of youth in to the body of man.

Twilights have been as the red dusks
The curtains of the days have fallen
So many times, for centuries:
And rose again in so many Dawns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Anger

In
Me
Well
It
Did
Not make
My face turn pale
But neither red
But
Ghastly looking
Yes
A ghost
A shroud
In day
In daylight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mask It Lies Still

The
Mask
It
Lies
Still
Breathless
Yellow
Pale
It
Be
The night
Not in the cemetery
But
The
Mask
Of
A
Sudden
Slowly breathes.
Too late
Too late
The spell be far
Away
Gone
Binoculars spied
The coming Dawn
The coming day.
The waters that
Rustled
Rocks
At
Night
By the old fort
Are
Now
Subdued
And
Tame
Before the reign

Oncoming reign
Of Dawn
New blood warm of
New day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Miasma

Stems

Bewildered

In

The

miasma

of

a

million

thought

locked

in

the

brain

yet

not

arranged

yet

not

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Aching In My Head

The aching in my head
Feel I
Cataracts will leap
Into the moon's light
And the night sky
But
Yet not so violent.

I feel the coldness in my feet
Ah! that be the mirror of the soul
The heart within!

When
There be last days
How solemn
How stress increases with each day!

The aching in the head
The stress
The self-immolated violence.

The coldness in the soul
Ah! it speaks not
Mute weeps
You will not hear it!
Yet it be there!

I held a mirror in my hand
And of a sudden felt
The dust grain slip
Between my trembling hands
And fade.

I had some joy
When I heard your voice
Then I heard
A voice as through a cone
Resounding in my head
The brain

Revolved to cemetery, tomb and grave.
The words together joined
Made the trick.

Purple the twilight waves
The changing colors
Of my fading with Dusk
See
It takes me by the hand with it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Admiral Of The Nineteen Stars

The Admiral of the Nineteen Stars

Well

Throughout the night

He at the table sat

With the other

Nocturnal guests

Babbling

Almost all time

But

Then

Intervals of

Small whispering.

Party of faces met

From centuries

Long

Long

In to the clouds and

Tunnels of time.

Party of faces!

The Rat of the Long Whiskers

He sate him

Next

To the Admiral of the Nineteen Stars

He spoke

Every now

And then

And sparingly.

Was that cunning of a Rat?

The Cat of the One Eye

He was a fighter

In the days of yore

But

One Eye stood

And served him:

At times

Behind the parlance table

He
Bent
As playing some card furtively.

A Squirrel in his Prime
Youth days
He had to found family
And/or descendants
One way or the other
Not so much on the
Conversation of the Table
Was he intent
More than in night
Itself
And descendants.

Then dressed in armor
A Knight of Noble Peerage
Full many battles
Lost or won
He knew and had
Experienced
Yet
More than these
More
Than on a battle-field
His Soul had felt,
Experienced
The anguish of the Life
That by now he by-passed
And
Viewed sardonically. -vi

By him
Sate the Watchmaker of the Town
A Watch of gold
He held and looked at
Constantly
In angst
For he had experienced
Loss of time
Fast work

Descent of centuries
Yet
Bypassed him
And now
In his ghostly cloud
He
Failed not to hold
Fistful in his fists
Cheeky slipping time
And century after
Century.

Then there sat
The Mayor of the Town
Wistfully
He looked at the Old Town
Into a globe he had
See
How it changed
All changes
But as soon as
The change is wrought
The vision original
Lost the brilliancy
Another ever-increase
Another style
Another living
From
The ever-increasing permutations and combinations
Had to be brought
But so are things
But so are days
But so sing nights
The centuries glide
Superb and proud
Vain fools!
They be just as Ixion
On the wheel condemned
Turning and
Turning.

All
All these faces
All round
The table stood
In flesh and blood
They were of other centuries
But now
Together gathered
At their will
And when they wanted
Centuries and age
Thought they had
Claimed them
But ah!
They cunning they
Had the last
Laugh
They claimed the
Centuries.
So we
So we
So all of us
We age
And
Time and age
Wreak their hands
In joy
Thinking that
They have had us.
But no!
We surface yet
Again and again
If
Not in flesh and bones
Here on earth
More elusive
More cunning
More powerful
All powerful indeed
And
Laugh jesting in the face of Death

And
Century after century
Condemned to glide
In round succession
As Ixion to the wheel.
We
We humans
All of us
Have power and Right
To be
These personages
Round
The Table of the Immortal
Winners of all cups
More cups and honor
Than in flesh and in blood
They would deck
Themselves
Courage! Take courage humans!
We too
Be these and these
Be us
Defying
At will and free
The centuries after centuries
Going round and
Round
As donkey round
The water-mill
Irresistible and
Irreversible.
We, no!
We, humans
No!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Aerial Broke

The
Aerial
Broke
And
Hung
High
In
The
Winds
I
Remember
In
2000
When
A
Man
Rose
Three
Storeys
High
In
The
Gusty
Gales
To
Fix
It.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Agency Of The Runes

The agency of the runes,
the acts, the plays,
the curtains falling
and
the curtains rising
the stage, the creeping
smokes, incense,
temples and sways
and heavings of
the Oceans vast,
new verses
new experiment
new airs and Dawn:
people carrying the Icon of
a Vast Ox:
directionless yet gay
under the sweat humming,
singing.
catafalque by ants
giant carried
through the streets
where
the piles of water rush
head downwards
gurgling

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Agony Of Love

The agony of love

The agony of decision

The agony of defeat

The agony of pain

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Air-Wafted Smells Brought Me

The air-wafted smells brought me
The smells of putrefaction
Sweet putrefaction, my mother!

You whose son put forth Immortality
Now suffer and partake not of
What others in the future get.

The Spring pity-taking now arises
And blossoms sweet odors counteracting
The air-wafted smells of putrefaction

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Angel On His Harp

The Angel on his harp
He hums

The cricket on the bough
The night he sings.

The palm slowly bends
Towards benighted seas

Millions of Spirits walk
On bewitched waters.

The black-haired boy he came
And then he went,
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Arched Back

The arched
Back
The xerophytes
Of thirst
Unslaked
Over the desert plains
Wide open plains
Big breasted rats
That skunk by
At night
Silhouettes and
Shadows grave
Better
Not to think
To bleak out
In such times
The lonely house
Deserted and
Towards dilapidation
Mourns
With wind
The old doors creak
They do not like
The fugue of winds
So desolate
They be already
Brimful to the heart
With desolation
They do not require more
No,
No they do not require
More.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Arrow

Through the eye
The arrow

The sling
Of latter David with me
Pitted for hero.

I
Me
The weak
A hero!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Artesian Well

Neither the Clouds
Nor the locks
No, nor the sea-waves

Filled with cool water
He felt cool as
The Artesian well

Woes flew.
Only the night chill
And storm disturbed

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Artesian Well--How Cool Is It!

The artesian well- how cool is it!
Its sides with the dews of waters cool
And in it heaven in the waters cool!

How much `tis needed now-to cool the brain
The throbbing of the blood in the revolt
That now in fury red assails the brain.

The artesian well-how graces it the green
Where bees and flowers sport and children play
And the shade tiptoes in the afternoons

When lazy summer heat the green leas cloud.
When the soft dusk is knocking at the door
Of the antique house alone in country strewn

Where the day resteth after the blazing sun
Had stunneth with a pleasant laziness
From its full zenith at the mid-day peak:

The artesian well how they heard it
Speak in the night to the light-winking stars
That look from heaven's rails adown to earth

And then they say a plaintive tale they hear
From the artesian well echo and sound
And some stars weep - but the content

Only they know - no human has yet known!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Athlete Force

The
Athlete
Force
And
Strength
That
Through
The
Summer
Breaks
This
Force
around
Around
The
High
Mists
And
The
Hissing
Sounds
Millions
Of
Crickets
Warping
All
Around
I
Do
Not
Miss
When
Cloud
From
Azure
Turn
To
Glow
With

Twilight-red
The
Seas
Reflect.
The
Switch
Of
Dusk
Somebody
Lighted.
Eyes
Pine.
Lovers
In
The
Distance
Look
Embraced
Immotile
Yet
Out
Out
On
The waters
And
Beyond
The
Oceans.
There's
Wealth
There
To
This
Hunger
Of
The
Night
That's coming
Coming fast.
With earth's rotation
And as fast
Directly proportionate

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ballet Of The Gathered Clustered

The ballet of the gathered clustered
chrysales
in the whirling water eddying
in the water of random and chance
in the pool middle of the garden
at night with dancing nymphs
transparent
the ballet of the gathered clustered
chrysales
in the whirling water eddying

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Balm Of The Night-Air

The balm of the night-air
The fragrance of the dark
The sweetness of the still
And slumbering monster-night
Over the slumbering port
Frail-lapped by insolent waves
Intruding in the calm
Of Fort Saint Angelo:
How images run film-like
And dwindle in the crass
And rude dark heaven:
Lit by the twinkling lights
Of fainting stars hauled down
Down Saint Anne's Way:
Below
Below
The limbo of our earth
Our environment our biology is
And our biology our ethics:
Our environment our ethics is:
That is the syllogism.
And in the night
And in the night
The electric current flows
Humming in the wires high six floors or more or less
In wide-eyed Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Band Of Hedgehogs

The Band of Hedgehogs
competed with
the Band of Toads.

In numbers equal yet not
in size.

They marched together
playing.

Animals came out of their
hole houses.

Rustled the bushes and the
grasses:
heads out appeared.

No judges came.

For both the Bands played
equal
with closed eyes
into
the hand of the Sub-Conscious.

About
the results no one bothered
they had closed eyes
as dream and sleep.

Only
that
The Band of Hedgehogs
competed with
the Band of Toads.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Band Plays And It Be Night

the bands plays
and
it be night
yet
since the dusk
the
band of hedgehogs
played
played slow and
drear
the Band of the Hedgehogs

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Band Through The Streets Of Valletta

The band through the streets of Valletta
marches

though frosty the wind with warmth
glows

people huddled quick pass by and
disappear

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Barge Of The Night

The
Barge
Of
The
Night
The
Barge
That
Was
Night
It
Floated
In
Those
Waters
Waters
Chill
Waters
Dark
Waters
Of Styx
Waters
Sodom
Yet
Waters
Evolutive
Waters
Of
The
Future
Were
They
And
The
Future
The
Evolution
Reigns
Always reigns!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Baron

Over his lands up to
The sea-view
The Baron
In the early Dawn
Was up
And strutting
Handkerchief in hand
Wiping sweat
Of climbing fields and field walls
Going down
Going up.

And
The heavens bent
Themselves backwards
In a gymnast act
To kiss the sea horizon
And the
Ocean immensities.

For
Over his lands up to
The sea-view
The Baron
In the early Dawn
Was up
And strutting
Handkerchief in hand
Wiping sweat
Of climbing fields and field walls
Going down
Going up.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Basic Ideas Turned

Around, around
The basic ideas
Turned:
For thoughts be
Reducible
As all
To monad-basic

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bat

The bat
Looked side-ways from its eyes
As it was flying in the thick of night:
A pair of lovers saw far, far below
The bat
Without a word its spoke and saw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bat Want To Speak

Black and flitting
Small and swift
The bat on its
Restless journey
Goes
Throughout the night

The bat
Wants to speak
Hold meeting
To the sparse
People hurrying
On the streets
Home-bound and
The doors that lock
The lights that go
The lights that cease

Even we
We
Humans are on our
Journey
Everyday:
Everyday
We retire in the night
When the bat wakes
We stay face upwards
When
The bat face downwards likes
To hang:
In his hiding in the hours of light.
The bat no longer screeches
It has some respect for
The privacy of the houses:
But then
Whirling over the bastions
Out of town
Its screams and dances

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Battle Turn To Its Colors

The battle turn to its colors
tear off the masks
the traitor faces show
startled
with guilt but more with discovery
tear off
tear off
the traitor faces show
the mask underneath

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Beheading Of The Violet

A violent innocent arose
In the sweet Dawn
That day as all the days
It rose.

But ah! Fate cruel smiled
And wry the smile
Was on his face
Where cruelty one traced.

And Fate itself hid
Behind the trees to see
The violet swing here and there
In its last liberty.

So few the hours were
So quick they passed:
So joy filled the innocent heart
The violet that day!

Till a boy came: a boy
Symbol of innocence!
His eyes upon the violet
Fell; his hands he thrust
And on the poor violet
Roughly them he cast.

On her head the murderous hands
Fell; a numbing fall
From consciousness; a coma;
Then her head fell
A trophy to a boy
Who threw it away

Ah! broken violet! Broken
Head!
How rolled it gently
And the wind neighed
And the wind mourned

And the sun mourned
And the garden mourned
That fateful day!

And Fate itself had hid
Behind the trees to see
The violet swing here and there
In its last liberty.

Come out tyrant Fate!
The deed is done:
You can smile openly
But no! Fate's heart
Was struck
With guilt he fled away
And the red dusk
More guilty made him stay.

So, so, my mother,
Like the sweet violet,
You woke that day,
And like the hapless violet
Hapless was the last day
The last day that on Earth
You breathed breath of day.

So, so, as the sun mourned
The wind, the day:
So I my mother mourned
Still mourn
To the end of my days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bell-I

The Bell in grief
stands out.
And if the winter blows
then more it stands.

the bell in grief
I hear
sing in the night
sing with the
hoarse wind
dear.

the bell it moves
its tongue
but a hand pulls
below or near.

History is a great friend.
The bell knows it.
The land knows it.

the bell it ushers
funerals of state
and funerals of us
it distinguishing not
its solitary usual
tone
reserved equal and
same for all.
The bell's democratic
and
the bell's egalitarian
and
the
bell's romantic
for
The Bell in grief
stands out.
And if the winter blows

then more it stands.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bells

The bells their ringing how much it played
Its own part in the history of us humans!
High on the steeples
Challenging the furies of the Winds
The Gales, the Train and somewhat Snows!
Yet
They continue ringing despite
The onset of rust and long ago.

Ah! alas age passes
Even on the heavy bronze
Of bells
They too grow hoarse at times
But
We love them so well
We
Rotate them all around us
Even to a parting knell!

Thus civilization forming
Thus civilization following
What will the bells, the old bells do
When immortality grows in its shoes
When spent the time
When biers and coffins with tears mix
And sighs
And as the coffin in earth lowered
Such cries!
All gone!
They will be gone!
These will be specters if
And when
We usher Immortality:
Then
Though the violets rooting
Themselves in some cemetery
Will at the touch of a red dusk
Twine bend
And pine

Yet

Tombs will often empty be
For sake of Immortality!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bells Are Ringing - Some Joy!

The bells are ringing - some joy!

The country smiles - post-dawn!

The dawn, sun, night continue to follow.

Days still go!

In the distant hills
A cluster of magic bagpipes plays.

Owls fluttered to thick nocturnal boughs.

Nightingales
Assembled in a chorus row.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bells Of The Cathedral

The bells of the cathedral
Ring
This evening
And
Even
Touching
The edges of the night
The bells are ringing.

The waves
Over the seas
Be undulating
Even afar
Out in the ocean seas
And deep
You see them undulating
See the troughs
See the peaks
Of the waves of centuries
Of salty empery.

Yet
There be no wind
But magic
Magic sweet
Sweet spells
That hum silent
In that awesome vast:

The Soul
The Inner Souls
They speak
Their parched self
Through the loud-hailer
Of the glitzy waves
As moonlit

And
The majestic rolling

Rolling, rolling:
The seas and oceans waters
Into coves and into caves
Entering.

For
Night is beautiful
And these things
Beautiful be
No need of winter
Though winter increase
The wonders of the beauties all around.

For
The bells of the cathedral
Ring
This evening
And
Even
Touching
The edges of the night
The bells are ringing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bells Strike Eight.

The bells strike eight.
A dozen and more churches peal.
Outside the streets wet with rain.
Rain fell throughout the night.
The Dawn is lead and frowns.
The sea is grey and so the clouds.
Dense and thick the clouds threaten rain.
The ancient city sleeps out still the night.
It calculates that is its preference.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bells Were Ringing

The bells were ringing
Your love was flowing
And it was early day
Alas! I lost that chance.

Years passed.
With children I saw you
Pass in front of me
I in desperation looked

And I remembered
Remembered that sweet morn
Before you had those children
When you Love flowed to me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bending Flower

The flowers bends
The flower towards night
Bends its head
And eyes
The fierce stars
From corners of its eyes.

Even
Life bends
Elastic to the chill
Of the emotions
Lacerated
By Earth's woes
The hands of tragedy
Short term or long term

And
Even I
Now bend in this
My life
The stage-curtains are
Falling
The light of the eyes
Dimming

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bird Cried With Pain And Uttered

The bird cried with pain and uttered
Its sad and solitary cry unto the face
Of the frowning heavens leaden-faced
The pincers in the flesh
Tore slowly yet constantly
A dropp of blood
Appeared and rolled down and then
Another followed suit and then
More drops of blood red, red blood fell:
And pain and pain the withered heart
Cried in its anguish with half-opened mouth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Black Barge Clothed Was In Satin Red

The black barge clothed was in satin red
And purple sashes fluttered in the breeze
As it sailed slowly o'er the enchanted seas:
Furtive it stole and silently and sad.

The black barge no inhabitants hath
No pilot steersman, oarsmen sailors – yet
On it sails, it sails on silently
Into the funereal seas all draped in black
The black barge clothed was in satin red.

Like a black spot across the ocean vast
The barge moves silent-slow and wearily
Seems to draw its weight by its own weight
And on it sails, it sails on silently
Into the funereal seas all draped in black.

The dawn sees it still moving wearily
When the sun shone it moved along the sea:
Dusk found it still there and the night
Enveloped its dark frown in its dark grasp
Silent the wan moon looked on and languidly:
And day did follow day and month the month
And years passed on and centuries – and yet
Like a black spot across the ocean vast
The black barge moved all wan and wearily:

And night and day and dawn and dusk
To call it sister-barge they came and said:
And time seemed there to cease to fall
Down the time-glass its sand grains wearily
And thunder lightning cold and rain and frost
To call it sister-barge they came and says
And still – like a black spot across the ocean marge
The black barge moved all wan and wearily.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Black Queen Of The South

The black queen of the south
How warm her flanks
And yet her teeth
How white are they!
The black queen of the south
No scepter in her hand she holds
And yet in her transparent veils
She rules as from a throne.

The black queen of the south
Is rare as eastern pearls:
And like a jewel shines at night
When nightingales sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Black Queen Of The South II

The black queen of the south
The pearls I gave her
She like a scepter wears:
And in her eyes
The glistening of tears
Like autumn paling rains
And miry summer-days
Now trickling appears
How my happiness is brimming
Like beer, warm beer
A-boiling in Bavarian jugs!
And in the distant garden by
The first red of the dusk appears.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Black Sweat Of The Moon

The black sweat of the moon
that rode through the thorns
in the wood where
Prometheus passed bleeding
bleeding from his torn
muscled strength
and tired groaning
in that wood
I saw too
the black sweat of the moon
falling
falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Black Winter

The Black Winter – The Hanged Man – The Rape of the Bird – The Talking Steps
– The Weeping Bastion Wall - The Ancient House – Dilapidated Quarter of the
City – The Slain Water Frog –The Blind Winter – The Pool of the Plain – The
Pining Dusk – A Color that Wept - A Colorless Dawn – The Speaking Pebble –
The Steep City Alley - How the Houses Weep in the City at Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Blind Girl

I never thought
That I would bear
The crucifix!

Yet now I know
Yet now I pain
What suffering!

See
They bring again
The crucifix to me!

Dark night no day
No sunset and no dusk
No dawn!

These have I known
Yet
These have I lost.

The woes of the Earth
In me they hang
As on the line
The washed up clothing

I never thought
That I would bear
The crucifix!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Blue Violet Its Mouth Opens

The blue violet its mouth opens
As if with hunger desperate
In mid-desert pining, pining, pining
Or like a wounded soldier as he lies
On the blood-soaking earth and from his mouth
A tall thin pencil of red comes out:
So am I now like the blue violet
I lie in desperation hit to ground
And wish for the dews of Dawn
To quench my thirst.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Blue Violet Nigh Its Sleep

The blue violet is nigh its sleep
Now that the dusk is tiptoeing by stealth
Drawing along with giant hand the curtains of day
And of its glory in the mid-day sun:
A cool wind from the west
Sings slow in the leaves and slightly shakes
Their verdant branches cooling in the shade
The gentle rustling sound
To cool refreshing sleep invites:
The violet bends its head
And into its bed prepares sleep.

It closes its eye one first, then next, mischievous violet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Boar's Head

The boar's head
The tongue plucked
Out and red.

There's time
But you just work
But you must run
Even with a single foot.

The girl leaped
From the island rock
For it was the sun
And stunned
The senses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Boat I Ply

now all being lost
the boat I ply
with stroke more free
with subdued wrath
and agony

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Brain Be Tired

The brain be tired
Now
And for the future

A night lamp
Not yet out
But dimly burning.

A sick bed
And
A face upwards

Tired eyes
Looking blank
Upwards.

Give to the tired
Brain some rest
Some rest at last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Building Looked

looked
on the Residence of the Skeletons

Few
bought an apartment there in
those high rise blocks:

For
the building looked
looked
on the Residence of the Skeletons

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bulbs Of The Feast Are Lit

The bulbs of the feast are lit
Even though
The red dusk is not come
Yet
From my heart
My sadness from the window
Flows

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bulk Of Frost That Fell

The bulk of frost that fell
fell
on the sacred streets and
the more sacred temples and
the churches white
as the glum stars of night
and pale as trees and
bushes trembling in cats in
Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bulk Of The Sacred Temple

The bulk of the sacred temple
fell
fell
as the snows fall on the lands
get lost into the seas and
Oceans where they drown

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Burying Of The Ant

The burying of the
Ant

It took short time.

On a thin stalk
They bore her
Motionless.

We take a little
More?

Stay on the upper Earth
A little more?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bustling Of The Morn Is Faded. Still The Streets

The bustling of the morn is faded. Still the streets
Slumber in the orange neon lights and
Over the grating steps paces rarely sound
The wind neighs slowly every now and then
Antique the bastions stand, antique they dream
Before the night cloaks the slow eyes of day
When the first russet of the welcome dusk
Is egered in.

A woman opens a door and throws
Water into the street; closes the door.
A few doors down a door ajar let out
The yellow neon light.

From top of the street the port I see
Dreaming in black. Between
The saltiness of the sea and where I stand
A flight of steps aged hundreds of years
Traversed by cavaliers, sailors, whores,
Priests, bishops, sentinels, monks, cats,
Dogs, scholars, boors, farmers
And others.
For all of these time fell down the time-glass.
Little they noticed or did want to.

The cobra danced alone
In the middle of the steps she danced
Raising her thin head to the moon
Inviting her to war and fight:
Yet the moon smiled, smiled pale and wan and calm.

Over the sea the silver goblins hopped
Informal in their Olympics: no crowds cheered
No publicity, no medals, none.

A cat walks down the steps without a noise
Its tail half-raised caresses every higher step
As it goes down.

And the same night similar and equal
To other nights that were and that will be
With one eye open looked over the Port.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Bustling That Began At Dawn Declines.

The bustling that began at dawn declines.

Declines the sweetness of the first beginning.

Begins the ennui of the next losing.

So when we lose a friend, a mind, a brain.

The Earth mourns duly and dutifully.

And we, we humans must not less than that be.

For the bustling that began at dawn declines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Calls Of Caves

The calls of
Caves
The shouts of
Coves
Milking the
Drops of milk of
Beauty:
Golden rings
Liquid and gaseous
And
Waters singing wild
A
Sub-conscious
Green grasshopper
Dancing
Of beauty
The pride.
Of love the
Sign
O beauty is too late
Just for today
Though as yet
Starting with
A splendid Dawn
And enmeshed eyes
Where on the lawn
Of green
Lit by old moonlight
Danced
Nymphs and fauns
And
Satyrs
Wild
Last night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Carrion Of The Trees

The carrion of the trees

The
Teeth
Of
The
Trees
Are
Sick
Many
Of
Them
Though
The
Trees
Loaded
Be
With
Age
More
Than
With
Fruits
Yet
Year
By
Year
Year
After
Year
They
Fall
And
Lie
Rotten
In
The
Purple
Skies
Rotten

Be
Rotten
I
Will
The
Drums
Of
Days
That
Were
Of
Sun
Are
Now
Afar
And
With
The
Fall
Of
Every
Night
Glow
Yet
More
Far
The carrion of the trees
I feel
I hear
In our garden

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Castle Of Beauty

i.

In a town of old ancientness
a Poet Seer as in a vision
saw and what he saw, was
For what we see, be
as what we assert, be

ii.

He viewed a mist wherein
white semi-transparent
lay
a fairy virgin
half dressed half naked
she
to him to called as a drunken
fairy:
'Come Come
You already be
a Poet Seer not distant from
the Castle where all round
I pass my life, a paradise
of beauty for a Poet's eyes'.
She stopped and spoke not more
But dropped a plan, a document,
musty and old yet clear
as to the Castle where
one would find it easily.

iii.

So heard, the Poet-Seer anon
without a word
he
bent and gathered
the musty document
down from the floor where fell it
and

though musty and old and rare
and in the ancient characters
and lines and plans
he read, he saw, he planned
and his feet for the voyage onward
planned.

iv.

thus he
the voyage onward began
towards his directionality:
in a swoon of sleeping he
laid here and there
his feet yet sure
the brain guided him
in the train of a voyage long
through a dark wood and thick
where the trees one on other
grew
as if lovers with lust in
ever-increase together
clung.

v.

once in this wood that through
the foliage thick served
as a roof
as thick and welcome
rains started to pour
for the dusk coming was
and twilight on the horizon
in the distance rose.

vi.

how cold, how frost the winds
neighed
they full surrounded
the thicket of the trees
yet so close they entwined

that winds would barely
pass
as through the granite rocks
the rain or snows
pass not.

vii.

through sluggard snails over
he passed as inside further
and through the thicket wood
went the Poet Seer
though cold neighed outside
yet inside
how warm the thicket stood
as thick as fort walls of old
as strong as bastions great
as scented as a thousand flowers
not yet fallen asleep with beauty's
dowers.

viii.

though small, how as a fortress
stood tree by tree entwined
and joined that small wood!
When unity be there, then tiny
strengthened be!
and the Poet Seer through
the wood was moving constantly
into the direction where
the wood the Castle of Beauty
faced by and large a-directly.

ix.

trembled vibrating the walls
of the Castle of Beauty that
night of storm and tempest wild
shook the white burning stars
shook the earth the hills and

gurgled gargling the brook nearby
Thought circled round the Castle
to find a way in to join
with Beauty and her servants inside.

x.

Ah! but in the Castle Beauties
diverse inhabitants permanent
inhabitants of the edifice:
and Beauty with other competing
A Beauty made another look dull.

xi.

Ah! from the wood there's open
countryside
to the Castle of Beauty take
the dusty country road
that up the hill goes
five kilometers often so straight
but then there's guerdon at the height
for the arrival at the Castle's doors.

xii.

wait till the night deepening will
at last through its hours
passing freeze and atrophy
and then wait but few minutes
and lo! of sudden a delight
and on the hills and fields
the Dawn throws its first light.

*

and therefore our Poet Seer
by whispers sweet in his ear
betook him to sleep a few hours
in to that wood before
taking the voyage between wood
and Castle

whispered: 'At Dawn wake and go'
And so the Poet Seer betook to sleep.

xiv.

sweet was the sleep though all
around the tempest wild
hedged in with trumpeting sound
orchestra of cacophony, of
country animals orchestra a minstrelsy
and in the fading hours fleet of foot
many a thought and beauty came
to settle in the Poet Seer's tired brain.

xv.

In the Sub-Conscious! what thoughts will
not invade the fortress of the open
doors as the Sub-Conscious be!
what beauties will not sylph-like
fly! Dawn came and hand in hand
with it new day alighted our Earth:
crowed in the distance the noisy cocks
and barked the first dog in the fields
the first birds in the skies, the
first animals and men.
The wheel of day had started.
With them the voyage for the Poet Seer
Started towards the Castle of Beauty
Beckoning.

xvi.

Dawn brings on me new breath to lungs
And fresh oxygen to the brain
Alas! that these so momentary be!
Alas! that a few hours trudge
Down on such freshness to the last!
So the Poet Seer as a machine
That has been charged started on his
Way. The tempest had by depth of

Night subsided first, then gone.

xvii.

Therefore the country way strait and up
Lay drying from the torrents that
Had in the night engorged it.
The kind sun returned mud to dust.
The feet of the Poet Seer quickened.
High above with domes of red and hues
As in the Palace Red so graced the same
The noble Castle of Beauty that
In the relative distance in the haze of
Early morning beautiful stood glimmering

xviii.

Fleet of foot to the Castle arise
let one pace fire yet another pace
and as the Castle red and colors
near the more the untired legs
hasten and fly.
The day was still young.
And soon before the large doors of oak
The Poet Seer wandered at the turrets
old the wondrous masonry and the
windows diverse in style and facade
full of image, statue, design -
all handmaidens of the beautiful.

xix.

Anon a creaking heard - the main
door opens though empty before
a marble corridor no hand lies
in with a beating heart
entered the Poet Seer.
Behind him half way in the corridor
He heard the door close by itself
And he found himself in that castle old.

[For in the Castle of Beauty there was a hall for every main branch of Civilization. The Poet-Seer toured all the halls aided by Minerva who appeared to him at the midst of the grand stairs. At the end Minerva leads the Poet Seer to the door of the Castle of Beauty and bades him to give beauty and wisdom to the Earth, for these be inter transformable, and the more inter transformable the greater the Civilization of the Earth. Here the Poem ends.]

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cat-Lover

The cat-lover he looked
Into the eyes of every
Cat he saw

Deep, deep into the eyes
He looked
And looking deep was
Ever-deeper for him
A thirst that be not slaked
A mystery still in the depths
A problem for solution
But still deep.

So the cat-lover
Took it in his habit
And his stride
He took it
His eyes started
To look as the eyes of
Cats
Took on that feline stretch
Delved deep
Deep and deeper
Into the brain
From cat-lover
Transformed
To cat-man

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cavalcade Of Night

The cavalcade of night
The horses glitter bright
Of clanking metals made
And metal armors light.

Ahi! The cavalcade of day
Too weary is,
Too repeating, too
Unimaginative
As by Genius willed.

Better then transpose
The cavalcade of night
Unto and into that
Of day:
Then light will too
In after-dawn and after
The beginning of new day
Have found its way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cedars Are Silent

The cedars are silent
The nightingales
Have flown
Their boughs
Gone
Elsewhere to sing
But
Even so
Silence sings sweeter
Now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cemetery

The cemetery
The place of bones
A million?
More millions?

How are the bones
Fragmented?

Is a fragmented bone
Counting
More than one bone?

Do all sit still
At night
To here story-telling
By the Spirits?

Here,
Here my Monsignor
Touch this dim lid of stone
And now
That midnight be
Not far
You will hear
Throbbing as blood
The lids of tombs
Look
Look after you

And
You will see
Grey shadows
Rat colored
Speeding fast
Their grey dark
Replicating on the walls
That seep the sacred
Waters from the
Graves and tombs

That ventures out at night.
Come
Come my Monsignor
Before the clock hands of
Time
Race before Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cemetery Silence Manifested

The cemetery silence manifested
How human work evaporated
Like as the night-mists at the
Touch of Dawn riding the Sea.

Compare, compare, my friend
Life and humans toiling, toiling,
And then retrace to the lone
Cemetery and see the silence.

You hear the yew rustle little
And startle – so high
The silence in those places sacred
Quiet and mute it lie.

The silence you can hear too
If sound be heard in silence
And silence be as a sound
That round you goes around.

Earth with fruits abounds
Now that the Spring's begun:
Yet silence in the cemeteries
Far, by far Spring's reign will outrun.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Censer Moves

alone
there be no human hands
and it be mid-night

sudden
the monastery and church aisles
alight
so suddenly
and it be midnight

the censer moves
the censer moves
alone
there be no human hands
and it be mid-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Centuries Go

The centuries go
The centuries steal
Each day the bells
Peal

But all
All slip
As fast as grains of sand
Between
Fingers of hands

The centuries go
The centuries steal
Each day the bells
Peal

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Centuries Pass, My Friend

The centuries pass
The centuries pass, my friend,
And the injustices and
Deeds that stink
Into the Lethe of the wines
Of centuries
Buried be:
So all be level
And Justice rises
To the face of the waters of the
Night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Chemistry Of Hills That Suave

The chemistry of hills that suave
scent of burnt mists; incense to
the heavens above;
Olympus old transformed in to just
Faith; same as mass to energy
transformed; or as the symbol to
which transformed be verse then
be re-transformed again and then
back cyclical:
now that I saw your greening face
I understand the chemistry of
your emotions then; I am
tempted to mutate that is to make
(bio) chemical combinations occur: progress
that otherwise would not but for my hands
but for my brain
but for my will:
and there in that series of
transformation that I get
my Inner Soul rejoices from its dread
the chemistry of hills that suave
scent of burnt mists; incense to
the heavens above;
Olympus old transformed in to just
Faith; same as mass to energy

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Chest

'the chest of funds'

'the eyes are hollow,
The hollow eyes'

I will but sleep again.
For winter has introduced
Itself
So harshly again'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Children

The children were
In the sperm
But not one
Ever came
To ruddy flesh and blood
Though millions marched
The children remained
Ghosts
Took not bones nor
Skeleton
Nor flesh
Nor skin
Nor cried
To gladden with that cry
A father's heart
No, that heart
Remained as now
A lacerated heart
Laceration with every month
Or so
One after the other
Laceration on laceration
Made

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Chord Of Relations

The chord of relations
I heard creak
to-night
my dear

In to the dark my eyes
ferreted
the night light
the shadows on the walls
the silence of the night

stopped the creaking
the tossing at the chord
of our relations
morn early discovered to
our eyes
the beauties and serenities
of new Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Church By The Sea

By the sea
the church was annoyed
with crowds that
thronged in its environs.

as was used
after the vesper
all went to sleep
fell dreaming
from the crypts
up to the domes.

that was so many days
before
albeit in summer
and more days to come
though many in the
face of storms.

And
almost cried the church
almost
almost

Till
the festivities ended
and the small rest of night
the church slept
and dreamt:
and did so well
past dawn
well into the day
it did:
and next day
was as the days before.
Before the quiet church
then stretched the
silent sea

and all the sea tales
of its centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Church By The Sea II

The church
In the sea reflected
See it moves
Continually!
On the bosom of
The sea
Even
The church lamps
Light and glitter
Moving
Moving
Continually:
Ah! cunning vision!
Cunning reflection!
Restless
Restless
As the crowds
Of humans
Us, humans
Moving
Moving
With direction?
Moving
Moving
Restless
Restless

Emmanuel George Cefai

The City

In the city
the Gothic buildings
crumble to beauty.

the street half wet
half dry bicycles
and trams pass

neon lights are on
and red dusk blushes
in the countryside.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

The City Sleeps

The city sleeps; but the light laze
On
The streets are still save for
The occasional passing
Vehicle.

The waters dance
Fount silent
In the night
Disappears in the dawn
When the nocturnal shrieks
Of the grasshoppers cease
And crickets amorous.

The nightingales
Ah! they sung long ago
At the rim of dusk and of
Night:
But now command still
Silence,

The waters dance
Fount silent
In the night
Disappears in the dawn
When the nocturnal shrieks
Of the grasshoppers cease
And crickets amorous.

Zeus opened a window
In his palace:
Saw below
The night
The sleeping Earth
The lazy lights

And yawned and
Closed the window.

The waters dance
Fount silent
In the night
Disappears in the dawn
When the nocturnal shrieks
Of the grasshoppers cease
And crickets amorous.

Casual lines
Not melodramatic
Nor overtly romantic
Not particularly flowing
Yet
Set piece after set piece
Of wine and beauty
Yes!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Civilization In The Verses

The civilization in the verses
that in the last few years
rang from my chant and writing
is not the civilization that we
live, we humans, in the sunlight
glorious with diadems of a proud
peacock day, that bruises.
but a civilization of graves
and tombs, and fading,
and rattling skeletons, and ghosts
and shrouds, and all that reads
from my verses
a civilization of Fading full
antithesis of Rising high:
ah! the reference frame of things
must not of Fading or of Rising be
but of both
mixed, alternately:
and in this followed be the mass universe.
Till then the reference frame be so
fatigued with alternation
that an Immortality and Rising ever-continually
It will dream and will wish and execute.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Civilization Of Our People

The Civilization of our people
From long ago
From centuries
That pained
The Soul of Suffering.

The suffering was of May
And
The suffering was of
Before
But
Now the suffering greater is
Greater will be
In June, in June today.

But
If there be
More Production
In to the throes of Civilization
Then
Let the Snows of Suffering
Mourn not
The funereal pain
The images of the cemetery
The cemetery trees
The scream in the night
The rosary of lamenting
Of ghosts and shrouds
Stately walking
Suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Civilization Of The Cemetery

The civilization of the cemetery
There be so many cemeteries
And that be the civilization of
Them all.

I for that civilization yearn
After being somewhat in the
Civilization of the light.

For so many yearn for alternative
After the experience of a thing:
I was in light, suffered from
The civilization of the light
Disappointed, depart.
And so yearn I for
The civilization of the cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Clip Of Doom

The clip
Of doom advancing
A trail
White and jet-like
Lag of Time
And Motion
But not stoppage
No,
Not stoppage.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Clock Hands Go Round And Round

The clock hands go round and round
And round
There is just silence and distant be
All sound

The heavens frown yet what avails it?
The Earth in the mire trudges on
And so continues as it has done on.

The clock hands go round and round
And round
There is just silence and distant be
All sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Clock Is Fast Turning

The
Clock
Is
Fast
Turning
Its
Hands
The
Day
Now
Fades
Sadness
Increases
Despair
More
And
The
Eyes
pine
At
Such
Sad
Beauty
How
Cannot
Eyes
Pine?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Clock Stops

If the clock stops
then
think again:
Of all that remains
take
the vital
do that
then let
the rest do for you

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cloud Of Rain Dews That Last Night Shed

The cloud of rain dews that last night shed
Is falling
Falling still
On the soils houses fields and seas and Oceans
Lulled in the arms of a cross Dawn.

Few
Verses write I
But I chant the poesy
Lull the Dawn from her cross face and
Bring a beaming small in place.

So
The day will go, its usual routine,
With a Dawn less cross
Awhile
Decreasing quite but still
The cloud of rain dews that last night shed
Is falling
Falling still
On the soils houses fields and seas and Oceans
Lulled in the arms of a cross Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Clown

The clown in the circus
He leaps
And they laugh

His nose red
And joyful
Bouncing legs
And attire

Yet inside
Weeps
Weeps
All his life
His total solitude
Despite
The laughs
The claps of the crowd
He weeps
He weeps
Inside
Inside the heart
Inside the curtains
Entering from show

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Coasts Long And Line-Stretching

The coasts long and line-stretching
the waters immense
with the undulations
propense to flattening
the wide long line of the arm of
the Bay of Vastness
here
here in Patagonia
waters dance the night
and horses wild before
dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cocks By Mid-Night Called.

The cocks by mid-night
Called.

The moon smiled woken
Up.

The dusty farm roads
Smiled.

Farmhouses set alight by
Ghosts and shrouds.

And the cocks crowed light,
Cocks, shrouds and ghosts,
Crowing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cocks Crowing

The cocks crowing - the land smiling
The country whitening - the heavens lighting
This be the dawn by Monsignor.

For me the cocks will crow
When I have completed these verses.

And the land will smile simultaneously
With the smiles in my heart.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cold I Feel Across

The cold I feel across
My hands
But the cold that
Bites most
Is the cold in my Soul
The inner depths
The horrid cold
Close eyes
An ending.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cold Winds Are As Of Mist

The cold winds are as of mist
That floats.

The waters are as of red
That floats.

The night issues its stars and moon
That float.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Constant Whirr

The constant whirr
Of the wings of bats
And cries and
Screams
Uttered at will

I
with every cry and
scream
arise me
in to the chill of fear
with every scream and
cry and near whirr
of wings

You, my Monsignor,
you
should not ever underrate
what Age does
till mitigated by superior
human intelligence:
till then
submit we to its havoc
uncontrolled
all that we build
with smile impish on
face
pleasure it takes
demolishing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cranes Were Tall And Croaked Parched As

The cranes were tall and croaked parched as
angry birds; the heavens leaden turned
their faces at time red as in the dusk
in to which the torrid helmet-men delved.

there rested the old landlords, the ancient
over-coats musty smelled, yet there were
they and there they remained: there were
occasional screams through out lone nights.

and through the streets and lanes of the
cemeteries; the trees rose high and
overlooked the secret processions of ghosts and
shrouds that rose at night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Creaking Bridge

The Creaking Bridge
It creaks and yearns
But not before
The deep of night.

It makes just sure
That no human hears
That no human sees
It woes and tears.

The Creaking Bridge
Is also our life:
We hide so many secrets
And most tears!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cross By The Chapel

Small the cross by the chapel
Spurts its head
From out the surrounding
Thorns and
Bushes.

Small
Small the cross arises
And soon
It will be buried in the
Thorns and bushes.

Ah! a century ago
When the cross was planted
The seeds of thorns and bushes
Had not yet fallen on
The arid plain around it

You think, you think, my Monsignor!

Then you discover, you discover,
My Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Crowing Of The Cocks

The crowing of the cocks
The priest-like white soutane
The tunica kissed by dusk
Albeit its lips were
Fading as the
Day.

In
A
Vacuum
A
Human
Zoomed
To
Fraction
Of
His
Size
Swam
Restless
And
Condemned
To
That
Shady
Container

The twilight waters sang
Their own dirge
Under the bastions
They had been
Accustomed
To self-sacrifice and self-immolation
The snow creaked
Creaked
For it was rare and
Haughty
And
It was not winter.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cup Of Myrrh And Suffering

they offer to me:
to drink to the last
full to rim
to drink
up to the last of drops

bitter, bitter, the torment, martyrdom
and suffering

the dirge plays slowly on the violin

one by one the lights go, dark increases

and in the dark that grows my soul,
my soul I feel wafting away, away, in the immensity

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Cymbals Rattled

The cymbals rattled
and the bone of the skeleton
it was pointed at me
the bone half eroded yet
pointed

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dance

And the dance begins
And the dance thrives
And
The dance sings
And
The violins ring
And
The violins play

Light over the skies
It lights
Not of stars
Not of moons
But
Of violins that play
Of violins that play.

And the dance begins
And the dance thrives
And
The dance sings
And
The violins ring
The violins ring
Sweet the violins
ring
And
The violins play
The sweet violins play

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dantesque Dance Began.

The Dantesque dance began.

For it was midnight struck:
so the high bells
of Saint John's Cathedral.

Shiver
the trees by the Cathedral's
face.

Shiver
the houses in sub-conscious dream.

Shiver!

Shiver!

In the square
before and in front of the Cathedral
the Dantesque mantles fly thin taut
transparent-grey-dark
and the medieval drum
plays silent heard by dancers just.

No, not by the houses

No, not by the dreamers.

Hurry
the hours pass
this night.

This night
in Saint John's Square
in front of the Cathedral
the temperatures rose suddenly
Post-midnight.

The Dappled Apples Willed To Be

The dappled apples willed to be
Different from others; a goddess
Saw their sighs and heard
Their moans
Granted their wish
Desire turned to burning
Executive fire:
And smiled the goddess smiling
She tiptoed
Back to the Olympian sites and
Heavens great.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dark Night Symbol All In The Mass

universe by symbol my first sally
in metaphysics begins with
the doctrine of symbols:
ah! in that we see as is,
but for delight and aesthesis
we transform as our power be
and that transformation symbol
called.

Then back again like to a spring rewind
and wound
the transformations goes and
back again
all cyclical and
all continuing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dark Night Will Not Speak, In Vain, In Vain

The dark night will not speak, in vain in vain
My prayer to the silent stars
The silent stars hand-maidens of the night
And favored courtiers by his airy throne:
The dark night will not speak
The dark will not tell what in its womb
In dark and shady satin full concealed
With prudent folds unto the curious eye
Lies. Perhaps new stars begot
When the first dews of morn refreshed
The green where Night made love and lay
Where the engendering occurred and the seed fell?
Perhaps a race more fairer than marble white
Or warmer than the delicacies of ebony?
I do not know.
The skies as silent as the stars remain
And will not their secret non-conceal.
Alone, alone I paced the welcome avenues
Amidst the trees that rustled not in Hastings
The Gardens that rude bastions overhang
And many a tale their trees could tell and yet speak not:
Vain hope I had of coaxing some night star
To speak; or else some welcome tree a recent friend
What the night-stars had told it to reveal:
Vain hope! The trees spoke not nor rustled.
And the night into its long, long obliquy
Without a word, without a syllable continued.
Below the bastioned fortress the sea-waves
Silent with tiptoed rustlings to the shore
In language I knew not spoke to the rocks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn Arose Today

The dawn arose today
but
better than the night
last night
stood
longer and longer

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn Clothes Its Nakedness

The dawn clothes its nakedness
In to a veil transparent of light blue
Wherein its limbs move and her steps
Uplift her heaving breasts in veils half—hid.

The grasses green smile with full drops of dew
That litter the small leaves so randomly
Hid from the bustle and humdrum of day
Hid from curiosity and the human eye.

But then in mid-day strong feet came and raw
And crushed the small leaves in the grasses green
The dew drops fell to ground – the crushed leaves wept.

And high above the glorious Sun pitied and saw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn Is Smoking

The Dawn is resting

Keep out the flying lark
The bush blossoming
Birds
Out of the equation.

Just lie down in the grass.

Before you
Wonder of another
Day
Another
Morning

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn Is Wide Today

The dawn is wide today
The dawn is open-eyed
The dawn is a lark singing
The dawn is a lark leaping
The dawn a pebbly shore
The dawn foot print of Venus in the sand
The dawn the bay hills that light
The dawn the stars that fell from night
The dawn the fleeing moon
The dawn the new breath
The dawn the new wind
The dawn the eyes new washed
The dawn liquid divine
The dawn the sacred verse
The dawn the sacred chant
The dawn the wide today
The dawn is open eyed
The dawn lark leaping, singing.
The dawn break from the sad malady.
The dawn Doctor of a groaning Earth.[]

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn Too At The Last

grew weary
so weary
of coming so fresh
so
one Dawn
one day
she came all frowning
and the beauty of Earth
so awaiting
was drowning

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn We Wait

Where be the sun
That went ago,
The Dawn we wait
To bring light
Again
Where be
Where be?
The day is done
And eyes are closed
The Poet Seer sleeps
And dreams
By him
The lyre stands

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dawn-Inspired Seas

The Dawn-inspired seas
the wanton waked breeze
the lark in the tall sky
the trees on the hill's high
the cliff that looks the sea
as giddy as free
in this short ditty came
ghosts, shrouds without a name
for in their present state
they forwent their names of late:
the chapel opens its doors
the philosopher utters his lore
and in this little ditty
rare martens sing all merry.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Day Comes

The day comes
The day passes
The night comes
The night passes
The dawn comes
The dawn passes
Then the day comes
And the day passes
And sunset comes
And passes
And red dusk comes
And red dusk passes
And stars light night
That comes and passes
And so the cycle:
And after cycle
Another cycle
One comes, then passes
All come, all pass.
So be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Day Has Come, Just One Day More

the day after this day, next mid-day

and then there will be earthquake of the
old habits and adventures

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Day Is Come

The day is come
From
The
Silence
Of
These
Sad
Walls
There
Will
Arise
Sadder
Walls
Much
Sadder
Walls
There
Will
Rise
Energy
From
The
Ashes
From
The
Head
Severed by the
Cruel
Guillotine

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Day Is Near, The Day Is Near

The day is near, the day is near
You will veil your sad face
Your eyes will shed a tear
With you the trees
That rise in Hastings Gardens will
Mourn all silently without a word
The sea below will watch inconstantly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Days Come

The days come
come to fade

the days come
come to melt

the days they come
to weep
and
to regret

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dews Of The Night

The dews of the night
cut
like a knife
before
the beauty of the dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Diaper Hairs Of The Eyes Of

the buffoon trembled
trembled loud and constantly:
and
the earth trembled too
vibrated through its entrails
and
the vulcan fires ejaculating
beneath
a world of passions wild and
wild desires

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dim Pyramid

Over

The dim pyramid

With twilight background

A humdrum of bees

Humming grows

And flies and

Saunters:

In

The convent

The monks

Were chanting verse

And

Singing sacred song

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dire

The dire was roaming
The dire was hovering
In the airs
Over the marsh
To where the zigzagging
Farm road meandered
Right unto the edge of
The chalk cliffs
Low to the sea lapping.

The dire had a blank look
In the sunset.

In the dusk the dire
Had a face of hunger
More than the faces
Of hungry wolves
Benighted roaming.
More.
More than.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Donkey

The donkey went round the water-mill
in her sub-conscious reveries
round and round

A Poet Seer passed by and wished to
be in the sub-conscious of the
donkey

The Muse passed by and changed the
Poet Seer into a sub conscious donkey

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dreamy Stars

The dreamy stars
ah! the dreamy stars
what be their plight
to-night!
so low they burn
so low
their fires chastened
by dark thoughts fear
dread and more:
for dark thoughts fear
dread and more
cloud and disenhearten
even
triumphant Dawn
avoids them on her way
battles them then
with all her guns
sweeping them away
at last a little.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Drear

The drear
the cemetery
the shrouds that roam

the drear
the cemetery
the ghosts that moan

the drear
the cemetery
processions at night

the drear
hood shrouds
Gregorian chants by starlight

and in dark nights
and in dark nights
chants of howls, desperate howls

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dried Leaves

The dried leaves
Sere and yellow
Then the red axe
Red
In the brown humid
Soil
The fireworks of
The white stars
White stars of an
Enraged night
Gobbling waters
Gulping in the sun
Lark of the dawn
White tailed horse
Fleeing
By the lone chapel
In the burning countryside
At night
At night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Drops Of Rain That –

The drops of rain that –
They play on the window-sills
Filter in between old stones
Old roofs
And leave dilapidated houses.

To the dry soils
They are the saviors and
With open mouths
Parched and tired
The flowers and the trees and
Woods
Await
Enjoy drop after drop
Gorging their appetite.

The night covers all
With a silk mantle
Always –
Irrespective of seasons
Weather time and
Circumstance.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dull

The dull and rote
of each work-day
the dull and rote
stretched long
along the way
dozing.

sweet
afternoon
of
summer's
heat
the
boon
and
resting-shade.

down the glade
the hidden animals
in the green doze.

no human feet came to trample
in the afternoon.

a distant church bell rang
sad
out of cloud.

The town by the sparkling
water sleeps.

The moon on the wavelets
silver
dances, tiptoes
lamenting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dusk Defeated

Close your eyes day
The vesper's done
The dusk defeated
Runs panting
Till it finds
Its hiding cave.

Close your eyes
You will do that
Yourself
Waning yourself
That has so long being
Waning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Dusk Slipped

The dusk slipped
from the bastions
from the twilight
on the seas
of which it was
the genesis:
ah! pursuing beauty
but not catching her!
the unwitting dusk left
as usual as all days
his weak throne for
the iron fist of night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Earth Is Full Of Sap

The Earth is full of sap
as mother with milk in breasts
but the sick child is waning
and the birth joy is fading
fading
fading

there is a play
that was acted and
now is over.

the distances from Saint Anne's Way
they grow and grow
and stop not ever
to grow:
the universe's just extending
Hubble is smiling.

whirl the film
the filmy-eyed
the half asleep be half awake
the Earth top around
be humming
and in the backlash of the crowds
of wave on wave
the cowing flights are brimming
the night
I saw it go down the fast glade
where trees in the small wood
coppice by coppice
they were clustering
for it was frosty-chill
and mists of snow flakes
white
all circled round from
the nether valley.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Earth, The Land

the earth
the land
silent
intrepid in its
fear

breather of mists
cry of the wise
owl
beating of wings
of amorous
nightingales
instead of plaining

the wind is singing
a nocturnal suicide
the trees together
hit and pendulum-like
here and there go

Time speaks through
the chimes and bells
of cathedral and
the churches

the earth
the land
silent
intrepid in its
fear

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Easter Bells

The Easter bells
are singing
the Easter bells
are ringing
for coming
be their time
but you
you Poet Seer of suffering
sits lone and parched
not a word uttering

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Echoes Plained

Too late, too late
Too late
The echoes plained
The echoes
Warned
Too late, too late

Then rose he
And erect
He stood
And thought
And thought.

'But, ' said he
'All has a remedy
if only with sacrifice.
I will make sacrifice
And get a remedy, '
And so
He made
And so
It was not ever
Too late, too late
Too late
Too late, too late
Too late.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Echoes Rattle

The Echoes rattle
And
The Echoes sing
With
The orchestra of green
Goblins
For it be night
To-night
A rare night of spell
Of life under the canopy
Of mirth and wine
And the moon's light
And Fire re-discovered
In that night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The End – The End -

The end - the end -
The breaking of the chains -
The rifting of the valleys -
Clamor and clangor as the earth
Divides and jaws of rocks
Yawn horrid for kilometers-
The earth is bursting—
The earth is cracking hideously—
Is it Dies irae?
Is it Dies illa?
Is it Judgment Day?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The End Comes

I thirst

The end comes

The angles come round

A triangle

In the heavens

At long last!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Evening Wafts The Scent That In The Air

The evening wafts the scent that in the air
Has been since the red dusk riding.

The sunset orange and crestfallen has
Swept its way and gone in hiding.

The towns and cities by the Port prepare
To pass a night of sleeping-dreaming.

And on the waters the moon and the
Dreams subconscious are reflecting.

Till night remains. The curtain rises and
The Dawn comes smiling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Evening Walls Add Dreary Sadness

The evening walls add dreary sadness
Too, though the red dusk begun enough.

The thin twilight irks the moon's light
And the moon waits for twilight to go

Restless shadows, restless ghost,
Restless shrouds, restless, restless.

Even the ancient walls of ancient houses
Restless tremble. Asphalt roads vibrate.

And there be an undercurrent in the waves
And there be bat cries commencing fast.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Examination Of A Life

I looked inwards
Pounded by the bombardment
Of regrets
Of lost opportunities
Decisions I would turn
Like the clock hands
But ah! they be not clock hands
So many
So many!
A paltry life
Towards the end
Fallen
From the summit of glory
Yes,
Fallen

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Eyes Of A Snake

The eyes of a snake
yet the heart of a clown
a red nose
and beady
snake eyes:
calling
from behind the high walls
of hills
the eyes of the snake
rolling
rolling
rolling
beady-eyed
as the reign of the Night
beginning

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Face Of A Poet Seer

It be the night
The face
Of a Poet Seer
Looks up.

The stars look
Down
And weep.

Still
The face
Of the Poet Seer
Looks up
Moves not

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Family

The family is going
The family down the way
Of
The extinct
The dinosaurs and those
Who at the most
Today
At present with a bone or more
Or brain:
Yet
At least the saurian
Lasted
Their time
Lasted
Their days
To me such barren land
Glimmers
Obstinate and perverse
With
Resigned extinction

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Farm Land

The farm land
Tonight
Seen the moon
The stars
So close
Without effort
Kindred and
Homely

I envy that land
The farm land
Beauty to her
Is served on a plate
To me
Alas! I have
To fetch for Beauty.

Looking for Beauty
As yet
Worries me not
The Muse comes near
And that be most plus.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Farmer Whistles

The farmer whistles

Low

For

He

Has

Gathered

The corn

It be dusk.

Head bent

To

The country

Dust

Of

Winding

Rural

Roads

The farmer goes

Behind

Him

Dogs

And

Horses

Drawing carts

And

In the carts the sacks of corn

He gathered then.

That was all.

The rest

Lay

Seeds in the soft

Ground

Of soil and hemorrhage

Nocturnal

So I

So I

The Poet Seer,
The philosopher,
The Scientist,
The Mathematician
The Economist
Sociologist
Anthropologist
And the Rest
So I
These sacks of
Corn
About me
Locked
And carried
On my horses watched by dogs.
For now
Age and tiredness have counted.
Now
Homewards to a welcome hearth
Dream.
And
From there Inner Soul that flies
As
Through the casements of
The Dawn
Flies up
Into the heavens blue
Into new days

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Feast Today

The Feast today
Passed by solemn yet
Funereal
Funereal in my heart
Eyes without tears
Funereal
Played the band, the sounds
And it passed by
Funereal

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fees

The fees
the human pays for
verses
I pay too
and perhaps more.

My strength was good
but now
now
it sags under
the weight of pressures
strain and
stresses.

No, I paid and still
the balance gapes.
Resolute and
obstinate
I will to pay
even with my blood
at last
at least.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Field Of Coins

The field of coins
They said
From generation to
Generation
They pointed
'The field of coins! '
The generations whirled
Blind-fold and drunk
Together with the
Centuries.

Flowered the crocus
On the soil
Flowered violets
Rare and sparse
Here and there
With the crocuses

So many dug
So many in many
Centuries
No coins below
The soil

Even on the tree boughs
They looked
And in the crevices
And hollows of their
Corked ageing.

Till a Poet-Seer came
He smiled
Up to the heavens
Looked:
Above the soil he stood
The soil of the field of
Coins
Looked up
Right through the

Airspace over the field
The heavens above
And smiled
'There, ' pointing to
The Heavens the Poet Seer
'there be the Field of Coins! '
And smiled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fields Cut Clear Square

The fields
Cut clear square
Rectangular
With precision to prevent
The court:
Yet
To the moon that
Precision is troubling
But the moon
Has yet
To stay with it:
The moon did not learn
The bitter lessons from
The winter.
Dived
When feeling the rash
Of the night dews
From above her on her
Semi-Burning skin.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fiery Symbol Warms My Heart

yet
it is no idol, no golden calf:
for
when a society have any golden calf
it stales and starts to sink
and evolution stop-gapped signifies
tired fall off of humanity from
the wings of the Gods

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Figure Came

The figure came
it gripped by the throat

Fear in me lighted
I heard the cruel laugh

The figure vanished then
and left me with Fear

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Figure Of A Priest

The Figure of a Priest
with purple surplice
funereal
wandered in the heavens
wandered in the night
borne
on sleigh of air and
mists
just
just
as Santa Claus on sleigh
round Christmas time and
day.

But
now
it be not
Christmas Day:
alas! this year
Christmas be too far
away
and
wonders in the night
amidst comet starlight
but
now
but
now

the Figure of a Priest
with purple surplice
funereal
wandered in the heavens
wandered in the night
borne
on sleigh of air and
mists

just
just
as Santa Claus on sleigh
round Christmas time and
day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Figure Soared

From clear heights
Immense
The Figure soared
Round and round
Below
High peaks of snow
Waters that melting
In streamlets flow
Thoughts sub-dividing
And Amoeba-like
Multiplying
In Patagonia.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fire In Our Hearts

The fire in our hearts
As in hearth
It burnt
As in lank chimneys
In the winter storms.

My love
I looked to you
Spoke not
You understood.

We did.
We knew.
And
Heavens smiled on us
At last
And on the charred
Remains
Of years of agony
We smiled too

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fire That Abounds

The fire that abounds
At times
Rare times
I must seize in my
Hands
Thawed as the snow
Thaws
Place
Against my heart
Frozen as the snow
Freezes
The time is come
The time is come
For the fire that abounds
Seize
I

Emmanuel George Cefai

The First Night

The first night, your first
Of nights
You will be here.

It will your new home
The place where sadness
Marries silence.

And after the first night
You will not feel cold
Any more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fist Of Dusk I Saw

The fist of dusk I saw
Yet it is red
As the dusk ever
Has been.

Waters flow twilight
Giggling slow
And hushed by ancient
Bastions.

Round about
The towns and cities stretch
Silent
And rueful.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Flow Of Life

The flow of life
Volcano
Lava
Flowing
Flowing Aetna-like
Burning
Red and hideous
And the cloak of night
Dark
Red and dark
Dark and red
And then
The wide wonders of the rising Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Flowers Were Still With Bent Head

The flowers were still with bent head
Though it was dawning: the flowers
Had started bending by the red dusk
And in the night they looked
Askance at the beauty of the night-stars
For they did not want
To lose such beauty
Keep awake as to
Feel on them
The drizzling of night-dews
Sweet drizzling
Welcome joy
They deemed superior to the Dawn
So
They were not so much surprised
At the new Dawn although
Not less glad for it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fog To-Night Has Come

The fog to-night has come
Early
Early in the dusk
Before the stars
And night

The fog to-night has paid
A visit to us
Workers of the sea
The fog loves the workers
And workers love fogs
Consoling fogs at night

From sea to land
All clambering the fogs
One whole family
From night
Till Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Foundation Of The Heavens

Chairman of
The Foundation of the Heavens
Chariot of the torn wheel
And burning axle
The moon was bleeding
But on the face
That looked away from Earth
I
Poet Seer of Earth
Saw it not

The rushes and the waters
Bathed by yew smells
Floated slow and by
The cemetery walls
Gargling
Where at rare times
Black shadowy rats
Hobbled
The cemetery reasons not
Tonight
But restless raves

The vast hole dug
In the rocks by
For the tombs by
Lies silhouette
Hiding
From the search light moon
O! this Earth is of tombs
And loves their blue-black
Colors of the Night
And standing silhouettes.

Bite the waters, bite gurgling
The moon as midnight deepened
Sudden
Became red and started

Falling.

A wolf call stood calling
The dun smoke of
The tomb-smells stinking
Tombs creaking
Lids moving and appalling.

Life here comes
At last.

To save this history
De-freeze
The suspension of Immortality.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fountain In The Night

Arises for star-light
In love, for its love
Fades in the dawn's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fragments Of My Poetry

The fragments of my poetry
Mirror the tempests green
The billows black and frothing
In my breast.

The fragments of my poetry
Are chromosomes littered randomly
But from them the body of poetry
Can rise.

The fragments of my poetry
Are like the broken mirror:
That I broke silently -
My heart is broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Frost Makes Red Noses

The frost makes
red noses
and blowing of
noses
this night of
Christmas Eve.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fugue Of Silence

The fugue
The Fugue of Silence
All it be about
Is All in All
For All, To All.

The Night bends knee
Before
The Fugue of Silence
Hears
Intently
The Poet Seer chants
Erect the great verse.

A lonely band
Of Hedgehogs dressed
In liveries
Lonely violins play
Yet sad
Yet sweet
This Fugue of Silence
That will melt at
Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Fugue Of Us, Ah! It Remains

The fugue of us, ah! it remains
so cold!

the fugue arises slow like a morbid
snake

the fugue detaches us from town and
crowd

and sings its lonely veil of black
ordering

no wonder, no wonder, it rises though
slow

feeds on my blood, that was sad blood,

the fugue, the morbid fugue, that now
ends

what with my father's birth began
about ninety years ago

for to-day my father, my poor father
would be round ninety

and with that fugue ends all us, father
mother son

the fugue of the extinct, where hope is knifed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Funeral Is Done

The funeral is done
the coffin laid
the great Ideas thrive
the night will come
and cast a lid on all the mourning made:
another Dawn will be
another day
and then so many other days:
so many other suns will rise
so many tears in the woes and
joys of humans, of
us humanity:
for
the funeral is done
the coffin laid
the great Ideas thrive

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Funeral Is Ended

The funeral is ended
go,
go now to open the books he wrote
highlight
the New Ideas
and
with every highlight
his energy from the tomb
will light each time
every time around you!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Future

a seed
the future
many seeds
the greatness
seed of seed
evolution
genes abounding
yet
from the ancient
common ancestors
as yet
they be founded.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Garland To The Ground

The garland to the ground
the ivy wand
the scepter of the green
fell to the Earth
and
there was naked Grecian beauty
trembling in the soft chill
amongst the trees of the wood
shameful stood man and woman

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Gate There's Knocking

At
The
Gate
There's
Knocking
There's
Sound
Of
Grating
The
Waters
Let
Loose
And
Blessed
Holy
Scents
And
Mists
Bedazzle
Quiet
Eyes
As
Child's
Eyes
That
Be
Unmoving/

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Gaze Of Day

Tonight

Tonight

The

Gaze

Of

Day

Was

Frozen

Pining to the west

In full bloom

Of sadness

Pining

Pining

Pining

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ghost Bell Rang

The ghost bell rang
and out the shrouds
and fellow ghosts
appeared from every side:
dark grew the green, leaden
the immense skies,
and it was night, deep night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ghosts And Shrouds

The ghosts and shrouds
That dance
In to the night
With raw boned skeletons
On the chilling sands of
The wide beach
You
Will hear the very waves
Come and
Retreat
Then come again
Then
As sudden brushing
Retreat:
Even so
The beat of life
For us
And we all need
To peg life and its beat
To the phenomena
As these
The sea that comes
The sea that goes
Proportionate and
Regular-uniform
All the night
The beat
That must be of this life
The seed and mechanics
Of Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ghosts And Shrouds At Random

The ghosts and
Shrouds
At random
Roamed last night
I saw
Their foot-prints
Of the paces
All
I saw
Without a sound
But in my heart
Hammering of life
These
Ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ghosts Of Yesterday

The ghosts of yesterday
Fly in as larks
In the new Dawn.

Mused the philosopher
Sitting on a rock
On the calculations of
A so-called turncoat.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ghosts That Mourn

The ghosts that mourn
the shrouds that swing
swing and skeletons
that play jazz
skeleton that rattle
jazz
as they go
as they go
down and up
up and down
the cemetery paths at
night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Giant Of The Red Eye

The giant of the red eye
he about his cave
hovers with the clouds.

to them he talks, for he
though once on Earth
from caves of Earth to
higher caves arose.

And though oft blinding be
nocturnal light of stars
in the dark moon lit rocks of
grey and black
from rock to rock he scoured
his way:
before as yet another day:
and he
from Heavens begged and prayed
for them
the Earth to spare and save
and heal:
a thousand humans achieved not
what this new Prometheus
in his sad lone life:
yet
in that giant sadness there was
the giant heart that bore and
stole to us
the first Promethean fire that we live.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Glass And The Panes

The glass and the
Panes
Broken
On the floor
Random and
Chance
A small
Wind
Winds
Through the
Chinks and the
Gaping holes:
On the floor
Dirty of time
And
blackening ever of
Age:
The broken china in
A hundred parts and
More.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Glory And The Brilliance

Well

They were:

But now are not:

Cold marble is my hand

And frost surrounds my brain

And on my hand

I feel the thrust of pain

Worse than medical pain

The pain of desert

Solitude.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Glow-Worm In To The Distant Twilight Fades.

The glow-worm in to the distant twilight
Fades.

In the distance red now on now off the lights
Of Bighi.

And in deep night the vestments of ghosts
Light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Glow-Worms

The glow-worms
Of the night
You sleep
With them
Now.

The silent stars
And
Quiet moon
You
Pine with them
Now

And
Your heart
Beats
The Dawn
Its coming
Fears
Changes
Color of its face
In
The last minutes

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Goat Of Gold

The goat of gold
It lived long ago
Said the Bearded Man
Long, long ago

And lived the Bearded Man
In the caverns high on the
Highest hill
Where he was on par
With the silent clouds
Left
Behind him the noisy nether
Earth.

Ah! it was of gold
Yet moved
Yet breathed
Looked
Sighed
And fell in love
Hated silence
Hated noise
Was rarely seen
But
In these areas
Mountains lived
The goat of gold.

There lived men
There
Ancient men and
Honest men
They had arms
They had quivers
And
They had arrows

Yet
None of them
Ever as much as
Thought of
Touching the goat of gold
Let alone harm it.

And
Lived long
The goat of gold
And
Lived too long and happy
The ancient men and
Honest men
Yet
None of them
Ever as much as
Thought of
Touching the goat of gold
Let alone harm it.
'Short tale, short tale, '
Said the Bearded Man
'but much to learn
But much to learn'
And ended

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Goblin Of Mysteries

The goblin of mysteries
that dwells so nearby
that dwells so inland
here
ah! I hear him
ah! I feel him
yet I catch not him!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Gods -

to mention as a symbol,
not necessarily adore,
adore your faith, but
shun the allure of the
gold calf.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Graces Upon A Hill High And Green

The Graces upon a hill high and green
Met all unseen and unespied
Save by the welcome smiles of Jovian gods
Dawn had passed by just little awhile
Her footprints upon the naked grass witness'd
A freshness that twinkled midst the greenish dews

The clouds below in congregation quiet
Still in their Morphean slumber rolled
For them the Dawn was unespied
And still of night and stars they dreamed
And ghosts and lights and thunder-claps
And lighting houses and charnels and horrors wild.

And when they danced the Graces in their glee

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Grape Yards

o! the grape yards and the
vines
scent

the waters rumble
small streams grumble
slowly, slowly, slowly

and
the Rhine flows, flows,
flows in the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Grave

The grave
The school,
Damp soil,
The tomb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Gruesome Orchestra

The Gruesome Orchestra

Ah! The gruesome orchestra
How gruesome, how ancient
How slow, how mechanical:
How diverse its players!
A Hedgehog, a Toad
And Lizard
Played.

Played the violin the Hedgehog
Played
The harp the Toad
Played
The strings and chords
The Lizard

And once begun it played
And played
And played
That gruesome orchestra.
And red dusk came
And then the stars
Were lighted by the night
That ushered them on his
Car, wheeled car
Yet
Still
Still played the gruesome orchestra
And the moon smiled

But ah! for the gruesome orchestra
The heavens littered were
With clouds that darker
Than the night
Loomed

Dense and charged
How dense and charged
Those clouds that frowned!
And soon
The first thunder clap
The lightning over the high rocks
The cliff of rock
The forked tongue to the sea

And yet
Yet played the gruesome
Orchestra
Undeterred, unafraid,
It played and played
And played
That gruesome orchestra.

And how fell the rains
And thunder after thunder
Clap
Increased and lightning
More dense grew:
The more rain fell
The more it fell
The more thunder it grew
The more lightning it grew
And yet
And yet
There played unceasing
Played
Drenched and lighted
The gruesome orchestra.

How the thunder light
Lit
The faces pale of
The players of the
Gruesome orchestra!
How dripped they from

Head to toe!
And shone their eyes
Besmirched with rain
And frost and mist
Of cold
In that time cold
And frost
The gruesome orchestra!

And yet it played
And played

And the night passed
Hour after hour
It passed
The time and played
As yet
The gruesome orchestra!
How the thunder light
Lit
The faces pale of
The players of the
Gruesome orchestra!
How dripped they from
Head to toe!
And shone their eyes
Besmirched with rain
And frost and mist
Of cold
In that time cold
And frost
The gruesome orchestra!
And yet it played
And played
The rains more dense
More wild the winds
Let loose by Zephyr aged:
Then midnight struck
And after that
One o'clock – more and

Mire hour after
Hour
The Palace Moor in the clock
Struck
Hour after hour
But ah! in old Valletta struck!
Yet here too Time
Hour after hour
Hour by hour
Passed.
So life,
So life,
My Monsignor, so life.

But ah! Time Cruel Time!
At last the hours grew
The tempest green in
Face became as white
And
With Fear thrilled and
Trembled full
And more and more
As the Time passed
As hour after hour
Struck
The tempest less and less
It grew
Yet played the same
The gruesome orchestra!

We, too,
We too
In life
Still play
When year after
Year
Steal by:
We heed not
We notice not
And play

As did
The Gruesome Orchestra!
But ah! if stubborn be
The Gruesome Orchestra
Time more stubborn be
More relentless shines

Ah! Dawn will come
Soon come
The hours passed
Have passed
One after one
Yet slipped away
And though
Stubborn and fear less
There played
The Gruesome Orchestra
It did not stay
Much less turn back
The hands of Time!
Struck Fate's great clock
Hour after hour
Accomplice of the Time
And ages come and yet
To come!
Relentless, clinical,
Time passed its way
With scythe in hand
It did its work
And more it did
The more relentless grew
And more
And more
Blood thirsty grew

Yet played
Now faint now slow
The aged
The ancient Gruesome
Orchestra!

Still the Will's flame
Still lingered on
In mirror of Immortality:
For there it be
And to it must transform:
Till
Science and Knowledge stop
This transformation to
Psyche'
Where change things and
Yet
Remain just the same
Transformed:
Where Immortality as lost
In the weather and storm
Yet
Still transformed the last of laughs
It has
Though Time relentless be!

Then
Came the time when
Slow
Slow
Slower
The Gruesome Orchestra it
Played:
Already gray the skies were
Turned
From the night dark and black:
And thin air faded
As soon as it had come
Transformed not lost
Not there, yet there
All still
Transformed
The Gruesome Orchestra!

The winds at last
They ceased

The rains the
Heavy rains
And
Downpours ceased
The winds they bated
Bit by it
And bit by bit
The tempest fell apart!
Ah! transformation was
At work:
But once begun – for
Long all long
At work it was
Silent at first
Then bolder transformation
Grew
And more and more
And more and more
The Transformation grew!

Black had the night
All been
How had the tempests
Roared
How swelled Ocean and
Sea!
How wild the winds
Let loose by Zephyr old!
How ravaged ships and
Vessels
The tempest green
How many towns
Under the strokes
Of the wild lightning
Thunder
Trembled, shook!
How people from
Their dreams in
The Sub-Conscious rose
And ghosts and shrouds
How walked the streets

And outside of the towns!
And corpses of the
Civilization old
In the new civilization of
Future Immortality
The grave door opened
Yawned
And corpses by thousands
Grew!

Yet played
And played
Its part to full
To last
The Gruesome Orchestra:
Till
At the last resistless it
Pale grew
More pale
More pale
And in proportion faded
Too
The Gruesome Orchestra!

And Dawn at last
Smiled on the Earth
The stars went down
And fallen was the
Night:
Light, gray of light
Was everywhere
Land.
Ocean, Sea:
And there played not
At last
The Gruesome Orchestra
But
Transformed yes,
It played
But not in Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Guillotine

The guillotine
For me
The cut head
Of me
The spirit to
The heavens
Be me!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hand

The Hand

The Hand that moves over us

The Eye the views always

Everywhere and we escape not

Play us with us

Humans

Hither and thither like pets

Move we

Under one form or other

Under History and more:

And the Hand

The Hand always

Views everywhere and

We escape not.

The Hand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hands Are Cold.

The hands are cold.
The feet hard frozen.
Yet
the cold is not outside
But here – here
In the sore heart and cold!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hastings Gardens Sleep,

The Hastings Gardens sleep,
the Hastings Gardens dream,
the night exhibits its stars,
the moon ejects its seed of rays,
the owl on the bough watchful sits
the nightingales cry out and sing
the seeds sleep
the seeds germinate
life be made
the Hastings Gardens sleep,
the Hastings Gardens dream
but I,
any you,
my love
make love
this night of nights
this night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hawk Of The Red Eyes

The hawk of the red eyes
It was flying

Not long ago
And it was dusk
The red dusk of today

For day was waning
And
The sun had hidden
Herself
Beneath the perspective
Of the twilight and
The flowers' trembling
Haze of violet

For
The hawk of the red eyes
It was flying

Not long ago
And it was dusk
The red dusk of today

For day was waning
And
The sun had hidden
Herself

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hawk-Eyed Blood That Trickles Down The Walls

The hawk-eyed blood that trickles down the walls
that burn

with passion walls burn - then how flesh burns?

I saw the old primeval archetype in burning

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Head They Severed

The head they severed
after
years of suffering
years of torture
years of pain
then
the martyrdom:
yet
they could not sever
no, not even touch
the Ideas!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heart

A coin
A toss
One face
And
Then
Another toss
The
Other face.
The heart.
The brain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heart Is Red

The heart is red
And Love has its shrine
In it.

How empty often
Be that shrine of Love
How often!

And instead green hate
Malice revenge and their ilk
Embroid themselves

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heath

The heath

The track

See

The track

Goes

Unto

The sea

The Ocean

Keep off the moon!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heavens Are Above

Come
Here
Come
The
Heavens
Are
Above
We
I
You
My
Monsignor
Must
Take
Off
All
From
Our
Hands
And
Lie
Face
Upwards
To
These
High
Heavens
Above
Us
Sigh
To
Reach
Such
Heights
Sooner
The
More
preferred!
You

My
Monsignor
I

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heavens Smile

To-night
the heavens smile

To-night
the heavens silent

To-night
the heavens glow

To-night
the heavens are tomorrow

To-night
the heavens weep

To-night
the heavens laugh

To-night
To-night
the heavens
To-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heavens Surge

The heavens surge
Heavens and seas merge
The dusk flees linear
Hoot the coves
And caves
And waters flood the bays
Gently
Gently
Tonight is a rare night
My heart speak so
Tonight be a rare right

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heavens Weep

The heavens weep
Today

But high
But high

Below
The feast
The band
The people talk and drink
And laugh.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Heavens' Rage

The rage of the heavens
Move into your house
Under
The familiar roof:
The heavens rend
The grounds asunder
The water pour, pour
All through the night
In torrents
The kerbs flow
The water dilungate
Ah! heaven's rage
And we
We humans
That pricked heaven!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hedgehog On The Fence

The Hedgehog on the fence
Fat and reclusive
Otherwise
Quiet and still
Lover of beauty
Of aesthetics admirer
He waits
The red dusk turn
To brazen redder and
See
The day wane in the waters of the
Seas and Mother Ocean
Thrill
Of beauty treading on
The footsteps of another still
That went before
In order chronological.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hedgehog's Orchestra

Hedgehogs that the night
Prefer
By the advent of mid-dusk
Prepare.

Well hidden in
Hastings Gardens they
A gruesome orchestra
They play

Slow painful and desperate
Low without tears
Without a subject, random,
Plain the Hedgehogs play

The look of each face
Is sad and resigned.
Yet still continue they
To play and string
The gruesome notes of
The gruesome orchestra.

Moon stops to look
The night stars stare
And still the Hedgehogs play
Their gruesome orchestra.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hedgehog's Funeral

The Hedgehog's Funeral

the funeral of the hedgehog
stretched over the pyre
over the burning fire
and
the squirrel, the mouse,
the cat, the dog bearers were
amidst a line of other
hedgehogs passed:
and it was night for
that was the time fixed for the funeral:
and high above stretched still and
tall the oaks, the elms, the firs,
silent the moon, silent the wild stars,
yet all pitying and sad:
away with Dawn, all declination
now,
no looking forth, no freshness needed,
no, no Dawn:
the funeral of the hedgehog
stretched over the pyre
over the burning fire
the night
this night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Honey Dripping Leaves

The honey dripping leaves
Pregnant
With the flavors of
Wild, wild thyme
Enmeshed in beauty's eyes
Imbued with wild thoughts
In the summer spell
Amidst the rows of
Dawns
That came and went
Lighted the days
Removed the curtains of the night
Strutted
Over the stage of the Earth
Sank slow yet sure
Into the depth of seas in
The nocturnal freeze

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hooded One

the
hooded
One
he
was
but
was
the
One
now
in
the
cemetery
coffin
hood
and
in
the
night
with
crowds
of
shrouds
and
ghosts
he
too
has
the
hood
but
as
all
others
the
Hood of a Shroud!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hours Pass

The hours pass
The hours pass, my friend,
And Monsignor
I am resigned
To see
The sands escape my hands

Emmanuel George Cefai

The House Of Shrouds

Sleeps

The House of Shrouds.

And

It be not night

Not night

Yet.

Though it be the dusk

Sleeps

The House of Shrouds.

Hear them pace

Up, down the steps

The landings

All floors

And on the roof

Post-dusk grey shadows

Abound.

No words

No syllable in writing

Yet

In between them all

Till Dawn

They haunt

A whole haunting civilization.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Houses

Still

Are the houses that
at night
were sleeping cozy
cozy
now
on Hastings Gardens
looking
they doze lazily.

the currents passed
sweet through the wind-air
the house replied not
no, echoed not
too busy
were they
dozing in front of
Hastings Gardens.

still
are the houses that
at night
were sleeping cozy
cozy
now
on Hastings Gardens
looking
they doze lazily

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Houses In To Their Sub-Conscious Deep

The houses in to their sub-conscious deep
Emarginated from all daily thought they sleep
For so many things sleep and other more
For, for long periods they deep hibernate.

Lightning
Went
Up
Over
The
Seas
And
It
Was
night

Forget nor night. Nor cold, nor winds that
Neigh, nor dripping frost off ever-searing trees
Forget not
Forget not ever
The houses in to their sub-conscious deep
Emarginated from all daily though they sleep
For so many things sleep and others more
For, for long periods they deep hibernate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Hubbub Of Voices

Through
The hubbub of voices
Rising
From everywhere
In the busy
Droning of life
The quasi-Babel hubbub
The verses and the
Song
In their very genesis
Faded.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Humming Bees Are Gone

Those were of lazy afternoons
Now
Down the glade
Go the first grey nocturnal shades
Their time be come
Their time be come

And as the seconds and the minutes
Tick
And then the hours
Their time be more,
More coming.

The ticking of the tragedy aha!
That be for Earth too
And in the coming
But we,
We dazed by the absinthe
Of power glory riches
Just laugh
Yet
That does not stop tragedy ticking
No, not tragedy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Humming Of The Winds

The humming of the winds
breaks this sadness
too
yet in the humming there be
the first messengers of
wrath
of tempest night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The I

The I

The I of the emotions

Then the You

to you address emotions

Then the Them

I still describe, but then describe emotions

Emmanuel George Cefai

The 'I' And 'You' As In All Verse And Song - Is It Escapable?

The 'I' and 'you' as in all verse and song - is it escapable?

In my verse and song to escape I tried but found imprisonment

And I said: 'That be of the mass universe'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Images That Change As Light

The images that change as light
that appears in the port night
on winter nights particularly
the light
the Bighi lights
the lights that come and go

so my Soul, my Inner Soul
comes and goes
comes and goes
to-night

and
about me I feel the cold and
the chill
to warmth, familiar warmth
turn at last

at last!
long the suffering!
long the years!

long the travail!
my mother where be you,
you that warmed my life
before?

the chalice of suffering
the chalice of bitterness
quaffed I

the chalice of suffering
the chalice of bitterness

drank I

the light that changes light
the light that changes color
be my light!

for in suffering is it not
light that one needs?

verse and song that rattle and
shift here and there
ring as hoarse cymbals
hoarse, hoarse, hoarse

and as rude in rude words they
explicate as they open the
red warmth of the kindness
that be their heart!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Inner Soul More Noble

More is more
The Inner Soul more noble
Feels
In the realm of beauty upon
Beauty
Hedged:
A dawn of nightly dews
Whose eyes shine pearly
In the waking green
A lark
That soars above
Pouring its heart
Aloft
More than the beauty of
Last night's own nightingales:
Very last night
And
Very last of nightingales
These
These add the noble to more
Nobility:
Hope in its iron-clad despair
And lead bound eyes:
Verses that meander not
River straight
Though branch
The happy streams that
Contribute:
River that gathers
The sap of beauty from
Tributaries
So beauty works in earth
And on and all of us:
So beauty works building
The Inner Soul
Splendid and bare and raw
And great.
There came last night and
In that night

Beauty tiptoed the bastions
But not alone
For noble and erect and shadow-built
Prometheus with a burning fire in hand
Walked restless
To and fro great Dante stole silent
Amongst
The tall trees singing
The Shade of Homer restless plied
Of Hastings Gardens
The rural pathways uttering
New verses slow and now and then.
In a corner
Where the sweet moon lit
As in a search-light
Dainty Shakespeare stood seated
Akimbo on rock and sung that night
Listened the owls
And they stood stunned in their
Beauty reverie
Out of awed respect
The nightingales sang not but
Only heard.
With Dawn
These great and noble Shades
Into the scented airs
Dissolved fading:
Yet beauty nocturnal no,
Beauty knows not time nor age
But keeps on coming
Fresher than before
Magic spring of clearest waters made.
And so
So the cycle runs
Runs again
Begins
The end beginning is
So many places
So many times
That all thrives always Immortal
Only transformed as from stage
To stage:

And in the dawn and in the
Day
Beauty continued in the sunset
In red dusk
Then with the coming of Night's
Reign
Had turned full circle:
As it does
Will do.
For
More is more
The Inner Soul more noble
Feels
In the realm of beauty upon
Beauty
Hedged

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Inner Soul Scream

I heard
The Soul
The Inner Soul scream

Her scream
Was
As the brakes
Of a car
Screeching
Brought
To
A
Sudden halt
And
Bleeding.

Ah! in these times
So often my Soul screams
My Inner Soul
That lacerations
Each by each
Line the red
Of heart.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Inward Echo

Time goes
Time goes
Time goes
The inward echo
Of the inwards
Caves and coves
On the twilight lighted
Bay of sunset red
Night comes
Night comes
The Echoes said
And with night
Come the stars
The stars

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Irresistible Vocation

The irresistible vocation
That
A certain muse
Has
Inflicted on
Me
The vocation
To suffer first
Chronologically
Then
After wandering
All dusty
And parched
In the dry
Country-lanes
I sing
Though
The noon sun
Be blazing.
And when I sing all the Earth rises, sings
And Beauty dances even when night
Comes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Island Let It Be Our Soul

The island let it be our Soul
And then once that established
Let us look deep, deep, deep
In to the earth and air and heavens
To look our Soul in to the eyes
Fathom its depth, feel the island-earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Islands That I Dream Of

The islands that I dream of
that is view in the
subconscious film of life
these I see moving and dancing
in the theater of life
on the stage
on the film curtain

ah! life is a film that
goes on and on

and we will life to go on
and on and on.

traitor of the conscious
the sub-conscious cheekily
leap barge to barge
as the river
flows
the river of life

I can hear
the breath of the Spirits
over the waters
giving life and
motion irreversible.

vicious is life
and beautiful
but cheeky as a vixen
too
ah! that's what be propense
to make life of
life
and
life from life.

the islands that I dream of

that is view in the
subconscious film of life
these I see moving and dancing
in the theater of life
on the stage
on the film curtain
the dawn is far now,
far
too far
that was so near quite
some hours ago.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Jousting

The cavaliers with lance
And decked horses
Prepare themselves
Closing their eyes
Through armor slits.

The ladies red
And hot
Fan themselves
Cool
From their vantage
Positions.

Look
Look
At the survival of
The fittest
Or of chance and
Probability?

Convention reigns.
The wild and
Savage winner
Wins
The lady's hand
And
She has to accept
As
A trapped bird
Submitting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Keys Rattled

The keys rattled
Midnight
Opened the cemetery doors
Entering
The ghosts and shrouds
All to meet him
Raced.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Knife Of Stillness

The knife of stillness
Hurts

The knife of misery
Wounds

The dagger of malice
Cuts

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lady In The Photo-Shoot Sat Back

No, not in the nude, nor
In the photo shoot:
Yet it exuded all a woman should
Though she dressed beauty jumps
Forth into the air though chill
They took
The photo-shoot there high on
The hill
Below terrace by terrace slowed
Steeping sweetly unto the sea-edge down below.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lake Of Beauty

The lake of beauty
Ah! how it sings
When the north wind
Plays in and out
Of caves and coves.
The sky threatening
Of storms and tempests
Stars in face
White deep turning
A distant rumbling
And
A flash of lightning
And yet
No rain
No gales
No snow
Ah! the lake of beauty
Let me go in it
And below the sweet
Waters sink
Into a nether world
Free
Of Earth to us:
O such a lake of beauty
It goes not
From my enmeshed eyes
But
Cools the restless
Nervousness of life
Soothes dark despairs
A lake of beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lament Of The Last Penguin

The last - the words tell it!

Moving corpse

I

Marching

Marching

Marching

In marching order

With bayonet in hand

With skeletal legs

I keep

Trudging

Trudging

Trudging

There was music, more

Music, profound -

The moment was sacred

Look - the last penguin

Sacrificed!

No! No!

The beaches will be empty then

The sea will enter hoar and

Dreary more than day

The axe of the extinct

Dropping blood

I saw raised on high

Smiling sardonically

Ready to strike:

But then

A Voice

A great Voice

From the heavens

Ordered:

Ordered:

'Stop! Cease! '

Awe was everything;

Shrunk the Axe of the Extinct

And fell.

And
Survived the last Penguin

And
The heavens said:
After this ordeal
Let there be new penguins!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Large Old Iron Doors Opened

The large old iron doors opened
A lady from the castle came
Attended by her maids and dogs
Her face a haggard look proposed
And spoke she not a word, not a single word.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lark

Since when the lark
Fluttered kangaroo-like
And sang
And sang?

'From Dawn'

Since when
Since when
The stars
The white stars fled?

'Since Dawn'

Since when
The ghosts and shrouds
Left their shadows fade
And now a little red
Shines bolstering
The white face of day?

'Since Dawn'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Last Bell

The last bell

Yet

The saddest bell

Yet

The sweetest bell

Red dusk falling

The bats calling

The seas skimming

The sea-gulls weeping

The last bell

Yet

The saddest bell

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Last Days Of Cool

Sunday.

The few last days
Of cool
Enjoy before
The storms and
Tempests.

Even so
In life
Passion breeds passion
Angst breeds angst
Stress breeds stress
And all
Breed ever-rising
Temperatures
You see the temperatures
Rising:
Ever-breeding
The glass-tube pressed
With temperatures
To almost exploding
But now
But now
These temperatures
At rising from the bed
Have lowered in the night
Have cooled
Therefore enjoy
Enjoy before
The storms and
Tempests.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Last Fight

There must be
The last fight
Often
We
In
Our youth
Laugh
Say:
'That's far away'

But
Time catches us
As pass
Day after day
And
No longer
So far away
Be the day
At the last
In the last!

And
The fight then
Comes
The result
Be always relative
Now
You win relative
Now
You lose relative
Now
You be just bruised
But
Whatever be
Day after day
The clock irresistible
Ticks irreversible
And
Arrived we

At the day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Last Sonata

1

He willed it so, he yearned it so
He prayed for it, he suffered for it
The last sonata!

2

He made it last!
He willed it last!
At last!

3

Not much of verse
For a parched throat
Had he:
Yet all in all
There was a sweetest melody
A heavenly melody
Under starlight under the dark
Midnight sonata!

4

How much suffered he!
Birth was
The beginning of suffering
And
Of tragedy on tragedy:
Heaved the breast in pain
Continually:
Not all the Earth's wealth
As quiet
Needed he!
Only
Only a last sonata!

5

Venice was before him
And its sad violins
And Stabat Mater
And the band that played
Sad
Whilst the sere leaves
On that chill even flew
Sad
For
They too felt
They too suffered
They too were torn
They too yearned
for
The last Sonata!

6

Bits of flesh torn
Here and there
A hundred pieces
And more
Parts
Cut here and cut there
A Hand that struck
A soul that sighed
A bent that fell:
At last!
The last Sonata!

7

It was the Sun
Yet the sky grew
Grew black in face
Day lost all grace
And light slow fades
Instead dark grows
And frowning trace
Then suddenly

Three thunder claps
The Earth did rent
First one – a shock!
Then other – soon!
The third – and fear!
The lightning thrilled
Screamed the dun skies
'The Last Sonata! '

8

No light
No warmth
Just chill
Just frost
A heart beats dim
A brain gets dull
And eyes that fade
The last Sonata!

9

A Poet Seer
On a bed stretched
A Poet Seer
On the dark clouds
His brain is lost
Yet not the Soul
That clear wanes
And knows it wanes
Grapples the last
Grapples to last
All desperate
A Poet Seer
On a bed stretched
The last Sonata!

10

Quick, quick, low
Is the breath!

Low, lower, lower
A thunder bursts
A storm flares up
Early night falls
This last Sonata!

11

The body still
Moves not
The body stretched
The Poet Seer
They raise him high
The catafalque
The body still
At last found rest
The Poet Seer
In last Sonata!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Last Storm

It be nigh April
And
The last storm
Feels
Its fading
And
In its
Decadence rages
Triple the mode
As in the previous
Storms.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Leaden Skies To-Night My Love They Frown

The leaden skies to-night my love they frown
The wind neighs slowly to the frosted panes
The rain thinks it is merciful not to pour:
And all that's lit in our room's the lamp.

How destitute the dome of heaven shines
With its bleak mirage night-dreaming
Cruel repressive dour and thin and taut
And all that's lit in our room's the lamp.

The seas a strange unwanted silence keep
The tree-leaves rustle not as if
Struck by some guilt or sudden meteor:
All that's lit in our room's the lamp.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Leaves Have Fallen

The leaves have fallen
The wind neighs
Frost
And thunder rumbles
It be far yet
But soon here.

Sere the leaves are
Yellow now wins over
The green,
The loser.

And I pace
The last hours
The last days
The last day
Withdrawn in my heart
With fear and sad
For the leaves have fallen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Level Rock Of Pain.

Crucified
On the old hill
Above the open plain
The level rock
Of pain.

The chill
The frost of pain
That a whip wields
Made of dried figs
Sere

Crucified
On the old hill
Above the open plain
The level rock
Of pain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Light Concentrated

The light concentrated
in its own circle.

Danced a Mouse in top-hat
and white breeches.

And
the audience of the Hedgehogs
applauded greeting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Light That In The Distance I

The light that in the distance I
Have seen swift come and go
Into the dark night

It comes
It fades-and goes.

It comes
It fades-and goes.

Is it a lighthouse light?
Is it a ghostly light?
Is it the dancing of the ghosts
O'er our port
This night, this dark night?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lightning Vespers

Dreaded day!
Dreaded lightning
That came!

Gray and common
Were the skies
And there already
Shone a night star

Then a frowning cloud
Betrayed
The awry moon
Hiding behind it.

Yet
From the closed church
When
The people and the farmers
Went
From behind closed
Doors
Rang an organ slow
Then higher
Higher.

And
Outside the first lightning
Then another
Then more
Then more
Frosty the country-side
Drear
Next full of rain
And a half-gale
That blew:
Mourning all in drear
Black
Then gray and common
Without

A Dawn
Without new day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lights

the lights
that come and go around
put them not off, King Night.

they instill fear then
they instill joy.

Thoughts I diminished and moved
to philosophy.

Thus armed I will enjoy Beauty
more.

All a matter of permutations and
combinations.

just that

just that

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lines One After The Other

The lines one after the other
One below the other
The computer keyboard clicked
Outside
The cold the frost-laden cold
How cold these last three months
This new year,
This end of the old year
And still
Still
The lines one after the other
One below the other
Like column after column of red soldiers
Fall
Linear and horizontal
One column after one column
Till
Time shouts 'Stop! ' and then
Strew with red
Littered
The white snow

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Llama

The
Llama
Skipped
Up
In
The
Mountains
Where
Live
Winds
And
Clouds
And snow-topped heights
Rocks
Of
The
Earth
Jutting
To
Reach the
Heavens
That they
Do
not
reach
plumes
of
the
eagles
that
do
not
soar.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Long Lens Of The Nocturnal Telescope

The long lens of the nocturnal
telescope
the stars at its end
tapering
tapering

in a bay at the same
time
waters were entering
and
cove to cove
cave to water-cave
was echoing.

How our thoughts echo!
That way not forget.
That
way we speak out the thoughts.
Assert.
Assert!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Long Long-Drawing Waves

The long long-drawing waves
Foaming and gurgling in their wrath
Across the red sands and gold
I want to hear.

This afternoon
Before the dusk enters its full reign
This scene before me see I must:
And feel
And feel
The thrill
Of the long, long long-drawing waves
Foaming in their wrath and gurgling.

Ah! no chests of gold
And topazes and amulets
Will this face-kissing breeze equalize:
Ah! my body yearns for the salt reign
Of Neptune: for the seething sea
For the long long-drawing waves
Foaming and gurgling in their wrath
Across the red sands and gold.

And if
I welcome the advent of human company
In other days
In other circumstances
Then here will be the exception:
Alone
Alone
The phial of my happiness
Will flow and over-flow to surfeiting:
For the long long-drawing waves
Foam and seethe in their wrath.

The red sun sets and flushed its shameless face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Long Marsh

ah! the long marsh
the road that wound
wound through
not asphalted but white
it went through and through
around, around the lowly marsh
without a sound.

so we
we have a life
like as unto a marsh
it winds round and round
in it so many woes
abound
so many prophets rise and
who for a time robs
the hearts of people
then fades
as the dusk fades
as sunset fades
and a long deep night
carries all but burning stars
out of all sight.

ah! the long marsh
with bend head sad
through it I went my day
sad the sparse buildings
and sad the heavens frowned
with every step, all way:
the sunset sank
the red dusk sank
and all, all faded day
I walked, I trudged, and it was dark
I walked, I trudged, and it was night
I walked, all sad towards a shore
that desert as all deserts lay
at fading of that day:
with every step
my grew sad, more sad
and heavy with each step

my thirst for the sea
to feel
sea-waves splattering around me
beyond encircling walls
of water and of sea and
the high Ocean still
without a wave to thrill
here I got me, here I willed
to walk into the waters,
so did I,
and now my bones the lowly-deep
of the marsh sea holds
and my Voice that each night
speaks, each night laments
and yearns
under stars and fierce light

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Long, Long Night

the long, long night
hides you in its veils
when at the end of dusk
your veils fell to the floor:
and since
you have been to the sacred shrine
wherein the votaries fair
labor to transmit life:
what is nobler?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Loud-Hailer

On
The
Loud-hailer
The Voice of the Heavens
Read
The
Book
Of the morn
That
Has
Been
Century
After
Century
Since the primeval dawns?

Played
Played
The Violin of Beauty
That
Violin
By
Which
The Heavens
Cut
The Earth
To pieces
As
Pieces of fruit
Be cut?
Pieces
Viands
On the tables of gods
Freedom and liberty
Human rights
No laws
And
Above all laws
Bank of Legal Interest

Not just the Wind of Change
But
Crowds gather and grow
Human rights as in ever-increase.
Now
Now
The Crowds shouted
Now
Vox Popoli.
The Individual Human Rights not the Laws.
Just that
Just that, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Lyre

When the lyre
Feels tired in the night
Where stars be frozen....

Where waters surge
Unquiet
With the wraiths
Exhausted both
And
Sighing

Where eggs float on
The seas
Open and spirit-borne
When
Enthuse
The
Waves
The
Float
The
Sacred\waters
I heard in Indian
Timbrels
In the distance
I heard
Wisdom
That
I
Had
Not
Before
Heard
And
Saw
Wisdom
Not
Yet
BeforeSeen

And
Opening
My
Eyes
The
Brain
In
This
Civilization's
Train
With
Hand
Towards
The
Skies
I
Dragged
A pre-term Dawn
Through
My
New
Wisdom
And
The
Sacred\waters
I heard in Indian
Timbrels
In the distance
I heard
Wisdom

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Magic Wand

Again I found
The magic wand
The verses, sound
Rhythm and all!

The sounds, the joys
Of word and thought
Again I found!

And not afar
Sweet Beauty smiled
And stars - they danced
And satyrs pranced
All round
They danced
This
night
Tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Man Of Snow

The Man of Snow

Yes

Man, human, humanity

He lay

Stretched hand stretched long

Over a field of snow

In ancient Patagonia.

And

Though he moved not

Out and in

He breathed.

And

In that vastness of the wild

He cared not

Nor had the appetite

For any thing.

Ah! that we

We humans be

Be as the Man of Snow

Stretched

Stretched hand stretched long

Over a field of snow

In ancient Patagonia.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mantle Night

As
of
The
Mantle
Night
of
dawn
of
the
sun rays
as of the mantle
leaden-clad days
tomorrow's Monday.

the night of Sunday
had been
beautiful

After all
was it not farewell
to a week that comes
not?

Recall not
but look straight!

Behold! the future beckons
they say

And so it be
Prepare:
be prepared;
goalkeeper of the team
that has to keep
out
the onslaught of the new
week.

For every week a new onslaught

be.

Prepare to shed your blood.

And to keep Fear out
just close your eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mask That Danced

The mask that danced
alone
in the heavens high
in the background lights
that come and go
the mask danced

glided Time and
Motion
hand in hand
they hummed
they sang
emulating nightingales

in the shore
a huge red mask
above the fierce stars
snarled in their heat
and light

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mask, The Night, The Window

the mask, the night, the window
all remember I - how fears grips
Me still as did that still night!

Down, down the silent steps I went
And in the balcony high:
The yellow mask appeared:
I looked: and soon - as soon
As it came it disappeared
Without a moan, without a word
And now in to the past it lies:

And all remember I - how fear grips
Me still as did that night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Metal City

The metal city
Runs rivers through
The clouds
At night
When all be sleeping:
Then
In to the dawn
in to the morning
Back to earth
Feet to ground
The usual chores and
Mores
The usual rites
Routines
The Metal City.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mighty Judge In Toga Sits

To topple empires of wealth
To dust and dun.

The people watch astounded
The mighty judge.

The mighty judge is feared.

The mighty judge makes rich
Out of the poor
Poor out of the rich (compare me) .

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mirror On The Twilight; Baltic Delight

The mirror on the twilight; Baltic delight
flowing towards the warmth of Turkish
waters; clay hills that deck with beauty
more beauty the blue-clad waters.

plain the waters, not inverted motion
linear no, but intermittent ups and
downs, yet even in the intermittence
beginning with Chance and Probability
under the forge of Evolution became
inverted S-shaped motion.

for linear be straight and plain and plane,
unvaried proneness to uniformity
hater of chance and probability

inverted be the graph that up and down,
goes, of intermittence sign and signpost,
ages calmed the initial 'irregularity'
into inverted motion harmony.

the mirror on the twilight; Baltic delight
flowing towards the warmth of Turkish
waters; clay hills that deck with beauty
more beauty the blue-clad waters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mist I Love – I Need

The mist I love - I need
The blue mist that rises
From the valleys of guilt
Drowsy in their guilty silence:
And in the mist, the blue mist
I feel it go around me like a snake
I feel it press yet it bites not
And hides me more within its folds
Till earth dwindles; there I
Am on Earth and yet imprisoned such
As out of this earth am I;
And in the sun
Of misty days in winter
I sing a Poet's song alone.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Mode Of Mourning Varies As

The mode of mourning varies as
the course of flight
of a winged random butterfly
from flower to flower randomly:
So
the mode of mourning
the mourning in to December days
continues
albeit varying

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Months Have Crept.

The months have
Crept.

The years have
Crept.

Time
Threw I away!

Now
All the ghosts
Of old mistakes
Together round
Gather and come
And torment me
A pound of flesh
Is not enough.

My face is pale
My face rigid
My eyes grow wide
Age flows with tide.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Moon By Slow Degrees

The moon by slow degrees
Came slow to the sea-edge
To the sea-bosom
To the sea-trembling
Experience, not dissembling!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Moon How Wan To-Day

The moon how wan to-day
The nightingale how still
From her night song
In our garden lies.

The moon speaks not
And mute the lake
Its waters lap not the still shore
Nor in the grass doth any motion move.

The rill has stopped to gurgle with the night
Motionless the sheep drowse in their fold
And in the grass
Only the glow-worms shine and stay.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Moon The Sun The Stars

Again

Again

The

Moon

The

Sun

The

Stars

The

Waters

The

Seas

These

Are

Of

Mew

These are of me

Only

Only

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Moor On The Tower

The Moor on the tower
below a singing bower
it be a spell-bound night
and stars of towering light
Dawn away out of sight
the sea-bosom flickering bright
with a low heaving pride

Emmanuel George Cefai

The More I Aged The More Dread Grippped.

The more I aged the more dread gripped.

Not that before

Not that before

But now

Now

Dread grips me by the throat

Dread grips me by the hand

Dread grips me all

Dread grips me

And in the ghastly twilight of a day that declines

drear draws slow yet sure

the curtain a delirium dark and night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The More To Reach

The more to reach
The more to preach
Human of the world arise!
The time be come!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Morn Is Risen – The Dawn Is Come

The morn is risen – the dawn is come:

Yet with every new dawn

You slap me on the face

And slap again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Moths Of The Torrid Heavens Were An

The moths of the torrid heavens were an
emergency; their nervousness
made them impatient severely
and the alarm of the day was written
in to the face of the uprising tempests.

O! you have to think, meander here and
there, touch life from the flesh
to the very bone.

the moths of the torrid heavens were an
emergency; their nervousness
made them impatient severely
and the alarm of the day was written
in to the face of the uprising tempests.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Music Of The Clouds Cut Off The Drear

but that be relative! on earth all be relative!

the notes fly in to the silent airs
the heavens immense where
reign sovereign Night and drear

I Poet Seer heard a crowds of naked angels clustering
and some the lute played, some the lyre, and some sing.

but drear persisted a black soul with it being.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Music Of The Lines We Never

The music of the lines we never
Want to finish: but ah! there be
Always a line as in a race.

The winner touches the line first
Raised in glory the hands and falls
Covered with kisses and laurels.

So Beauty too. She too wins easily
But then to be human too, she falls
Covered with kisses and laurels too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The New Culture

Now we have been in it.
Every culture has its main terms.

And this culture has ghost, shroud,
Death, ageing, drear,
Subconscious, graves, cemeteries,
Marches, trudging, flambeaux,
Silence, night, stars, moon
So many others to make up
A list.

Verse is the expression.

Dreaming the reception.

We keep the previous
Culture of the Conscious
But adulterate with the New Culture.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Next Activity

The next activity
next
next
silent through the woods
the woods thickening
we trudge so far
so far as our feet
the thicket greens
and prickly grass and thorns
allow.
the glass of life
as a big wide
bubble floats
before our eyes
not a mirage
but almost I will to catch it
then
but then
it will burst
beyond the thicket woods
whose roots into the sands
of the nearby wide-extending
shores
around Earth's globe
extend:
kilometer on kilometer
thicket on thicket
grains
that in the sun's glare
melt and go:
so let me
here
on this stranded beach
long, long
linear and
circular simultaneous
arms of vast bays
here
let me melt

as sand on the beach
to salt of Earth
and
then a posse of Satyrs in next
night
will come
and pointing
with a magic stick of theirs
Call:
Here he lies,
the melted Poet Seer
the salt of Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night

The Night

How eerie-still it looks:

Wherefore that furtive glance?

The Night

All hidden in a cloak it is

And robber-like

It turns its glance away.

The Night

This night of guilt I must protect

From its suicide before the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Advances Quick.

The night advances quick.
The cocks are sleeping.
The cocks are for day's beginning.

Ah! the Principle of Compensation!
what wakes up early must
be propense to lay down early.

The cocks propense to obey
the Law of Compensation then
by way of a reward or let-off
in the first light
they spread their crowing in all
directions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night And The Morn A Wager Made

the night and the morn a wager made
as to who had more jewels:

but in the morn
the blinding sun-rays
conquered the shining jewels:

and in the night
the stars of heaven made
the jewels of the night
far brighter shine
than those of day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Awaits

The night awaits
the cold and chill
pace nervously:
and the Christmas
waits birth for this
year.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Bethought Itself To Be

The night bethought itself to be
A full rejected lover of the languid moon
At which a tear it shed, a giant tear
That fell down the mantle of the skies
Like a clean river burning fresh and raw
At which in going down the immense skies
It cooler grew and thawed to a full frost
And thus become a star that shines
When the east wind over the gardens blows.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Civilization

The night civilization not
The outer shard
Though
Beautiful be the outer shard
Beautiful
Beautiful

Yet
More beautiful
Be
The
Inner
Shard
Of the Sub-conscious.

The whirling wheel that works
Around
Around
And rolls on the brain
In the night dreams
In the night joys
In the night horrors
Thoughts, imageries and
Tapestries of thoughts,
Verse, discoveries:
Whirling
Whirling
A new civilization
Spirits
Marching withy flambeaux and
Torches
To celebrate
The glory of the new
Civilization
The Night Civilization.
Then rose high as on a
Pyramid
The Night Civilization in a hood
And

It spoke
'Go now, the night be done
The Dawn will soon bring
Conscious and woe with it:
Go, go now, but remember
In the night dreams
In the night joys
In the night horrors
Thoughts, imageries and
Tapestries of thoughts,
Verse, discoveries:
Go, go now, humans.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Got On The Lute

The night got on the lute
And put its fingers on it:
And tried to string it

Faint discordant notes came out.

At which the night
With anger mouth-foaming
More strongly strung the lute
More resolute:

And then
And then
A dirge came out
In those strange sounds
Ghosts and goblins out
From their abodes

And danced
And danced
To those strange notes
Of that strange sound:

And the moon light
The white moon light
Looked faintly on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Has Wept

The night has wept
And all its tears
Have fallen into a lake
And now
I see Dawn walking by the marge
Sprinkling a diamond for every tear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night How Does It Yield

The night how does it yield
Its tearful eyes to the pale smiles
Of the white languid moon:

The fertile fields yield flowers to the sun
The owl yieldeth its wild call
Unto the echoing glooms of night
Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who!
The nightingale yieldeth its grief
Unto the pitying firmament
That cloaks with azure black
With every dusk our earth below

Now cemeteries open their doors
And yield their graves unto the shining night
Of the pale autumn moon
A-now the graves yield up their frozen corpses
To the night and to the pale and languid moon

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Blue

The night is blue
not dark
to-night a vast
drop of oil
hangs from the heavens
a vast soap-bubble
a vast figure light
amidst the heaviness
hanging:
these images
these thoughts
are not as of the day
but
as of night
and dreams
when all
bodies equal are
they sleep
whether king or president
or humble worker:
and
the night is blue
not dark
to-night a vast
drop of oil
hangs from the heavens
a vast soap-bubble

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Calm To-Night

The night is calm to-night
The night speaks not to-night
See, see the waves they ply
The darkling seas so slow
To-night.

The night is calm to-night
The seas roar not nor
Be the tempest gale and
Clanking lamps and
Creaking doors and lamps
That clank

No, quiet is the Soul of
Night to-night.
The conscience of the night
Swims in the sub-conscious
Quiet and innocent:
And the shrouds hand in hand
Move with measured steps
Transparent half slow wend.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Dark

The
night
Is
Dark
And
Now
The
Cold
Falls
Erect
Stand
Up
Barriers
And walls.
This night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Heavy

The night is heavy
Arched and bending
The white stars glow
Till a new morrow
And the sea's resting
In its teasing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Loud

The night is loud
The night is loud
But not on wind
The bough move not
Nor
The cooled leaves.

But Night
The Earth
Is scolding
For
Laws upholding
So much
Over
Individual Sovereign Will

'More Fundamental Human Rights
And
Loosen your grip, you Laws.'
So spoke the Night
With red and
Angry face
The Earth scolding.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Not Deep

Slow
Slow
My Monsignor
The
Night
Is
Not
Deep
No
Not
Deep
My Monsignor
Time
Remains
To
Taste
Of
The
Refrains
Of
The
Dancing
Stars
And
Waters
Flowing
Clear
That
Whisper
Accomplices
Of
Night
The
Waters
Whisper
Whisper
Whisper
The
Waters

Flood
The
Sorrows
Flood
The
Serpents
Of
The
Brain
Roam
Nibbling
Fear

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Sad

The night is sad
Tonight
And plays the
Violin
Plays a sad violin
Heart broken too
The heavens and the stars
Below the Poet Seer!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Suffering

The night is suffering
Because
Seeing me suffer
It suffers with me too
And I
I with it suffer too

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Is Young, Still Young

The night is young, still young
The anchorite amongst his beady psalms
Saith as the dusk red turned to strains
Of grey darkening darkening up the hill
Like a cool ball of blackness:
All awhile
The youthful sovereign in his fancied car
Lit up one by one the dizzy stars
Looking on our earth, of all of us:
High stood the crag against the dusk
And all its jutting lineaments
In their proportion huge all hideous stood:
But the sweet veil of night by slow degrees
Hath covered its hideousness unwarily
And with its balmy hands has filmed my eyes
And with its murmurings soft like summer bees
Has numbed my worries: Morpheus
Awaits at the next gate but I will fall
Before I need him: these sweet murmurings
Are those of paradise above, and music soft
As of the spheres azure floats all around:
I am transported, I am moved above
Where the planets rotate in silent rounds
About them their vast seas and oceans large:
Glimmer in the lightning of the skies
With their blue radiance now turning to green
Then to an orange red, then dusky red:
Then in the distance rotating
Massing their hues in one white radiant veil
As if the ghosts have taken to the roads
Where planets rotate in their silent rounds:
The night is young, still young
Yet I feel drowsy in its potions wild
Hills now yield before my feet
That in the day looked high and heavy and tall
My feet no longer weary are, my eyes are closed
And yet I see more than when they open I see:
The air resistless lies; and in its rarity
There is a sound of peace of the blue deep

Moving around as where
Planets rotate in their silent rounds
And glimmer
With their blue radiance turning now to green
Then to an orange red, then dusky red,
Then in the distance rotating
Massing their hues in one white radiant veil
The night is young, the night is young
Saith the anchorite amidst his beady psalms.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night It Hurts When It Should Be So Beautiful.

The night it hurts when it should be
So beautiful.

And beautiful the stars, the quiet immense,
Below the Ocean immense.

Yet there is a restlessness that grows, a
Heart that with injustice breaks.

There be a heart that with pains
Overflows.

There be a heart that cries and cannot
Cry.

Below, see, the damp stones below
My mother lies.

She sleeps, she dreams, to-night.

And quiet the trees of the cemetery
Tall sentinels of sadness stand.

Alight, alight, on wings of magic bright
One by one the sickly stars to-night.

The night it hurts when it should be
So beautiful.

And beautiful the stars, the quiet immense,
Below the Ocean immense.

Yet there is a restlessness that grows, a
Heart that with injustice breaks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Moths Hummed

The night moths hummed and
Wildly sailed
In to the light of the
Cranking lamp-posts:
The vacuum cleaner of the
Subdued laments
Of ghosts and shrouds
Nocturnal.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Of Being Called Early

The night of being called early
complained

complained to the red dusk

Yet dusk, red dusk said:
'I that have yielded part of my
short reign to you; you should
be thankful for it to me too.'

then Night replied:
'my reign is long anyway
and to summon me so early in the day
is a rude waking to me always'

At which the dusk redder grew
than poppies drenched with blood
in Flanders fields.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Sighs

How
The night sighs
To-night
Sweet lover
What your Love?
Through the gratings
Of the Inner Soul's
High windows azure
Still
The heavens shine
Though it be dark
A curtain dark
Dotted of white
Stars

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Soon Fell

The night soon fell
The stars soon shone
Black draped the chilly air:
And many a day
And many a night I waited
Till time did come
That I no longer waited
And now the cool blue sea
Holds my white bones
By centuries large eroded:
And ah! Ah! How chill I lie
Here now down under
But most of all that worries me
The chill my soul is feeling:
And days are past
And months are past
And centuries are stealing:
And here I will surely lie
In agonizing waiting”.

Thus ceased the Voice.
I stood and feared
Yet did not move:
There was some thing
Which rooted me unmoving:
Was it the voice?
Was it its sound?
Or was it story telling?

I do not know.
I do not know.
Yet I do know
That long remained
I on the plain all gazing
The sun had set
And birds had slept
The night was fast falling:
The sea was still
Without a wave

And night was fast falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night The Wind Neighed

Through
The
Night
The
Wind
Neighed
How
The
Wind
Neighed
How
Broken
Its
Heart!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night This Night

The
Night
This
Night
Be
Breezy
But
It
Be
Not
Chill
Nor
On the
Seas
Float
The magic clouds
Of
Frost
To
Be
Dispelled by Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Tiptoes For

it will not be heard.

though in the cemetery
a violin plays sad.

now
in the distance
further further
goes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Walked In Its Tunica

the night walked in its tunica
dark black funereal staid
like an exiled king by sorrow spent

the night walked in its tunica
over Hastings Gardens:
still the trees without a rustle stood.

The night in its tunica walked
They saw it on the bastions at mid-night
Tiptoeing helter-skelter directionless
And sneaking thief-like. At Dawn
They found its suicide, poor thing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Was Bleak And Mute And Dark.

The night was bleak and mute and dark.
The Moon was dim white but
The blackness of its frowning
Put off the little white.

I like the Night though I fear it.
I went to the roof though the
Frost was a an iron deterrent:
The chimney silhouette in the dim light
Warmed my heart a little:
For beauty warms the heart.

Yet though
Though my eyes, my tear glistening eyes
Looked to the moon yet it spoke not
Then my eyes to the stars looked
And these were silent too and mists
Of fear snake-like turned round me:
Frightening:
Down to the house again from the open
Night went I
Yet still
I like the Night though I fear it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night Was One Of Curdled

The night was one of curdled
Milk
And black dreams

O! my mother!
You would be eighty-nine
Today!

Your birthday in the bier
Below the earth
Sad you note but not celebrate.

And my heart speaks
And my heart weeps
And my heart moves
As black clouds move
As curdled milk of black
As days
Of history with a frown in black.

How many lines and verse
I lost my mother
These days of weeping:
All your fault and
All your gracious gift.

Now
Now that I string again my lyre
I feel my hands are stronger
I feel the Dawn yet sad
But my eyes rise
And my voice slowly chants
Your name, my mother,
Mother of the Poet-Seer.

O mother, my mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Night, To-Night How Weary Is -

This night, to-night how weary is
The sickly boy sickens the more and sweats
Into the delirium of the night.

She pineth
She weepeth
She pineth
With her beady eyes
In the slow-lighted night full glistening
Like lizard's eyes.

And the delirium
The delirium of the night
How soundeth it
Like a cacophony.

This night, to-night how weary is.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Nightingale Is Mute

The nightingale is mute
And does not sing:
The wind warbleth not
To the green leaves
This stillness of the night.

The nightingale is mute
A rat the silence breaks
Rustling and running
Leaves rise and fall
Upturned by the rat feet.

And the wan moon
Looks down indifferent:
For the nightingale is mute
And does not sing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Nightingale Leaveth For The Night

The nightingale leaveth for the night
Its mantle dark to cast like a witch spell
Now silence with love keepeth company
And the hefty heart-throbs slowly thrill.
Ah! love, Love why leave you for the night
Your best presents, the best Season, Spring,
The greenery of love in lush dark night full hid
From curious or love's eyes full properly:
And now our nightingale unto her mate
From her hidden foliage into the night calleth
Tu-who-tu-whit-tu-whoo! The call recalls
Like bounding echoes from the cataract
Where silver bream jump swiftly out of stream
And in again to life's welcome oxygen:
And in the night, this dark and wholesome night
Our nightingale full calleth to her mate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Nightingale Sings

The
Nightingale
Sings
Not
The
Nightingale
Is
Sad
Alone
She
Stays
Today
Alone
On
Her
Lone
Bough
Where
Be
The
Other
Nightingales
Today?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Oak Under His Years How Does He Bend

The oak under his years how does he bend
And now its foliage thick less, less becomes
With the fast gliding of its further years
Its bark more hollowed here and there becomes
And his branches to earth more incline.

So, father, in your later years like the old oak
You bent under the burden of the former years
Your roots were still into the ground transfixed
Sure great and raw but losing ground.

And now, and now, where the oak stood
There is the soil rich in fertile remains
And in the Night the pale moon smiles
And sheds its rays to play with the soft ground:

Then methinks Father you pace there invisible.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ocean Be A Grave

The Ocean be a grave
Above
The Earth a paradise
And both
Together joined
In your beautiful sad eyes!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ocean Is A Grave

The ocean is a grave
It dreamt last night
Yet
Under the moon's light
And the white of
Star-light
It was a grave!

The ocean swells
The ocean in the hiding
Of the night
Where stars shine
Not
Where the clouds
Cover moon
The night hides
The Ocean's red!

In the cocoon of time
Dream waters
Dreams a whole
Reign
Where too lodge the
Wide giant halls
Of pronged Jupiter!

I
That see you
Give hope to me
Make too
Some glimmer of a hope
From my despondency
And
Utter resignation!

In to the chambers ivory
Of long nights

Dream I:
In to the vicinity
Of utter resignation
Utter tragedy
Shines the sub-conscious
Revelry!

You will hear
Them
Pass
That rough and anxious
Cavalry
Thought after thought
Thought behind

And hear
Hear too:
The ocean is a grave
It dreamt last night
Yet
Under the moon's light
And the white of
Star-light
It was a grave!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Anchorite

Time passes, friend,
Said the old anchorite
Saying
In part his beady psalms

I seized the hand of the
Aged anchorite
And
I kissed that hand of the
Aged anchorite.

'Bless you, ' said
The old anchorite.
And went.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Bells

Ah! The old bells it was
Their fault
That I walked through the frost
Of winter that
Hung down the trees with
Their disheveled hair unkempt
And let down:
Like girls without having done
Their make-up:
I passed through the frost breathing
Out mist like a forge
Under the trees with hair
Let down
I passed, I walked, I suffered:
Ah! The old bells it was
Of the cathedral, their fault.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Bridge

the old bridge yearns it creaks
and yawns.

but its yawns be sad and
drawling.

for it has seen centuries and
wills more centuries

so many feet, lovers, kisses,
whispers

so many secrets, the bridge has
its eyes and ears?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Clock

Second after second
The old clock ticks
Away!

Grinding and grinding
The breath of earth
Flies full!

With song and beauty's
Wine
The breast full heaves!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Man With The Short Beard

The old man with the short beard
the old man did not speak

the old man with the beard
looked sideways from his eyes
the old man with the little beard
smiled

he pulled
the curtain of the dark
without a rustle, without a noise
a heart that broke
and it was night, to-night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Oak Now Reclines

now in the sweetness of the fading day
when day loses its possessions
power glory and the paraphernalia
the chains are cut and
freedom flows from between the
strat straits of the sea-waters that
through to the Port of Freedom flow
begin to flow
as sunset on horizons of sea with land
in Africa
it falls
it falls

too the old oak reclines after the
rasping of age
with leaves sere as white hair
and ever-bending head of age and
care
and
sorrow
too old, too old the old oak
ah! that oak in it was the
Inner Soul that be my mother

the old oak now reclines
now
in the sweetness of the fading day
when day loses its possessions
power glory and the paraphernalia
the chains are cut and
freedom flows from between the
strat straits of the sea-waters that
through to the Port of Freedom flow
begin to flow
as sunset on horizons of sea with land
in Africa
it falls
it falls

The Old Professor

The Old Professor
Drummed
The
Talk
Pacing
Furious
Here
And
There
Walking
Walking
Stalking
He
Spoke
And
Spoke
He
Simply
Spoke
And
That philosophy flowed
As the seas flow
As the mighty Ocean flows
For
The expression of Thought
Is not one large immense and mighty Ocean?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Old Theater

In the old theater
The marionettes
Each to each other
Spoke
Into the night
But left
Midnight to strike
Left
The Dantesque dance
To grow
Spirits go round and
Round
To the medieval sound:
And
In a soft whispered
Undertone
In the old theater
The marionettes
Each to each other
Spoke
Into the night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Older Knight

The silent night inspire
The tall firs inspire
The tall oaks inspire
The passages in Hastings Gardens
Roaming inspire

The older knight
They march
Around the town
Come to the night march
It be rare!

In orders and battalions
They
March listless
Throughout a deepening night
Restless

Hear the owl call:
The night air bears
Wisdom to it
And speaks
The wise owl

Hedgehogs, lizards,
Squirrels, ants and
Cockroaches, insects
And wild rabbits
All
From their hiding home
They came
To march this night.

Midnight has struck!
See!
The waters leap
Around the fort
Of shadows and changing

Colors

It be night not dawn!

A hedgehog on a bastion wall

With a loud hailer round and

Round

Strikes out the marching orders

Hammers sound.

An old grey

Figure bent and

Crown of thorns

On head

Grey becoming

Black

In the silhouette

Walks pained

And solitary.

These

Things

Their

Ilk

Make

Old

Breath

Dream

And

Age

Less

Old.

If

you

subtract

these

things

from

life

pray

what

remains?

The Olympians

the Olympians - let
them bed
as of the Sub Conscious
that way

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Other Side Of The Coin

Ah! ghosts and shrouds
The other side of the coin
To humans:
The qualities of the one
To the inverse proportion
Of the other
Be propense

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Owls Sleep

The owls sleep
little
to-night
Christmas Eve.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Owls That Rare

The owls that rare
and numbered
sits sparse on
the trees
warm
Hastings Gardens

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pain I Feel Is Most Of Soul.

There anguish lies, there
Anguish breeds.

Ah! when the Soul, the Inner Soul
Feels the pain breed
The anguish breed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pain The Scream The Cry

The pain

The scream

The cry

The guillotine of extinction

Fading of a tiny dynasty:

Instead of growth

We fade

We fade

Passion of suffering

We fade

We fade

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Palaces Of The Skies

The palaces of the skies
And the broad
Heavens immense
They too
Shine glimmering as stars
From those immense
Distances
From their white lighted peers
Not different

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Palaces Round

You,
Also you.
The palaces round
The quiet square
Sire silent.

The waters trip
Out of the night
The closing of the
Keys
I hear grating.

The ghost of ice
He
Cut the glass window
With the dark
Iron.
There was a scream
Sudden and
Reverberating:
There was a scream
There was a scream
There was a scream

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Panther

In the bud
The panther was nipped.

In the bastions
Cracked nocturnal
Lighted.

Eyes all around
From the old bastions
Eyes
Till the whiteness of
The Dawn that is

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Parched Throat Of Sadness

Feel I

I can now only cry

The cry of agony.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Patched Road Of Old Asphalt

The patched road of old asphalt
Melting
Of smells more intoxicating, more
Than of formalin the asphalt stinking:
There's the glare
The sun of haziness
Beginner of propensity to afternoon's
Pregnant laziness:
Where chance and probability reign
And
Grudge the coming of the red dusk's
Reign:
Whilst the night crouches slow in birth-pain
Comforted by the doctor-stars he
Lights.
Ah! tit for tat: said the small child
And I could see her round big blue eyes
Shine with a tear in that throbbing night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pendulum Of Time It Ticks

The pendulum of Time it ticks
In the immense heavens in their
Quietness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pier

Walking by the pier
The unquiet waters
I saw Fear
Yes
Fear in the face
I saw it

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pines

The pines mourn slow
Yet they mourn
The pines mourn without word
And
Yet they mourn
The pines!

The trees get old
Too
The pines!

The pines
The pines mourn slow
Yet they mourn
The pines mourn without word
And
Yet they mourn

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pines That On The Peaks Of The Snow Mountain Clamber

The pines that
on the
peaks
of
the snow
mountain
clamber
ah! they
scent
even though
so
high!
vibrating
vibrating all the music
be
in waiting:
on the lake
a couple of
swans:
but
they
sing
not
for
their
time
is
still
and today
they will
will heavily
will
strongly
to
be
into the night
and

then next night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pines Were Red Here

the pines were red here
tonight
and the winds around
the pines wrapped
tonight
and
the Ocean and the seas
jettisoned skeletons
to the shore tonight

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pink Elfin Dances Ah! These

The pink elfin dances ah! these
Took place in the knife of dark
In to the hooting of caves and coves
And caverns by the rocks
That slanted slippery
Unto the silent guilty sea
Ah! life is to be this and in this
Life be the
Propensity to vicinity to the sub-conscious and
The vice-versa too
There was a pair of slippers on the rocks
One after the other
Paces
Pace after pace
They fell off the goblin feet or the feet
Of fairy-nymphs?
Let the Sub-Conscious tell
Let the Sub-Conscious assert
The fields are full of seed and will
To reap
The brain Idea full and Image full
And will to work.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pirate Peered Through His Long Binoculars

The pirate peered through his long Binoculars
Though I would say the
Astronomer Scours the heavens and the stars.
O Sir, you do well, but I better:
For I think with a bird's eye
Coming and born from the Idea of Infinity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pitcher Fell And Broke

The pitcher fell and broke
And bleak the cold wind grew:
The dusk-clouds fore the night
Sailed rapidly away.

The sea it rolled and rolled
And restless the tree neighed
In every leaf; the owl unmoving stood;
And looked down pitying.

The pitcher fell and broke
And deep, deep night
Is coming on irreversible.
A leaden curtain fell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Plant Of My Verse

I watered
the plant of my verse
in sorrow
with tears and
with waters I collected from
night dews
and air hovering
in the depth of night
when
I walked in my solitude.
I obtained water
obtained it from the East
and from the Far East
to water more the humus
of my Sub-Conscious
for
I wanted oblivion in my brain
I wanted Morpheus
and
I yearned for Mnemosyne
I watered
the plant of beauty that it
grow
but
next to it I watered
the Plant of Wisdom
for I needed at least
to look
one look for every day
the Plant of Wisdom and
at least
have some of wisdom
from the Far East

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poem Ends; The Verse Abrupt

The poem ends; the verse abrupt
and harsh to silence transforms;
the song sudden silent stops.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Had A Blank Face

For there was not
The bursting through
That he expected Evolution
Get:
The lines were great
Yet
Again and again
Turned inside to themselves
'We too human be!
Therefore to human cyclical
Be we condemned! '
Unless that Code and Cyclical
We break
Replace
Albeit with a new Cyclical
We will not see
The shores of Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer

The Poet Seer lay back
On the pillow mute
Not moving
And
From a yard not distant I
Heard a girl chant
Some lines of his.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer In Carriage

The Poet Seer
in carriage
he is come to the monastery
up the hill road
the shanty road
made him more ill
with eyes closed
when the carriage door opened
he was helped on the carriage steps
by the out coming monks
the blaze of seeing vague
was in his eyes
as they carried him
living on a catafalque
as ants their precious prey
so in the monastery they,
the monks.
Off the shanty road
went carriage
remained a cell, a bed
a Poet Seer
and monks that prayed

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer Lay Motionless

The Poet Seer
Lay motionless:
All around
People thronged
Stunned and
Drear.

One said 'I will miss
For some time his
Great line
His rhythm and his verse
His love of Beauty and
His noble thoughts.'

Another said: 'Of
Immortality spoke he:
Now
He lies motionless
After
Lighting the fire for humanity'

Another yet: 'Friends let us
For another Poet Seer
Pray to match
The great verse of this one
The thoughts, discoveries,
The rest.'

Another: 'Forward look.
Brothers and sisters pray
For him and that others
Will rise as him, as he
Has wished.'

Another: ' Let him live
In us; his works are writ;
Those that are writ
In hearts their residence.'

And
The Poet Seer
Lay motionless:
All around
People thronged
Stunned and
Drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer Of The Bays

In dawn
At dusk
The Poet Seer
Often they spot
Around the bays
Walking
At the heavens
Looking
But especially
In lonely nights
Of broken hearted
Solitude
In the bays see him:
At the skies looking
Even for hours
Not speaking
Not chanting
Just looking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer Said

The Poet Seer said
To himself:
'Another year and
Yet
Another drear after drear.
For just my rights
Just that
I must go begging.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer Sat On The Piano

And he played
And he closed his eyes
And he let his sad heart speak
All he did
Was to unlock the keys of his
Sad heart:
The golden axles were not for him
But misery sadness and the Bleak
Stared him in the face
To so-called madness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet Seer, Mister Poet Seer

The Poet Seer, Mister Poet Seer
today, Christmas Day from out
his balcony from the balconies
of his corner house
rising as Dawn though later
watched, opening a casement,
watched the cars below
and
opening his eyes a little more
'Another day, ' said he
'another day, this Christmas Day.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet-Seer Irresistible

The Poet-Seer irresistible

Well

He was as Shakespeare

Was

Could not help

Stay quiet

Without singing

Even

In the sub-conscious

Between his teeth

Or

In the dark dreams nocturnal:

Even so

Even so

I

I restless

Fall

Before

The

Idol

Of

Irresistibility

And

Sing

Between my teeth

Or

In the dark dreams nocturnal

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet-Seer Took The Lyre

The Poet-Seer took the lyre
He sung
He sung three minutes
Only
And
in those three minutes
He caught the Universe,
Snapshots phenomena motion
Transformation change evolution
Then of all
He brought forth Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Poet-Seer Woke With

The Poet-Seer woke with
hazy eyes:
but ah! after a night of
sleeping
the brain was a new machine
the hands worked
and
the Poet Seer sang and
versified:
the new machine!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pointed Breasts Of The Moon

The pointed breasts of the
moon
in their sexual lust to-night
cared not
for the storm and lustful tempest
cared not
for the whirling of gales and of
clouds
cared not
for the gaunt blanch face of the
town
no, cared not,
cared not,
the pointed breasts of the
moon

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Port Hoots

The Port Hoots

the port hoots

and over the fort rise the wave
of the wish spume
occasional

the winds blow more
more lusty the
more satisfied

the drear closes in
the more
in heavens and in sky

and from the small church
comes groans of moaning
misery

yes! misery for drear and misery
on Earth there be

no wonder the port hoots
though it be night

the port hoots.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Portrait

The portrait
Smiled at night
Talked
To the other
Portraits
Whispering

Glided a shadow

A soldier in armor
Rattled
Annoyed
Without a stir:
At standing stiff
In iron
For long ages

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Position Of Things

For
Such counts
The Position of Things:
Look
My Monsignor how
Many times
It determines
The fate:
And
More:
Solves problems that
We
Here on Earth
Hurt our brains
And
Do not solve:
However ach we
However pain and
Suffering:
Solution would come
But
At the cost of immense
Pain and suffering:
See
The Position is the key.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The President Came

In the theatre
The President came
the play began
On the lights!
around
the crowd.
music, my Monsignors!
Light and music must
combine.
you must render Beauty
even
though
Beauty be
so beautiful

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Price I Paid

This was the price I paid.
They always thought me
'There be a price to pay
For everything
And anything.'
And now I feel too the price I paid

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Prophet Held High His Finger

The Prophet held high his finger

And he pointed that finger to the heavens

And the coffin passed with the Great and on
the coffin open lay
the books of his Ideas, New Ideas

And the heavens smiled in their mourning garb.

And the air and streets scented with New Ideas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Pulpit Violet Opens Its Mouth

The pulpit violet opens its mouth
That its petals (in as direct proportion) :
To-night I will recall some of Tolkien's
Characters – o! call Kafka to the meeting:
Add, me to them and from our meeting
Let new forms and new characters arise
The profane crowd needs them; yes
Now more than ever; the rate of
Balance will be as directly proportional
Between the materialistic down
Down-to-earth characters and the magic characters:
All be that is asserted; so all characters
Magic and materialistic be
But the magic ones prefer we
We, Humans who dare to dream, and save ourselves
At the last moment.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rain Is Whistling

The rain is whistling
the wind is a gale
the midnight train is coming
hear! it stop in the
train station.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rain Was Falling.

The rain was falling.
Though no snow fell
the wind of frost neighed through
the boughs and trees
that huddled in the wood like naked
men and women in that tempest hoar:
The rain was falling.

Deep,
deep the water pencils fell adown
the window-panes condensed with
breath of the humans inside and
with the warmth of stoves and
lights and some ancient chimney-hearts.
Ah! the old city, the old town
how many chimneys here and there
old and grimy on their faces hurled
the winter tempest in its orgy wild.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rancid Acid

The
Rancid
Acid
Fell
a-dripping
dripping
dripping
from
the
stars
the
stars
were
white
and
flowing
but
not
with
milk
and
honey
but
with
the
acridity
of
acid
with
the
flow
Zeus
With
White
Hair
Floated
In
A
Mirage

Of
Revering
Stars
There
Was
A
Clustering
In
Another
Zone
Of
Stars
Not
Far
From
The
Milky
Way
White
Milk
Of
The
Heavens
Nocturnal
Sweet
Condensed
In ecstasy
At
The play of
Heavenly violins.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rapid Currents Of The Airs

The rapid currents of the airs
the night
the rains that fell

Christmas be near
though the sun be dim
after the night rains

and the town wakes again
and hope hobbles again
on its slender feet
though hobbling

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rattling Of The Walls

The rattling of the
Walls
Commenced just now

Dusk has not finished
Yet
Yet
Rattling begins aloud

The bone of softness
The red of the heart
Have been hurt
Now

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Relativity Of The Mass Universe

O! let it extend
To verse:
Let us judge
Harshly never
For there's a minimum of genius
In most of things.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Resting Place

The resting place ay! the
Resting patch
Of all of us
To all of us
The heart
The brain
The body yearn
And seek
All in all
Though the mask of the Conscious
Tell otherwise:
The naked
Sub-Conscious
Discovers
Otherwise

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Restless Brigade

The Restless Brigade

It

Went out to the hill

And

It was night

Moon

Turned on its head

The stars laugh at rare

Times

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Restless Inner Soul

The restless Inner Soul
How restless and how
Deep
The well laughed horribly
A silver coin that Time
Tossed into the well
Shone glittering against the moon that
Dared defy the drear of the dark night:
They had exhausted
The oxygen for thinking for a while
For a while – I assert –
They left unprejudiced
Their former rights to think -
Philosophize:
For restless was their Soul
Their Inner Soul

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Right We Rolled

To the left
We
To
The
right
We
Rolled
But took heart
Yet
For near the isle
That was with us
We
Saw
Bending
Here
And
There
With
The vessel's
Fast swoon

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rind

The rind
The centre
The nucleus
Of discovery
The fount
Of the methodology
Of all discovery
The alma mater.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Road Is Long And Winding.

The road is long and winding.
But we take the challenge.
We rise before Fear.

And the more Fear
The more rise we.

We rise on no warranty
But our courage only.

And Fear seeing us rise
Fear leapt away.

The road is long and winding.
But we take the challenge.
We rise before Fear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Roads Where Dust Gathers

The roads where dust gathers
the paces that on them arrive
fro men's shoes and the elegant and
sexy women's stilettos, all, all in
a hurry breathless in this life
of shortage breath:
the honking cars in succession
impatient of the time, and of
appointments and the way we dress
for them and out to be by others
seen:
and this and that
a hundred
a thousand mores and styles and
more
human humanity bustling, hurrying,
and yet
much like the donkey round the
water-mill:
and the day passes, darkens,
sometimes clouds,
and in the distant heaven-corners some
clouds gather round and round
and then the first thunder explosion heard:
till
sweet and tired in the arms of dusk, red dusk,
the day of sudden soaked in tiredness swoons,
swoons to the intense desires of the
stars and night
the wayward beauties of the curtained dark:
and then
the hustling and the bustling finishes:
and
in its termination some thinking realize
(musing their chin as old philosophy)
that
we be back another round around the
watermill
just that

just that

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Roaming Of My Thoughts, The Heavy Snake

The roaming of my thoughts, the heavy snake
That crawls diligent
Into the dark-green foliage
While the pale languid moon overlooks

And then the zoo.
For there is a zoo
Where animals do not roam alone
But thoughts thunder like peals
Of thunder from among the trees
The finger of utter light
Barely comes from the thick foliage to the eye
And then after the seconds flash
A stillness.

And then the lines, the poetry lines
Ooze out, but ooze out slowly, slowly,
Like cider coming from the lazy press
In Spanish afternoons of tepid suns
And dreams warm in Spanish wine and song
Longer than the thunder-peal they stay
But go
But go
Just as the thunder-peal, just as the thunder peal.

And thus poetry and lines
Come out fragmented
Like a broken pitcher
They do not soar or sing
But lie despondent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Robe

I hear the robe
Moving
Rustling against
The unclean dusty floor.
But I hear.
It be night
and dark
And silence shows
Life that be sere

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rock, That Rock, Said The Poet Seer

The rock, that rock, said the Poet Seer how
Many nights of spell has seen!

How many roars of sea, one after the other
Spume after spume
Roaring white with rage
The many nights of spell have seen!

And time, time, Age, pass and last
And come and go
And the rock, that rock, how many
Nights of spell has been!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Rose Rises, Rises In The Wind

The rose rises, rises in the wind
And nurtured in its caress vies
With its peers scent to shed.

The rose rises, rises in the dawn
And in the warmth of the fast-rising sun
Erects itself in pride deservedly.

The rose rises, rises still
In its sweet surfeiting in the mid-day sun
In the honeyed laze of afternoon
In the sick beauty of the lassitude
Of the fast-coming dusk with stealthy mien

But then it bends the rose will bend
Like gleaming sheaves in acres of gold corn:
The rose will know the time to bend is come.

And without potion will it sink and slow
Into its drowsiness sub-consciously:
And sleeping feel the cool of the summer night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Ruthless Snows Today

The ruthless snows today
the rare snows
for in our land
once every three years
or so they fall:
fell though tiny icicles
ah! did they do so
that I towards ageing
am walking to show?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sacred Rites

The sacred rites
They with the barefoot feet
Walked round and round
And chanting.

The moon was rising
Before the white stars
The lake was glistening
Rays even passing through high bars!

And in spite of the night
The weird silence relative and
The bats' hoarse cries
The sacred rites
They with the barefoot feet
Walked round and round
And chanting.
They said.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sacred Tree That Weeps

In a secluded corner
There was it: the tree
That wept
And sacred was the
Tree
Sacred were its tears.

For
When things that breathe
Weep
There's sacredness all
Round.

Sacredness
That has the propensity
To raise the soul
To nobility
Here Homer roams
Disconsolate and
Restless smiling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sacred Verses Of The Prophet-Seer

The sacred verses of the prophet-seer
Hide in their garbs the symbols of his lust
His failings so to say if so can they
Be called: the desperate call
And bite of the despairing bird;
The lull of lazy afternoons;
The glory of the mid-day sun in red;
The orange of declining sun
Falling despondently into the frowning seas;
The wind, the air, the waters, the fire,
The sacred verses of the prophet seer
In them encapsulate: in their lines
And words the seed
Of hope from the despondent cry
From the pain and paralysis
The Poet-Seer suffered in the nursing-home:
The strange and raw verses cry and weep
Like to a bleeding heart in the nursing home.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sacrifice Is Sacrifice

For
Every sacrifice be
A sacrifice
The mother stood
Face upwards in the
Bed
Not answering my cries
My calls
And in that horror room of
Brimming sacrifice
The scent of formalin

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sacrifice Of Beauty

More exigent
Than the sacrifice of
Abraham
When after long years
Wasting for a child
He held his only Isaac
All his all
On the altar rough
And raised
The unwilling knife
Of broken heart
Then broke the heavens
And
There was Voice
With held the hand of
Such a sacrifice
Minerva and the Muse
Sweating pale-faced
Had witnessed fearful
The sacrifice to Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sails

The sails are not torn, but you
See
That they are tired and crest-fallen
You see, my Monsignor

The dusk has been beautiful
And so day's fading
But it was weak and
Unremarkable.

Still
The twilight ripples caught my eyes
Still
The last birds to their home trees
Flying caught my ears
Still
The bat shrieks even just begun
Were deafening
Still
Still
Still

I do not
Expect this night
To be a remarkable night
But just a night of stars
Of number relative
Of whiteness relative
Of burning relative
As other nights in
Other days.

The cold
Increasing and joining up
With red nosed frost
Increasing and increasing
Further
Up the walls of houses and
Of bastions

Still

It be candidate for the
Remarkable

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Same

The same
The same going
Round and round
And
The leaves of the
Calendar of life
Each day one leaf be
Torn
One leaf
Just one
But one from the calendar
Of life:
And
Thrown away
The torn leaf will not come
Back
Into the nirvana it has been
Sent:
No, no, it will not come back
And
There will be, just be
The same
The same going
Round and round
And
The leaves of the
Calendar of life
Each day one leaf be
Torn

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Same Going Round And Round

The same
Going round and round
Into the navel
Of the outraged Sound
The piers with painted
Lines
Were trembling
As the sea waves washed
Algae at their feet
For
It was dusk
Deep dusk
Beginning of the night
Beginning of first stars
A rare open window on the
Sea
And sad playing violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Satyrs

The satyrs
the satyrs
they become as human
they dress trousers
they dress stiff necks
they dress overcoats
and the rest
the satyrs have lust
ah! how it burns
them
the lust
the satyrs
the satyrs
they become as human
they dress trousers
they dress stiff necks
they dress overcoats
and the rest
at night
the satyrs rest not
though tired
they work
the machine of their
lust
and so
other satyrs:
yes, other satyrs
have to be born:
crescite et multiplicamini.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea

'the sea is empty'

'look! Look inside! '

It is a thirsty grave.

Beware!

It wills to be full now, my Monsignor.

It must fill.

Beware.

Its jaws are hungriest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Dark Bosom

The sea
Dark bosom
Without nipples
With the milk of
Stars
That drips on it
And

With the night
Dews

There, there
You have
As much of beauty
As there be
In dusk
In dawn, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Has Its Voice – Its Own Voice

The sea has its voice – its own voice
That tells of secrets and intrigues
And love and hate and fear and greed
All – all in its feeble language lapping
To the cool dances of the restless waves
To the gold rays of the strong mid-day Sun
To the dark awnings of the coming nights
The sea has its voice – its own voice:
That voice that in its crystalline sparkles spells
Indistinct humble mumble like the voice
Of a small child - and lapping
To the cool dances of the restless waves.
It dreams, it dreams, it dreams.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Has Roared Today

The sea has roared today
And
The sea has roared yester night
And
On its tree the owl has cried
The earth all restless
In a tempest lies
The caves and caverns
Hoot as well
The grass of green to a dark hue
And damp with magic dew
The sea has roared, has roared
Today.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Here Today

the
sea
here
today
it
has
the
scent
of
spearmint
rare
rare
rare
I
saw
fish
up
to
sea-bosom
with
electric
eyes
lighted
not
one
though
one
at
first
its
body
in
the
dark
silhouette
looked
as
a
skeleton

miniature
thrown
by
shrouds
into
the
sea
when
dusk
was
lowering
its
shades
of
red:
whatever
whenever
wherever
I
pine
I
pine
for
you
my
maiden
my
maiden
sweet
not
salty
is
the
sea
tonight
but
as
of
spearmint
it
tastes
Come!

Come!
tonight
my maid and love!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea How It Froths Slowly – As If

The sea how it froths slowly -- as if
By under-currents small relentless slow
It churns itself cooling itself afresh
To match with the new Dawn that looks in it
And with its golden locks falls in love

The sea how it froths slowly - and from
The sullen east a strange blue mist arises
To welcome the new Dawn and veil her limbs
Naked from bathing in the pleasant seas.

The sea how it froths slowly -- another day
To our earth is given; another chance;
Another leaf is cut from Nature's book.

Our civilization will rise to pollute once more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Is A Treasure, A Chest

The sea is a treasure, a chest
Of the wise lore that old owls have
And in this treasure-chest
There is a consolation for humanity
And
Site where the Earth wounds
Heal themselves in the airs of the
Long nights:
Where
The sea unfolds her treasures

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea Swishes

The sea swishes
Swishes
Swishes
Now it be blue
On rare striking of
Hours
It greenish turns
It has turned off
The tap of its salts away
Now
With fading of the day
Dresses slow
And majestic
The funereal garb
Of a departing dusk
Of coming night.
I heard a laugh
A greenish laugh
A sudden laugh
I hear from roof tops
A slow song and sensuous
I heard
I heard
And Dusk by now
Silhouetted by the Night:
Let me with the heavens
Let me with tears in my eyes
Looking all the night
And weeping slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Seas Ah! Those Liquid Waters Entomb

The seas ah! those liquid waters entomb
The water-wraiths in to their folds
And hide most of their shrieks and wild lament
Then
All the hidden rumblings burst at once but once
In one big eerie-weird nocturnal scream

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Seas In Port Valletta

The seas in Port Valletta

Here

At red dusk

Always pining lie.

And

With them humans

Gathering

In pining

Vie.

Whilst the last twilight

Trembling

Yields to creeping dark

Of night

And then

To sweet starlight

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Seasons Of The Mind More Fickle Are

The seasons of the mind more fickle are
Than fickle women:
A summer comes – all founts dry
And the hill springs dwindle into the hard rock
Baked by the relentless sun
And autumn cooler is - but blank
Its star-crossed gaze into the universe
Looks in the azure heavens to read their eyes
And feel the breathing of their bosoms bare:
And winter - ah! winter too
With its cold icicles
And hidden owls in frosty trees all white
Dour winter too is blank and numbing:
But ah! when green Spring comes
The hillsides gush;
The flowers blush
Sweet the rivers glide
And in the night
The starry skies make love.
And the mind-the mind it teems!

How cannot it teem my friend?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea-Wall

The Sea-Wall
Yes the Sea-Wall
It be cheeky!

It winks
Mischievous
And grey
And smiling

In its heart
Growls
All glowing
The angst of Being!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea-Wall Of The Moon

The Sea-Wall of the moon
The haunting cries
Of nightingales
The interruptions of
The owls
The trembling bough
And leaves
From the rare gust of chill
And wind
Wind in the lone night
That over the bastions
Clambers:
The Sea-Wall of the moon
It glistens
It yields hope
It waters the parched throat
And
In the night ghosts of cicadas
Dance
In long white robes
Egyptian style
And the rats hobble round
And hedgehogs somber
Play nocturnal orchestras

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sea-Waves How Much Will

The sea-waves how much will
They tell
For him who hears them
For him who goes by them
And it must be night
And it must be moon light
And you
You must hear the sea-waves
Whisper
Whisper
Whisper in your ear
And you will have the patience
To wait hearing till the Dawn
To wait in the frost if there
Be frost till the Dawn
To wait in the tempest if there
Be tempest till the Dawn
To wait in the wild gale if there
Be a wild gale to bear till the Dawn
I say
I assert the sea-waves will tell
The sea-waves will speak
The sea-waves how much will
They tell
For him who hears them
For him who goes by them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sequitur

The sequitur
Of
One
Word
To
Other
As
To
The
Beads
In the rosary
Makes
Night
And
Day
And
Day
And
Night
As
In
Proportion
To
Their
Continuity
Continuous

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sere Leaves

The
Sere
Leaves
Fall
The
Sere
Leaves
Fall
And
The
Nights
Come
And
The
Nights
Will
Come
Too
Cover
My
Ghostly
Mother
Cover
Me

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sheets Of My Verses

Ah! my Monsignor below
The sheets of my verses
Read, think and read
For thought is of the verses
And Night is of their culture
And emotions there be
Synthesized and melt
In the foundry of the brain.
And the glow of sleepy
Cemeteries betrays
That they too are
As of the verses.
So the Poet Seer viewing
This; his power realizes
Sings more and more
And verses line the murals
Of the immense heavens
Though
The throat of the Poet Seer
Grows dry as he goes on
However bravely at a point
His elongated verses
Stop to rest.
Think, my Monsignor, think
Think.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Shepherd

The shepherd cries:
Night!
His sheep bleat and
then cease.

But
dry and parched
the throat of the
benighted shepherd.

Yet
with brimming eyes
he watches
still
into the face of the heavens
white with stars and
moon
till whiter it grows with
the lights of Dawn
the rustling twigs and
branches
birds that start to try
their voice
and the dry and parched
shepherd
remains there
still there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Short Gnome

The short gnome of the night how fast
It leaps!

And night after night pass, pass, pass
In the dark spells

And mists of hope in Ages nocturnal
Turn

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Short Path

The short path
To the sea

Hewn in the rock
And
Slippery

White rocks hideous
Heights
Around

Below the pitch black
Of depth of
The sea

Ah! how
That sea rages in nights
Rare
Of spell and gales

Then spumes abound
But then
No sea gulls fly

Night has its world
No less than day
No less.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Shroud From Its Nostrils

The Shroud from its nostrils
Exhales
The last gasp breath of the
Burning beach-sun
At Porto Ercole:
Though that was morning
And the sun was beating
Beating
Yet
The exhalation of the Shroud
Was at night on the beach
On Porto Ercole

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Shrouds Danced All

The shrouds danced all
around
around, around they danced

and danced in their wild trance
for mid-night had now struck
vibrated the earth-land!

and round and round giddying
they danced and danced
and round the mirrors turned

for at their will all fairy-style
the shrouds will mirrors of gold
and round and round they were

and round and round giddying
they danced and danced
and round the mirrors turned

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Shutter

The shutter
the shutter on
the hot temperatures
must come down
about
twenty or more
days
remain
five hundred to
seven hundred hours.

then
will begin the human way
towards the first chill
the first sere leaf
the first cracking bough
the bending tree
the iron wood drenched
in a wild night's passion
floods in streets nocturnal
where ghosts and shrouds
wade
in their journeying
nocturnal
over mother Earth:
their laments as one cloud
one flame
arise.

Ahi! those and these be
the symbols of the Sub-Conscious
reign
that so akin to night
and to its silent sounds
voyages and thrives:
the seconds you must hear
one by one
in to the depth of your
Inner Soul

in to the depth of Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sick Wind Moans, Moans The Sick Wind

The sick wind moans, moans the sick wind
There mystery lies in its every moan:
It tells all and nothing yet it tells
How careful hides it the secret in its breast.

The old oak hears the sick wind
And hearing it understands its own
And weeps the old oak without a cry.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Silence Of A Room

The silence of a room
A single room
Waters and rivers
Of silence
Flowing.

Drops of languor
Falling
Falling
From the tap of
The drear ceiling

And yet
In that room of rooms
Was born
Novel after novel
Breeding

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Skeleton

The skeleton
In the tall corridor
Knocked his glass
Half emptied
Against the wall.

The spider woke
This night
In the summer
Sweat and
Heat.

Long the bony
Finger
Fish-bone of magic
Witches' brew
And out.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Skeleton Moved Its Bones

The skeleton moved its bones
creaking
sighing without lungs its
peace was seeking

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Skies All Leaden Eyed And Taciturn

The skies all leaden-eyed and taciturn
Have decked their winter garb
And with abuse of their authority
The May day into a winter day changeth.

How still the wind like to winnowing Spring
How hot the temperature – without thunder
The drizzly rain-drops fall in a brief shower.

And Dawn has gone down fast the Nix Mangiari steps.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sliding Way

Down

Down

Down

A tycoon with cigar in mouth

Found himself on

The Sliding Way:

Ice with a minimum percentage of

Friction:

So he slid, slid,

Slid

'No, no!' he shouted

Shouted angrily

'No'

In vain

He slid

And slid

And slid

Down the Sliding Way

Remorselessly.

Then

There followed

Hand in hand

A Prime Minister and a President

Aghast they looked

As they slid

Slid

Slid

Down the Sliding Way

'We command! , ' each said

'Stop! Bring the men! '

A gust of frost wheezed in

Their mouth

And how they sneezed

Sneezed

Down

Down

The Sliding Way

Remorselessly

Ah! my friends! My Monsignor!

All we slide down

Down the Sliding Way

Resistless, as

In the anesthesia of Time,

A Cherub too came the Way

He slid

And slid

And slid

The same:

But at he smiled

The other frowned

The Cherub slid

And as he slid

Smiling

He saw a man of poverty

A man of misery

Took him by the hand

The sliding way:

Together went they

The Sliding Way:

At last the end of misery

At last the end of poverty!

All smiled

And all went

Went down

Down

Down the Sliding Way!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Slow Whispering

The slow whispering
The low praying
Of the beady anchorite
Sad and lowly and trite
A womb in a tomb
But too much for its
Birth:
Thoughts confined in zinc
Too much
Too much

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Smell Of Violets, The Sweet Scent

The smell of violets, the sweet scent
of oats and burning chestnuts

the rugged field stones and the dews of
night on the damp soil

and the road that to the wide Ocean sea
leads through the country and the red
soil

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Snake

As
The
Snake
The
Woman
Bound
Herself
Turned
Round
And
Round
'But
Said
My Monsignor
'after all
Beauty matters'

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Snow Flakes Fall

The snow flakes fall
The waters dance
The winter is in thrall
The houses huddle
The houses sleep
And the Sub-Conscious warms
And eager brains it fills
The lightning by the thunder
Stays and
Walk both hand in hand
The wind plays violin

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Snow Is Far Away

the snow is far away
ah! the rains too
the drizzles also
how much then be winter
far away
if Autumn has not begun:
two days more
few ten hours of hours
and Autumn will
begin
but not the Winter
still to go

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Snow Thaws And Hardens But Ah!

The snow thaws and hardens but ah!
the cold in my soul hurts

the snows and frost and hardened ice
hurt the blood and flesh

yet midst these ravages the kind look
just one look
of the Muse to new warmth
my heart ensnares!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sociology

The sociology

The laws

Must

Obey

The voice

Of

Peoples

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Song Of The Free

The song of the free
Ah! how many obstacles
You saw in History
And History in you!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Songs That Chant

'I' the verses, the songs, the chant

the lyre that sings, the harp nobly
drawn

the notes lurid and noble through the
halls of kings and emperors
ringing

I am the dancing animals in zoos

I am the I of so many verses

I am not only for to-day but for
the future

I am the Spirit that unlocks doors and
cells

frees minds and bodies
gives rest to the pains
pulls out the conscious brains
replace by the sub-conscious grey
and white

I am who clone humans from skeletons
and tombs

I am who blows life in all kinds of
wombs

I, with me, children will be born
I, with me, children healthy be
and live

I am, I am who do all this and more

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Soul Slept

slept that day's beginning
slept that Dawn
the Inner Soul on the sea-bosom
azure and slow
in that chill early morn
of wild November

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sounds Of Beauty In The Dusk

The sounds of beauty
In the dusk
They flourish
The horses of
The flying manes
They go
Straight as arrows in
The moon-lit fields
And dusty
Ways of
Countryside
The sounds of beauty
Ah! my Monsignor!
The sounds of beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spells Of Witchery

Into the waters
The spells of witchery
Go round
And round
Vapors azure
Trembling.

Smoke azure
Tapering
And then unfolding
Tapering
And the unfolding

Into the waters
The spells of witchery
Go round
And round
Vapors azure
Trembling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spider

The spider on the wall
It rang apiece
It rang down
Curtains for all
Human descent
So those who had
Human descent
Even so large and multiplied
And those who had not
Equal lay
In the long last.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spirit Of A Child

'I
The Spirit of a Child
with eyes all
crystalline
blue, green and brown
colors
that change
as changes chameleon.

I
Spirit that grows
as the dusk reveries
more
in to mournful night
my Spirit grows

I am the Child of Night
though I wander the
day
yet
Night my element.

Bring me
bring me to the lake's
moon-glistening edge
there to see
my reflection
the face of youth
and child
the Spirit of a Child.

Ah! centuries pass
and
History works humans
round and round
as baker does to
dough:
her snares

Power and Glory and
Fame too:
but upon us
we
Spirits no,
History works not
Nor will.

Slow the ages pass
for me
have passed
the centuries
one after the other
more so
have passed the years
one after yet another.

And
I still wander
Still wander Earth
by day mostly
and settle in the Night
to think speak ruminant.

My Programme rote
yet every hour surprises
We
Spirits
I
Spirit of a Child
For
I
The Spirit of a Child
with eyes all
crystalline
blue, green and brown
colors
that change
as changes chameleon'.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spirit Of A Child 2

Dim
Earthy
Voice
Nasal
Small
The Spirit of a Child!

With us
Over us
In us
It was
It be
It will
The Spirit of a Child!

To wisdom near
To
Peace
Betrothed
A different
Earth
A different
Civilization
Wisdom and peace
Quiet and humility
Without
glory
powerless
the Spirit of a Child!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spirits Whispered

The Spirits

They whispered in the ears

They whispered

To the eyes

They whispered

To the Soul

They whispered

In the dreams

They entered

The sub-conscious

As it flowed in its stream.

The Spirits

They whispered in the ears

They whispered

To the eyes

They whispered

To the Soul

They whispered

In the dreams

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Spirit-World

The Spirit-World as a buzz of
Bees or gnats
Together traveled
Over the silent
Rhine

Scented the grape yards.
Silhouetted dark the towers
And the spires.

The water chuckled.
The freshets by the bank
The edge of the river
Went
Marched and paraded:
Above
The Spirit-World in the center
Moved.

Violins sad at rough intervals
Sang music to the beauty
Of the brains.

O! for these nights
Amidst the scents and sounds
Though sadness and solitude
Run silent over all
No, the Dawn will be welcome
Too
As welcome as the night
And more

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sputum Of The Stars Like A White Mist

The sputum of the stars like a white mist
Cloudy veil-like semi-transparent lucid
And moving fast nay faster than the clouds
When they soar giddy over Everest.

The sputum of the stars how acid is
And trickles burning fuming smoking
Down Saint Anne's Way all seminal
The sputum of the stars the seed of life.

The sputum of the stars fell down to earth
And boiled and mixed and turned and changes
More acid grew, more boisterous
The sputum of the stars, the seed of life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stairs To Heaven

The stairs to heaven
They ever ascend
They never cease
They ever go
At distance
Equal and unequal
But right
For every foot-step.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stakes Are High To-Night

The stakes are high to-night
The moon was red
Though
To familiar white
Returning
And
In the alley and
Strait street
Off the end of
Saint Paul's Street
Sings silent
The music of the night
Baroque airy pianos
Of the roaming ghosts
And bone-clad skeletons
In the alley
And
In the street
This night
Just

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stars Are Blue Tonight

And sweet
The heavens
Have imposed
Their morning imprint
And night becomes the mirror of the day

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stars Were Rolling

The stars were rolling
As the waves of seas
That night overtakes
Bewitches with his spells
O this night be a night
Of spells and magic
Hear the breeze herself
She sings verses tragic
For the consummate delight
Of stars of the white light
Of fauns and nymphs dancing
Dancing on the green lawn bright
The stars were rolling

A night as this
Fit for his Sophocles and his harp
For Homer and his lyre
Fit by the roar of the Aegean
As the waves of seas
That night overtakes
Bewitches with his spells
O this night be a night
Of spells and magic
Hear the breeze herself
She sings verses tragic
For the consummate delight
Of stars of the white light
Of fauns and nymphs dancing
Dancing on the green lawn bright
The stars were rolling

We must not tell, we must
Not tell
What we saw in the night
To-night
The stars shone blinding bright
At times
At times
They somewhat fainted

Into the azure black curtain
That Night himself had painted
For
As the waves of seas
That night overtakes
Bewitches with his spells
O this night be a night
Of spells and magic
Hear the breeze herself
She sings verses tragic
For the consummate delight
Of stars of the white light
Of fauns and nymphs dancing
Dancing on the green lawn bright
The stars were rolling

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Statue Of Wax

trembled

trembled

alone in a non-frosty night

yet past midnight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Storm

Ah! The storm it ends not to-night
To-night a winter night
The storm is lustful:
Wants more,
The more the chill and frost
The more savage it prowls:
The towns and cities sleep
White-faced and scared
Through trembling neon lights
And wind-clanking lamp
Lamp-posts that vibrate as the Earth
Trembling and fearing

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Storm-Child

The Storm-Child

The storm-child ah! she wandereth

Alone

Alone

Along the dark wood she wandereth

And the thunder lights above

With iron fist and clapping

And the rains downpour full

And the leaves drip

The leaves of the wild wood

But, yet, the Storm-Child

Goes

Goes on her way and

Wandereth:

Over the muddy ground

She wandereth:

The storm and tempest

Come and go:

And the Storm-Child

The child of the big eyes

That are as lakes

Ah! the Storm Child wandereth

But this tempest will not go

Nor will this chill go

Nor the frost gelid go

And the trees startle with

The drippings of the icicles

But, yet,

The Storm-Child goes

On and on she goes

She wandereth

I too, we too, my friend
As the Storm-Child we wander:
And I too, we too, my friend
Are in the eye of storms and
Tempests every day:
All time
All place
And yet, and but,
As the Storm-Child on and on and on
we wander.

Ah! let the tempests and the storms
Roar
They will not stop to-day
To-night
Yet, but the Storm-Child still
Wandereth:
And the Dawn though it be risen
It be grey and dark and bleak
And mute of bird songs and of
Sounds
And yet the Storm-Child
Wandereth

One time, one day,
Persistence pays,
Patience pays,
For
Then the Dawn
Will not be as the Dawns
That went before:
And the Storm-Child will lay
Herself out of her will
Amidst the leaves and
Move not
And the birds and the wood-animals
The plants
Will cluster round

Round the Storm-Child that
She wandereth

One time, one day,
Persistence pays,
Patience pays,
For
Then the Dawn
Will not be as the Dawns
That went before:
And I and you
As the Storm-Child will lay
Ourselves out of our will
Amidst the leaves and
Move not
And the birds and the wood-animals
The plants
Will cluster round
Round me, round you
As the Storm-Child that
She wandereth

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Story Bumps

Slow

Slow

The story bumps

Slow.

Here and there

Diadems fly.

The diadems fly

The heavens

Slow

Slow

Yet

Unsupported slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stream Gurgles

The stream gurgles of
The dusk.

The dusk heard though
It was sunset.

And in the pining day
The red dusk came.

Came strutting along
The dusk.

The dusk came and pined
And
The stream that gurgled
Was happy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Stress

That you on fire put
That stress
Will grow and grow
Has grown
Has grown
See my trembling hands
And see
Where I and dust together have arrived.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sun Around Her Views All Orbiting

The sun around her views all orbiting
The various planets of our system
Made. To-night
They will be orbiting
And we
On our side of the earth see the stars
The others see a view different:
But so phenomena work
So the Principles of the mass universe
Though relative to proportion bend
Their knees, always propense.

We
We humans, as we are, to-day
Consider ourselves as the evolved
Of the past days, and better,
Higher to the clouds and
Heavens, higher to Jove
And the Olympian Gods,
More fit than previous centuries
To be
Nearer the tables of the God themselves.
We
We humans consider so, so ourselves.

Amidst this earth rise high in glory
And pleasant living the rich and
Powerful: for them suffering is
Relative. The rest of the human herd
Is bound to suffering; for it
Days are always of black nights
And no new dawn
Arises on horizons in each day:
But the same grueling dark of night
And sufferings.

Is this great gods, Justice?
We,
We boasters of democracy, of
Order international, law international
Allow all this: we know, know well
For our means of knowledge are
Refined more than in other days:
Yet, we, the self-named sons of
Democracy allow all this and pass
And smile.

So bound in this evolution of ours
We tie chains international
Now
Now yes, not just in States
Isolated here and there and
Interspersed with small areas
Where freedom at least relative still
Reigns.

Now
In the dwindling light of the old
Ancient stars we lurk
With ghosts and shrouds and
Better do, if we with them
At least our souls arise
With them lament and roam
About the streets and cities
At night.
Then sleep in our cozy beds
And dream and smile.

You see, my Monsignor,
There is but little, little,
And that relative, to smile.
Our civilizations grow and yet is
Stale somewhere.
O cut the chains!
The glittering blindness of gold

And wealth and lands and power
Wise human forego:
Arise! With evolution to these
Limits too.

And you,
And you,
You, my mother, who passed
The last days breathing,
Nay last years,
Here in poverty's miseries
And
In the throes of saintly sufferings
In you
Mother I see how should heal,
The medicine for our earth is
But
In your last years breathing here:
O human be advised and wisdom hear.

The ghosts lament and the shrouds
Too lament
In their own language
And in any case
Their lament is so low
So like bird humming:
Wise Poet-Seers will indicate
What lament ghosts and shrouds
Nocturnal make of late.

We are fallen too low,
Relatively,
Or put in as in other words
Not raised so high as we
Picture ourselves in our revelry
That we in evolution move so fast:
The first of lesson be more humble
Too; the next more earnest; then
Shed all

The chains of power and wealth and
Steel your souls with ancient virtue
Such as Rome and Greece
In their own days heroic demonstrate:
Then
Humans going back that way,
We forward go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sun Be Out

The sun be out
Yet in the air
There's scent of drear
Yet in the day
There's not the gay
But sad and sad

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sun To-Day Is Smiling

The sun to-day is smiling
From behind its armor
Temperature-proof and
Legendary more
Than Hercules and his Seven Labors.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Swan-Song On The Waters Floated

The swan-song on the waters floated, yet
There were no swans

Green-eyed the shrubbery around, all moist and
Damp

'Ok' said the goblin and he leapt into the waters
Swam under the night moon

Along the shore how many, how many, sacred
Ancestors queued!

Yet our population was their population though
Diminished, less

They lisped rather than talked and less than
Whispered

Yet in their communal prayer communication
They lifted
A plaint that went up absorbed in the high heavens

There dissolved and mixed with those immensities
Themselves

Rattled and shifted in mixing, became one with them,
With the high heavens immense.

Of earthly emotions there was dour suspension;
The doors were closed for Sovereign Night had
Come

And still grew the queue that ceased not, that of
Ancient ancestors

Along the shore of spells how many, many, more
Came all the time!

The Angel on his harp with servant seraphs,

Strung notes solemn verses epic and noble

For in that moment those verses were the verses.

The night rained its night-dews the same, slow and
Steadily.

Then as the night deepened the spells transfigured and
Transformed to mists of rainbow hues

Yet in the distant kilometers shone the mists as white
For the night still
Rained slow and weeping its serene night-dews.

The yolk of egg, the crown of white lilled beauties
Floating
Through those dense misted reigns they marched
Over the waters to the tune of music
And stringing of a million violins
From all sides of the waters' edges all around.

Thus proceeded forth the demure maidens over
The growing frost
They tiptoed light, so light, on the sea-bosom,
And floated sighing by the water lilies.

Fragments all these, yet together gathered,
They shape an Orchestra of Night still
In the shaping.

You will stop at a fragment now, they have been
Several
And still the shaping of a structure still
Not complete and never to be complete
In evolution continues yet
On the other side a percentage of it stays
A structure rudimental, but a structure.

Thus we, we humans; thus with our lives incomplete
And with what we accomplish incomplete
However brilliant, however our sacrifices,
However our toils till in deep midnight.

Evolution ensures no satisfaction, that from
Completeness comes.

The silent skeleton always rattles with desires
Plans thoughts and fires
That were to be accomplished yet were not
Accomplished.

Even so, let us the silent skeleton take as our master
Even as we breathe
He is the epitome relative of ruthless ever-going Evolution
Let so be so.

And now
The sounds of violins lessen, lessen, lessen,
Evaporate the mists, fade the long queues
That loaded all the edges of the waters,
And all the other things we sang of now,
They faded slow yet fast as the grains slip
From under the hands of our stunned faces.

The Dawn advances soon it will be here.
Another day, another cycle
Yet another fading
Another night as the above in making
In birth of Dawn next night be in the making

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sweet Coffin

The sweet coffin
Round
Go round
Without a sound.

Bare is the night
Frowning starlight
A small rill growls
On trees wise owls

And on the sea
Spirits swift flow
Shades of the past
Sad shades
More sad will grow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Sweet Curse

The sweet curse of
The night
Hung on
The walls
Round the Olympian
Table
Before
The Olympian banquet.

Torches flared
Voluptuous and immense
Immense and beautiful
Stress but in beauty
And sensuality
Of voluptuousness nocturnal
And
Thought upon thought
Carnal.

Aye! The gods of old
Humans be and we
Humans be ancient gods
We at our sole will
sung about
And versified
In hall of king
And emperor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tagus

The Tagus dances on the golden
Vapors

The Tagus dances on the red of
Dusk

The Tagus dances on the
mirror of
sleeping
Stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tanks Of Time

The tanks of time

In Youth

Ah! in Youth we care not

For in the mists of beauty are they masked

But still trudge, trudge, trudge

Trudge all the same:

Yet

In ripening of age and years

Clear the mists of beauty that were masks

And peeled the vision, the tanks of time

Reveals

Trudging, trudging, trudging ruthlessly,

With the ruthless turns of the wheels of time

Without a pity, and without a wait

Trudging, trudging, trudging ruthlessly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Teacher

Stood
Up
The teacher
Asking:
Procrastination
Be
The
Seed
Of
Laziness
Or
Giving
Sleep
And
Oxygen
Results
In
An
Awakening
To genius?

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tempests

The sea is calm
The tempests went
That tore and ripped
The fort ago.

Yet
Though and all
Albeit
With heavy heart
All linger I.

Though sea be calm
Though tempests went
More tired roam
More drowsy-spent
More lost
Directionless
More drowning in the
Vats of cruel disappointments:
Though sea be calm
Though tempests went

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Theme Recurs

The theme recurs just
As the donkey round
The water-mill
Ixion in punishment:
Drear was
Drear is and
Drear will be:
Motion that was
Motion that is
Motion that will be
But ah! time is the succession
Of that motion:
Directly proportional thereto
Equivalent
And drear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Thought Deepens

The thought deepens, deepens,
Heavy,
More heavier
Grows
And rattling.

The brain
Under the stress works
Labors in hammering

The Inner Soul is quiet
Speaks not
Thinks most
And more
And more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Thought The Soul

The
Verse
The
Line
The
Thought
The
Soul
Emotion
Calmed
Yet
Ticking
Ticking
But
Ah!
The
Brain
Ticks
More
Ticks
More!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Thunder Goes

As where
The thunder goes
And flares
Take me
Take me
The gardens
Right below are on
Fire:
The trees are pyres of
Dense smokes
The flower-beds the crypts
Of mists that lower to
The ground:
For it be Dawn
Rough fellows pass
As figures to and
Fro
Restless
Restless as the crowds
Restless as the earth
Where trudge the crowds:
There
There verses go
My friend, and rule.
And you
Getting on their back
Will rule too with
Them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time

The time
How passes it!
How fell
And bent
Our House!

So noble
And so great
And yet
So humbled
In the dust!

The last scene
Of last act
I wait
For
The time
How passes it!
How fell
And bent
Our House!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time For You

The time for you

Was set

I set.

But

Now

Today

You exceeded

Time

And

Time exceed you

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time Is Come

The time is come.
The time is come
To lay my magic wand
To rise and take
Off my gold crown
The time is come.

Ay! Ay! Now I
Am enough honest
For me comes
The withered hand of Age
The dark of Night
Follows the reddening dusk
And paints with black
The azure eye-lids of the dreaming skies.

The time is come.

Already hear I
The seething sea
In one vast ocean surge coming and going
And on the heights
The light-house turns and turns
Over the dark sea-waves it turns and turns.

And in the soul
The longing and the yearning now
More, more than ever grow:
The breezes turn and come
Unceasing is their flow
The insensate sub-conscious
Switches its magic wand, turns on its switch
The breezes turn and come
And I
I
Dream restless with my open eyes
No longer the dark night
Will see my face be dark with sadness
Nor fear pale my cheeks

Nor ill or thought
Will longer throb my heart:

But now
In the long night I sail voyage begun
On the long rolling ocean and the breeze
Fans continues my insensate dream.

And travel I and yet still think me stopped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time Is Come Dawn

The time is come
dawn
has arisen
the light to Earth
is come!
and
through the glooms
I saw Night wending slow
with a bent head

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time Is Come, The Time Is Come

The time is come, the time is come
And in to port victorious our ship sails
The waters green have silenced their hoarse roar
The skies no longer frown by great Jove pacified
And by Phoebus' golden mane full beautified:
Cast the oars! Cast the oars!
The haven is now found, the voyage stopped,
The guerdon got, the workman to his home
Now in full happiness to rest returns:
And the weary soldier to the welcome hearth
We sailors of the world to land return:
Cast the oars! Cast the oars!
The waters lap in coolness by the shade
Of the new-coming russet dusk
The night is still away.
Yon, yon the hill a welcome beacon burns
And there we'll go to home and to the hearth
To a warm plate amidst the children's leaps
And the soft night by crackling fires cheered.

We are arrived my friends, we are arrived.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Time Is Passing

The time is passing
And
The mood is dancing
And
The nymphs are singing
In
Transparent veils
Turning
Ah! glorious youth
Time that passes
Music that dances
Waters play violins

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Times Have Passed

The times have
Passed
And ages
Have grown
Wise yes
But old
Older
The machine has
Rusted
Somewhat.

Ah! in
The circles of living
We bask
In to the glorious suns
Of youth
Then
Imperceptible
We slide
We slide
We fall
Fall down
Slowly
Slowly
As age
Rises
As the dusk
Reddens
As the head
Bends down
And
Looks to earth
Slow walking
Walking

In to age
Drifting
The younger generation
Takes over

Slow and irresistible
Slow
Slow and unperceivable
Slow
Slow
The ageing fall by the
Way
One by one
We
We too, my Monsignor,
We too
Are with those
Who fall
One by one
One after the other
We, too,
We, too, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Times Will Come

The
Times
Will
Come
The
Times
Will
Go
And
Season
After
Season
Cycle
After
Cycle
Thrive:
The
Heart
Beating
And
Red
Throbs
So!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Title Set The Verses; Then They Followed

The title set the verses; the soul started
Singing

Then the verses followed:

The Title is a Master of the Orchestra

Consider it not verse in itself

But Master of the Orchestra

Of verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tombs Erect

The tombs erect
suddenly stood up
that was a rare right
and a rare
cemetery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tongue Of The Serpent

The tongue of
The serpent
Sung
Silvery in the
Moon lit glooms
For it was dark and
Sad.

Beauty hobbled
Yet
Always on
Its feet.

Romantic even in
The sadism of a
Winter-storm
The night lamps trembled
Bravely
Bravely on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Torrent Burst

The torrent burst
in the night -
a vein of night?
and
in the dawn
it had spread yet
so much
that dawn be fresh.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tortous Lightings

The tortous lightings that
Light in my mind-brain
Are saddened by you
Mother.

In the womb of thought
And
In the womb of enunciation
Principles boil in to
The forge of suffering.

And suffering be
Directly proportional to
Saddening.

Sad, sad, sad
Mother.

The tortous lightings that
Light in my mind-brain
Are saddened by you
Mother.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Towers Bulging Out

The towers bulging out
Ah! they did so
At night
When spirits and demons
Let loose from graves
Roamed around and around and
There
They made their wild
Laments
Processions with
Flambeaux
And bones that walked
And marched
In skeletons.

Around the towers
Mud
Green and murky
Turned
And
In that mud
Millions of hostile
Germs
Hostile above all
And
Most to humanity

And
Stinking
Stinking
In that vapory dream
Of mists and twisted
Thoughts:
And
The deep heat of
The ghost night
Albeit around the cemetery
Corners
Lurked and turned

The chill of winds.
And
Hidden in night darkening
Mantle
Unseen
The curious Dawn watched all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Town Never Stirred

In the whole night
The town never stirred
No, no even once
But as in a coma
Slept
But as in a coma
Dreamed.

Nor the lightning
Nor the tempests
Of rainy
The howling of the gales
The cracks of thunder
Woke the town from
Coma.

For
The sub-conscious from
Dusk onwards
So had took over the
Whole town
It was one whole
Big brain
In all hands

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Trash Of Life Was Slow

The trash of life was slow
As through clotted arteries and
Veins
Slow moving
Sinister
And dark as Styx.

They told me that
Nowadays
There were children
Who loved the Gothic
Horrible:
Let them then
Be on their way to Poet Seer
Deep thinkers sad
Profound
But beware of other roads
That be.

In life
As yet
We be at liberty
To take the road we will:
But
Some friendly advice
In the receptive ears
Whispered
Would do things nice.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tree Of Days

The tree of days
One after one
As in a rosary lies
And grows

In growth no check
At night the dews
Will bless and fall
And add to magic thrall

Ah! life! Ah! life!
That as the grains of sand
Passes through fingers
And all we leave
And children verse and land.

Let land go
Children and verse
Remain:
Let them not compete
But be the twain.

And day after day
The tree of days
With life grows
On its way.

The nights destroy it not
But make nightingales
Assuage her soul
And owls their wisdom
Pour.

The day bear on it
Poor tree! It waits and
Yearns for night and sighs
Till the first curtain of dark and
White stars lights.

The Inner Soul of us
Are one
Just one with
The tree of days:
And with joy
On rare occasions
And so often sorrow
Through all the day
Wishing a newer morrow
That in turn to the same
Or worse turns history

For
The tree of days
One after one
As in a rosary lies
And grows

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Trees Whisper

Under
The
Stars
The
Trees
Whisper
Amorous
Tree
To
Tree
A
Whole
Wood
Whispering
Amorously
There
Be
No
Sun
But
Only
Reign
Of
Moon
And
Night stars
Yet
Whisper
Whisper
The trees
Amorously

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Tricks Of Life

The tricks of life have
The propensity to facilitate knowledge.

If life had feet
It would have propensity to move
Away from Earth,

Feel better to see others
Better.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Twilight

The twilight
Trembling
Trembling
That
Was
Just our fare
For
The
Night
The rest was cold
Outside
Inside
The
Hunger
Gnawed
But
More
The
Sadness
For what the beauty of the stars
That peeped?
And of the moon?
No, no, only sadness
And
The frost
The chill
The iron first
Of
Suffering
These
Were
The
Notes
That
Came
Jarred
Broken
From
That

Deep
Sadness:
And
Night
Taking
Pity strayed its clouds
Over the heavens
Immense
Of
The cold
And sweat of the blood passion

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Usual Rote Of Sadness

The
Usual rote
Of sadness

The usual night
Of stars

The usual night
Of silence

The usual tiredness

The usual mind-beckoning
To rest and sigh

The usual drear of
Night
In
The increase of dejection

Day and
Night
And
Night and
Day
I move to the
Edge
The cliff edge
Beckons.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses As Humans After A While

In their proud – justly so – state
And first more recognition demand
Then next a higher recognition on
Their feet they walk as does the Poet Seer
Who fathered them. Then they on sudden
Plot and conspire long on long deserted plains
In secret caves and coves, not by the sea,
Then from their plotting and their whispering
A plan hatching; they in sacred revolt arise
As humans do to liberate themselves to free.
And though they add not to the original state
Of resplendence relative yet they
From their father Poet Seer decree independence.

O! what an Earth! Those to whom we give birth
Become our pirates often, often so:
We that we weaned in joy and treasuring
We that pined when we saw them sick
Protected them when in danger to preserve
To the last iota every line of them:
Yet see, how often occurs then
They rise, set themselves free in sovereign
Solitary haughty independence
And we, their bearers and their makers
Treat with cold reserved independence.
As so many children, yet, on raising
Families, that in themselves detach,
Axe and sub-divide the parent families.

From long,
From long when Jove against great
Saturn rose, and him placed
In a miserable exile from his status
Great:
Replace a dynasty by new dynasty
Family that spring another
Replaces by new family
The same,
The same,

The same.

O! what an Earth! Those to whom we give birth
Become our pirates often, often so:
We that we weaned in joy and treasuring
We that pined when we saw them sick
Protected them when in danger to preserve
To the last iota every line of them:
Yet see, how often occurs then
They rise, set themselves free in sovereign
Solitary haughty independence
And we, their bearers and their makers
Treat with cold reserved independence.
As so many children, yet, on raising
Families, that in themselves detach,
Axe and sub-divide the parent families.

Speak to me often!
I, parent
Feel abandoned:
The verses have independence
That most like to indifference
Speak to me often!

O! what an Earth! Those to whom we give birth
Become our pirates often, often so:
We that we weaned in joy and treasuring
We that pined when we saw them sick
Protected them when in danger to preserve
To the last iota every line of them:
Yet see, how often occurs then
They rise, set themselves free in sovereign
Solitary haughty independence
And we, their bearers and their makers
Treat with cold reserved independence.
As so many children, yet, on raising
Families, that in themselves detach,
Axe and sub-divide the parent families.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Ended

Abrupt

Abrupt

The verses ended

For the trembling

In the lyre's heart

Had ended:

What ravished magic rose

At the first strike

Now's faded

And the Poet Seer's voice

Is hoarse and jaded

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Rest Their Head Strong

The
Verses
Rest
Their
Head
Strong
And
Stubborn
In
There
Garden
Of
Enchantment
There
Beauty
Visits
On
Rare
Nights
To
view
from
time
to
time
The
Collected
Verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Short

Short, short my Monsignor

The verses short
Direct and arrow-like my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Slow And Sultry Now

The verses slow and sultry now
Move as half opened lips
Parched throats, faces of white,
Fear entrenched where soldiers
Thrived in channels, in tunnels,
And in trenches
The night had been there and a
Passer-by half-drunk with
Absinthe had spotted some white
Into an otherwise dark relative
Starless night that slipped
Oily to a shore where waited
Slowly a rats, three hedgehogs,
Eight flowers that rose their
Heads from the torpor of a waning
Dusk
A surfeiting it was that waned them all.
Round after round of poisoned yew dew
Drank in the Tavern below Olympus
The night, one after one, he drank them
In a gourd from broken coconuts:
That had in them the incantations of
A witches' night:
That had in them the seed of murky
Mists and yellow perilous fright:
The verses slow and sultry now
Move as half opened lips
Parched throats, faces of white,
Fear entrenched where soldiers
Thrived in channels, in tunnels,
And in trenches

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Splash The Computer.

The verses splash the computer.
The keyboard ticks.
Midnight approaches
And
With it
The new day.

New day!
Day past your birth day
Mother!

A birthday not as the last
Birthday:
Hoar and white
You lie in the sad earth

Over you the charnel stones
Above the mourning chill
The cemetery trees.

And here my broken heart.
O mother!
Mother of a broken Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses Stared At Us

The verses stared at us

Blinking

How long

How long

To wait

Look at the walls

Around

I make mistakes

So often

So often found

With my back to the wall

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Verses That Remain

The verses that remain
Remain.

The airplane is falling to its destined crush
Already
You can hear 'Save! Save! Save! '

The thin white hair that suspends me
That thin white hair
Cries out as it lower sinks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Vesper Song

There
The vesper song
The vesper chant
That
With wind goes
Along
A
Whole fairy
Throng
One after
The other
As shadows
Swift and grey
Pass
And re-pass
The chill winds of the
Night
Blow fast
Blow light
In to the face and under
Star lit domes
For
Dawn be still far away
Quite far away!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Vessel Sails

Departed
The vessel sails
See we are passing
By the small island,
The channel.

Wind in the face
Blue in the eyes
Of sea and green
Of fantasy.

Heaving and trembling
Fear and stress
Angst and drear
Conscious conscience
Sweating

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Vinegar Of Life Touches All Of Us

The vinegar of life touches all of
us

And all of us drink, drink, the cup
that is offered us to the rim or
almost, not much willingly

Yet when we leave the upper earth to
nether earth we leave the phenomena
we did on upper earth

Those phenomena are as of all of us,
we on upper earth

And therefore let us those below on
nether earth, reverse

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Violin Played

And
The violin played
And
It was slow
And
The violin sung
And
It swayed
The sad emotions
To ever sadder
Depths
Below
Yet
In
This sweet sinking
There was a subdued pleasure
Thinking

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Violin Plays

The violin plays
In to two directions
Opposite
It plays as
A minimum:
Ah! see the opposites
Co-exist both
Stand
Both be, and relative.
And the music be
The offspring of both

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Violins Play

And the vessels
Sweet dance
See
See
They have grown little feet
And
The vessels dance
And
The vessels dance

Awhile
The rhythm plays
One
Unmistakable
And the violins play
And the violins play

And as paper boats
That on the waters
Float
Leaning
Leaning
Now here
Now there
A thunder flash
So rare!
And then drizzles of rain
Sweet
They fit dance to an Irish
Jig
But above all
There be one sweet song
One sweet Voice
And the violins play
And the violins play

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Violins Sing

Dance!
Jump!
Jump!
You jumped from the sick bed
And heard the music
And the violins sing

In the distance now
More distant
Ever
The violins play
The violins ring
In the distance now
More distant
Ever
More distant
Play and sing!

Dance!
Jump!
Jump!
You jumped from the sick bed
And heard the music
And the violins sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Visit To The Countryside

The visit to the countryside
I liked
Passed by the humming electric wires
The humming bees of night
My desire cosmic turned
With every step I made
And of the stars
And of the moon
My mind thought far
And burned
And on and on
Continued I
Pace after pace
The country through the night
Without a drop of sleep, I,
Pace after pace
Pace after pace
To see the Dawn ban the night stars
Then
Wonder of the seas!
Out of the waters rose the Dawn
And light from the salt seas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Voice Was Loud

The
Voice
Was
Loud
At
First
Then
Chronologically
In
The
Retarded
Glooms
It
Faded
Faded
With
The
Day
The
Thoughts
The
Dry
Cold
Chill
Waters
Falling
Drop
By
Drop
Drop
Large
Beautiful
Eye
Each
One
Of
Them
I
Saw

The
Slant
Of
Them
At
The
Least
Touching
Of
The
Wind
I
Heard
The
Loud
Pitch
For
Each
Drop
That
Fell
And
Then
And
Then
Having
Made
Such
Sound
As
So
Many
Things
Faded
Dried
The
Drops
In
Pointed
Icicles
For
Chill

And
Frost
Combined
Had
More
And
More
Increased
That
Wild
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Volcano Sleep

The volcano sleep

Eruption

Suddenly

Alert!

The Soul awakes

Tempers flare

Hormones flourish.

Emotions stir

Emotions soon

To be laid bare.

Emotions

Emotions

Emotions

Hormones

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wagons Of The Train

With cranking hit
The wagons of the train
Moved here, moved there
Ah! the Train of Life
Goes on and on
Through country and
Through fields
Through towns
Under and above bridges
Waters, clouds,
Over and under hills,
By sea and over seas,
Vision and dark,
All wild, and beauty
In some mode:
Ah! this be life
This be the Train of Life
Although
The wagons move here,
Move there,
The Train of Life goes
On and on
Through sorrows and
Through pains
Sacrifice and blood and
Sweat
The Train of Life goes on
And on and on

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wall

The Wall it burns ah!
In the night
It turns a twilight red
It burns
It burns
And yet
No tongue of fire
Comes

The Wall
It was built long
Long of centuries
Ago
Arm lengths of time
How much they heard
And saw
And
Even whispers heard
Centuries ago
Repeat they echoing
Echoing
As caves
And caverns do

The Castle round
Abandoned and
Half dilapidate
Mourns with
An open ear
The grim hand of Fear
Throughout the night
It moves over dark seas
IT moves
It moves
Till Dawn it moves!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wanton Waves On The Shores

The wanton waves on the shores
play

the wanton shores and rocks their kiss
delay

the wanton skies and heavens warm their
ray

and like Cupids shoot it at sea and
shore

and thus enamored the two lovers want
more and more

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waste In The Head

In the Head there
Arose
Thought against Thought
Note against Note
Discovery fought discovery
Yet
The universe carried on
And just said:
'These are the birth pangs,
Again, yet again! '

Spoke
Again
The mass universe:
'Let them struggle!
Let them be confused
Awhile! '

And
The Pharisee from
His armchair said:
'What waste! I must
Purge ourselves of waste! '

Then
Angered and indignant
Spoke the Heavens:
'Leave alone
Leave alone Pharisee!
For from this what
You Waste
Noble towns and Institutions
Will arise
And All
And Geniuses'

And spoke not the Pharisee.

The Water From The Tap Dropt In The Pail

The water from the tap dropt in the pail
Drop, dropp by drop, it dropped
It never stopped:
Like life's flow it went
Unheeding day or night or dusk or dawn:

I looked and thought how dropp by drop
My consolation grew proportional
As the pail got filled all dropp by drop
And water dropped and dropped
As my consolation grew.

Hope at last lit her faint niche in my heart.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters

The waters rose and fell
And in them beauties dwell

No frost assails the night
But only sweet starlight

And honey from skies drips
Right down into seas' lips

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Closed

The waters closed
The waters closed at dusk
The waves hummed slow
Yet sure and sweet
The coves and caves
Replied:
Though waters closed
Night will de-freeze
The spells of waning day
Of glowing dusk
And the old reign of magic
In Earth's hearth
Under
The watchful gaze of caring
Stars
Restore

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Dance

The waters dance
The waters of the fountain
They dance to-night
What stately steps
In the frosty star-light!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Descended

The waters descended
Down the cemetery steps
Cool and clear in the
Eyes
In their sad sparkling
In their dread whispering

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Fall

The waters
Fall
The waters fall
Down rock to
Rock
Down rock by rock
They fall
And fade
Flattened all.

Ah! all of us
Too fall
Though
We assert that we
Go up:
Yes
Sadly fall
And
Further fall:
Youth passed
Popularity fell
Strength melted.

For
The waters
Fall
The waters fall
Down rock to
Rock
Down rock by rock
They fall
And fade
Flattened all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Fall Down Rock To Rock

The waters
Fall
The waters fall
Down rock to
Rock
Down rock by rock
They fall
And fade
Flattened all.

Ah! all of us
Too fall
Though
We assert that we
Go up:
Yes
Sadly fall
And
Further fall:
Youth passed
Popularity fell
Strength melted.

For
The waters
Fall
The waters fall
Down rock to
Rock
Down rock by rock
They fall
And fade
Flattened all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Loom

Small verse

The waters loom

The mists be

A doom.

Dawn having woken

Her light in the Port

Dances round the

Ships bustling and

Depressed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Mild

The waters mild
Pass
To-night
With little motion
They yearn for Time
To stop
Yet Time obliges
But in part only
Stops here by a castle
There by a ford
There by a scented garden
There by a soil-damp meadow
Yet
As on wings now fast
Now less in flight
He passes; passes on and
Waters
Gleam twilight-silver nearly
As the waters in the dusk
Mixed with moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Of Life

The waters of life
they run into a stream
by green banks humid
how flowed they just three
months ago!

But now
But now
The stream is slowing
that three months ago
so gaily flowing

now
the waters of life
enter into the
threshold of the languid
waning
and result in the life-day
slowly
fading
yet
not yet fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Waters Wild Shriek In The Night.

The waters wild shriek in the
Night.

The night dews rise and dance
Then fall.

The winds are quiet but hum
Quietly.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Water-Wraiths Are My Voice To-Night.

The water-wraiths are my Voice to-night.

The sea-waves are the same Voice as the water wraiths.

And the sea-waves are restless, spume on rocks, like spitting
The venom and the poison to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Water-Wraiths Are Shrieking In The Waters To-Night

The water-wraiths are shrieking in the waters
To-night

The dance of fear on the waves lights that come and go
To night

The water-wraiths are restless, somber in their woes
Tonight

The water-wraiths have been gathering sadness and anger

And the water-wraiths are bursting that collected sadness
And anger to-night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Weasel

The
Weasel
Voice
Of
Ages
And
Of
Centuries
Creaked
Creaked
As
Creaking
Doors
In
Nocturnal
Hastings
Gardens
Below
Stretched the nocturnal sea and deep
And the benighted waters
Spells all round
Played with the friendly goblins and
Dancing nymphs:
A
Toad
Croaked
In
The
Soils
Under
A
Fir
An
Owl
Clucked wise and rarely
On an oaken bough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Weather Out Is Frozen

The weather out is frozen
the weather out be chill
the weather out walks frosty
but here
here
in the house between
the old ancient treble walls
cold makes its feast the
same and more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Weather Vane

The weather vane
It crackled
And the wind
Turned round
A little

Not that
The wind was not
Running though not
A gale.

Yet
It was just restless
A restless Soul
Selling its merchandise.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wheel Of Time Saw I

At last
The wheel of Time saw I
Turning yesterday
In the windy streets
Of old Valletta
As nightly dust and
Papers flew about me
At last
At last

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wheels Of Remorse Are

The wheels of remorse are
More pinching than
The wheels of sadness.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Whirr Of Wings, Fluttering.

Through out the night
The whirr of wings,
Fluttering.

Throughout the night
Scream after scream
At intervals of rarity.

The brain hammers
Through and trudges
Blear eyed to the Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Whisperer

'Yes some thing as that, '
Grumbled the Whisperer
Over head the frowning clouds
Struck seven.

To the last
Continued he
Though through meandering
Morasses and jungle-thick
Trees and wood vast
He had to get past
Now struck nine.

The whining leaves
Regaled a scent
Particular to the owls
The wise owls had
Their appetite
As open as stark caves
And liquid belting coves
'Yes some thing as that, '
Grumbled the Whisperer.

Fish swam
In the archetypal pond
A dragon by
Lizard like spit out
His forked rose tongue
And
From his nostrils
Smoked
A scent of Orient
Pearls.
'We are on sea to-day, '
The waters spoke.

Then
Came a garbled pilgrim
Garbed in a multi-colored tunica

He cast around
And held precariously:
Time knelt before him
Bent his head
In submission
Smiled the pilgrim
The garbed pilgrim
The multi-colored pilgrim
'Yes some thing as that, '
Grumbled the Whisperer
Over head the frowning clouds
Struck eleven.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wild Streets

The wild streets are not
Strait
Not straight
But serpentine
Walk here and there.

You have to experience them
That way.

When in this ancient city live
As the inhabitants of the ancient
City do:
My Monsignor, it will avail you

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Will Of The Poet Seer

Vanished
The Poet Seer.

One week after
All the town knew
'The Poet Seer is vanished'

Then one said:
'His will? '

Another said:
'Go fetch his house'

And they went and found
The will.

And read aloud
In front of the whole crowd.

'Friends when you find me
Not
Look in to my verses
Read and read
And the more you read
The more you see of me
The more you have of me.'

So short?
One said.

'Yes', said the Philosopher
'that was a Will'.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wind, How The Wind Neighs, How Slow

The wind, how the wind neighs, how slow
How stale the bosom of the lake
How rare the rustling of the breeze
In the oak trees.

The sun shines faint, the clouds how grey
They turn, how still scarce moving they
And in the poplar trees in row
A yellow leaf falls every now and then.

How dull the day, how quaint
The slow-gurgling water falls
From the still mill, a solitary bee
Or bird flies now and then
Into the quiet.

No animals their sittings hold
On the lea that greened some months ago
And now from the Far East
A chill wind starts to blow.

'Tis not yet Winter, 'tis not yet frost
The trees are not bare, but still
And rare the rustling of the breeze
In the oak trees.

The owl on her old bough full staring sits
And looks and looks but does not stir or move.

The moon will soon shine languid-sick.
How stale the bosom of the lake
How rare the rustlings of the breeze
In the oak trees.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Windows Clank

I
Hear
The windows
Clank
I feel
The winds want
To come in
But are clipped off
Assailants of the
Bastions

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Windows Rattle

The windows rattle
Then
Of sudden quiet
The houses
That for century after century
Dreamt in the sunset and
Dreamt in the dusk
Now melt
In sleep and dreams
In
The reign of the Sub-Conscious
Might:
Empery of fairies elves and
Ghost and shroud - so many!
So many a train
Before the Dawn on Earth
Again to smile!

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Winds

the winds neigh horse-like
a wild horse
to-night

the dews they fall on
flowers bent
cold and then warm
to-night

the clouds they dance
and music
make
they be
in orchestra

ah! for the heavens
they as for them
like the orchestras

and after all
these orchestras
as of night be
as of Ocean and sea
and gulping caves
that hoot around.

scream the high bats
scream the white spumes
scream the high rocks
and sleep
and dream

the water's edges
high and low
they dance
the Song of Morgue
the Song of Night
and
in the mirror of the

Night
glisten fiery red
their burning eyes.

the rains they bend
they sag
from clouds
they drone
they swell
they go around
and in that dark
distribute their sound

Anon, anon,
as to a rock
Prometheus bound
his groans are
heard
then comes with
book of magic too
Merlin with his beard.

in dreams
how much looks as in day
but more looks far away
some little further
some further still
some other day.

and all
the while
two civilizations lie
themselves side by side
and into Motion and
his love Time
they wash and glide:
for
the winds neigh horse-like
a wild horse
to-night

The Wonders Of A Night

The wonders of a night
Paracelsus walking

Not much precision
But ah! the picture
Is of the whole,
The heavens!

All the stars are out
So
All
The stars are comprised
Neruda I saw alone
Walking
Thinking
In this night waking
Sub-conscious
Restless
Restless

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Woods

The woods are there for walking
Outside the city
My breathe begin to tranquillize
From the hammering nervousness of town

Down
The
Soft
Valley
There's
Still
Time
Left
Till
Dusk
And
Vespers
I
Will
Return
Then
Thistles
On
My
Feet
Hurried
Walking
Down
Down
Crushing
At
Times
With
sighs
a
rose
here
a
violet

there
I
Nearly
Fell
Off
To
Avoid
Colliding
In a hedgehog....

Time passes
Time is ruthless
Time does not wait
The first vesper bell
Is quickly
Followed
Towards the end.
People to their homes
Return
I remain a little
To see the red cheeks
Of a fading red dusk.
Then go I too.
Sere leaf after sere leaf
Crispy
Under my weary feet
And tired brain.
Closes the door of home
My castle.
Till midnight remains
Time to be the lord
Of this warm castle.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wounds Of May

The wounds of May
Now
Are carried forth
To June, festering.
Ah! last May how many wounds!
Suffering willed so and so the Muse
And
So the Suffering
Wanted to Civilization to transform.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Wrath Of Sea

The wrath of sea
Begins
Way beyond
The mysteries of the horizon.

For beyond the beyond
There beckons
Always
A beyond
Another
And
Another
And
Another.

The calm relative
Of the sand and dust
By the beach and
The water-line
Are awaiting
The foot prints
Of the goblins fauns
Satyrs and nymphs
This night of nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Years Will Pass

Ah! the years will pass
And
As in archaeology
More Beauty will dug up
Be with willing hands
There be
Mine after mine to
Dig
Beauty on beauty
Tragedy above tragedy

Emmanuel George Cefai

The Yellow

The yellow

Pus of time

I

In the yellow-green

Face of the sickly

Altar

Found

Smoking sick incense

Smoking incense sink

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then

Then

Will you pine at the red dusk as you
Did yesterday with those jet-black eyes?
- Asked I

I will see, said she, what I feel then.

Ah! Woman how you distribute
Your emotions as by interlude
A play, scenes, acts, go by.

In the declining sun of yesterday
I saw three children play
About the same age were they
And laughed and laughed and laughed
As from school away
They rolled over the darkling green
And wondered with wide eyes at
The moon's growing sheen
At the popping night-stars they
In the declining day of yesterday.

2011

The year has come: a month ago
My heart trembled at each hour
That the new year came nearer:
Now what was exceptional is
Become routine:
So life, so history move,
Ruthless, mechanical, and clinical.

In the dark night of years and centuries
Down in to the sump of ages
And of gravities
Saw I the planets circulating
And yet

The sun danced strangely side to side
Coming back where it started from
What distance covered on one side
To the other went; neutral and as
Unmoving went, though ever-moving was.

And so the Voice of the Poet-Seer went:
The rays of the then scorching sun bent
Themselves to the sea and to grounds
Below where vast the long horizon abounds:
In the declining day of yesterday.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then All The Masks Of Sudden Stopped.

Then all the Masks of sudden stopped.
Then all the Masks bent gracefully.
Then all the Masks farewell partook
Each to each, with respectful reciprocity.
And soon in the air as the night-stars
One by one light at the flight of
Red dusk – so these Masks in the Air
And Vapors Blue within less than minutes
Five
Disappeared and on the place
There stood the trees a-shivering
And the wind still blowing wild
And the rain falling, and the chill
And frost and the rain pattering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then He Rose

And
Then he rose and
Felt the strength
Of past days in
His blood
Overflow.

Great was his shadow as
The giant moved.

Round one word or a few
There circles all.

And round him there circled
The All.

Reduced the All to One.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In Another Hall Entered We.

then in another hall entered we.
There I shouted 'Einstein! ' and
stopped for Minerva motioned to me.
I stopped for control of emotions is
as directly proportional to their
playing and engineering as of them:
and vice-versa to the same
These as the philosophers speaking
were and in the same way one spoke
the others silent stood all civilly
then all spoke one by one and in
such wisdom I enchanted felt
as in the company of gray philosophers
and more;
Many a time I wanted to intervene;
Minerva understood and smiled
and on her lips
she her finger put and I silent remained
Amidst that august assembly.
'After all, ' Minerva said as we
beckoned outside that hall
'That be all of humanity. Those be
examples, and examples to be.
Humanity to rise en masse and equal
them. Arise as them, humanity hath
faculty, but with faculty must
come dedication and sacrifice.'
So ended she towards another hall
Led me that I would view
the halls of all the Castle in that
visit tall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In That Hall There Were Voices

then in that hall there were voices
low but calm-serene and almost
whispering of gray philosophers:
I heard one speak, the others stopped
and heard intently:
that was civility; that civilization be.
Of all things spoke they yet I understood
[Though being of their kind
their words by other humans too
to be understood]
Enchanted I heard discourse after other
and at times saw I that
Minerva smiled with pleasure at my pleasure
Enchanted stood I in that august assembly
and the pit of humility felt I
amidst that austere august assembly.
The which Minerva noting said:
'Shore up your spirits! You too
to the same belong, as after all,
all humanity who will to sacrifice
their lives for wisdom too'
I replied not; and I let Minerva pass
before me seeing that that she
wanted to show to another hall.
She moved first; she led; I followed
And in another hall we went.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In That Time There Danced

Then in that Time there danced
Masks in a place by the woods
where
the trees shivered and trembled
in the frost and chill.
Yet the Masks danced, danced
silent:
some on human feet; some manifested
on all fours; some a tail beneath
the frac of white or black
but behind a Mask
all faces are the same and equal stand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In The Night I Walked On The Stars

Then in the Night I walked on the stars
Then in the Night I walked in pain
When I began to walk I was in pain
But when an hour passed the pain
Began to diminish till to zero came:
Then hear me, walk with me,
When in the Night I walked with stars.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In The North Sang The Wind

Then in the north sang the wind
Then from the north came the chill
And then the rain that formed a little rill
And splashed with rain-drops the dreamy window-sill
Yes dreamy! The housed dreamt and slept
When before their pining eyes wept
At the red dusk's fall and passing
At the night unwelcome coming
At the grow popularity of night
As star by star he cunning light:
Then in the north sang the wind
Then from the north came the chill
And the rain formed (see above) a little rill.
Uli sere feri ghere
Pesi fere teli mere

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In The Red Challenge

Then in the red challenge
Of the paramount dusk
There was the reign also
Of twilight on the seas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then In To The Night Pray

Then
In to the night pray
If thunder you will roar
Roar gently:
My fear grows

Then
In to the night pray
If rain you will patter
Patter gently:
My fear grows

Then
In to the night pray
If wind you will blow
Blow gently:
My fear grows

Hear
Hear the windows and
The doors
Creak – they creak already
Though but red dusk is
Still on wing of flight.

And the sea waves I hear
Rustle
Rustle
Rustle as they hostile
Enter into the port
Those soldier-sailors of the benighted dark:
And tempests will be as centuries were
And as the tempests were in centuries old
In old Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then On Reaching The Edge Of The Garden

Then
On reaching the edge of
The garden
We looked over the
Waters
Sparkling with fizzy moon's
Light
Silver ware on display from
Above
Fireworks of the sea
In front
The towns dormant and
Lighted to night's tune
The moon is not enough!
The stars
Look interested spectators
In this show free of charge.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then Sounded The Beagle.

Then
Sounded the beagle.
It was an instrument of heaven
By heaven for heaven.
Ceased the thunder roars
And
The lurid lightning struck not
More.
Rested the ancient town
From the cacophony of that
Orchestra of wild raw sound
And
Night made it enter more on
Rote
Yet in the Conscious as yet
For
In the Sub-Conscious brains
There worked
There wrought
a new civilization
Every day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then The Computer Rang: The Computer?

Then the computer rang: the computer?

Do computers ring?

On New Year's Day it rang yet!

So I assert and so it be.

This is my philosophy and so

It be too the philosophy:

For what we assert be, and what be

Not all, not all assert full we.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then The Full-Fledged Fleshy Poems

Then
the full-fledged fleshy poems of
verse and song
I dissect line by line
And will each line to be
A poem.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then Through The Forest Thicket

Then
Through the forest thicket
Cut he:
Bough on bough
He brushed aside
The moon shone not
Through such thick foliage
Wild and savage
Kindred animals of the
Night
Broke raw and random
That misty silence:
Then
The Scream
The Voice that from Heaven
Broke
The pre-birth of that Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then Through The Pain The Rain Drops Pass.

Then through the pain the rain drops
Pass.

Strange, but let this happen.

O! better that these things happen.

Better for life to rise, then

It is energy that proportionately rises.

That is my night, for this be winter.

So it is my season too.

Just towards the end was I not born

In Winter?

The Fishes were in their reign, the pond

Of human genes was mixing, but

Not enough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then When She Gives Birth You Will Say

See how easy it was, how feared we
In vain: I love to park by
Hastings Gardens if
Only you will allow me:
Or I need.
But I live in Valletta – so what need?
Below the bastions froths the ancient sea
Ancient with ancient go forth merrily.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then, The Bells Rang

Then
The bells rang
Then
The chapel lighted
Then
The country lanes in the dust
Then
The horse was heard coming
Then
The hooves were heard beating
Then
The dust was seen flying:
Then
The seas dark were moon shining
Then
The horseman crossed the edge
Then
He dropped slow into the sea and safe
Then
The horseman and horse walked on the sea
Then
Night when they passed yielded to Dawn
Then
The legend had been consummated.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Then, Then Again The Eerie Voice

Then, then again the eerie Voice
That dread
Spread through its nasal microphone
Chanted again as if by sheer programming:
'Be merry sirs, no human sees
Hum hum around like nightly bees
Or like the crickets on the summer nights.
But merry be.
The waters trickle.
The gutters full.
Slope the water-rains.
The heavens open remain.
Rain falls.
Thunder opens white in rage
its mouth.
Then vibrating Earth
it sounds.
One after another Light
after Light
the Thunder goes.
One after another Sound
after Sound
the Thunder goes.
And the day is in throes.
The red dusk fled.
Throne has been left
Into the hands of night.
Be merry, Sirs, the storm
Has ushered humans in:
To their warm hearth and home
And most now sleep profound
Go round, round and round
For no human espies
Long, long and far
the Dawn be; your faces
have many hours to whiten
with pale fear of new Dawn and Day.
Be merry, dance, round
and round,

without a sound, silent,
ghosts and shrouds, animal,
bust and All, dance, merry be:
The storm will last as long
As the night be with me.'
So said the Voice then stopped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Appeared A Child

Before me
There appeared
A child
And then another
A succession
Child after child
As in a mirror
And
At each child
I groaned
And
The ground me
The millstone of
My conscience's misery

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Captive

There be a captive in the
Snow
I saw snow
Ferreted
Out
And heavy breath
A brief mist
And then
The tiny feet
Of
The struggling hedgehog
Even we
We
Humans
Struggle in the snow of life
Struggle in the gales of storms
Struggle in the chill of emotions
Struggle in the sere leaves of sorrow
Struggle in the culture of the sad
Struggle in the pining eyes of despair
Struggle in the hunger and the parched throat
Struggle, struggle, in the last throes
Of the human rights activist
The Poet Seer that be
That was
That will be
In struggle, struggle, struggle

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Day In The Humdrum

There be
A day in the humdrum
But
The Will says:
'Though I be not strong
To carry on for a week
Yet I will all the
Energy draw and
Sap
As in a single day:
Then fall
But for a single day
I will be king
I be Sophocles
I will Archimedes be
And Prometheus

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Happiness In Drear

There be a happiness in drear
there be a joy in drear
there be a chill in the spine
yes in drear

and in that chill in the spine
my spectacles lighted as night stars
but
by the way
that was just yesterday

there be a happiness in drear
there be a joy in drear
there be a chill in the spine
yes in drear

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Joy

There be a joy
In fading embers

Souls that walk
The nights alone

Detached from the
Crowds
Of ghosts and shrouds

There be joy
Even if night and dark

There be joy
Even if Dawn far away

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Mellowness In The Voice

There be a mellowness in the voice
echo
of startled stars
milk
of tears of Milky Way
lane
of Saint Anne's Way
emotions
of your breast and beautiful eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Notepad

There be a notepad of
the dark winding
labyrinths
of waters clanking
slow yet musical
how beauty duly
her web and mesh
prepares!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Sword

Of all of us
for all of us
there be a Sword
that hangs
over the head of each of us.

Till Immortality be
brought to shore
the Sword will hang as a
guillotine we have to stay
under when it falls at and
in its will.

Not us.
Not us.
Not us.
Though for all of us.
Of all of us.
We in the Sub-Conscious
just wait
but know not days or months or
years
calculate
when the Sword fall will in
the last.
Then the Head be severed
and silent roll
with splurging blood.
And then that's the last Scene
of the last Act
of each 's play individual.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be A Whole Civilization

There be a whole civilization
Of words the repetition:
After all
It is the case of Cyclical
So much of life in that
So much
So much
So much!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Another Reign To-Night

There be another reign
To-night
For
In the night
Who is not elevated
Who be not raised
Somewhat in nobility?

The gorges smile
Smile in the moon light
That lessens as the
Gorges deepen.

The shrouds and ghosts
In council high
Aggregate below
At the pitch bottom
Of the hideous gorges:
There
They whisper and conspire
The plans for the next day,
Next month, year,
Century.
For these
See in terms of centuries
To come
These
Bring with them
The Ages and the Fates
Down
Down
In the dimly moon-lit
Gorges

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Divinity

Poet seer

There be divinity

There be incense

Here

Incense to the sacred

Dull the heavens

Roar

Grey-dark the Oceans

Soar

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Emotions

there be
emotions that be glaciers
the coldest chill
is in their tip
so with icebergs:
for emotion
resides in all, is
one of all:
the cart-wheels of the night
rumbled through the streets
and steps of the old city:
as in a war
the throng of ghosts and
shrouds
alterative marched routes
I will suffer
so long as I have strength
to suffer:
I will draw
on the sub-conscious too
so long
as I have strength
in the sub-conscious
the cutting-edge, the knife
glistening in the dark
silhouettes amidst the trees
clustered head to head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Fine Moments

There be fine moments
Where the brain sings
Where the brain thinks
Not always
Yet
Not often overmuch
But neither rare.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be No Voice

There be no voice
That suffragates me
From dark oblivion.

I suffer
Suffer in pain and
Sacrifice
Yet silent

Float through
The awnings of the ship of life
Float
Sub conscious
In dark silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Pain

There be pain
And
There be suffering
I know them
I know
I know
There be fruit from thorns
That grow
There be genius from the
Suffering
There be beauty from the
Bed
Amongst sick
In hospitals.
Beauty hovers in these places
There Beauty wills her shrine
For
Beauty pities so
Amongst pain, amongst suffering!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Be Pain In Exile

There be pain in exile, even
if voluntary.

Yet as in all in the mass universe
A percentage of joy
however minimal.

And I scented the air, and that was
the gift, the only gift
I willed to make for myself.

and I scanned the air, for those
were my friends

And I beheld the Dawn to the last
till her disappearing
for that was my new breath

And warmed my hands in the rays of
the rising sun

the exile emarginated be content with
part of the whole!

even an ever-increasing smallness,
fraction, does!

and in exile there was freedom that I
made by escaping chains

though I suffer as the Jews suffered in
Babylon

yet beneath the stroke of the ferule
and the spattering of blood drops
and the pain and the groans
and the shouts
I have come in to my exile, grown and
yet to grow in it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Comes Mourning

There comes mourning at the end
Vague watercolor of
Ghost and shrouds
In procession
In procession
And the eyes that swim around
And the silence full abounds
Tragedy after tragedy
Strikes and funereally
All in mourning
All in shrouds
All in rattling skeletons
And at night
The sound of chains
Long the streets
And groans aloud!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There He Passed

There he passed
And
It was night
Long his nose
Almost a sword
Yet
His eyes how cunning
Rolled!
Yet
His clothes colored bizarre!
Ah!
That was five centuries ago
And he faded in the ages
Was he wise as wisest sages!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is A Justice Below The Heavens

There is a justice below the heavens
That in a way levels every-body
Human with human, and human with non-human:
A justice they used to say that is:
Writ in the heavens; though observed below.

Pope and emperor (of old): king and
President and prime minister;
The grave-digger; the head of department;
The soldier; the cleaner; the free;
The prisoner; what else, what else:
All these are flattened long-term below the heavens
By that unwritten justice.

'Tis a justice that is not corrupt nor can
Be bribed or bought or prejudiced:
Moving constant as the stars and suns
Ruling without war, or law, or parliaments
It needs not armies;
Yet holds us all and we, and we,
Respect it all the more for what it is
Respect from our hearts, not fear –
For after all we agree with what we have to.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is A Shadow That Awaits Restless

There is a Shadow that awaits restless
Under the penumbra of the sunset
Then under the growing beauties
Of the red dusk: the glaciers
Broke into fragments and the night
Covered them with his cloths.

You see, you see, said I
The night is moving slow to-night
That is you must profit:
Yes, you must profit:
You must profit where there is every thing
At least, try,
That's Economics:
And the more so in beauty

See,
See the pre-historic temple, the
Stones, giant and standing,
And above the clouds that fly:
Those were reared by Humans
By Human hands were reared they:
And I said: Let us have life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is A Town

There is a town, in it
There be sunny mornings
Even in April, March,
Interspersed with storm
And shower and
Rustlings of the seas
Restless
As the restless palms that
Hover over the high bastions
As yet to ears of Poet Seer
The city sighs
It sighs.

There is a town the even
In April, March blooms with
Flower and decked in
Flower pots the buildings
Smile even in the dust of
Some
And interspersed with storms
That come, that go
Some days, not always
Even in winter's height:
As yet to ears of Poet Seer
The city sighs
It sighs.

There is a town that
Even Night bids not
Beauty away:
Nay
Beauty increases with the dusk
Red dusk
And in the night continues
In the lighted wonders of
The city lights
And peace
As yet to ears of Poet Seer
The city sighs

It sighs.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is An Inner Lining

There is an inner lining
But
That is in the most
Of inner parts of me
Where torture and
Degradation reach not:
Where
The mirth of Christmas
Blocks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is Hunger Again

There is hunger again
again
in the Soul running
blood
of the graven gods
and statues:
temples pass
one after the other
the reign of images
and the reign of terror
interchange and
Intertransform

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is No Hail

There is no hail
That falls this frosty morn
But in the distant fields
The thunder lights and claps.

The grey skies dim and sere
Lie - the waters wild
Half-grey and murky move
With every gust of wind.

Above, above in every house
The lights go up with dawn
And one by one
The lights like stars of night
One by one become alight.

A rare bird flies
Across the turgid sky
A bat returns
From its night rounds to hang itself
Where human eyes see not.

And down the city stairs
The flurry of hurried feet every now and then
The driving of the car, its razing heard:
And fits and gusts of wind
Around the corner play.

If day can be so sad and drear then what will the night be?

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Is So Much To Learn

There is so much to learn
A whole University of Verse
A whole University in Verse

Thought as a bee
Sucks flower after flower
That of Verse be

For
There be so much to discover
There be
So much of new civilization
So
Much
Reflection of the olden civilizations
In Verse in Thought, in Thought in Verse!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Must Be

There
Must
Be
Here
Down
From
The
Soil
Of
The
Earth
There
Must
Be
Here
The
Treasure
Of
Silence
Silent
Suffering
Martyrdom
The buds and seeds and sprouts
Of rights

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Must Be A Justice

There must be a justice
Below the mighty heavens
There must be a justice.

Too many, too many injustices
Scar the face of this
Earth, every day, day by day

Too many, too many.
Too much, too much,
The
Pain,
The sufferings,
The malice.

There must be a justice
A justice where hearts rest
A justice where the Souls,
The Inner Souls be blest
A justice
Below the mighty heavens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Must Be Wondrous Things

There must be wondrous
Things
To us.

These
Will to verse and song
Prompt me.

And you, my Monsignor?

Emmanuel George Cefai

There The Oil-Lamp Burnt.

There the oil-lamp burnt.
Flickering of times as
In a film of history
It burnt and lighted.

Creaking heard I in the
Humid crypt wherein
Flickering and burning
The light dimmed yet turned

And scene after scene
The whole tale went
The whole tale built
And that was history.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There The Vessel Rolled To Left

There the vessel rolled to left
To right as incense in a censer
Swung by devout hands of sacred
Votaries in sound less nocturnal
Shrines

The verses as wheels oiled turned
First as slow, then little more,
Then more, more and more and
More till they wheezed all around.

Yet when to the Shrine of the Muse
Came they barefoot knelt they
In that nocturnal cemetery silence-sound
And down the hills amidst occasional
Cricket hisses tiny eyed glow worms
abound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was

There was
A martyrdom of things
A Rubicon of fire
And rivers of History as
Fires molten from Aetna
Marched.
I saw the Perspex
That of a sudden stood
Before me,
There were three ghosts
Nine hedgehogs and a
Crowd motley of turkeys
And of doves.
Pigeons were cooing but
Quite distant.
Then a loud lightning
The night heralded and
Exploded.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Boar's Head:

There was a Boar's Head:

Tall and high,
he towered above all, and his feet
brown and far from human stood,
yet
with calculated paces round and round
he went.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Buzz At Night

There was a buzz at night
In the closed shops of
Flowers
The petals furred
The bees exception took
The more
They loudly knocked
At the doors of their
Paramours
That yet opened not

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Flute

There was a flute
But
High up in the skies
The heavens
Resound it
In the cold desert
Stretching
Stretching
With distant snow-capped
Mountains:
The desert stretched
Blue and mysterious
And
Flared the musicians
Airy
And lithe
In the wild desert
In the air
The heavens
And then
Then
Lights went up
And down
Flickered
And the desert
Was as a desert of
A million flutes
And more
All playing
Playing simultaneously.
Playing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Goblin

There was a goblin
he had just
got out
of the dripping waters.

there was a nymph
she took her
transparent veils
swam in the waters.

night looked and smiled
the stars turned red a
little, over the horizon
joined straddling sea and night

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Head That Like A Sibyl

There was a Head that like a Sibyl
grinned; behind was it a Sibyl
or else?

Still like the others danced
As all danced mechanical
Unearthly and ghastly their look
And more since mid-night struck
the more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Poet Seer And He Loved The Stars.

There was a Poet Seer and he loved the stars.
He loved the red dusk and the golden sunset
Turning to orange that heralded dusk.
He reveled in the twilight waters of the dusk.
And pined with tears in his eyes at the going away
And fading of red dusk.
He, the Poet Seer loved the coming night
That was a-pulling the curtain of the dark
And on his golden axled car
Light from a golden torch of fire continuous
The night stars to fire and to burning
One by one.
There was a Poet Seer who loved to wake
To view the shadows and the ghosts and shrouds
March in the golden marches torch in hand
There was a Poet Seer who loved to hear
The striking of midnight deep down in heart.
There was a Poet Seer who loved.
There was.
There be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Poet Seer And The People Gathered Round

There was a Poet Seer and the people gathered
Round

Dusk was deepening and the night's advent was
In the first stars.

And the people said to the Poet Seer: 'We are
Thirsty'

And the people said to the Poet Seer: 'We hunger'

And then the Poet Seer said to the people:
'I will give you water that you may not thirst;
But
This is not water as you know
But water of the Soul in verse and song.
And
I will give you food but not material food
Yet
It will fill the Soul, The Inner Soul,
With desperation and the will to think.
And you will think
And the propensity will be
That of great things and thoughts and noble
Thoughts and deeds you think.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Poet Seer Of Old Ago

There was a Poet Seer of old ago
there was a Poet Seer of mien sad
there was a Poet Seer wose heart bespoke
there was a Poet Seer who drowned
in his emotions poisoned by old foes
there was
there was a Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Return Of Blood

There was a return of blood
the sap within the green
the Muse to the lyre

ah! in the courts and palace
how rote-routine the kudos and the fire
of life not just relative!

there was a return of blood
the sap within the green
the Muse to the lyre

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Skeleton Head:

There was a Skeleton Head:
though somewhat exposed
it was made so that all the zones
were covered that were not white bones:
mysterious, mysterious danced it
in that cavalcade of dark and silent din.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Sphinx Head

There was a Sphinx Head
and mystery added all around
silent it moved yet
with the rest it moved and danced

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Time

There was a time
when humor
was of the stars
was of the heavens
immense

that was a rare time
huge current-waves
gulped bubbling
energy:
and it was night

Ah! would that
These humor times
In the heavens
Be less rare and
More often
You hear in the midst
Of the deep night
A big joke cracking
A jester laughing
In the wide immense heavens!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Town But It Was As

Of centuries.

Then it became a ghost town
Of dilapidated buildings.

The winds liked it as a magnet
Whirling around.

There they would sing their sad
Hearts out in solitude

Round the wide desert of solitude
Stretched.

Yet in the Night with ghosts and shrouds
Roamed Inner Souls.

I see Hope move away before the Dawn
It comes at night then leaves.

The days always rise drear even in Spring
When some wayward flowers blossoms.

And in the winter there's the feast of
Dread storms all time, all hoar and ever.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was A Youth

There was a Youth
who be the grave
of his grand-father lingered
though
the dusk was wide
on wing
as the black bat
to demonstrate
the fading of a day

Said from underneath
A Voice, a dear Voice
whom the Youth recognized:
'Grandson tell the others
to help you arise me
to the former life'

Then sobbed the Grandson.

But the Angel of the Sword
in his loins
appeared
saying:
'Ah! though there be
descent
it help not the ancestor
however numerous.
Otherwise
a descent-less person
will unfairly fare'

The Youth understanding
Justice went away
with a sad heart
an a bent head
whose brain as yet
had understood all.

There Was An Artist's Head:

This the most mysterious Mask
For under it it hid some Artist who
Long, long ago in his wild reveries
Painted the walls of his house with
strange shapes and things:
this made him more than welcome guest
and all more wanted to this ghastly feast.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was Fear

There was a night
There was Fear
Roaming
Roaming
Directionless.

Pulsating as
The stars.
The loud Voice of
The heavens
Wore out.

The chapel trembled
Hazy
In hazy mists of
Magic
Throw confetti style
By wise Minerva.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was I

there was I thought
a fading of sheer
suffering
but
when it came
there was not
sweeter fading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was Look!

the wind-exhausted Prometheus
yet
though exhausted still
fired by his Will
the Will that drives
that turns tiredness to strength
and works

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was Prometheus

There was Prometheus
Wandering with
Red eyes
Where be you wandering
Aged hero now
Out in the storms nocturnal
And the rain and winds
That whistle sharp?
Wander, wander
In the nights if your Soul
Restless be
When you stole Fire.
But that was altruistic
And annuls the theft:
Fire had to be stolen
Necessity ah! how we
Forget it
And why
Why look you to the stars
And in your eyes are
Drops of tears?
He spoke not; but pointed
More to the stars
The winds whistle around
The more
And darker the night
Frowned.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was The Earth

the sun, the shade,
the delights of a glade,
the humming of a mill
worthy
the earth with sucking
cranberries
sucking the milk and sap
from roots of Mother Earth.

as the play grows
more and more to the end
as the barricades in the streets
go up
signals of the coming fights
and final tragedy
let me once more
even just one more
in pining in a red dusk
delight
then take me to the fighting
my blood
be ready for the shedding
my eyes
on the tragedy
for closing

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Was Water And It Tasted Drear

There was water and it tasted
drear
there was cold walking in the
street
yet no human felt the frost
and
the asphalt of the streets
lay calm in defeat
in their wrath
in their rebel rage.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Welled A Fountain

there welled
a
fountain
fountain
of
desire
that
on
the
last
winter
night
dreamt
of
the Spring
today!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Were Sobs In The Light

There were sobs in the light
I heard them
I, the Poet Seer but more
a son to sobbing mother

Tender
they were, the sobs:
in silence the shroud sobbed
a pin falling would have made more noise
yet
my senses and eyes and ears detected
that sobbing by way of Poet-Seer

Ah! mother why you sob!
Your chains are fallen with the end
of your residence on this earth
and the beginning of that below
freedom is as of you,
freedom of silent and sad joy
there were sobs in the light
I heard them

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Were The Springs

There were the springs that
burnt
with ruffled feathers
rising
rising
hot springs where humans
dared not near go
but
fearful watched away
from distances of safety.

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Will Be A Time

There will be a time
When even though a Poet-Seer
The rivers of my verse and
Inspiration will be drained:
But beware my Monsignor:
My dedication such be
That these rivers of verse
Will drain just for temporary

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Will Be Times When Others

There will be times when others

Succeed me

So will I

So will I

The time is come now

And the necessity

Emmanuel George Cefai

There Will Not

There will not
Be left
Too
Many
That
Will
Contest
And
Then
We
See
The
Games
Dry
Weary
As
The sun-baked
Summer
Time:
We see
Drought
Parched
Throat
Suffering
And
Pain
But
Greatest
Suffering
The
More
Biting
Pinching
The
Slow
Slow
Game
And
The

Time
Artful
Passes
Passes
Passes

Emmanuel George Cefai

There, There Will Be More

There

There will be more

More chances

Few or many?

Seize them

Seize each one at once.

So that

If few your chance or

Chances

Will bear fruit too

Emmanuel George Cefai

There's A Funereal Music

There's a funereal music
There's a funereal music in the church
In the church by the sea
And its night
And lap the waves the water-seas

There's the funereal church
Lighted
Lighted up
And I saw
Figures dressed
Few as Hedgehogs
Few as Squirrels
Few as Ants
Few as Glow-worms
Few as Bats, Owls, Nightingales
Few as the rest of
Animals and plants
And the rest
Wore all mourning masks

In the choir sang
Masked Nightingales!

Ah civilization here be not
As the civilization as the day!

And yet
In the civilization of the Night
At night
My brain in sub-conscious
Might
Dreamt Immortality and its Principles,
Saw the universes expand without a Big Bang
Discovered Principles of the mass
Universe that great Newton set aside;
So many more, so many more!
Lines, prose, drama, epic, lyric

All grew their seeds in
The civilization of the night
In Me
To revolutionize and re-write
In Me
The civilization of the day
I touched Evolution with my hand
And I felt mightier than
Had I touched the heavens with
My hand
And it was night
The civilization of the night
It was,
My Monsignor, the civilization of the night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

There's Waters In The Heavens

There's waters in the heavens
There's waters high.

There's a red to-night in the heavens
And casts a shadow red
On the reddening stars.

There's beauty in the eyes
Of the ancient moon
And there's quiet at last, at night

Emmanuel George Cefai

There's A Carnival

In the night
there's a carnival
a new one
every month
and every week
summer winter
spring and autumn
the new carnival.

goblins, gnomes,
fairies, nymphs,
satyrs, fauns,
snakes, squirrels,
hedgehogs, owls,
nightingales, bats
and the mists
of deep-clad vales
all, all hobbled
slow and out
in the night
parts and particles
moving here
moving there
some with glass in hand
others flushed
red with wine
others still
yet to taste
the new wine begin.
yet all happy
all in joy
all oblivious to
Earth's strange sorrows
with eyes closed
to Earth's full woes
nimble, nimble
marched they
danced they
on their silent nightly toes.

and in midst
a nightly cross
with the crowd
and with the mob
hobbled
hobbled
through the night.

time stood still
Age donned her mask
out of bounds
fled
ghosts and shrouds:
smiled the moon
and her weak rays
the green lawns
lighted as lays
a dozen minstrels sang
and
out in the joyous night
their sweet songs rang.

Ah! but this carnival
Will it be permanent?
so asked the merry souls
That hobbling went
And dancing:

Then spoke from Heaven a Voice:
'What be done to-day will
Be done for ever though not
Daily, but on fixed future
Days in permanency.'
Sighed with relief the merry souls
And
The carnival continued on and on
As the night deepened
As the night deepened.

There's Depth

The waters surge
The waters surge my love

And in the eyes of stars
There twinkles beauty

And in the eyes of night
There's depth
That going inside
So deep
I did not reach
The final bottom.

And on the trees
Of Hastings Gardens
Sang three nightingales

And
In the Hastings Gardens
Reposed with
Rare sighs and
Whispering
The Monument

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thermoelectric Love

Thermoelectric love

Magnetic

Pointer of stars

In clear nights

And storms

Nocturnal up to dawn

Thermoelectric love

Emmanuel George Cefai

These Are My Children To Date, These

These are my children to date, these
my lines, I sing and versify,
For years, I labour suffering:
I experiment and blind my eyes
Yet I see yet and still hear
the melody from my own lips arise
and in that my despair like snow
at the touch of Dawn and Sun does melt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

These Fields

These the fields; there the town
Lights neon at night and dark;
Random rumbling of a car;
Home lights off all one by one
Love and sex and then dreams
Conscious reign sub-conscious yields.

Emmanuel George Cefai

These Sounds Are Sweet

These sounds are sweet

And tremble these hands
In the warmth from cold
And chill that before
Were.

Gone the summer warmth
But in the winter cold
As it blows there's
A violin that plays.
And fall the snowy flakes
And the myriad eyes
Of the night-dews
In spell.

A violin as sweet
As a hundred and more
Violins
In lovely Venice.

Emmanuel George Cefai

The tears Flowed

the language soft
the words and faces pale
the lovers went
the lovers kissed
the lovers left each other
ever.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Are Already Making Preparations

They are already making preparations
In the old ancient town for crucifixion
Already the light bulbs no longer dim.

But though there be more light
The back ground is deep black
Where sadness made her shrine so long ago.

Already the Passion, Crucifixion.
Resurrection then that too must be of us
Humans, in the Immortality work of mine.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Call It Mediocrity – A Small Child Wrote It They Say:

They called it mediocrity – a small child wrote it they say:
An idiot they say – an incompetent -
But once done all it needs
Refinement hours-long if need be
Repeated and repeated and repeated
And you will have a masterpiece.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Came All Masked

They came all masked
I saw them on the bridge
the old and
creaking bridge
over the untidy street
in the old town
I heard one whispering
slowly
undertone:
they came all masked
Dawn was far away
Night was sovereign
and they
came all masked

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Found Somber Foundations

They
They found somber foundations
There
The prowess was Of the skies
And waters
Over the field border
A posse of
Niggling horses
Livid raced
Escaping:
Here
Then was
The music of the other party
Here
The previous year
The elegant hedgehog dancing
In frac
And black
Solemn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Found You

They found you
Too
The waters charged
The water pinioned
Their fists
The clouds grew grim
On the waters floating
Where
Waters still shallow
Be
A floating body in a
Floating
White:
For the waters pinioned
Their fists
And the clouds grew grim
And green.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Heard The Cracks

they heard
they heard
they heard the cracks
and clankings
by his head
'Going mad'
No,
said a Poet Seer,
it's the chains of
the Earth
that tied him
falling

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Levered The Grave Lid

Slowly, slowly, they levered
The grave lid.

The coffin the grave-diggers
Slid.

Into the hungry mouth of the
Yawning tomb.

Not one of us protested

Not one of us objected

All of us were aghast

All of us spoke not

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Loaded His Heart

they loaded his heart
with pain
with suffering
with injustice

and then his heart
burst in a small pencil of blood
the little that remained in it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Made Me Suspect

They made me suspect
Suspect that the blue violet
Hides poison in its mystery
And wide-eyed beauty weeping in the glooms
Of dusky eves half-hidden from the day
And in the other half from dark Night kept.

Therefore I
From the blue violet kept away
Admiring from afar
And loving from afar all fearfully.

And thus I left in solitude
The blue violet to the plaintive moon
And to the dewy paces of the dawn
Passing by on the grass from her east cave
And to the wan embraces of the wanton Night
When darkling wavelets lap their way to shore
When nightingales sing their silver melody
At the full distant faces of the startled stars
Fleeing before the madness of the Night
Into the ever-expanding universe that is
Of all of us and all of us contains.

And the blue violet lay in solitude
Like an unstrung Venetian violin
In summer nights where crimes occur and lovers rapid flee.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Of The Country Side

Ho! Ho! The farmers
Cried
And maned horses
They of the country-side
You should have
Heard their hoofs
Expression of their
Sub-conscious sun and
Weariness of the day.

'A few verses to save'
The whipped stars
Cried
And it was night
And dusk was done.

Round the corner
Of the vast farmhouse
The rain, clouds and
Winds they looked
When to start on
The heaven's orchestra
The day was done
And maned horses
They of the country-side
You should have
Heard their hoofs
Expression of their
Sub-conscious sun and
Weariness of the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Say The Snows Are Hard And Cold And Raw

They say the snows are hard and cold and raw
And cover the mountain sides like iron brace
And hard to melt even by rays of sun
And the pale languid smiles of the high moon
Too feeble is, too mild
The pillars of white snow to warm and thaw.
For snows they say are hard and cold and raw.

And you, and you - whom I counted warm
Your heart is harder than the hardest snow
And colder lies than even the coldest snow
Freezing and raw your very look will chill
The warmest wines in Bacchanalian feasts:
In summer nights of ivied Academe
Buried in some green vale of Thessaly

You speak not so to freeze the frozen snows
More than they are that no warmth can
The iron of your chill heart thaw:

For snows they say are hard and cold and raw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Search For Me

They searched for me.
They went to the
Temple of the Muse
And found me not.

Then
Then
They went to the sea-shore
Where Dawn had just arisen
They asked Dawn
'Come where be the Poet Seer? '

Dawn smiled.

A little away from her
On the beach
Stood Venus bathing...

They asked her too

A sweet smile
As Dawn she smiled
Yet told us
'He passed by towards yon
Woods as he saluted me.'

Then
They found him in the woods
Face up
Whistling and thinking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Stayed

They stayed the night
They melted in the morning
Early morning
Before the Dawn
Just.

Purpureal and glossy
The wave current particles
Shone across the
Electric strait

Vibrated the strings of
Twilight waters
And hidden covers

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Told Me

They told me
That
The sirens sing a song of mystery
A sad song
That befits the drear of the seas
In those dark waves
In those darkness under the stars
And lit but dimly by the weakly moon:
The sirens sing a song of mystery
And for us humans
Preferable to go to these sites
And hear the sirens singing
Singing their sad songs
In the sad nights to the
Sad heavens and the dim lighting moon.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Walked, They Walked

on castle-walls
and as shadows lead-grey
sliding stealthily
on the thick torch-lit
walls
Ancient times! how many a joy
how many a thrill
these times do not yield
yet you yield
and in the seas below
the castle ancient roar
blue and white spume
together mixed:
and over at the cliff edge
stands
A Figure with a Scythe
sarcastically.

Emmanuel George Cefai

They Weep

The winds and air

They

Weep

Approaches time:

My mother

My mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thick Was The Mist

Thick
was the mist
you could use the knife
to juggle and to
carve ways
out of it:
there is a Nile of red
red blood
on saffron wedges
and on cliff hanging ledges
tall
grey
giant shadows pass
sliding at times
from rock to rock
then
sudden
disappearing
in the caves by the clouds
hiding.
fire! fires!
I saw three shrouds
whose scarce clothes
and shabby
were on fire.
Those three shrouds
were running into fire
as rapid as the fires
blared.
No, not even in the
dawn
nor after.
fire! fires!
I saw three shrouds
whose scarce clothes
and shabby
were on fire.
Those three shrouds
were running into fire

as rapid as the fires
blared.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thin Blue Veil

Wipe off
Wipe off
The thin blue veil of
Mists azure
Wipe off

Beneath
The angels of
The blue eyes
Frozen on in a
Crib
Of snow and ice
Look
With affrighted eyes.

The Muse herself
On a noble lyre
Strings and
Sings
The verses rise
And fall
A Poet Seer high
On a pedestal
He sings and chants
The swan song

Emmanuel George Cefai

Things That Change

Of things that change
And change
At times
Upside down
Be History made:
You
Will learn that so
Soon
As History will be your boon

Emmanuel George Cefai

Things Transform

things change
that is
things transform
and
blood congeals
It is dark now
in the streets
of old Valletta
the lights of
romantic street lamps
gives
passage through dark
some light
some hope
some warmth in heart...
tonight
this night of frost

Emmanuel George Cefai

Think Poet-Seer

Think
Think Poet-Seer
and
then
in the first prodding of
the Muse
the first wine in the
stringing of the lyre
sing:
versify and chant:
you
be the lark flying in face of
Dawn
you be the Beauty over
the seas at Dawn hovering
you be
the beauty of the woods in pain
of towns and seas and country
in tempests grueling
you be
you be

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thirst

Thirst!

Thirst!

Sitio

Sitio

So long and

Stretching

With every second

Tentacular thirst

I heard it the brain

For it was

Speaking

There was a chorus

Then

A group of loud hailers

In the brain

Spoke often

Simultaneously from

All parts.

From the heavens

Waters were

Falling

Falling

Into dry mouths to

Clean them and

To slake them.

Blest waters of the cool!

Thirst!

Thirst!

Sitio

Sitio

So long and

Stretching

With every second

Tentacular thirst

I heard it the brain

For it was

Speaking

There was a chorus
Then
A group of loud hailers
In the brain
Spoke often
Simultaneously from
All parts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thirteenth Hour, Then To The Thirteenth

Minute we are moving – hurry!
All my emotions are in fear's flurry!
I must deposit my eggs before
I must sing my song before
I must finish the last verse of this part.
Hurry! Hurry!
The time will soon come; she will give birth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thirty Years Ago

Thirty years ago
And even less
I used to go
Out in the gardens
Breathe the air
Feel as I passed
Through sentinel trees
An earthly emperor.

But that time passed:
The brain
Cannot come to terms
With slipping time:
Yet
The clock reads so
And so it be.

Ticking less and
Less
My clock of biology:
The glistening iron
Of the guillotine
Comes down slow
But remorseless

Then
Thirty years ago
And even less
Of love of life
Business power
Glory talked I
Acquisitions and advances
Material all
They put me in trances.

But now
Now
Now my blood has cooled

Under of experience
The anvil
Now
I look not on
Acquisitions though
Glimpses of the olden
Wishes come and go
But they go
Thirty years ago
Remained they:
And now
Even in my verse
Of graves and skeletons
And ghosts and shrouds
Of dusk pining and
Night's long silences
The stars, the dawn
That comes and goes
And comes again by rote:
These
These
I chant now
These
I sing:
These my vocabulary
The notes of my song
The sounds of my sad violin
And
Now
Now
It be night
On the scented waves
The spirits of the night
Transparent sail and go
And
From my turret high
I look on the dark seas
Know
And will to go:
Go
To the land that's
Far

And far away.
Sooner or later
Same result will be
And
I will go
Go far away and
Dissolve
As snows at touch of sun
All my persona
All my things
My all
My All in One
My One in All,
I go
Resting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This And This And This

This and this and this
the voices are still loud
the voices turn melodious
notes
the voices still sound
the nightingales have stopped in wonderment:
in an Age of Frost
the blue vibrations tremble
and twinkle:
the blue eyes look into the green eyes
a desolate Soul runs alone
little higher
than when the Earth sleeps
this night
There be a whole immense city
larger than the whole Earth below
larger
larger
called Pandemonium!

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Be Life.

This be life.
Do not discuss.
Think a little, for
For thinking
There always lies
A little space.

This be life.
Time has passed
And
You have aged:
Now
Desperation rules
That you must
Act or fall.

Like to a game of football
The ninety minutes are
Close to be past:
Do not rue the lost time
Now is to act
See! The clock hands move
And you
Must reproduce even not from
Love.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Day Is Soft

This day is soft
For my soul
Be restless
Less
More quiet
Fading.

The times pass
And
The days pass
The earth with
Snow
And sweat of labor
Covered.

On the low hills
Away
The sounds of
Fading horns
And bagpipes
On display
Fades,
Fades.
Fades.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Day, My Feast, Feast Of My Name

Christmas, Christmas Day

my parents anchored me to that feast,
that day

and though my freedom can wreak me
otherwise
with my parents go I, no,
of conviction, not by habit mere.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Day, This Night, The Bliss

This day, this night, the bliss
of lovers,
embrace and kiss

and through the stairs to
heavens
spiral

they made their way, grey lovers,
pilgrims grey, ghost and shroud,
naked and clothed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Even I Was Walking Solitaire

This even I was walking solitaire
Green, olive-green the trees incorporated
In to the growing darkness like impending thieves
Stood where I passed lined like sentinels
Or like the guards in silent parade stretched.
The water gurgled in the turning mill
A leaf falls to the ground all silently:
The rest is silence.
And from a distant tree I heard a voice
First indistinct then uttering syllables
Which I understood and not: then more
Distinct and understandable and nearer
The Voice grew.
I heard. It was the Muse. As from a sacred tree
She stood and spoke:
My loved Poet to-night I hest
That you pluck one of the night's stars
And bring it to me here shining bright.
To which I answered:
How can it be my queen, my sovereign?
Then the reply came:
You can because you will:
Therefore will first.
The Voice then ceased.
Alone, alone I walked for a few meters.
I had passed two or three trees.
Then stopped I and on high
I saw a nightingale begin to sing:
Her plume reflected the moonlight
And dark her silhouette rose against the bough
That bore her. Like as when water gushes out
Of the clean rock into increasing streams
And these uniting down the hillside run
Into one stream, one current solely joined
And dawn and morn and day and dusk and night
Will the coursing stream full find and leave
So sang the nightingale: her numbers flowed
Like to a current ever-flowing full.
And her emotions her heart emptied full:

Into the night, the air of night
The air of the still night - she sang and sang.
And in her song my heart's blood turned
And in her song a little light lit up
Into a nook in my brain: still she sang
Into the bosky moonlight when the stars
Twinkled from heaven's realm to our earth
And silver shadows gilded the still fields
With passing clouds like robbers of the night.
The leaves and boughs responded rustling still.
And my mind lit, my heart's blood riot turned
And in that revolution random I
Within my heart felt rising like a cloud
My song-like a mist transparent rose she
When the dawn full rubbing her fairy eyes
With naked soles treads over the grassy dews
And smiles her breath into the waking green.

And I saw the lone stars, the welcome stars
Were near me and I all giant-like seemed
To be an equal in the size and light
Below the azure vault of heaven moved
And energy hummed like a taut wire.

And I-and I, could my hands stretch
And touch the stars and see my hand descant
The shadows grey as over its face it passed
And cloudless shone the stars that night.
And of the stars at will a fair one chose I
And touched it with my hand and made it mine
That I could carry it to my sovereign queen
And sang I in that night like to the nightingale
Whose numbers flowed
Like to a current ever-flowing full
And her emotions her heart emptied full
Into the night, the air of night.

And from below in olive greenery hid
A Voice bespake trembling and full:
My son, you have now touched the skies
Now that your heart is full
Full as the heart of nightingale:

And you have touched the stars and chose the stars
Because your heart was full
Because your song was full with all your heart.
Continue in this way, my Son
And sing for months and years to come
That you
Amidst the silent stars
Will with them lie for times and times'
So spoke the Voice; so ended she.
And in the Night, the air of Night
The Voice went all away; so faded she.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Hideous Height

In this hideous height
all are with eyes wide
open
though it be night:
they must be on the look out
for
the white stars
they throws spears
and those who hit bleed and
fell in a mound
that hovers in spaces
celestial
celestial body.

goblets of poisons
divers and
colored
lie in the heaven zone
for
after all
it be deep midnight

skeletons drank from
the poisoned goblets
and how rattled they
but skeletons remained
skeletons
only
they fled them before
the white of Dawn
still rattling

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Incomprehensible Ennui

This incomprehensible ennui
This heat – this summer
This thought that comes robber-like
Whose genealogy I do not know
Nor care to.

The wind winds slowly round the pine
In fretful gusts
All playful half-discernible
Without a noise
And secretly tiptoeing.

The bat saw me and gave its eerie cry
That rent the heavens piteously
And then
And then
It went back to the eaves to hang itself.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Incomprehensible Night

This incomprehensible night
Is moving like a cloud
Towards the edge where Dawn
Rosy and virginal awaits:
In the blue dome
Of azure heaven only the moon
Smiles languid and seems fixed:
The stars inconstant lovers of the night
Wander their fires here and there
And roam all randomly.
There is no steadfast star right now above.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Land, Land Of Ours

This land, land of ours
gloating with styles on this brown land
of ours
dry brown bread
humble and desiring
fire
that quenches not at night more so
past midnight
when Shades and Shrouds roam
and meet:
together march in
the cemeteries of the Earth.

we will
be known to eat the light
that through
and all around emanates
just every night
we need not hear amorous
notes of nightingales
no
nor
the wise jug-jug of the ancient
owls.
We need not.

they bade me eat the
bread
and it was sour
yet
in that sour
there was a sweetness
I experienced not before
the smell of ghosts and
shrouds and yews

all intertwined and mixed:
was in enchantment?

they bade me stop
and 'Look! '
they said the fields
and country are red
all red
not green:
such a sight have you seen? '
I asked furtively:
'Why red? '
'Ah! , ' replied a voice
'Is not blood red? '
'How can they be so soaked
in red? '
'Ask other not me.'

There is a red that quenches
when it be so soaked
we next had interruption of the
red
for midst the snows there was
a cover on the land that
color hid.

I had not hollow eyes
yet I became
and more becoming, I,
you see the incumbencies of a
Poet Seer?
You hear the whistle of the suffering?

Forest upon forest cloud on cloud

And covering all a helmet of gray skies
That nigh to frowning is with winter chill
Thrust in the heart of this helmet lights
A sudden thunder clap that roars
On yonder hill:
And the first drops of rain fall
Like wanton jewels of the wildest night

I went to the palace of crystalline glass
I saw it hovering in a field
I saw it hovering in a country plain
I saw it hovering amidst dancing mists
I saw it, I saw it:
with hollow eyes
I trod the damp earth soaked
with pieces of a broken mirror
all the glory gone
when once in palaces it shone
and
went the round of the palace rooms:
the mirror

I went to the palace of crystalline glass
I saw it hovering in a field
I saw it hovering in a country plain
I saw it hovering amidst dancing mists
I saw it, I saw it:
with hollow eyes
I trod the damp earth soaked
with pieces of a broken mirror
all the glory gone
when once in palaces it shone
and
went the round of the palace rooms:
the mirror

on the poles
the heads frowned grim
and
as the day waned
more grim grew
more dark
and awesome
more dark and
cumbersome:
to the palace of clouds
I rode on a sleigh
of gold made by the Muse
with her a-riding
two lovers?
We were just riding
and
in those summit heights
increasing
my brain was ever
working
my Soul was ever-beating
those summit heights
we went and went
how solid the clouds of fleece
they were
how solid, how solid!

there is beauty on this world of ours
amidst the ill and evil there lies beauty
that shines more than the north star in the night
when breezes blow and soft the currents flow
round in the moon-lit lake without a sound:
there is a beauty in the fields, the trees, the woods,
the homely springs, the dark raw rocks and bays,
the rustling seas, and the reeds soft-whispering
the ripid vales, the ever-greening hills,
the red dusk, sunset and the wanton night murmuring
murmuring than humming of the bees on nectared flowers
the beauty of sad eyes, the furtive glances,
a thousand and one other joys and thrills,

there is beauty on this world of ours.

over the hill of Clouds
wandered goblins green
above an ancient moon
around the night
below the cliff a sea
where swam open toothed sharks
where the waters were bleak
not blue and drear and green
though
it was not tempest.
over the hills one by one
there was a wind, a breeze
that settled from the dusk
installed there in its throne
by the red dusk
by the red dusk that passed.
that ancient tiredness was
closeted
that ancient scent was
smell of fish:
blue waters were away
blue waters were away.
you
you do not have that much to show
to demonstrate
to be so proud and haughty:
was that the sign of inferiority?
I saw a lightning pass and then
it went
all suddenly.
across a strait there
stood a colossus of wind and
energy:
there was a wistful thread of glass
that hung from the old heavens with
night dews that precipitated
the morn was full of them
the Dawn - of myriad eyes, it was.

And
on the roof they were playing
marbles
ancient Maltese game
I heard the settling of each marble or
the group
as it settled on the roof cement
all turning
then sudden stopped and fell
as tired drunkards in nocturnal revel.
there were few towers
rare
that haunted the brain so yet!
as yet!
as yet!
I saw those towers or some steeples
red
that mosque-like rose, other
more pointed as pointed breasts
or as thin swords to pierce up
the skies.

how wild the eyes of night can turn
in the chill burning of the winter's frost
whilst icicles from unhappy trees descend
and winter sits grim o'er garden and land
in Hastings Gardens; while the lightning
the hoary laughter of the gods recalls
and the long fingers of it
the thunderbolts of Jove repeat, recall:
how wild the eyes of night can turn.

there was competition, horses
breathing hard,
with verses on their tongues,

they did not speak
nor utter syllable,
I saw them
I saw them.
Hurry! hurry! the clock-hands are
turning!
the dawn already is out and gone
the day is not bustling but
trembles and shakes with relative
laziness:
I saw a shadow pass so swift
it was
so swift yet my eyes saw
and easy lost as saw
the lanky shadow.

in the mortuary dressed in white
impeccable doctor suits
ten hedgehogs bent in operation
around the table:
'Hurry! hurry! , ' said one
he had big spectacles on his nose
and trembled.
Frenetic panic in that room
of formalin
suddenly arose:
there was a commotion of
a hubbub of sudden voices
arose
a tall and respectable hedgehog
who
had been quiet reading
a large newspaper that hid him
almost:
'Ho! Heigh! is this not mortuary
not an operating table? '
Then silence,
silence fell and disseminated.

Hard is the land
Hard is the land
And swarming with ants
That prowl around:
Swarming, swarming
As they turn around
Around, around,
Abound.
They were directing towards
The mortuary or the operating
Room?

Towards the cluster
A Rat ancient and old
Was directing:
With curiosity burning
To watch ants building
Ants that were building
A tower high, a sort of
Babel.
It was over the humid land
The river was passing
By the river was gurgling
Was the land sinking
Was the land rising?

Rising high
rising high
I saw reproduction rising
high
raising its head
high
its head held high:
and life was streaming:
the heavens that were frowning
now were gleaming.

from behind tinted spectacles
I saw a new found land
To my heart I wanted
To keep the discovery
Not share with humanity
Disgrace! Disgrace!
somebody shouted.
'Stop crowd! Stop! You
will leave me in oblivion
or give my dues that honesty
requires to the best of our civilization? '
There was no reply.
Loomed in the distant mists
the Silent City.

There was a rotten crowd
Of
Mushrooms:
Yet
Still they scented not
And hung their heads
At times
At other times they ranted
Shaking their heads here and
There
In quasi-rhythm:
There was silhouette
Coming
For night with scimitar of a half moon
Was on the earth, the turning Earth,
Rapidly descending
To his divided moiety of reign
One by one the stars alighting.

Began to shout the Chorus
We be in the land of the Dark Walrus

So we suspended laws that are now
By
Passed and forgotten:
Now our brains think different
O! how easy relative it was
For writing in one tenth the size
The reformed and evolved laws
The other bulky plump and unwieldy laws replacing.
Lank a Professor with a Bulbous Head
And
Half blonde half dark moustaches thin
Trimming and
Brimming:
'O! O! O! the laws! Where the
Codes they took from me?
Were they not mirrors of the Codices venerable
Where has our civilization gone astray? '
He put his hands to his head
Touching
On that Bulbous Head
The few lank ancient hairs
Remaining.

We were all oaring, oars that paddled
To right,
To left,
Here,
There,
And the skiff of civilization moving
With smile on its ruddy face displaying.
Our Captain and our Leader said:
'Slow! Slow! Direction good but slower
Evolution is glancing forth
More than a lance fast thrown
We must be slower.'
Then
Rose a Sailor and a Poet Seer
'No sir, no sir, see how fast
Earth be rotating and the other
Bodies and thing of the celestial

Spaces.

We must not be less, and catch up
With them.'

Then our Captain and our Leader
With chin in hand
Closed his mouth and ceased his ranting.

Then said a Prophet-Eremit
He was emerged just from
His cave
Where with beetles and rats and
Animals
He stayed.

'We have a voyage before us
We have a voyage before us
There are these options:
Either we stop
Be fossilized:
Either we move
And with evolution grow.'
His eyes wide open wider,
Wider grew
And red:
And
Then he rent his clothes
And said:
'We,
We humans of the noble blood
That noble
Through suffering of ages
Have hesitation
To move
With Evolution grow and reach? '

I
I saw old ancient styles fall
I saw of dogmatic forts walls crumble
I saw Crowds rising after centuries' sleep:

I saw they rose at last and recuperated:
I saw the waters rest from turbulence
I saw the waters glide as evolution glides
I saw that it was better then to turn to beauty
I therefore went out when night was out
I therefore had tears in my eyes of stars
I had therefore sang so much of Evolution
I therefore sang so much of civilization
I sang an ever-growing evolution
I sang not wars, prisons, or tortures
I sang and sing civilizations new
I re-write from the start, tabula rasa,
I
I re-write each time a new civilization
I call on you, Earth-people, do the same:
I call on you: Earth-people, fear not!
I call on you: let all reform all ever
I
I will rest in peace replaced by you Earth-people
I will feel my Soul rest, hear it whisper
I will reside with Dawn, reside with Fire.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Morn Rose I

This morn rose I
And
Thankful am I
That as the Dawn
This Dawn rose I:
Others rose not
Though I put forth an Immortality:
Ah! sore heart!
Sad heart!
I carry with me
In me
The universe in this misery:
In this obscurity,
Will rest I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night

this night
the dawn lay with the night in the jazz club
midst smells and smokes and dying embers she
awoke late in the night and
rubbing her eyes stole out into the night
drawing with her the curtains of the night
unconsciously into an uncertain grey
but then having slept well
the uncertain grey became a white
whiter and whiter and whiter
and dawn announced without a sound
that she had come to all us, mankind and all of us.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night Floats Along

A Chorus Song

This night floats along
The harbor and the ancient sea
The ancient fort and bastions
Old; the bending trees;
Sing the Chorus Voices:
'We are free, now that
Were not free; when
In chains floated in a sea
Of woes on Earth;
To power, to glory
And to the rest
Were bound; look
When the chains fell;
Long; long;
Already rust around.
Pity that Earth bind thus
But so bound we.
Till
The time comes
When the eyes be
Opened
The chains fall
And then the moment
Of song:
'We are free! We are free! '
Roam about the Earth in fantasy
We phantoms of the night
Genetic of beauty;
Now the freedom gained
We roam about dark and obstinate
Grim faced determined
Round
Never to lose our liberty'

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night How Rattled!

This night
how rattled
the castle nearby

old stones
sounds new
nocturnal funereal

this night
how rattled
the castle nearby

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night I Saw

This night I saw
Fear fleeing over the ramparts of the Night
Into the suicide sea that waited it.

This night I saw
The cheeks of Fear yellow-pale
Into the suicide sea wherein it leapt.

This night I saw
The corpse of Fear floating in the dark
Into the suicide sea wherein that waited it.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night I See

This night I see
A yellow corpse
A-floating on the sea
How wild its eyes
Still open wide
And staring blank
In the salt sea.

The waters still
Lapped darkly by
And in the distant town
A church-bell rang:

How strange this night, how strange.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night Is Somber

This
Night
Is
Somber
This
Night
Is
Gaudy
Only
A
Little
This
Night
Is
Dusky
This
Night
Is
Growling
This
Night
Is
Bursting
Out
Of
The
Shell
That
Ages
And
Time
Impose
Centuries
Turn
Them
Round
And
Round
But

This
Night
No!
Let
Go!
At
Last
Embarked
The
Vessel of freedom
On the open seas
And hybrid Oceans!

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night It Rides Witch-Like

The night
This night
It rides witch-like
It is sad
Yet be glad
To be free
Of the chains
That down on earth
Bind
Its reluctant hands

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night The Windows Of The Buildings Of The Town

This night the windows of the buildings of the town
Light up one by one
One after the other
One house after the other
One building after the other
One street after the other
One city quarter after the other

And then
The night will have gone away
When all the city lights useless

The freshness of the Dawn defeats the lights

On a huge rock outside the port
Our civilization sits and looks
Looks at its lights all wandering

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night Will Come As Other Nights.

The night
This night will come
As other nights.

In other centuries.

The houses sleep.

Silence bustles through the streets.

The bridge of wood sighs
As for centuries did.

The beetle round the blinding
Neon light flirts blindly.

A bat whirrs fast and shrieks and
Is lost suddenly

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Night, This Night The Sky Is Red

This night, this night the sky is red
And redder with every hour turneth
The blue azure that like an ocean hung
Now like an ocean of blood looketh
And stars still twinkle white and bright.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Paradise Is Easy

This Paradise be easy
This Paradise be made
By me
For
I have long prepared
This easy paradise.

Sweet rain be sweet
Sweet night-dews sweet
The humming bee be sweet
Ah! here so much be sweet!
From everywhere sweet clustered
Here
Clustered sweet.

Yet
Here no power I see
Nor the rumbling drums of
Glory hear
Nor battlefields of boiling
Blood
Assail in to my mind.
This Paradise be easy,
Easy say I

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Season Stammers

This season stammers
The woods tremble
The firs shiver
The owls ruffle feathers
The soil dampens
The rains prefer night
The thunder glories
The stars chill
The red dusk still
And the dawn
Ah! the dawn in hear eastern cave
Comes to land over the wave
And the day a little lights
In its drear of winter nights.

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Side Of Night

So
Slept the night
This side of night
So dwarfed waxed
The moon
This night

So
Slept the
Waters
Of the cemeteries
This night

So
Bayed the wolf
So
Trembled the night-stars
This night
Stood still the cemeteries

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Star

I will pluck from the heavens
See how tiny it decreases
To adjust to the palm of my hand
And
I will place it on my breast
This Dawn
Next Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Tomb

So
Stood Pieta this tomb
Silhouetted
Night

The walks of
The cemetery
And access ways and
Streets
Are enemies of breath

So
Recompensing
Dawn
On reaching the
Edge
See it arise below

Emmanuel George Cefai

This Winter Was Cruel

This winter was cruel
Cruel winter that touch
With your frost hand of
Skeleton:
Not just my body
My heart
But deeper
Deeper
The emotions
Deeper

Emmanuel George Cefai

Those That Rise

A world that raises those
That rise
To summit heights:
Lets us temporarily
Bask in its glory
Then
Mows you down
At least if not
To oblivion's pool
To the realms of drear
Of fall of from glory.
Such be the world and
Civilization of the day!
And our emotions propense to
dance
According to its tune
According to its sway.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Those Verses Were As Of The Night

Those verses were as of the night
Not of the dawn
For that was long past
The hours passed
That was long passed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Those Who Suffer

For
Those
Who
Suffer
For
Those
Just
Look
At
Me
Just
Look
Don't
Speak

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though Age Has Passed

Though age has passed
His cold here
My heart still red advances
Burns and anguished
Itself tears – but stops
And halts
For Life be beautiful.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though Ages Press

Though ages press

Yet

We

Humans

Must

Press

The

More

Undo the works

Of ageing by our brains

Set the brains at work

Push back

The pressing ages

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though Beauty

Though
beauty extrinsicates itself
into a world of tempests calms
and sunsets
and more
and more
yet there be beauty too
nay a whole universe to be described
in the emotions

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though Christmas Ring

Though Christmas ring
though the streets scent
amidst the cold and frost
scent with holy incense
ah! still my heart be
lone
the heart of a lone exile!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though Suffering And In Stress

Though suffering and in stress
from cruel oblivion lie I
though, though, though,
here I walk hoping, hoping,
hoping
that in the end Justice be done
[at least by some fair stroke of
chance sheer and mere probability]
to my works
though I be dust.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though The Head Whirling Goes

though
though
yet
that is the time
to catch the butterfly of poetry
verse and song:
look! the time is fortunate
and at first
I was not minding it:
the Muse ah! that cunning trickster
I though that was dry and
parched
yet
stealthy behind me
stood
the Muse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though The Oak Wept, And The Tall Fir

Though the oak wept, and the tall fir
shoke in the burden of the gale,
though a star neared a tall elm,
planted long ago by British hands in
a Mediterranean clime.

struck loud the thunder, screeched
the ominous lightning, the palace of the
stars was full or argument

this night was full, cup to the brim,
control over, Prometheus shook his fists,
and the sun from afar saw its watch
saw that it was hours away
from its mid-day glory and smiled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Though You Speak With Broken Voice

Though you speak with broken voice
and
broken your accents half-parched
arise from in side your breast
and this
following your return from the
funeral:
you must this night honor
the confined body by
through his works and Ideas ply:
there
you will find founts, founts of joy
not weeping:
and from the sleepy valleys nocturnal;
will rise silver calls and chants
that with Ideas sparkle a sign
that these above the earth dwell and are
far
from resigned with the body in the
nether earth:
then when you tire through the night
to read the great works of the confined
shroud:
then
will Dawn resplendent come and console you
and as in airy hummock in her hands
taking your body tired to deserved rest.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought

Thought

I lay thinking on my bed
the Poet Seer lay thinking
but he smoked not
just
he looked at the roof over his
head
then
round and round the mirror less room
he thought
he thought
lay thinking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought After Thought

Thought after thought
A whole of cavalry
Horses neighing
With broad nostrils
Sweat and red of blood
The night became a toad
The moon a sea of blood.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought Goes Round And Round

Thought goes round and round
In so many
Permutations and combinations.

Anguish saw Thought and it
Narcissus-like
Fell in love with his mirror image
Then
There and then.
Immediately.

And
Thus Thought has since borne
The loads of Angst
In human brains and souls
Turning angst and suffering
Into the Beauty that at last
Redeems us humans, all,
All
Deserving.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought Philosophical

Of
Thought philosophical
With emotions
Mixed
And
In comfort
For
In the mixture
There
Thought philosophical
From
The emotions came

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought Saw Verse And Fell In Love

Thought saw Verse and fell in love
With it

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thought So Much

A

Day

An

Hour

A

Minute

A

Flash

In

Thought

So

Much

The

Difference!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thoughts Densify

Verse upon verse
Thoughts densify
I confessed
The Soul kept to itself

Rattled the skeleton
In me
There was internal war
A civil war

Look! Here we play
With the Emotions
But they are hard
And today abstruse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thoughts Of Fire

Your thoughts burn
I feel them in my hands
They burn as fire

Yet your thoughts
Burn not my finger-tips
Though they scald them
Softly

Arouse sensations from
The nerves as
Expert playing an organ
In a celebration

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thoughts On A Grave

Thoughts on a Grave

On a grave pondering
A Poet Seer touched his
chin
rested on it
for he weary
for he was tired
for he had swam
up and down
hither and thither
in the river of life

So many times
the current
carried him away and far!

So many times
he sighed
to retreat to the womb
whence he emerged!

Life is that: when
things be sad
then in as direct proportion
resignation becomes medicine

To think
to fear
to look with a vague look
and hear
the silence walk in chains
right after you.

Tonight
the glow-worms gather
round
without a sound

yet
their lights
betray them
gathering.

No thoughts as usual.
But new thoughts.
The old thoughts
he closed off
harsh as falling guillotines.

And
the tomb meanwhile
basked in the moon light
insipid and still
yet
awe-inspiring!

Even the fool becomes wise
here

Even the fool wiser becomes
the more here he stays.

Behind I saw a troupe of
goblins green
and in the back ground
helter skelter grey
passing
of ghosts and shrouds
a motley crowd.

I thought not on the inhabitants
of the graves
For I prefer in cemeteries not
to think
of the inhabitants of graves
yet be with them.

A Speaking Yew

A speaking yew
in the cemetery stood
up and high
solitary and sad
solitary
in solitary nights
sentinel and guard
of honor
to nocturnal lights

and
groaning of the ghosts
and shrouds
and
the creaking of tombs
opening by mid-night
to let restless
Souls
to pace and vent

Preferable so.
Midnight and night
together
shrouded in conspiracy
whispering
walk up the cemetery roads
the restless Souls by
till Dawn and light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thousand And More Lights

I wish the Thousand and More
Towns and Cities
were Thousand and More
Lights
Horeb-type
so
the multitudes will
follow
and
following bring forth
a new civilization to the Earth
oh! that we humans were lights
and yield lights
into that Horeb where all
congregate
A Voice high will always
turning in all directions
sate:
'Crowds and multitudes,
rise up, you from
the Continents that are not Europe
and the Americas
rise and be as dignified as the rest
rise to the same heights
produce the same great humans
show that the Wheel of History
has turned full round
the circle
and because you turned it.
Rise!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Three

Three cities

Three towns

Three tales

So works History.

So work humans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Three Lines

Three lines, my Monsignor:
All genes be social genes
Descent or no, always.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Threw Was A Wilfred

Threw was a Wilfred
Here
But that was long
Ago
He was a child
Now
In his whereabouts
I met a white bearded man
How white the beard!
How long the beard!
He had not children.
And
He was there with that
Which only made
His failures and his verses!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throes Of Music

in
to
the
throes
of
music
stars
are
firing
themselves
this
night
this
day/s
of
Wrath
the
people
sleep
the
heavens
no
but
war
part
with
part
they
have
been
cross
since
zenith
at
mid-day
fell
to
the
pining

dusk
at
fading
of
the
day
since
then
since
then
since
then

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throttling Grace

Throttling
Grace that poisons
sweetly

Mask
that
hides
face
frowning
mask
that
hides
fate
of
hate
mask
that
hides
face
of
malice

word by word, the winds uttered
through thin chunks by between
windows and sills:
the winds uttered word by word
the speech of the Zephyr-Sphinx

Here!

Hear!

the church bells as of today ring
for the Feast Day.

in a few hours the statue of the
saint
will come out
then

as the dark clothes the Earth
the fireworks.
Beauty additional
to the moon and stars - and night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through My Hair Your Hands Pass

through
my
hair
your
hands
pass
slow
and
sensual
I
close
my
eyes
see
not
Beauty
beauty
feel
immense
and
existential

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out A Certain Night

Through out a certain night
There the house hid amidst
The dense foliage of shrubs and trees
Sentinels of oaks old and firs and elms:
Imported from a country in the north
Yet still staying surviving in the south
Well, well, the lights past midnight lit
And then the house was lighted bit by bit:
Then
Of a sudden as soon as the lights lit
They went out suddenly, though
No thunder struck, nor lightning,
Through out a certain night
There the house hid amidst
The dense foliage of shrubs and trees
Sentinels of oaks old and firs and elms

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out A Night Of Storm

Through out a night of storm
You expect drear.

But if drear comes in weather
Fair?

You will indicate a
Desperation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out Last Night The Tempest Over The Town Raged

Voice One:

Through out last night the tempest over the town raged.
And through its ancient heart the bastions assailed

Voice Two:

But ay! remember Dawn if there be night what follows
Is not Dawn?

Voice Three:

The heavens speak but let us whisper for
the ancient town awakes.

See, see, beyond the clouds there comes
Minerva on her throne for wisdom more
than strength is foundation for Earth:
ah! that wisdom more foundation be
than strength and its offspring power
and glory. How wry the face of Beauty
turns when power and glory on strength prevail.

Director:

The Voices whisper between them.

Enter the Spirits, the Spirit of Life, the Spirit of Storms,
the Spirit of Power and Other Spirits

Director:

All emotions and phenomenons Spirits have

To each his Spirit and now all are
gathered here.

Chorus:

Power has its reign as glory has
but wisdom rule; power and glory fade
at the frail flower at the gelid touch
of the first frost begot at the red dusk
and the star chill of the deepening nights.

Spirit of Life:

I will not assail you Spirit of Power

Spirit of Power:

Will you assail the stronger?
You assail not because you fear

Chorus:

Power has its reign as glory has
but wisdom rule; power and glory fade
at the frail flower at the gelid touch
of the first frost begot at the red dusk
and the star chill of the deepening nights.

I

We sing, we Spirits, sing and march,
undeterred, noble, proud, as of right,
the world and Earth are our in the night
and the orb eager for our processions high
and the sea and ocean for our chants and
song with expectation still await.

Spirits:

We all together be brethren and so must

You Spirit of Power remember that from dust
you rose and to it will return. A fading
flower is as your cycle.

Chorus:

A

See, see, beyond the clouds there comes
Minerva on her throne for wisdom more
than strength is foundation for Earth:
ah! that wisdom more foundation be
than strength and its offspring power
and glory. How wry the face of Beauty
turns when power and glory on strength prevail.

B

the sea-waves speak, and in their whisperings
be the syllables of wisdom inspiring.
Go to the shore to hear the sea-waves
by some bay derelict when the coves and
caves still to each other as from night
respond.

C

Toil we, toil we, humans, over land, over sea,
and through the night the wheels of mills
turn all as in magic though no Merlin comes
No, no Prospero, with the closing of his book
Nor any nocturnal witch with haggard look.

D

In verses, not resplendent, wisdom too her
seat will have, and be as plenteous and
more than in verses that resound with sound
and beauty of word and splendor of the notes:

The humble verses no less proud be they
Than other verse.

E

when on the Earth the spirits take their
charge; fear with wry face to its lair
retires fast; as the red dusk before
the cunning night as red before the dark
till the dawn's reign and coming of a lark.

F

In togas bound, in hoods dressed, with
brows furrowed and vexed, with chin in hand
one after another the august thinking band
paced slow through the walk amidst the trees
and the soft winnowing of a silent breeze.

G

Come night, come night, let the dark cover
our loves from eyes of curious men
and draw the bustling loud from town and street
Till the dawn once again start on her beat.

H

Power has its reign as glory has
but wisdom rule; power and glory fade
at the frail flower at the gelid touch
of the first frost begot at the red dusk
and the star chill of the deepening nights.

I

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undeterred, noble, proud, as of right,
the world and Earth are our in the night
and the orb eager for our processions high
and the sea and ocean for our chants and
song with expectation still await.

Voice One:

Would you bring Prospero? He closed his books
and now must be revived
magic by magic; spell by spell.

Voice Two:

In this fragmented world we sing fragmented
verse, yet in it there grows experiment
as seed that finds the fertile soil
to grow.

Voice Three:

Would you bring Merlin? For long ago he was.
And many incantations would for him do.

Toil we, toil we, humans, over land, over sea,
and through the night the wheels of mills
turn all as in magic though no Merlin comes
No, no Prospero, with the closing of his book
Nor any nocturnal witch with haggard look.

Director:

In the halls of kings and lords where
they assert that poesy was born
where and when harps and lyre strung upon
the first sweet notes, the first verses
raw at first but sweeter grew

with more experiment and experience too.

Chorus:

See, see, beyond the clouds there comes
Minerva on her throne for wisdom more
than strength is foundation for Earth:
ah! that wisdom more foundation be
than strength and its offspring power
and glory. How wry the face of Beauty
turns when power and glory on strength prevail.

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Go to the shore to hear the sea-waves
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and through the night the wheels of mills
turn all as in magic though no Merlin comes
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Nor any nocturnal witch with haggard look.

Spirits:

Over the airs
Sail we
Facing
The aggressive
Tempests
That
Rose

On air
In
Sea and ocean
And
The clouds
Our
Confessors
Be
As we
Fly
Over them
As bees over
Flowers.

Director:

We into the sub-conscious have wandered
Far; though in the conscious we too
Are.

Chorus:

See, see, beyond the clouds there comes
Minerva on her throne for wisdom more
than strength is foundation for Earth:
ah! that wisdom more foundation be
than strength and its offspring power
and glory. How wry the face of Beauty
turns when power and glory on strength prevail

Director:

I direct.
For in al, and all in all, is there not
In prose, in poetry, in literature,
That quantum, that percentage minimal
Of both the conscious and sub-conscious
Too in all of them?

To vary those proportions is an ever-increase
As it be relative.
And experiments vary as in equation form
In as direct proportion to the variations that
Percentages of the conscious and sub-conscious
Have, obtain and manifest
At the moment time of the event.

Spirit of Life:

Ah! how glows at birth the machine
That's born!
In its new relatively unused mode
How strength in it
Gathers as it grow.
Like climbing a hill for children or
For youth.
But on reaching the top what glories
Does one view when all below
The plains and oceans stretch and
All the glories of the nether Earth:
That is the mid-day of life:
The top of the mountain
From thence
We to the other side opposite whence
We climbed go down.
Easier to go down but there at the foot
Drear and oblivion masked await.

Chorus:

In verses, not resplendent, wisdom too her
seat will have, and be as plenteous and
more than in verses that resound with sound
and beauty of word and splendor of the notes:
The humble verses no less proud be they
Than other verse.

Spirit of Power:

Though you Spirit of Life, life celebrate
The strength of Power you ignore:
What be life without power?
What be life to serve and obey?
Is that the Individual Sovereign Will?

Spirit of Life:

Ay! The Individual Sovereign Will by power shackled is

Spirit of Power:

Shackled?

Spirit of Life:

Yes because its freedom conditioned be
By the exigencies and fretting of power

Spirits:

Spirit of Power keep your silence!
You recollect how many wars you
Brought?
How many corpses strewn on battlefields?
Speak!

Spirit of Life:

You see friends; he speaks not.

Chorus:

Power has its reign as glory has
but wisdom rule; power and glory fade

at the frail flower at the gelid touch
of the first frost begot at the red dusk
and the star chill of the deepening nights.

E

when on the Earth the spirits take their
charge; fear with wry face to its lair
retires fast; as the red dusk before
the cunning night as red before the dark
till the dawn's reign and coming of a lark.

F

In togas bound, in hoods dressed, with
brows furrowed and vexed, with chin in hand
one after another the august thinking band
paced slow through the walk amidst the trees
and the soft winnowing of a silent breeze.

G

Come night, come night, let the dark cover
our loves from eyes of curious men
and draw the bustling loud from town and street
Till the dawn once again start on her beat.

H

Power has its reign as glory has
but wisdom rule; power and glory fade
at the frail flower at the gelid touch
of the first frost begot at the red dusk
and the star chill of the deepening nights.

I

We sing, we Spirits, sing and march,
undeterred, noble, proud, as of right,
the world and Earth are our in the night

and the orb eager for our processions high
and the sea and ocean for our chants and
song with expectation still await.

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and the orb eager for our processions high
and the sea and ocean for our chants and
song with expectation still await.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out The Birth Of The New Day

Through out the birth of the new day
There was the birth of a New Year
Silver confetti fell
From the heavens
The dews, the night dews that
Fall on the grass, fell,
Fragments
Fragments
And the church bells started ringing
Early:
And the streets were deserted early
In the day
As till almost noon
The people celebrating New Year's Eve
Slept in the Sub-Conscious while
The Conscious Dawn presided over where
The New Year entered port in the old town.

In the menu that Dawn brought with her
For to-day New Year's Day there was
the special and the not so special:
Special rang the tunes of the church bells
different from other holidays:
overdue after all!
New Year's Day!
But the old city dressed as it had dressed
the day before
and the day before that
and before that for centuries
old in the memories of ancient times:
and the people
who survived into the New Year survived
either as flesh or blood or else as ghosts
the former in the morning streets
the latter in the Night swarmed
to the old town in hordes and shrouds
and there rose high a long sad lament

an All in One, and One in All
to the sad heavens and stars.

I wish for Fog yesterday: long through
the year this wish in my Sub-Conscious hid
but
now with the guillotine falling
on the Old Year's head it rose
restless and restless
in the Deep Soul it rose like to
an Egyptian snake of magic dazzling spells
could I resist?
Wanted I to resist?
And in the mist I had the Fog I yearned for
though little the mist over the cold port
in the cold early hours of New Day
Soon at the first touches of the Sun dispelled.

Slow, slow, the verses flow -
the water murky turned in to the river
and dense and loaded it moved so and so -
it was a sort of Styx - yet burned not -
but
rather chill under the drear winter heavens
flowed discontented and unwilling:
so
my verses flow, do flow, but slow,
crawl in the violet light of a waning day
But they had their time too - let me say
and so
slow, slow the verses flow, this dusk.

The rain was falling.
Though no snow fell
the wind of frost neighed through
the boughs and trees
that huddled in the wood like naked
men and women in that tempest hoar:
The rain was falling.

Deep,
deep the water pencils fell adown
the window-panes condensed with
breath of the humans inside and
with the warmth of stoves and
lights and some ancient chimney-hearths.
Ah! the old city, the old town
how many chimneys here and there
old and grimy on their faces hurled
the winter tempest in its orgy wild.

Then in that Time there danced
Masks in a place by the woods
where
the trees shivered and trembled
in the frost and chill.
Yet the Masks danced, danced
silent:
some on human feet; some manifested
on all fours; some a tail beneath
the frac of white or black
but behind a Mask
all faces are the same and equal stand.

And then of sudden there came a sound
strange as if from the nether earth
from soils damp and wet arising;
and
it sang in a strange microphone tongue
'Be merry sirs, no human sees
Hum, hum around like nightly bees
Or like the crickets on the summer nights.
But merry be.
The waters trickle.
The gutters full.
Slope the water-rains.
The heavens open remain.
Rain falls.
Thunder opens white in rage
its mouth.

Then vibrating Earth
it sounds.
One after another Light
after Light
the Thunder goes.
One after another Sound
after Sound
the Thunder goes.
And the day is in throes.
The red dusk fled.
Throne has been left
Into the hands of night.
Be merry, Sirs, the storm
Has ushered humans in:
To their warm hearth and home
And most now sleep profound
Go round, round and round
For no human espies
Long, long and far
the Dawn be; your faces
have many hours to whiten
with pale fear of new Dawn and Day.
Be merry, dance, round
and round,
without a sound, silent,
ghosts and shrouds, animal,
bust and All, dance, merry be:
The storm will last as long
As the night be with me.'
So said the Voice then stopped.

And the Masks turned and turned.
Slow they danced with measured steps.
Studied each step and pace and slow.
And the Masks turned and turned.
And though the winds
that Zephyr sent to blow such
frost and dreary chill
yet they touched not the Masks
that underneath their identity hid:
and reveled in the mystery of it.

There was a Boar's Head:
Tall and high,
he towered above all, and his feet
brown and far from human stood,
yet
with calculated paces round and round
he went.

There was a Sphinx Head
and mystery added all around
silent it moved yet
with the rest it moved and danced

There was a Head that like a Sibyl
grinned; behind was it a Sibyl
or else?
Still like the others danced
As all danced mechanical
Unearthly and ghastly their look
And more since mid-night struck
the more.

There was a Skeleton Head:
though somewhat exposed
it was made so that all the zones
were covered that were not white bones:
mysterious, mysterious danced it
in that cavalcade of dark and silent din.

There was an Artist's Head:
This the most mysterious Mask
For under it, it hid some Artist who
Long, long ago in his wild reveries
Painted the walls of his house with
strange shapes and things:
this made him more than welcome guest

and all more wanted to this ghastly feast.

Then, then again the eerie Voice
That dread
Spread through its nasal microphone
Chanted again as if by sheer programming:
'Be merry sirs, no human sees
Hum, hum around like nightly bees
Or like the crickets on the summer nights.
But merry be.
The waters trickle.
The gutters full.
Slope the water-rains.
The heavens open remain.
Rain falls.
Thunder opens white in rage
its mouth.
Then vibrating Earth
it sounds.
One after another Light
after Light
the Thunder goes.
One after another Sound
after Sound
the Thunder goes.
And the day is in throes.
The red dusk fled.
Throne has been left
Into the hands of night.
Be merry, Sirs, the storm
Has ushered humans in:
To their warm hearth and home
And most now sleep profound
Go round, round and round
For no human espies
Long, long and far
the Dawn be; your faces
have many hours to whiten
with pale fear of new Dawn and Day.
Be merry, dance, round
and round,

without a sound, silent,
ghosts and shrouds, animal,
bust and All, dance, merry be:
The storm will last as long
As the night be with me.'
So said the Voice then stopped.

And the Masks turned and turned.
Slow they danced with measured steps.
Studied each step and pace and slow.
And the Masks turned and turned.
And though the winds
that Zephyr sent to blow such
frost and dreary chill
yet they touched not the Masks
that underneath their identity hid:
and reveled in the mystery of it.

But ah! The hours fly though
Danced they slow:
The measured paces served not
To delay the motion of Time:
And soon
One called – it was the Voice –
That spoke in to a nasal microphone –
'Look the Dawn within the hour
Will on the shore pebbles be
Treading: prepare you
To Vanish in the airs and Vapors Blue
Whence in the night's beginning came you.'

Then all the Masks of sudden stopped.
Then all the Masks bent gracefully.
Then all the Masks farewell partook
Each to each, with respectful reciprocity.
And soon in the air as the night-stars
One by one light at the flight of
Red dusk – so these Masks in the Air
And Vapors Blue within less than minutes
Five

Disappeared and on the place
There stood the trees a-shivering
And the wind still blowing wild
And the rain falling, and the chill
And frost and the rain pattering.

Call after call I will not cease
To tell you to reproduce: while
You still breathe though slow,
Though obesity
Makes you in danger and increases it:
Yet
The more so you should thrive
And your blood to delirium warm
Even if it be the coldest winter day
To make new children in your wake.

Shakespeare had sung this too: wisdom
On this unite us.
If his country and mine had but two rivers
Principal we would have joined them:
But
Shakespeare has his Thames and I have no
River.
Therefore we can join the Thames to the
Mediterranean sea.

Breathe, breathe, Greek breath, the pines
Are hanging down for they pined
At the parting of the red dusk:
And since they bent their head
They will not rise, no, not even
Night-stars lighting after the other
Will do the trick: they still bend
And further bend as the night deepens in
Even though the winter chill bites not.

If you do not versify in the level

If you do feel your hand
Reach to the high peaks
Where at least the clouds soar
Or better
Higher than the clouds:
Then retire speak not, write not
And think and wait.

Then
The bells rang
Then
The chapel lighted
Then
The country lanes in the dust
Then
The horse was heard coming
Then
The hooves were heard beating
Then
The dust was seen flying:
Then
The seas dark were moon shining
Then
The horseman crossed the edge
Then
He dropped slow into the sea and safe
Then
The horseman and horse walked on the sea
Then
Night when they passed yielded to Dawn
Then
The legend had been consummated.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out The Rushes

Through out the rushes
the river runs: the mud banks
stick in the middle:
and that manifests
that the river is a stream
and the stream a river to the sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through Out The Streets Of An Ancient Town By

Through out the streets of an ancient town by
far I walked, I walked, I walked
and in to the night figures came and
vanished.

The walls just outside the town were
painted with graffiti and the ilk
by nocturnal hands or else?

the pregnant windows, black prevalently
sourred in the growing frost

the vinegar of life touched the lips of
night drowsed by the poppy-fumes of the
narcotic dusk of that day:

in the gardens inside the city bastions
a hoarse cry rose and fell and then
silence again except for rustling cats

nocturnal lovers, animals, owls and
cats and nightingales, a hedgehog that
followed by his paramour crosses the street

and dawn is away, and the movers of the
night wish it away and distant, away,
though not for good.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Air I Saw That

Through the air I saw that
The birth-cord was cut: the children
Asserted their independence early.
No coup they needed, bloody or not.
But needed only to assert themselves.
So long I said: I assert, you must
Assert.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Bushes

Through the bushes
Inside the fields
Away from human feet
Even the feet of hedgehogs
The glow-worms hobble
Merrily
The night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Glades

Through the glades
The Soul went treading
On soils full of sharpened
Iron.

Hurt
Was the Soul and
Ached.
But at each treading
And each shout
Came the Emotions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Main Of Sewage

Through the main of sewage
Swam I
The miserable.

Sweat on the back
And
Sweat on the eyes.

And
In the dorsal spine
The muscles screamed.

Yet
Desperation made
Brought forth and
Weaned
My strong determination

And
On and on swam I
Through the sewage main.

And
Rats, grey short and tall
Long-tailed short-tailed
And
All
Around me swam.

And
In the length of a night
I had come to shore
And Dawn
And a new risen day.
So far
So far
Through desperation.

Through The Old Night

Through the old night
the waters fell
drop after drop
desire after desire
emotion after emotion
as to the Ganges
there to be purified.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Thick Throng

Through
The
Thick
Throng
He
Passed
The
Man
With
Lizard
Eyes
Yet
In
Those
Lizard
Eyes
There
Hovered
The
Beauty
Of
The
Particular
There
Was
A
Shrine
Of
Beauty
In
The
Specific.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Thick Veils

Through the thick veils that
Then
Then in that blasted night
Surrounded me:
I could see
The convolutions numerous
Around me:
And then I said:
'See this the mirror of my life'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Thicket

Through the thicket
Of steam
Where beauty
Smokes
Calm
Serene
Her pipe
And Earth unto her hummock
Bends
And grass wetted with dews
That fell at night
That fell at night
Beauty supine lay
Looking at the number
Of stars increasing
As the day was fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Thin

Through the thin
Staircase
The flood of ghosts
Rushed
It was night dark
Though outside
Day shone bright
And
With rain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Tunnel

Through the tunnel
The waters gulped
And bolstered bushes
Spirits that with
Open mouths
Crying
In the night of the world
There was a heart
And tongue
That were all hoarse
And vanishing
Slow
As the red dusk
Melting
As the tired day
Slow
Fading

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Verses

The thought
Ran
Through
The verses
hidden
as a glow-worm
too beautiful
yet
too fragile for treading.

the onslaught of the ways
of Earth

toil and sweat
and
shocks and fear
what more?

for
then
the thought
ran
through
the verses
hidden
as a glow-worm
too beautiful
yet
too fragile for treading.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Web

Through the web
Dense and musty of
Ancientness I
Peered through the
On flowing
River of Time: Motion
Took a weak shock
Alerted to my brain
A dusk suddenly came
And
Then
The dark without a star
The dark without a moon
The dark without a sound

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Wiolds Of Ancient Days

I passed the centuries
I grow older
I aged but with centuries:
I aged
I bent
The leaves turned sere with rage
Not age
The black milk that you drunk
When you were not running
Then resting was sunset
Yet it was not night
The first stars only were bright
The others were not yet lighted
The rumblings of the chariot of night
The golden axles of it had not
Trudged
Trudged the hammering skies
The wide-lipped heavens
The leaves turned sere the dawns
That failed
Into faded days.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Windows Of The Soul

Through
The windows of the
Soul
The upper windows
Thin
And taut
Peeped the Soul
The Inner Soul
To cry
Weeping tears
That fell
On the dewy grass
They fell
And mixed.
The Soul-tears.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through The Wooden Wall

Through
The
Wooden
Wall
Through
The
Chunks
I
Saw
The
Bull
The
Horns
I
Saw
Him
Pawing
At
The dust
Relentless
And
Furious
Flew
The
Dust
To
The
High
Heavens
And
Fell
Symbol
Of
Restlessness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Through! Throughout!

Through! Throughout!
A hidden Voice did shout!
Was it from tree or bush
That by passed and flew
As the horse galloped
Galoped through?

Where goes the horse all
Galoping this night?
To hide from the frozen
Spears of star light?

Or from the thunder rumbling
Speed?
From whispering things of night
That out of way hide
Spare themselves out of light:
And in bent head shrouds
And soutane all somber-dark
Their waning bodies hide
Or skeletons.

Why flee, who so trembling go
As light that in the fading dusk
Did tremble so
And waters twilight that vibrated
Lo! When the first star arose
In the wide heavens still darkening.

Through! Throughout!
A hidden Voice did shout!
Was it from tree or bush
That by passed and flew
As the horse galloped
Galoped through?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout

Throughout
The things of Earth
And all around us
The phenomena of dusk
And stars and dawn
And all the rest
They flock around us
We have them
They have us
And
Verse
And
Song
Sing of them
Chant of them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Cloisters

Into the space
Ran we
Throughout the cloisters
Of the hill top monastery
Close to midnight
Run
The ghosts and shrouds
Stately dance
Organized
The bells
Ring slow
The belfries light
In the nocturnal trance
Into the space
Ran we

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Dusk Heard I

Throughout the dusk heard I
under the privilege of Poet Seer
heard I arising as a snake song
from the twilight waves of the
decline of day
I heard, I the privileged
I heard the eerie song of the
ever reddening dusk-signal of
the now fading day.

that snake-song too reflected as
in a mirror as in a crystal lake
transparent my emotions
buffeted by currents underneath yet
at the surface quiet:
and declining with declining day.

the oaks were sleeping already, and
the boughs and leaves a-hanging
in the first sub-conscious ecstasies
of sweet sleep and sweet decay.

ah! mother ah! mother ah! mother

you too declined as the day declined:
life was your day;
how beautiful you were in your heyday
and
in the mid-day drunkenness of beauty
when life at its zenith sings and vies
with Venus herself...
time comes alas...
time comes alas...
and
after the sleeping giddy afternoon
as in hummock starts the sweet decline
of age:
the hair grows white as green leaves hoar

at touch of winter and impressed
by snow and winter storms and tempests:
you
you too declined as the day declined
my mother

throughout the dusk heard I
under the privilege of Poet Seer
heard I arising as a snake song
from the twilight waves of the
decline of day
I heard, I the privileged
I heard the eerie song of the
ever reddening dusk-signal of
the now fading day,
my mother.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Inner Sighs

again
throughout the inner sighs
of the Inner Soul
the inner circles
fair with beauty
blow
and thoughts
ah! thoughts run riot
in the wild exchange
and
more they pine
caught in the throes
of love
each every time
my maiden-love in kisses
melts
and with her sweet tongue
in ecstasy
groans.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Night

Throughout the night
I hear the pirates of old times
Their voices
Their whisperings
Over the waves
Coming
Coming
Coming
Throughout the night
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Night How Neighed

Throughout the night how neighed
The wind. It had a rose on its foot
On each foot. So two roses.

That night wind had two feet.
It walked over the bastions and
It churned in the open spaces as
In Hastings Gardens the firs and
Troubled oaks full rudely shaking.
Trembled the nightingales that
Singing were but sudden stopped.
The owls all wise sate silent
On the shaking boughs
But they maneuvered to keep their
Claws round and tight.
So they survived a fall through the
Whole night.

Throughout the night how neighed
The wind. It had a rose on its foot
On each foot. So two roses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Night Raged The White Hoar

Throughout the night
Raged the white hoar
Under the anvil red
Of deepening winter
I have begun again
After a brief parched
Time!
A whiff of Spring in
All this winter dread
Even in just one line!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Night The Tempest Was

Throughout the night the tempest was
but calm, no thunder heard but muted
over woods and town, with retained rain
upheld
the dreamers woke not
and
the sleepers woke not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Night There Swam Planets

Throughout the night
there swam planets in the
extreme frost of the
heavens
there swam discs that spoke
of despair
there swam humans but not
wholes
but parts here an arm,
there a leg,
there a head
and so on
and so on
throughout the night
no,
no wonder the gales went
no wonder the gales roared
forcing robber-like the doors
and the windows

Emmanuel George Cefai

Throughout The Pain

Throughout the pain
the patient must have chloroform:
refrain
from the high heavens
sounds and shrieks
of damned and desperate:
throughout the pain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunder And Heavy Rain Drizzles – Spirits

Thunder and heavy rain drizzles – Spirits
That roamed since Dusk, red Dusk,
Into the chill, despite the frost,
Strong, raw, challenging, undeterred.

Saw I Prometheus walking defiantly
In to the storm and tempest
For him Winter as of Summer be
And as of Spring's felicity.

For us, humans, must we rise
To wise old Prometheus, to
His strength and prize
And bring new fires from Earth primeval.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunder And Lightning

Thunder and lightning
The set is done
The play begun
The curtain fallen.

Come airy clouds
And sovereign thunder
Earthquakes that rend
The earth asunder
Iron that gapes out
Of the vein-lodes.

Grey that pops out
Of the old dark
The night
The rise of day
The Genesis
The Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunder Exploded

The thunder exploded
Thus then flew
Over to the hills
That gloating sad
Were sub-conscious in large
Part.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunder Strike

And
I heard the thunder strike

I heard the windows panes
Screech
The windows rattle

And
I heard the wild call
And
I heard a thousand whisperings

And
I fell to earth before all these.

And
I felt my Soul, my very
Inner Soul vomited towards the
Edge.

And I felt my heart sink suddenly.

And
I heard the thunder
Striking and striking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunder Struck, Thunderstruck Recoiled I,

Thunder struck, thunderstruck recoiled I,
The architect said: Pay attention
Before you go up the road
Your breath looks short, your face
The more I see – the better –
Looks so pale:
Pay attention, move slow, pace
After pace you move and go.
And in the heavens I looked and
Saw winter and tempests green writ in the clouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thundered

Thundered the old man
Half-dressed as Neanderthal
(Or rather half-naked as Neanderthal)
With him growing fast his goat beard
Unwashed and untidy:
Thundered
He thought that he was Jove
When in his sinewy hands he seized
The giant couple of rocks and beat
Them together: fire burst
Flashing
In flashing each other
And the mighty sound of
Thunder:
Rolled as the waves of Ocean from land to land
Rolled as the waves of Ocean to the sand
Of beaches on desert and half-desert islands on the
Earth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thundering Of The Poet Seer

I saw verse light
In the skies
In the heavens
I heard the
Thundering of
The Poet Seer:
Long and erect
In the night storm
He braved the rains
The winds, the colds
The blizzards and
The frost
I saw him
I heard him
I call to him
But no!
No he continued
Continued chanting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Thunders

Nine times the thunders
Struck
Ten times the lightning
Struck
One time the benighted tempest
Came.
Three hundred times and more
The old owl screeched
Five hundred and more
Notes sang out
Each nightingale

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tick, Tick, Tick

Tick, tick, tick,
Love and Thought and
Verse
And Verse and Thought
And Love
And Thought and Love and
Verse.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tides Of Seething Venom

Tides of seething venom
Emitted by crocodiles
Enraged
Floating in the rivers
Where the heavens are
Black
Black with frowning
Though it be not
Night
As yet

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tidings

Tidings
coming
from
the
sunset
radio-waves
radio-waves
echoing
echoing
radio-waves
'day
declining
day
be
waning'
hear you?
attention!
hold!
hear!
hear!
the
dusk
hums!
the
red
hums!
there's the first
scream from the bat
as
it flies low over the waters
still a-stunned by the noon
sun.
radio-waves
radio-waves
echoing
echoing
radio-waves
'day
declining

day
be
waning'
hear you?
attention!
hold!
hear!
hear!
night is coming
already
the
edge
of
his
dark
mantle
comes
already
already
woman's
heart
she
loves
she
loves
and
the
night
this
night
for
her
days
are
passing
days
are
slipping
as
the
sand
stars come out to demonstrate

moon be not shy be not faint
clouds fly low, avert the moon.
this the night
the bridge will sigh
creaking, creaking
as when my father and mother, two,
lovers hand in hand
over it they paced and went.
Long ago! Long ago!
old Valletta! long ago!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tidings, Brains, Happenings

Tidings, brains, happenings:

in the nights
sleep pitiful
comes to aid
my brains to calm.

For in the day's
other hours
my brains burn
on a tragic fires turn.

To the rendezvous
Of Oblivion bring
Sub-Conscious happening!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tiger Of The Night

Tiger of the night
With brimming eyes
Of giant stars
With spots
Again the stars
A cluster of stars
Vestal virgins in
Of Beauty the nocturnal temple.

Shouted the crowds
Aloud
As the sea-waves
Giant one after
The other
Entering

Sound of the Ocean might
In its wild beauty raw
Up
Up in the heavens immense
In the glooms of hanging
Destinies
In the verses writ
In the night's sensuous light
A matter such for Beauty's own
Delight.

Humming the stars
The crowds of the skies
Voters of the heavens
Flocks roaming of
Beauty's particle toys
Toys of the Olympians
Their delight and
Long term wisdom
Without need of owls
Hanging on trees and
Boughs.

Tiger of the night
With brimming eyes
Of giant stars
With spots
Again the stars
A cluster of stars
Vestal virgins in
Of Beauty the nocturnal temple.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time

Let Time tick, tick, tick
Motion will tick proportional
And now
That you my mother are
In the damp ground
Time, Motion, Motion, Time
What relative relevance?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time And Evolution

Will one day point to
Pines
For our fruit-eating.

There will be streams
That play as
Pleasant violins
In Venice.

There will be lights
That will all come and go
Mysterious yet usual
To those who yearn them ever.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Be Passing Said The Poet Seer

Time be passing
Time be passing
Said the Poet Seer among
The strewn leaves of
Verses strewn.

Time be passing
Time be passing
Said the Earth
Now in motion
Now in motion

Time be passing
Time be passing
Sang the heavens
Dangling
Dangling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Before Time Before Time

Time
Before
Time
Before
Time
King
Of
Succession
And
In
Any
Succession
What
Occurs
Has
Time
Before
It
Will
Not
Escape
That

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time By The Hour Count

Time by the hour count.

Time by the minute count.

Yet

In more pressure

Count Time by the second.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Comes And Moves

Time comes and moves
As motion moves
Time goes and moves
As motion moves
We wait for time to come
And then moving
We move with Time
And looking behind
See how much is past

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Flies So Much.

Time flies so much.

I feel the anguish.

Now.

That is

My vessel is

Turnings its sails

From the winds

Of the Conscious Zephyr

To the Sub-Conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Is A Pirate: So I Slandered It:

Time is a pirate: so I slandered it:
But it smiled; and recoiled not
At my words:
Though I recoil and planning to retract
The words that I had uttered in Hypnosis
Yet Time, ah! Time's so cunning
Knew well that under the Hypnosis
I uttered well, and wished that
All civilization would be in Hypnosis
That is from king and president to power less
Tycoon to relative poor: see!
All is relative on these tongues of earth
That from the Sun-circulating Oceans project:
Time is a pirate
Time is a pirate, emboldened I,
Uttered again, Time is a Pirate.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Passes

Time passes
We the powerful
Age
We find
That we were
Powerful
Now
Be less powerful

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Runs

Time runs, time runs,
There was no way I could
Persuade it stop.
There was no promise that
Could buy it.
Time whistled.
Time giggled.
Time laughed as small
children laugh.
Ruthless it smiles.
Ruthless it goes.
Time soars as the kites
soar in the heavens
float over the Earth
yet Time be not propense
to the motion of slow
soaring but
It hobbles innocent
as a toddling grown up boy
whose eyes are still
glistening:
whose heart smiles
clean:
whose hands are white and
unsoiled:
That boy was me too.
Yet
that boy was human too.
Yes.
We, humans, oblivious
So often and so much,
We humans
Barely feel its stealthy
Undercutting our very feet
Time runs, time runs.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Slips So Fast

Time slips so fast

So sinister

So ruthless

Yet

Looked back and

Long-term

How much better so!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Stately Passes

Time stately passes

I

Hear its regal cape

Screeching the earth

Slowly.

I hear

Dawn and the new

Day

Whispering

I hear

A lark in the heavens

Still

Kangaroo-like

Hopping.

I feel

The scent of formalin

For in the night

Earth had its stitches.

Crushing meteorites

Flew

In each other's path

Grumbling

In the light of an

Earth that lights

Blue bulb of sadness

Rotating

In the immense spaces

Rotating

Ghosts groan with shrouds

Lamenting

The bridge sighs its sighs

Of centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Stealthy

stealthy passes
time
stealthy
for as we ride
our lives in the
Cars of Life
tree after tree
we by us
view
passing:
we think not
but pleasant
sensous Beauty
feel
and blinding
serenity
on our eyes
sits
but ah!
some point comes
mostly
when we
we humans
understand
we
be at the end of
the journey
the best be past
the rest dismay
and white-grown hairs
and faces.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Surpasses Us So Often

Time
Surpasses
Us
So
Often
So
Often!
Its
Clock
Hangs
Over
Our
Heads
Irresistible
And
Irreversible

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Ticks.

Time ticks.

Low the flame of life.

Desire throbs still

Slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Walks Slow

The
Time
Walks
Slow

But
It
Walks
Ruthless
Too
And
Age
Follows
In
Train

The
Time
Walks
Slow
And
Ruthless, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Time Will Pass

Time will pass
Too
For the young
That now jest
To see an old man
Bent and frail
Yet
Singing yet
Of verse and wine
And song

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tin Soldier On The Box

Tin
Soldier
On
The
Box
Of
Pandora
Drumming
Drumming
Drumming
Look
Look
It
Be
Winter
Past
But
Just
And
Spring
Is
Only
Stirring
After
Such
Hoar
Drear
To
Find
Its
Feet

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tiny Oars

Tiny oars
That had from the heavens
Fallen
Fallen the silent seas
To ply
In to that paradise nocturnal
Where sweet palms
Flourished all secret over
The waters though coast by
Yet whose roots
Uprooted from the soils of earth
Now rested on the liquid seas
There were the waters that
Flashed by
And danced rising and falling
As dolphins of the night:
As dolphins do by day and morning
So
The relished silver spouts arose and
Fell
And played
And Poet Seers would hear them
Gargle and chuckle as fond water-babes
In fairy tales of deep and ancient age

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tis Known And Seen That Arrows Even Small

'Tis known and seen that arrows even small
Shot and sped from bows their havoc tell
On the frail human flesh with gaping wounds
Like mouths reddened with wine at festivals
Wherein the rowdy drinkers in their bacchanals
While the whole night with speech and deed aloud:
Till the young Dawn ascending up the hill
To where they lie half-dreaming half-awake
Turns its soft steps and full tiptoes away
But when sweet Cupid his assailment made
Unto my fort instead of havoc there
My blood revived again as was in youth.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Titans See No Time

the age moves past
at first slow
the more to deceive you
the more you laugh and
smile and think of
Hercules laugh as loud
as Titans, see not time
running:
then the rot increases
you
still notice not
then
you notice one day
that the rot has
been gnawing at decades
and helpless as a boa constrictor
winds
around you:
then
you see age move
and see at a desperate pace
and
hanging down the head that
once was proud and roared
hanging down the head
the haughty soul to the dust
becomes resigned
once and for all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Adjust The Brain

To adjust the brain
To adjust the brain

That be task main
Now

To all sorts of suffering and pain
To all
In all
For all
In all of times and all of places

To adjust

That be the Action
Now!

Emmanuel George Cefai

To An Abrupt End

The verses walk
Yet
In that abruptness
Experiment and style
Revealed
A sweetness yet not
Felt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Be Blind

To be blind
Without not to see
To be in Love
To fall
From frigid reasoning
To warmer and
Warmer Love reigns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Be Of Beauty

To be of beauty
Will not save us
In the end
Beauty must flee
The end
When all descent
Be wiped out
That end
The Dies Irae
When flesh be stinking
And
When bodies rancid
When Souls be burning
Cumulus of suffering
Beauty must be energy
In flight

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Be Sad, To Sigh, Be Sad

To be sad, to sigh, be sad
Funereal, funereal, funereal.

Black clouds soaring, white
Heavens instead of blue-azure

Hanging from heavens candelabra
And censers of incense suspended.

The yawning-yellow mouths of
Ghosts and shrouds hidden in crevices

And the Dawn, Dawn riding on the
Waters of old Valletta, with bent head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Beauty Added - Dilution

Beauty
To Beauty added - dilution
Mixture more powerful
Than spells
Fostered in red dusk
Conceived in sunset
As days wane slow
And covert
In Hastings Gardens
In dream-clad Hastings Gardens
The leaves, the boughs,
The trees in their torpor
Anaesthetized by the beauty
Of the histories of the rich
Past
Arcane and dazzled
Stunned
In the earth's fading beauties
Look
Below the bastion just
Right in to the
Twilight waters
And enmesh their spelled already
Eyes
With Beauty after Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Begin Is Painful, But Once Begun Be Ruthless.

To begin is painful, but once begun be ruthless.
The heart has to bear the brunt.
The heart has to bear the danger.
The season is cold, verses must keep me warm.
The year begins, the travail starts.
I see the foot path going up, up, up.
I see the thorns,
I see the summit heights.
I see the clouds frowning bleak and loaded.
I begin the first step, a stone rolls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Begin With

To begin with.
A verse, a line
that sparks the first flame
and then another
and another
all sparkling the flames
then
in the night the fire-tongue
leap and fly
and leap
unto the heavens and sky
those giant things we slumber
below
restless resting
from our tired day
and possibly warring

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Call These Verses

To call these verses
that we did today
call
them an ordeal
a hurdle skipped
in the race of hurdles

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Copy To Follow

To copy

To follow

Exact

precise

The Itinerant Intellectual

If Fame must come my

Way

But more

[Fame being relative]

If

What discovered

Thought

To the rest of humanity

I have to feed, communicate

Through my methodology

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Cut Me To Pieces

To cut me to pieces
Is less of pain
Than stressing thus
My brain.

Thundering
Lightning
Within my brain

How more severe
Than in tempest
Within the brain!

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Cut The Head Of Sadness They

To cut the head of sadness they
attempted
but ah! once it was cut as soon
as it was cut it came itself
again
and was still sadness

Emmanuel George Cefai

To D.

Your voice let me hear
Your violin thoughts
Your immensity.

I hear paces in the night.
Last night
Was a full night.

Now fear, angst, guilt
Together gather in just
Violins that play
Violins that play

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Daniel Brick - I

Fellow worker in the fields
where the Muse trains us
in the war of verse.
For verse must softly war
on many things,
on many mores, prejudices
and more.

The Poet Seer ever sad
works slow; and
suffering
looms in his eyes
as he bent rises from
the arched back of work.

Yet the Poet Seer
gives life the meaning
to our each very breath
at times in magic and
to magic, as he sings, rises.

He (including she and they) has to.
And
Your verse to this be witness
and more yet deserves.
You tell me Master.
I reciprocate; and all the things
you said of me
made me more humble
in my sacred work.
Continue, Master, in your noble work.
A sacred duty that we
both fulfill.
A sacred fire that we
kindle both.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Dissolve Into The Night Air

To dissolve into the night air
Is the course that bests befits now;
Clear is the night
And from below
The wave less sea murmurs in its sleep
No cloud this night obstacles the moon
To shine on the sad port all languidly.

And now
And now
Will I into a ghost dissolve
Dissolve for aye, immortal be
Without the arm of science

And in the morning air
Sailing in cloudless serenity
Will I see dawn
As human eye sees not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Dream And Dream

To dream
And dream
Sub-conscious the
Conscious dream
To rend
The curtain that from us
Hides
The interior shard of each of
Us
The Holy Grail of the Sub-Conscious
Dream on dream
And scents and myrrh and incenses
That
Ensure that in our dream
We never cease
But
Every now and then
In alternation to the deeper dreams
We dream less and more conscious open
Our eyes to baubles
Awhile the dream that Mnemosyne
Kissed on us before our
Very first cry of birth
Before our eyes were opened to the world:
Before
Before
That be the moment that defines
Fixes and pins that we but dream
And dream
Even in the heaviest wars and functions
Of the State and all their tribe:
We dream and so continue even if
Our eyes we close
Under and in
Any circumstances
We dream; and dream and dream.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Express -

To express -
yes, to express
the signifying of the morning
the dawn
then the usual routine
the walk of day
the walk through day
till a peak of Midday at Noon or
whereabouts:
then
the droll afternoon
of lazy declining
then
further declining sunset
orange of sweet agony
then
the red of communist dusk
it comes every day to every
one:
and then the night father to
us all.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Freeze Dawn Into A White Glacier.

To freeze Dawn into a white glacier.

Then see Dawn melting slow but not all.

And the Dawn Glacier still remain by half
By midday.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Have To Worry

To
Have
To
Worry
In
As
Proportion
Direct

Emmanuel George Cefai

To His Site

Night after night
They from
All parts of the world
To his site
Came
At least
To look at his photo
If not read the verse
And chant it in their
Hearts
And seep it in their Souls.

The lyre
Lay down
Abandoned by the Poet.

In the vale
The chant of some peasants
Scents from the nether
Clouds
To the higher ones:
Ascends.

The Inner Souls scent
This ennobling.

And in the lakes of heavens
Water freezes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Join The Stars

To join the stars
To join the moon
To join the mid-night
Yellow pale of moon
Mixed with the silver
Of the sea-crest waves:
To join
Unite, not tear asunder
As the Dawn comes
Fast though as from remote
What nights, these nights
To pass
Beneath the lightning lamps
Ancient and new
Hear your step fall one as
By one
On the deserted roads and
Streets
Alone, alone, what chill!
These nights
In old Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Live

To Live is to be Restless
To be Restless to live

Live and be restless
Evolution will smile
Innocent without guile
For
Evolution requests
Work and work.

And work and work
Of evolution
By restlessness multiplied
Of Evolution be a genesis.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Live To Hover

To live
To hover
Between the toiling and the
Lazing thought
To hover between habit
Repetition and
The fiery spark
Of genius
Condemned
To these extremes
And in between
To non-extremes relative
Condemned and
Irresistible
Condemned enchained
And
Irreversible
No,
No
Not even every
New dawn will change this

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Me You Give Just One Year

To me you give just one year
Knowing that you hold over me power.

You play the strings, my head bends
And where you order my foot wends.

In to the forest of Fear entered we
To drown into of miseries the sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Meet Us

To meet us at
the door of the smoking
incense
was
life in a mask
by columns of the Temple

we felt giddy then
and scented in
the incense deep
subconscious in our nostrils.

our masks still edged
our noses and our
nostrils fumed
back the scented incenses
and
life was there
still there
life in a mask
by the columns of the Temple.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Meet You

To meet you, cousin,
I yearn:
To ask
About other relatives
We
Who came from the
Same flesh and blood
Over the years
Over the centuries:
Too
Time simultaneous
With remembrance
Throws
Into the quarries of oblivion
But no!
We have the power
To hold up our hands
To stop oblivion
But
That must be done
In union
Between us all
And
We must know us all
And
Be All for One and One for All
All times.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Night Come Out

To night come out
To night come out
The winds abated
And the tempest ceased
Still the waters and
The seas no longer roar
Nor Oceans long majestic roll
And now that silence reigns
In this sad world of ours
Now
Bring out, bring forth
A violin to play

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Night The Waters Drunk

Glide and glimmer
As the Bacchanalians
The waters will
To wear ivy on their
Heads
To-night
To-night
The glamour of the
Nightingales
To-night has waned
Alas! too early before
Strike of midnight.
They stopped suddenly.
On the advice
Of the wise owls.
Pigeons cooed instead
That came that night
Nestling in the boughs.
The dark hand
Stretched
In it the knife of Time
And labor of the years
Now
To desperation transformed
Barefaced
In the sacrifice to Beauty

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Night This Night

To-night this night
how sad
The church-bells ring in the long distance

From the church all lit
The bell-sounds foam over the dark waters
Silently.

And in the haze
How sadness dwells to-night.

I wish, I wish
They could not fade
They would not fade
But ring
Ring
Over the whole night
And silently.

Vain wish! They fade! They fade!
Seconds seem to make them less
Less audible!

Alas! Alas!

And in the night
over the waters dark
dwindling
They bubble and foam

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Play With Chance

To play with chance and
Probability
As tennis football
And the rest

That's courage
I term it

And we my Monsignor
Must have
Plenty of that courage.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Rape A Bird: Not Necessary Sex;

To rape a bird: not necessary sex;
But the same intent of over lordship
That the Human is prone to
Well: that is enough.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Rise Above Others Is For You To Do

To rise above others is for you to do

All others can rise as you too

All can rise; to genius all attain, if so they will

And one rises now, now the next, then again
ah! that be evolution at its best

And that be the best of civilization for each of us

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Rise More And More

Said my Monsignor:
In verse, press more and
More
To rise more and more

Replied the Poet Seer:
I press not
But resigned
Without expectation
Bend my head:
It be then that I rise
I rise, I rise!

Then
Intelligent
My Monsignor said:
'And then
In direct proportion
Verses rise'

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Roam About A Vacant House

To roam about a vacant house
Save for one self;
To shout and cry
Like a wild beast innominate;
To prowl and stalk
In lonely solitude
About a vacant house.

And in the night
Dancing devils and complacent Shades
Flicker on the dancing walls
Like grains of time
By-passing the time-glass
Like falling stars down Saint Anne's Way.

Alone, alone, alone..

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Savor Of Fame

The glory of the wreath
Around the Poet's head
The crown
Of years of toil
Of Inner Soul suffering!

No, no, not that
That breathes life
To my verses
But the heart
That throbbing beats
Of life
Just life and all
That meets
In Evolution's ever-increase!

On the Aegean shores
Long, long, ancient
Ago
A Poet lonely strung
His lyre and
His heart was sad
He saw the future
Clear
Though
In his eyes rose tears
And
His Inner Soul was one
With mine centuries between!
That be
The wealth of verse
Of Civilization wealth
Power and glory:
Permanent, long term and
Great
The Inner Soul, the glory!

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Scrape The Barrel.

To scrape
The barrel.

Youth fled.

Age remains
Sardonically.

How many years
Alas! I lost
How many days
Went by!

And
Age remains
All restless by

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Sleep A Little More

To sleep
To sleep a little more
Wished I.

The summer heat
Had crumpled me
And thoughts
My brain
My beating brain
Had plied.

There
Will I
One day to sleep
In to the lap, the
Very lap of night
While
Ghosts and shrouds
Brush by
Lamenting all aloud!
Great Spirits! Even
The hardest stones at this
Will speak and stir!

Emmanuel George Cefai

To The Bough

To
The
Bough
You
Be
Restless
See
How
The
Winds
Shake
And
Rattle
Sacred
Boughs
And
Sacred
Leaves
Tonight:
They
be
Too
Much
In
Dialogue
Engrossed
This
Night
Of
Nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

To The Hill

Of the hill! -
To the hill-
so shouted the hoarse
throats
and the hoarse voices

Trudged
tanks and horses
and carts
up the old hill
trudge after trudge
after trudge

And the voices grew
hoarser
And the night grew
darker

Emmanuel George Cefai

To The Night

To the night
I sing today, to
the night this verse dedicate:
here
from the hermit grotto stringing
my lyre in the nocturnal singing
as bodies celestial are rotating
as night's dark curtain to beauty be clinging.

here on this cliff, these winds, this gale,
and on the jut below I look
into the hideous depths by the dark hidden
a little lit by moon and rock-arising spume:
here on this cliff, here
the nest of my old wildness

to the night
I sing today, to
the night this verse dedicate:
here
from the hermit grotto stringing
my lyre in the nocturnal singing
as bodies celestial are rotating
as night's dark curtain to beauty be clinging.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Think

To think
And yet to be blank
In the conscious
But ah!
Those are the moments
When the sub-conscious thinks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To This We Be Come.

To this
To this we be come.

The grave is open.
But I recoil.

I run from the cemetery
straight
into the hands of life's nymph
falling.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Those

To those
Those who made you suffer
I
I ask forgiveness today
And ever in the time
My mother
I pray you do the same
Though
You have done
Let us do again
The forgiveness of all to all
Together.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Those Sacred Places

To those sacred
Places
The glow-worms go
To-night
As almost every
Night
Their bar and night club
Under the bending palms
The bristling jungle;
The echoes of cockatoos
Still awake at night
Monkeys that climb
In the dense silhouettes
Of dark trees
Themselves
Silhouettes.

To those sacred
Places
The glow-worms go
To-night
As almost every
Night
Their bar and night club
And
Night obliges together
With his serving night-stars
Whom he sends waiters to
The wakers in the night
The haunters of the dark
Night's favorites

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Tragedy

To tragedy
We
Be married now
Tragedy after
Tragedy

Emmanuel George Cefai

To Watch The Till Of Beauty Full

But always fall

We

Here:

But

Turning round

And round

The place

We so often be

Propense

To watch the

Till of Beauty

Full

Emmanuel George Cefai

To You Bequeath I A Song To-Night

To
You
Bequeath
I
A song
To-night
A
Song
From
The
Heart
A
Song
From
The
Sea
A
Song
From
The
Waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

To You Mother

To you
Mother
Who holds still
The keys to my heart
Though
Under layers of thin
Snow
You
Lie face upwards
Bony skeleton
In a small box
That we
We humans make
In a small hole
That we
That we humans
Make

Emmanuel George Cefai

Toad

In the mood of the toad
There was croaking

In the temple deep
In deepest midnight
There was incense

There was censer
And a violin music
Of croaking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Today

To-day I write not
but tomorrow will.

To-day I sing not
But tomorrow will

This my proposal
the heavens do the rest!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Today I Saw Enough Of Moon

I saw
Enough of undiluted sadness
I saw Horror face to face
See
I met Horror in the corridor
I saw enough of it
Today

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tolling Vespers

Run, run, the bells are
Tolling vespers
Already
So soon
Time slips.
Run, run,
Before Night overtake,
My Monsignor,
My human

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tomb Of Flowers

Tomb of flowers
Breathing
Breathing
Of wild winter rain
The dowers:
Yet
To the ground
Scenting beauty around
Coloring soil and air
By gentle years you grow
And twinkle to a grove
Where in the night
Fairies and nymphs and
Fauns and satyrs ride
On hedgehogs merry
Dance the moon-lit green
A merry and rare sight!
Tomb of flowers
Breathing
Breathing
Of wild winter rain
The dowers:

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tombs Round Monuments And Drying Flowers

The waters chant
The waters go
And seep
Through graves and
Tombs round
Monuments and drying
Flowers
In the cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tongue Of Land

The
Tongue
Of
Land
The
Tongue
Of
The
Poet-Seer:
Tongues
All
Utilitarian
All
To
Beauty
Prone
The
Poet-Seer
Has
Beauty
Without
Sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tongues Passing

You
Can leave the tongues
Passing
They were bleeding
But
They spoke not
As yet:
They settled on the boat
Before capsizing
So
The others accepted
Them with open hands
Deriding
You must get more, boy,
The
Night
Is
Father
Of
These
Horrors
The ghosts of faces and
Eyes circled black:
History and thunder

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight

Tonight
make the selection
but
you
must
study
for making the selection
hold your hand on your
heart
hold your palm on your
forehead
look at the heavens
this night
with tears
look around this blue
Earth
without fears.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To-Night

let the stars be pale and
weep a little
and their tears
seep
a little
to-night for tomorrow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

To-Night Is The Nocturne

To-night is the nocturne
That in the air plays violins
And violins bathed in wine
Play to the stars and light.

Silent the night! The curtains dark
Immense stretch background of
Immensity and sorrows hid
From sight of kindly moon.

To-night is the nocturne
But tempest will be soon
And thunder rain and lightning
That keep sweet Dawn awaiting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight The Calls Reciprocal

Tonight

The calls reciprocal

Of coves and

Caves

Be not

For

The sea-waters quiet sleep

And no winds neigh

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight The Feast

the festering of
ghosts and shrouds and swarming
shadows
round and round and round
the idle Poet Seer sad and solitary
by him hand in hand
roams
with him
a broken Soul, a weeping Inner Soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight The Night

Tonight the night
the fairy on her toes
dances daintily

the moon looks lustily
the stars watch intently
the fairy dances daintily

and dawn be far away
the night is long; dance
till first warnings of day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight The Stars Pray In A Group

Tonight the stars pray in a
group
tonight the stars
procession form
to-night
to-night
with ghosts and shrouds
with yews of cemeteries
with Spirits of the Night
with rivers dark as Rhine
as they together glide

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight The Windows Creaked

too

Tonight the windows creaked
although there were no winds
outside.

the night

had stars in heaven that he
lit
and in his eyes
the mirror of the swimming
stars slow and sad.

too much

too much

the glass of sadness
to its brim and more
has flown:

now

the curtains of the stage
fall and close

Emmanuel George Cefai

To-Night They Will Carry The Prize

To-night
they will carry the prize
their nymph
naked on their
hands
above their
heads
with trembling
hands
the satyrs will
march
with her
in procession
nocturnal
this night
this night
before they get
drunk
before they get
warmer
with wine plus
the lust

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tonight Tonight The Tempest Roars

tonight
the house is lone
tonight
the lights waver
tonight
life wavers low
tonight!

Emmanuel George Cefai

To-Night, To-Night

to-night, to-night
we'll storm
the house that hangs
above the narrow street
that leads to port.

Ah! that small house
How queer it is:
Its garden how deranged
How creaking
The iron stile
That opens into the garden!

And in the night
The stormy night
None go near the house
For all around
The ground's unsanctified
By horses' hooves
And elves and goblins green
And ghosts unseen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Too Blinding Light

Too blinding light
whiter than star-light
higher than star-light
mysterious as the night
silent more than night
walking sole alone
past night in a fresh Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Too Many

Too many
Too many shadows from the past
Flitting beyond the water gates of
Styx.

Too many shadows new ferried just
Surprised with baleful eyes over
The boiling waters and steamy mists.

Charon laughs ugly yet sardonic.
The ghosts and shrouds huddle.
The boat hums sailing under their lank weighting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Too Many Nights

Too many nights
Have passed
And went
Too many
Too many
In old Valletta!
And Time sits frowning
Sits in discontent:
Too many nights
Too many.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Too Many Thoughts

Too many thoughts

Too many

All ferried over the convoluted

Windings of the brain its streets and

Alleys

A city brimming with the steam of stress

A city brimming with the pale face

Of a tragic morrow

Drear Dawn be not enough.

It be worse.

Worse than that.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Too Pricking

Too pricking

Too pricking

Too deep

Too deep

The anguish for enjoying

Our own very own discovery

Of spells and sweet enchanting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Torches

Torches
Torches
Flames
Stairs
Long
Long
Winding
As
Secret
Stairs
Of
Castles
Long
Ago
The
Mists
Are
Coming
See!
The
Mists
Are
Coming
So
Hazy
So
Hazy
And
There
Look!
A
Drop
Red
Another
Another
Another

Emmanuel George Cefai

Torn Documents

Torn are the documents
in shreds
statues of glory
and the pompous past
the pitcher is broken
only
the bits litter:
the violin that played
albeit of sad
is gone
the silence weeps without
a word
the doors are barred
and barren every where.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Touched The Mist

I saw the mist
I raised my hands
and touched
the mist
it was so low
so humble
friendly
was its mark.

I heard the instruments
play
as in an Arab land
as in the desert
as amongst the red sand
that
stretches and stretches
manifests
what be immense.

I saw the mist
I raised my hands
and touched
the mist
it was so low
so humble
friendly
was its mark.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards Fields

Towards fields of

Rice

Escaped I

Running

The dawn was

Rising

The drear

Increasing

The drear in my

Soul, my

Inner Soul

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards The Ageing Of Life

Towards the ageing of
life
the waters take on twilight
leanings:
they become calmer as
setting to rest after a storm
after a tempest that exhausted
them
after a day of labor that
made them groan:
so they turn twilight and then
with every hour passing
deepen and deepen.

there's
waiting
waiting on so many occasions
in this life
were I and others
to make it immortal
then
there would be immortal waiting.

the snows already start to breeze
themselves
slowly and rarely
already begin to thaw
in the chill of after-ageing
For the Dusk
Will take off his clothes
and in a hidden pool
Deep leap swimming.

Trembles
the blue of night
paces are heard
on the roof that be
the Olympian heavens.

And then
A wide big laugh
the Night
the visage of the heavens
changes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards The Earth, The Damp Earth

the hand points

towards but the hand is skeletal,
of bones, not flesh.

and the damp earth recoils at first,
then embraces with love.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards The End Of The Plain

Towards the end of the plain
A dim light over the main
A star above detached
From the rest of her peers
A Voice that whispers
Loud in silence

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards The Night

Towards the night
the curtain of night
the direction of the dusk ship
was
and over the air and
clouds
the skiff went out
then of sudden
by random chance and probability
directionless
towards the night
the curtain of night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towards The Night But Not The Night

Towards the night
But not in the night.

A Spirit tall
Walk over Santi on the plains.

He has a turban and a haughty
Look of fire and kindness

My ancestor!

Speak, my ancestor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tower Bells

when the tower bells ring
the waters of the river
overflow
the hedgehogs by the banks
gather
the row of firs that line part
of the banks lights red
and the wool of the trees
warms...

glades
frost
and
chill
icicles and hanging
frozenness
lighted
lighted
lighted

when the tower bells ring
the waters of the river
overflow
the hedgehogs by the banks
gather
the row of firs that line part
of the banks lights red
and the wool of the trees
warms...

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tower Of Bronze

Snakes with forked tongues
That pile themselves
Level upon level
High
High to low:
A hissing tower of dread
Mirror of a life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tower Of The Red

Tower of the red
Of flames
Of games
Without a name.

Blue blood
That drips
With every breath
That heaven grips

Flower that bends
In chill and unclad
Still.

No rays of scorching sun
No dazzling drunken run
Of pitcher wine

No, no
Just
Tower of the red
Of flames
Of games
Without a name

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tower That Burns

Tower that burns
You
Can touch the walls
And feel them
Burn
After red dusk
Has tiptoed
Fast a secret hill of silence great.

So many tower in the vicinity
Towers
Towers
Yet this tower only burns
As flesh burns
Whispers
As humans whispers
Sighs
As human sigh.

Ah! to every arrow
There a counter-strike
Remember that
It counts
It serves!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towers

In the towers
Dames came out.

In the minarets
The mosques shone
Red in the motley
Dark.

In the dunes
The winds sang
To the seas' whispers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town

Town whose upper levels are
The streets and houses
Where Earth is bruised
By day

I want to live in the
Town below
The lower level cleared
From debris
Made habitable

And
If you will to leave me
There alone
Bring the Sub-Conscious with you
Lock him there
That at least we two together
Circulate
At least if not hand in hand
Those lower levels of the olden
Town.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town Of Ancient Night Lamps

I left the house.

Pace after pace
street after street
Into strait alleys
peered I in the
dark half-silence.

Every fixed distance
a night lamp clanks
vision is blurred
tears in the eye
the head dreams
the eye-lids lower
but not sleep.

So many streets!
So many night-lamps
dim, half-dim, some
rarely bright:
yet
all romantic
yearning for a wind
to clank
clank
in the nights romantic.

Do not look at the palaces
Do not look at the monuments
Ignore the churches
and
your heart will still
fill
with night-lamps
clanking
clanking
clanking.

Town Of Ancient Night Lamps Ii

Town
Ancient
Befits
The
Ancient
And
Then
In as direct proportion
It
Be
Romantic.

Ancient
Lamps
In
Ancient
Streets
In
Ancient
Squares
In
Ancient
Town
Romantic!

Sad violin
And waters
Trembling
Streets
All vibrating:
What town
What Spirit of the ancient
From
Over
The
Waters
You see the dots
Of night-lamps
Flickering

Town of ancient night-lamps!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town Of Markets

champagne and town of markets
old

town of markets poor

pigeons fly a monkey climbs

a long nosed hedgehog flirts
with a giant beetle red

and smokes not incense rise
and shout
shout to the heavens as
they knock

ah! these assail me in the
night

senseless in the Sub-conscious fall
I,
I
the Poet Seer!

keep Dawn away some hours, then let her
come

I know her beauty and I want it too

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town Of Mighty Heels

Town of mighty heels
and little streets
and fewer
squares
houses more
abundant to the trees
and the nearby sea
that azure rises.
Even so I
strange and confused
I versify
I sing
my emotions fly
my Inner Soul
in to the lap of
the Subconscious goes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town Of Pride

Town of pride
To dwell in you
Feel
As the knights of old
And
Go out in the night
When the red dusk
Descended Fort Saint Elmo
Walk
Amongst the banners of the
Centuries
Old centuries
Around
Whirling
Whirling

Emmanuel George Cefai

Town Of Sorrow

In the Town of Sorrow
The priests and monks
Swing their censers
To the tunes of incense.

In the Town of Sorrow
Sadness keeps away all
Other emotions.

In the Town of Sorrow
Silence is strong; has power
Sadness and Sorrow
Make a compromise.

And after all,
They need not haggle,
They be one,
One aim, one way.

So in the Town of Sorrow
They bring the coffins
And they open grave-lids
And they bury coffins.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towns Whisper

the towns speak
and
the towns whisper
yet
this they do
and do it to
themselves
in deep of
night
before the Dawn and
morning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Towns Woke

days still to pass
remaining
few.
the town woke
angry
it had been disturbed
and
the pattern of deep
dreams of
horror and of joy
warped.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tragedy Strikes So Swift.

You see,
Tragedy strikes so swift.

You will not even see
As you see the
Lightning.

Nor hear its clap as
Thunder.

No, tragedy is too swift,
Rapacious, ruthless.

And tragedy follows upon
Tragedy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tragedy Struck So Often!

Tragedy struck so often!

Now

Tragedy after tragedy

Is

As the Dawn of days

New days

Emotionless only

And crass.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Train

Like a train going on and
On
The heart and life together
In the same compartment
Go and travel;
As a train going on and
on
And always ageing
And always struggling
And always suffering
So with me
Suffering always was my lot
Yet
In it was the manna of
The brain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Transformations

of transformations not
as in deserts only
but as in life if
you close see and watch
the plants, trees and we,
and all of life.

And other things too
they be a pearl
in their gloom hidden
beneath their sad brows
there be gowns of gold.

We humans be
gold mines hidden but
alas! our mines we ignore
and weep in our dread
lamenting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Traveling Island

Traveling island
Property private
Washed by waters
Views of waters
From everywhere
Fit for palace after
Palace

But ah! the heavens
That impend over
It
Then they themselves
Be fit for palace
After palace

Live in them
Then
Look downwards to
The floating island.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Travels

night night travels fast
light
traveled straight

earth rotates
and sweats

blurred thought...
in the canal
a boat steals by the
playing Venetian violins

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tree Burning

A tree, a tree! A tree burning
Red in the garden of ghosts
Where shrouds cluster round and
Dance in dilapidated red.

Dilapidated the house behind the
Gardens surge upright.
I saw them level with the falling
House
But no! they go up, up
And I did not see: so was
Negligence.

But then
Negligence in such head-whirling
Spells that swept around
In my poor flesh and brain
Was not so unexpected.
I did so, and now
I excuse myself my slip.
Magic versus Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tree On Tree

Tree on tree in thicket
After thicket
Jungle wild and
Serpent hissing

Thought on thought
Even as tree on
Tree
Thicket on thicket
Be

Stretched long and
Erect
The philosopher gray
Searching through
The thicket
Sifting through
The thicket
Sifting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tree That Bending Speaks

tree
that
bending
speaks
though
it
be
nigh
dusk
and
the
frost
be
gelid
your
throat
be
hoarse
and
dry
and
parched
for
liquid:
you
say
and
say
calculating
that
only
few
hours
remain
before
the
night
deepens
claws

full
inside
you

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tree That Overlooks The Port

Tree that overlooks the port; for long
Long decades; more, more, you were.

Lone yet stately, winds and gales and
Tempests tear the sea-breast, but not you.

You see history as in a film; the asphalt
Road, the houses are your cinema.

You hear the night play the fugue of
Sadness; even at Dawn it still lingers.

Your that hear the night ghosts and
Shrouds roam restless and lament.

My mother with them, soon I.
The night is made for them, they for it.

And now the time is come to end
This sadness; not destroy, transform.

Into a ghost and shroud will I roam
Restless old Valletta, heart-broken man.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trees

Trees

Buildings

Office

Computers

Sleep

Asleep

A

Shadow

Sole

Moves

The

Rounds

Amidst

Put-off

Computers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trees In The Woods

the high trees in the woods
are restless
this sunset
and will more
restless be
in the shade of the dusk
in the realm of the red
horizons
the blank brain suffers
from
the hammers of the night
before night comes:
the town reflects herself
upside down in the
on flowing river slow
and sub-conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trees Ready For A Suicide

There were trees ready for
a suicide:
they had the power
to bend them to the
breaking point
and
being at the edge of the bastions
throw
spring like themselves
into the hideous depths.

one flame
arose and the trees saw
and
redder
higher
stronger
grew the flame
that was
so weak
before

and the trees read
and
the trees heard
and
the trees learned:
and
the trees
were now not ready
for the suicide.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trees That Hang

Trees that hang
From the high cliff side
Land arid
Parched
If pierced with a lance
No water flows
But dust
Only dust
Dust drops

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trees Wake

Trees wake
Oblong
Lanky trees
Shake!

The high trees
Walk
On sticks of time!

Lanky
Lanky
Trees
Downpour of silver
Particles!

Woods
That rise
Slow
From valleys
Thundering
Spark
In to the day
Though Dawn
Arriving quite.

Hear
Hear a nightingale
Escaped
Escaped
From the retired trees
And woods
Where sleep and dream
The other
Nightingales!

Hear
My Monsignor
The cry
Of the sufferers
Of injustices
Their screams
Are as of
The sea hawks and
Magic vessels!

Touch here with
The pastel
Touch there
Bursting veins of
Ink
Water colors
Water
Water
Open the chests of
Drear
Cut the chains
Fill the chest with diadems
See
The hours of night
Slip fast:
Because Patience be great
And Suffering:
Touch here
The pastel burns
The colors bleed
And Dawn be nigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tremble Before Heavens

Tremble before heavens
today
so the Olympians above
will
and wreak their giant hands
in thrill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tremble The Bones

Tremble the bones
Of skeletons
When they see things
When they hear things

And in the grave
Instead of quietness
A furnace burns
Of restlessness

And tremble, tremble
More the bones
And creak and creak
The lids of the sad graves

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trembling Bough

While the boughs be trembling
In anger
Look at them with piteous eyes
They will propense be
To subside their anger.

Just while the boughs
Tremble with fear
Sit below silent and
By you falling
The sere leaves stealthy
Hear.

Now the razor of cold
Walks round the threshing floor
And the corn hides
Trembling in
Both anger and fear

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trembling Glow-Worm

Haunting nights
And
Haunted nights
Trembling glow-worm
Fire lights
Silent crackling
Whispering
All of beauty
The offspring:
All of haunted
House and lake
All of haunted crag
And cave
Hoot the coves
To other coves
Hoot
The caves to
Other caves
Tremble what were
Twilight waves
But
Now in sombrero
Decked
Enjoy cool
The night's silhouette:
Beauty!
Beauty!
Earth blessing best!
Lights that flash
On snow and chill
Lights that flash
Where lights be best
Lights of beauty
Lights of test
Jumping lights
And northern lights
Southern glaciers gliding
Quite
In the hammer still of

Frigid night
And the heart ah!
The heart slows
And its eyes with tears grow
In this maze of beauty pied!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trembling Hand

I
am
the
trembling
hand
that
trembles
dropping
the
knife
of
murder
the
killing
of
Immortality

I
merit
sacrifice
before
the
Altar of Justice
and spill my blood
I merit.

I
am
the ghost of Justice

I
am
the
Spirit of Christmas
that visited Mister Scrooge:
I am the Three Spirits too
you see
I changed and I transformed
I took rock bits of history
in my hand:
but did not shatter them
arranged

thing after thing
time after time
and woke the Soul, the Inner Soul.
Wake up humans!
Fear not!
All that you have to do is
to remove the blinds
that be before your eyes
before your brains
the conventions that chain
your hands
shatter the chains!
shatter the chains
Individual Sovereign Wills and
every Individual be a State
and the State rise in life
in Individual Sovereign Will.
For I too
I changed and I transformed
I took rock bits of history
in my hand:
but did not shatter them
arranged
thing after thing
time after time
and woke the Soul, the Inner Soul.
Wake up humans!
Fear not!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trickling

Trickling

And

As colloidal

Joining

One to one

The frosted drops

The finger grew

The icicle

The trickling

The growth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trickling Trickling Depths

Night
Trickling
Trickling
Depths
Depths
So
Said
The
Old
Hag
The
Witch
Of
The Gardens
Of
Hastings Gardens
Firs
Oaks
They walk
See!
They walk slow
Yet move
Yet walk!
And
Blood
Blood
Blood
Drops
Of
Blood
And
Dews
Rains
Of night
Dews
Cleaners
In
The
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trim River Winding Through The Garden

Trim river winding through the garden
Between fairly green banks all quietly
And gurgling in half-ecstasy:
Soon the white moon will rise and look
Look on the lovers.
And when the white moon goes
A dozen embryos and more are there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tristia

Tristia

Tristia

Sad things

Yellow brown pines

Scent of yews

A sea that thunders

A heaven that rolls

With waves of clouds

Sounds and

Bombardments that rend

The town

The ancient town

Asunder

Tristia

Tristia

So many of sad

So many of drear

So many of black

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trudging On The Reserve

I walk
Trudging on the reserve
Of verses
A small arsenal
Explosive to who succeeds
In opening the iron door
Of recollections white:

I walk
I walk
And not far
The sea runs on the pebbles
Grating them and rolling
Them
In love and hate and
Play

I walk
I walk
I understand a little more
In the drear thirst
In this agony of poetic dysentery:
Pride walks alone
Poor Figure erect-proud
While the Ocean grates
The pebbles....
Under the moon's light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Trudging Under The Thin Gleet

Waters
Cascading
Blonde
In
Mufflers
Colored
Trudging
Trudging
Under
The
Thin
Gleet
Of
The
Ice
The thought
The surrender

Dewdrops soft
And weak
Yet
In the throes of beauty
Dipped
And
Dipping

Waters
Cascading
Blonde
In
Mufflers
Colored
Trudging
Trudging
Under
The
Thin
Gleet
Of

The
Ice
The thought
The surrender
An unmanned
Vessel
Those
Still haunted waters
Passing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tuna

tuna
without
oil
Inner Soul without
toil
dry
and
tiptoeing
stealthy
in
walking
fast
in
arriving.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tunnel

In the tunnel
Of the drear of life
A voice
Suddenly shouted
'Light! Light! '
And
In the tunnel
Shone
The waters of the sweat
Of
Breathing.
Breathing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Turquoise And Red Domes

Turquoise and red
Domes and
Gondolas
Waters in the sun
Fountains and trees
Pheasants and violins
Crowns and oranges
Firs and oaks
Owls and nightingales
Merlin and Nostradamus
East and West
British isles and Continent
Rationalist and Empiricist
The waters glide
The waters in the fount
They rise
The level of the seas
They rise and rise
As water walls in
Moses' time they did

Emmanuel George Cefai

Tut-Tut-Tut

Tut-tut-tut
the train is whistling
the rain is falling
the snow on the roof
thundering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Twelve

Twelve

a number to be reached:
no, poetry be not numbers
poem comes when it will come
the bright undersigned brain of
chance and probability and
the Muse's lighting!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Twentieth Eighth Day

Twentieth eighth day
Ticking
Ticking
Where be the garden
Of your dawn?
The simple beauty
Of your
Eye-dazzling sunset?
The bewitched spells
Of twilight waters?
Where?
Twentieth eighth day
There's only night
Now
We
We humans grope
Still breathe our way
But it be dark!
The stars are out
In few
No armies save
In distant Milky Way
No, no, this dark
We grope
We grope
Where be the garden
Of your dawn?
The simple beauty
Of your
Eye-dazzling sunset?
The bewitched spells
Of twilight waters?
Where?
Bacchus drinks this
Night
Drinks too
But in the chalice
There be no wine
There be blood:

Just blood
And
Time ticks
Time ticks
In the cemeteries
Where hopes are
Lost amidst
The burning tombs
In deep midnight
There
Time ticks not
Time ticks not
Nor hopes for Dawn
Nor waits a Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Twilight Curtain Block Of Night

Twilight curtain block of night
but only for a while
not block of beauty for
beauty continues in the
stars and the wild night:
in the scented town gardens
the brushing bough bird-flow and
owl laden graced by amorous
singing nightingales:
in the cat-piss and cat love
in the hedgehog glistening on his
back dim mirror of the moon:
curtain of night now drawn in full
the bird-flow sings and hums the
sacred moth in the mystery of gold
and marble palaces where Art mixes
with lewd lasciviousness and luxuriousness:
now the time comes
now the time moves
time irreversible

Emmanuel George Cefai

Twilight Waters

The twilight waters
Almost
Everyday
Even
In winter
Except in dark
Dark tempests:
Then
The twilight waters
Flee
The frost and chill and
Ire
Go hide
In the caves and the
Coves
Nearby
In the welcoming bay arms
The twilight waters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Twine In Verse

'Ah! how you twine in verse
Philosophy and verse and
Melt' – said my Monsignor
Smiled the Poet Seer and no word spoke.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Two Civilizations

Ah! Two civilizations!
To More than one civilization
We humans be propense
Already
In the morning when
The cock call Dawn
The Civilization of Morn
Begin to play her rote and
Role:
The Civilization of the Light
Though in the Winter frost
Clouds and rain all blight:
Yet
Another Civilization then arises
To which perforce we humans
Bend on knee:
We yearn for it
Being of body tired
And the mind less sharp
And the Soul, the Inner Soul
too
of the woes throughout the
Civilization of the Light
Received to nurse the wounds
It yearns and yearns:
While the Soul too romantic
Irresistible
To symbols of the coming night
Herself prepares.
Night lamps romantic, alleys,
Streets deserted, houses that
Turn off lights, humans
That fall in beds,
And read, make love or sleep
Or all or part;
The bat, the cricket, the moon,
The white stars,
The open casement on the
Bosomed seas and waters

Sparkling silver moon
Reflecting; the quiet port
And harbor; neon lights
Cats that cross roads swift
Rats that stealthy hop
Hedgehogs that in the
Country dust hobble;
So many symbols of the
Civilization of the Night!
But of all them
Dreams reign all sovereign
Over lords of brains
In sleep with wondrous
Thoughts they feed
And in the early dawn
Or other time spark discoveries.
And thoughts and wise philosophies
Verses are here conceived
So often; plays; plastic arts;
And all the rest
That in our human civilization
Shone amongst the best.
And to each other each
Of the two civilizations alternates
In rough equality:
Irrespective of power and of
State
And
In the last the Civilization of the Night
In sleep that lasts holds sway
As lasting way

Emmanuel George Cefai

Two Poems In One

Two poems in one
One work
Erotic dance

I told you
'No'

But disregarding
You
Said 'You yourself correct'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unbottling

Unbottling
The waters stored
So long.

Our mouths be too dry
Too thirsty.

Wild we sip on
The teats of the water-bottles

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unbridled Morning, Taxis, Cars,

Unbridled morning, taxis, cars,
vehicles, flying with speed,
others more slow, pedestrians hurrying,
the town awake its slow motion rejects.

girls and ladies, hair colored,
peroxides and all the rest, fluttering
moving here and there with the quick
steps in a sonata proportional

All hurry, all cannot wait, those who
pass without greeting, others briefly
greet and talk, then move, move on,
unbridled morning to make up for the night's slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Uncanny Writer

uncanny writer sitting next to
Poet Seers on the verandah
in the house of the Muse
hear
my
application
to
let
me
in
to
the
house of the Muse
the air is windy
and
the clouds have eyes
and
warble the winds of the wild
veritable orchestras
in this plight of verses
a hedgehog plays with top hat
hear
hear my application

Emmanuel George Cefai

Uncompleted

To leave things
Uncompleted
Has been
My tragedy after tragedy.
My Monsignor, so with
High Immortality.
Yet I lit a fire
That I will humans
To further light
In their sacred ire
In their sacred desire

Emmanuel George Cefai

Uncrowned King Of Dark And Stealth

I am the uncrowned king of
dark and stealth

I be the Voice that whispers conspiracy

I be the serpents hiding in the bush

I be the sharks and all the blood they
bite

I be the tainted waters of blood
and tragedy

I be a restless Spirit of the tombs

I be fed of all on Earth, yet roam
in curse

Emmanuel George Cefai

Under The Flag Of Civilization

Under the Flag of Civilization
There march the waters,
The seasons, the phenomena
And the motions, the dawns,
The dusks, sunsets and nights
And kindly stars, moon and their lights
And trees, and owls, nightingales,
And malice and Love joined
Hand in hand walking:
All,
All as in one direction marching
Hand in hand
Under the same Flag
The Flag of Civilization.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Under The Hammer Sledge But Not Of Snow

Under the hammer sledge not of snow
But of thoughts dreary and dark and multiple
I forged throughout the evening.
All aglow the heater burnt orange
Then igniting to a redder hue
It turned.

Then
I saw that there was no Christmas tree
I could sing under if song came
No magic cavern of the Circe type
I could sing in if the song came
No magic bay of fairies and of nymphs
To sing from high up on the pinnacles
Or rock.

No, no, no.

You asked me why I assert so much
About the times that I am dry and parched
When my bottle and my glass are dry
Or well to nigh:
You asked me.

You asked me why so pessimistic
The looks I cast upon the mighty heavens
And why so sad the look I cast on
The wide-bosomed Oceans.

I replied not, hoping for my silence to speak.

You asked not more.

But that, yes that,
Made me ask myself why.

Blank, bleak, blank
At first.

But then I found that in the dreariness
There be that humility which required
Is in the Doctrine of Sacrifice whereby
Great works of intellect are produced.
So be it.
Expect a little so to reap the more.

Unlock, my Muse, unlock the fairy door
In the castle of Verse and Song,
Unlock, that I may enter
And though cobwebs and must smells
Meet and greet me
Yet I will the treasure chests of song
And more
The treasure chests of discovery and lore:
What sovereign, power, tycoon can do more?
I will not exchange intellectual power with human power.
For you, my Monsignor, to judge now,
For you, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Under The Hand

Under the Hand

We

Humans go to hide

Like Adam naked was said

To hide

When the Voice from the Heavens

Spoke:

So we

So we before the Hand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Under The Paeans Of Beauty

There was azure

Where looked I?
Here on this roof
Of cold
And dwindling day
Here.

The old enemy
I saw him
Looking from
The balcony

Withered and
Shrunk
The waters still
Flow
Though inland
There's some places
Withered and shrunk
And old dilapidated.

He closed the shop.
He did not sell
That much.
And Age was getting him.
So he closed shop.
When and if shall
I view him?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Under The Shadows Of The Old Hill

Under the shadows of
The old hill
The clouds moved low
As the low hill

From the few houses lined
At the hill's low edge
You go to the back windows
Looming on the yard
At the back of the house.

The tempest lightning croaks
Thunder from above the hill
Cold electric
And the winds pass
As through the through
Between the hill and
The few houses.

Verses still, not full of
Spring's wine nor of
The Bacchus mood.
Blood of the hill
Savior of the loam
That unwinds with the
Fall of liquid currents
Down the hill
In the nocturnal stealth
Where ghosts and shrouds
Still roam at the edges
Early edges of the Dawn.

Under the shadows
Under the shadows of the
Old hill
The verses of the Poet Seer
Moved sad and slow.

Under The Sun-Blinds

Under the sun-blinds
Rested tired eyes
Under the sun-blinds
Rested dreary eyes
Under the sun blinds
Rested saddened eyes.
Under the sun-blinds
Rested a restless Soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Underground Thrall

Chains
Of
The
Underground
Thrall
Of
Fires
Knight
Green
Rushing
In
To
The
Dark
Night
Disappearing
Green
Locusts
Of
The
Wild
And
Haunting
Nights
Walker
Of
Cemeteries
Pacer
Of
Furrowed
Brows
Psalms of distant notes
Coming
From a march nocturnal
Bound
Of ghosts and shrouds.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unfortunate

Unfortunate
Holderlin
To me
Extend your hand
I too
As you be
The friend and slave
Of misfortunes too
My life is torn is
Charred is chained
Together let us go
Sad mute in silence
Hand in hand
Up to the
Golgotha.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unfortunate Lermontov Can I Otherwise Say?

Unfortunate Lermontov can I otherwise say?

A cruel guillotine stood above your life
to cut it short.

Chance and probability in the universe
conspired against you.

But not enough.

Though cruel Destiny chopped your life, your
life had its last laugh.

And will continue so in your warm verse.

The throbbing heart, yes, it still throbs,
I feel it, I feel it in the verse!
Lermontov is with me, yes, still!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unhappy

Unhappy for the scene of last farewells

Emmanuel George Cefai

Uninspired

my Monsignor you do not write verse
that way
uninspired
no.
That will not come
That will not do.

the verses echo
and I wake in terror
so many nights

so many unfortunate days
I lived

so many unfortunate ways
through slime and
drudgery I swam

no
no
my heart is pierced
and
my heart be broken
blood be exhausted
water trickles out
and the last tongue of
verse and poesy.

And that last tongue is
the heart-beautiful verse and
poesy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

United In Flying

United in flying
Here and there
In the heavens sailing
Through clouds hailing
The tempest season
Is by long months a gone
And the Sun's reign
More safely smiles
After the early Dawn
Heralds new days.
Let us people and humans be
As in one civilization
United
As under the Flag of Civilization
As under one flag of will
And full contented
Marching

Emmanuel George Cefai

Universe Self-Contained

A day
a universe self-contained
a brain that thinks
labors
in the sub-conscious
whilst
the Conscious in its mask
feigns merriment

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unlock The Doors

So moaned the winds
It was a wintry day
And light and sun were far away
And stealthy already had
The shrouds begun roaming along the way.

'Unlock the doors!
Unlock the doors!
The winds to enter will
They neigh; then all falls still
The doors unlock and sudden
Fling
Themselves out; enters the
Wind all still and noiseless

For it was
A dreary wintry day
And light and sun were far away
And stealthy already had
The shrouds begun roaming along the way.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unnerved The Soul Melted

Unnerved
The soul
Melted
In the wry winds
Of cold and
Winter blasts.

In the wild waves
Spuming
And white
The fondness of the
Earth mirrored
Itself.

In the hug of
The bastions
Flowed the streams
Of passing centuries
That passed too
Those too
The flow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Unsightly

Unsightly

Cubic

Smelly

Twilight

Dusky

Changing

Colors

As

The

Chameleon

Inside

It

Hid

A diamond

Stone

Down fallen from the firmament

Emmanuel George Cefai

Up

Up
Up the Mountain of Sacrifice
You
Father I view and view
Again
Mounting slow
Stopping often to
Take breath that
Always so often left you.
I felt the pain and
Endured sacrifice with you.
I saw the snow caps of the mountain
The Mountain of Sacrifice
And
In my younger age stood
Fearsome and awed
Prepared for more of effort:
But you
Noble father continued
Continued trudging on and
On
In your own way
Humble and noble yet
With head held high and
Eyes upon the heavens and
The skies that smiled.
To me
Spoke you without speaking.
To me
You taught without teaching.
Father noble of the Pain and
Suffering
Who ascended so often
The noble Mountain of Sacrifice
Not
Out of penance
But of own discipline
For you
In your sweet greatness

Realized
That you had to depart
From that power glory
And brilliance that was
Yours so long
So long years
Grown little by little
So many years:
You did all
You did out of the beauty
Of the Soul that in you
Glimmered as the seas and
Oceans great before the Dawn
Announcing to weary Earth the
New day.
And that was nobility of body
And more of Soul
The fire that still burnt
As when young in the Inner Soul
Your heraldry of beauty and nobleness,
My father.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Up The Usual Streets

Up
Up the usual streets
Went he
The ghost
As was fading he

His reign of night
Was over
And he fled.

Silent as swift
As a thief innocent
He faded
In the fields and the
Low hills.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Upon His Breast

Upon his breast
Upon his breast
A cross he bore
A cross he bore
And step by step
And step by step
Down narrow lanes
He walked
And walked

And with him walked
And walked
The other men:
And in their hands
A torch each bore
As one by one
One after one
Down narrow lanes
They walked
And walked.

And as they walked
Hymns chanted they
Or psalms
In language strange and queer
How eerie the idiom looked
And the sounds jarred:
Yet still
They walked
And walked
And on their journey walked
And on their breast
And on their breast
A cross they bore
A cross they bore
And in their hand
A flaming torch
A smoking torch
They bore

And in the night
And in the night
They faded
They faded
And last to see
And last to see
The torch light smoke
The torch light smoke.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Upon This Earth

Upon this earth
On a thread hang
I

That is the cumulus
Of all the year
I

Upon this earth
On a thread hang
I

Emmanuel George Cefai

Valletta

in Valletta
there be people with blue
eyes
there be people with golden hair
but most be of black hair

In Valletta
if you be shown
you will go underground
in the grueling city below
the city that burns in its asphalt
with sun and the soles of the
shoes of the thousands
that walk to and fro

In Valletta
a centaur sits at night
on a bastions
for few minutes
then goes:
and all this
since they brought the
Horse of Three Whole Legs
and placed it on the stone
in Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vanity

Ah! for vanity
Cease it ever
Even
If it be of Beauty!
For Beauty!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Variations

Night has such variations
Rather gradations

That I term them as a periodic table

See night with a lens
From alpha to omega
You'll always seeing it trembling
And
In the trembling there be transforming
Direct proportion

Emmanuel George Cefai

Variety Of Communication

variety of communication
need and necessity
more than variety:
beware
beware
the
shabby
clothed
woman
is
coming
along
the
road
she
twists
her
feet
hobbling
as if
falling
into
this
or
that
pothole
yet
never
falls
and
walks
her
distance
from
place
to
place:
she arrived always
and

tonight
she
will
arrive
too
her
words
are
as
of
a
philosopher
You did not think what she
said
and
you
will
say: 'How easy'
But after hearing her:
'My life is to be changed
My life is changing.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Ventilation Was Not The Way

by which the residents of the cemetery
breathed

they claustrophobia - or
what we humans claustrophobia term -
they liked and lived in it
and breathed it

ventilation was not the way
by which the residents of the cemetery
breathed

Emmanuel George Cefai

Venus

Venus, light,
Beauty, glory
Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse

Verse not long, few words, great emotion

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse And Song For Children

Verse and song for children
ah! their variation and
their mutation
so many times in sweet
succession
is the great verse and song
of adulthood!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Changes Style

Verse
Changes
Style
As
We
Change
Dress
Yet
There
Be
Not
Season:
The
Season
Of
The verse
Be
Different.
For
Style
Of
Verse
Changes
Changes
Changes
Sooner
More
Welcome

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Feel The Breeze That Is Not Wind

Verse feel the breeze that is not wind
That is not gale
But riding on the wings of poesy
The winds become gales
Revolt grows rife
The heavens rend their curtains
And in the sanctuary of the High
The Gods albeit Olympian
Tremble.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Finds Its Feet

In desperation
Verse finds its feet
And thought whets its knife.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse For You I Live

Verse for you I live
Verse for you I suffer
Song for you
In pain
Languish I!
Song for you
Have I!
Just that
Just that

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Needs A Stop

Verse needs a stop
A rest
In the walk to the
Heavens
Nay
Stops and time-outs
Even when
Treading tiptoes
On the very roofs of
Heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Quicksilver

Verse

Quicksilver

Night

Dawn

Lake of glimmering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse Rolls On And On But Tempered

Verse rolls on and on but tempered
by the sweet hand of sing

Verse is unbridled horse, song is the
bridle.

And over them oversees all the Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse See How It Be Written

Verse see how it be written
written in my song
in my chant
it be easy if you have
a sacrifice and a kind jeart:
verse of rythyhm
verse of song
verses clinical
and yet verse to belong
to all of us
all humans
all humans
one life, one string, one song

look to where we be belong
that be the place
wherefrom we came along
wherefrom we came along

at least
at least amidst this drear
celebrate
celebrate
this with a song
as we go along
we,
we humans
along the dreary way along
verse see how it be written
written in my song

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verse That Will Flow

Worm of the night
That will glow
Shrouds and ghosts
That will play
Laughing
Silent:
Castles ancient that
Will dance with the
Waves slightly
On the mirrored surface
Of the dark river.
This night
This night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Are Like These

Verses are like these
and
the war-tanks are on the streets
and
the corpses stretch in line
and
the war tanks pass and
pass
and
more corpses stretch in line

For
verses are like these
and
the war-tanks are on the streets
and
the corpses stretch in line
and
the war tanks pass and
pass
and
more corpses stretch in line
fires burn
streets and houses
and a human burning
runs, falls
moves not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Are Noble

Verses are noble even when coming from
The parched period and are just arising.
I will arise me to the quiet fields
I will arise me to the low green hills
I will arise me to walk up and down
I will arise me to be by the lochs, the fords,
The rivers of the estate and watch the waters
There
I will hear the lament of water-wraiths
I will hear the history of old centuries
I will experience emotions of so many humans
All encapsulate
I will hear from far the coming storm
I will denote the first thunder rumblings
The first frowns in the heavens when all
Looks be covered in the clouds of fleece.
Arise spirits of mountains!
And roam about free not as of night only
But in day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Be As Food

Verses be as food
Made for digesting:
Thoughts be as air
That the lungs breathe
Waltzes of ghosts and
Shrouds they clasp
And meet
And in the warmth of day
Forget
The trammels of nocturnal
Storm:
For
Verses be as food
Made for digesting:
Thoughts be as air
That the lungs breathe
Waltzes of ghosts and
Shrouds they clasp

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Be Less Flowing

Verses be less flowing
More rare
More parched
Now!

The night is flown
But
The same sadness
Mist-like goes round
The Earth's ways
Around!

O for the roar of the sea
In winter's tempests
By
The shores of Zonqor Point
And further
Further beyond where the
Sea deepens to a black outrage.

I think
I yearn
For the white curly waves
Of winter tempests
Yes
Off Zonqor Point
Beyond
Where my Inner Soul proffers
To fly.

Giddy thoughts
Ruminating fast
A spinning top of
Thoughts!

And
O for the roar of the sea
In winter's tempests
By

The shores of Zonqor Point
And further
Further beyond where the
Sea deepens to a black outreach.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Born Of Pain

verses

verses

born of pain

born of suffering

burning verses

carriers of pain

fruit of suffering

tragedy makes cry

and in our cry

the pincers on the parched

throat

speak of suffering

reveal

the Soul, the Inner Soul

that its nobility lies

mainly in the suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Come

if not to come
then let
the verses
not come.
but
I will not sing
if my heart does not sing
I will not chant
if my Muse does not chant
if my fingers
the fair lyre do not
string.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Condensed And Words

Verses condensed and words
Though homely – more
This is the thrust I get
Single
Yet from so many experiments
There's some sweet thing
That emanates from you
My father
father
thus my feet
so my paces
towards your grave
from distance over the seas
themselves beget
to be near you
to imbue
your humble nobility
and that be great in all humanity

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Hang Looming

It be night
And this night will
Be a night of storm
So said the watch man
Closing the gratings
That creaked:
And
In his shabby cape
He coughed and
Wept.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Has Come

To here
You see my Monsignor
Verses have feet
And songs have ears

And chants have brains
That think
And chant word after word
That others
Do make think.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses I Wrote

In the verses that I wrote
So many guitars played
in the back ground
harps and lyres competed
together.

And
in the night
a lone violin wept
from here and from there
to break the nocturnal
solitude.

ah! so many tragedies
on this Earth tongue
yet most should you
become parched on tongue
and dry in your sides.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses In Desperation

verses in desperation
wit
verses of fleeing horses
verses
of clouds fleeing
and frozen tempests
verses writ
to prove the verses
verses chanted
to prove the chanting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses In The Long Run

Verses in the long
Run
Unto themselves revolve
And turn

So my life
Does as Ixion
I tried to evade
The circle
But I failed

Permutations
Ad
Combinations ofThe same

AlThe same
Verse
Upon
Verse
Will excel
Once
You
Suffer
And
You
Pain

Verses in the long
Run
Unto themselves revolve
And turn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Like To Like

Of verses like to like

Sing I

Sung I

Will sing:

For

In the turning of the mill-stone of life

These be the things

That count, remain the most

And

Be sub-conscious most.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Must Move With Evolution

Verses must move
With Evolution
Move
And every night
To the stars
Manifest
Not just his sovereignty
But too his love

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Of April

Verses of April

I want to sing

Transform me to a nightingale.

Take me to Hastings Gardens

That

I will rest on the thick boughs

And

the secret whispers in

The ample foliage.

Hear.

And

I will have whole nights

Whole

Whole

Nights

To sing April and of beauty's

Reign

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Of Bones

Verses

Of bones made

To dust returning

Choosing

The pathway of the old

The pathway of the patriarchs

Rather

Rather

Than the pathway of the Immortality:

The verses choose.

But once completed

Immortality will be

The pathway busier.

And

Verses though

Of bone made

Will not return to

Dust

Nor

Choose the pathway of the old

The pathway of the patriarchs,

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Of Wonder

verses of wonder
and
striking thunder!

the hill under the fading
day
declines

thunder past midnight
lightning past one
what night!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Of Wrath

Verses of wrath

tall, tall figures walking giant strides
the woods shaking-trembling

how cannot the Earth be not otherwise?

In wrath Earth be because of injustices and more.

The wrath ceases not nor abates
but increases with the frost and
the oncoming night.

away, in the distant, miry
the lighthouse turns and sheds
the light over the dark, dark waters.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Pour Slowly

Verses pour slowly
trickle drop by drop
by drop
day, night, dawn
circle all around
enthraling beauty
yet
with ruthless hand
Time and Age cut off
a page from the diary
each day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Run High The Low

As an ECG or graph
The verses now
Are high
Then low
Yet
Always
In the end
Though dim
So many times
The flames rise
High:
Always.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses That Emotions Shun

Verses

That

Emotions

Shun

Verses

Of

Words

Neutral

At

Least

Attempting

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses That Screech

Verses that screech
throughout sand and beach
where Dawn has passed
where Dawn has passed

But even if Dawn has come
I will more inspired to be

Sub-conscious of the night come
to the fore in sight

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses That Twinges

Verses that twinges
verse that cringes
verse in pain
verse in suffering

verses of shrouds
verses of ghouls
and
the old days
one after one
continue
their treading drear over earth

slow the Earth turns
slow rotates
sad and drear
always as before
sad yet so fair

and we humans
walk, walk, walk,
the violin plays
the ancient violin drawls
drawls slow its sad music notes

and
everything is sad
hopes have got wings
away have they gone:
though still day after day
there be a new dawn

with eyes of sleep
red as we weep
we wait an end
not forward look
but a place in the end to book

verses that twinges

verse that cringes
verse in pain
verse in suffering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses To Complete The Day

Give me some more verses
And
Complete the day.

For
The day has been drear
The day has been seer

And
I wither as a crunched-up
Leaf
That fallen sere
Has yet passed more time
In the frost
And
In the chill
And purple dooms
That light
The dusky dooms
Before the old knight
Comes.
Before graves yawn
And stir
Before the rise of
Cemeteries
Before
Before.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses Will Be In

Verses will be in
Experiment
But whatever the
Experiment
And how number of
Experiment
There will always be
A new flame lighted in
The emotions free.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Verses? Advances?

verses?
advances?
there have been
verses
but can I say
the same
for advances?
My advance is on a cemetery
nowadays that Age
has blossomed with
Motion of Time:
and
verses
verses
I thought and calculated
their issuing forth would
be
a sheer triumphal march
and
now I find
that
they are in a march
but of pain and
suffering:
and follow me
too
to the cemetery directions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vesper

Vesper in a diaper

Dusk

In

A

Bath

And

Tub

A nymph washing by

A grave

A bent black Figure

In front of a tomb

Spirits that

Hand in hand

Go round and round

A cricket

Makes silent sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vesper Bell

Vesper bell that tinkles
And yearns for stopping
Tired
Stands in your fortification
And
The first night wind
Blows
In the stars' faces

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vesper Time

the bell struck
vesper time
along
the winding streets
of strait and cobbled
wealth:
the waters glide
glide as the mists
stealthy thieves
amidst the old
old houses tonight
whilst
the sun behind the old
mountains fades
and then beyond
another thing
the sea.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vespers And Thunder

Vespers
An old man
With blue lips
Sick in heart
Lisping slow
Praying
With his blue lips.

A grave dreamt I
And
I dreamt a tomb
1955 -

I saw
Immortality
Weep by
Silent
Red-eyed
For the lost chance
The last great chance
The great chance.

Thunder!
Number one.
Then another.
Then began one on one.
The series.

The winding path
All dusty.
The winding trees
All sentinels
Of the path
In the thunder
Trembling
In the thundering
Vibrating.

Atmosphere and
Civilization
From the sub-conscious
Away
And fading.

Verse was always
The eyes of me
I paid to you
My verses!
I paid!
I paid!

A joy
How transient
A smile
It went!
Darling memories
Images
Projected
And existence asserted
Existence being
In the throes of chanted
Vespers
From the sad sides
Of the dilapidated
Convent
Rising.
And
It was dusk.
And light was fading.

Inside me
I felt the corpus
The whole corpus of the
Poetry and verses
Inside me
I heard the songs
And
Chanting.

Vesper's Long Past

Distant bell
Vesper's long past
It's near deep of
Midnight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vessel That Swings

Vessel that swings
Here and there
In the murky seas
Amidst the waves
That spare no rock
From stunning it to shock.

The night
Knows that it will
Be re-born
In ever-increase
Fears not the storm.

And thus the drums of winter play
Into the night
Though they flee not at day!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Vexed By Pain And Doubt I Ran Into The Woods

Vexed by pain and doubt I ran into the woods
And there among the trees I cried
Hoping vain fool that trees would be thus pricked
To answer to my calls, betraying then
All that they knew about my lady-love.
Vain fool I! Thus left in doubt poor doubt
That all alone was left for company cried
And lo! Remorse in dress funereal black
With eye severe and cowling haughty look
Entered into the room where I lay and raved:
At which now have I tormentors twain
To prick and vex me: but myself console I
That my enemies are twain because of me.

I will not cry of cruel fate at least.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violet Amongst Throttling Thorns

Violet amongst
Throttling thorns
Stones and dirt
And dryness:
Yet
In this you survive
Bravely survive:
Survive in pain:
With me, a Poet Seer
Hedged in by enemies
The same,
For me,
Too,
The task be to survive
Hedged in by enemies.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violets In The Wind

I saw the violets in the wind
I saw
Lined one after one
Yet free
All in the service of beauty.

I saw lush slavery
That yet
Was harmless free
And beauty.

And
If I be thus a priest of beauty
I would become
On condition of slavery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violin

A violin over
The sea
Is wafted by the
Wind
It rings over the land
It enchants the night-seas!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violin That Plays

Violin

Violin that plays

Plays sad and

Quiet:

Restless

Restless

And still

Though restless

The violin plays

Plays sad and

Quiet.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violin That Plays Now

Violin that plays
Now to the right
Now to the left
But the sounds
Travel always
And make
Sweet music where
The sweet be sad.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violin That Weeps

Violin that weeps
Violin that play
Sad,
Sad notes,
Violin that rides
The cleft of
Broken hearts
By day, by night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Violins That Think

violins that think
violins that ring
the waters rise
the waters rise
the towers turn
in the mirror of ages

waters
nights
evenings
rivers
waters
estuaries
forked
forked
forked

windows
open
large
wide
eyes of
baroque frontages
houses
houses
houses
in
the
boulevard
of
time
walking
walking
walking
and
house after house
passing
passing
passing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Visions Of Birds

Visions of birds

giant grey

floating

-flying

with open wings

across the heavens

spans of wins immense

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voice

Hear, hear, the voice
My mother speaks at last
The heavens!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voice From Heaven Spoke

When a Voice from the
Heaven speaks
It wills obedience from
Below.

Yet
There were those
Who raised their pinions
And fists clenched
To
A
Surprised
Heaven.

For they had
Intelligence
And they had
The Idea of Infinity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voice Of The Wide Ocean

The
Voice
of
the
wide
Ocean
I
in
my
ears
here
continually
it
brings
to
me
Life.
Meditate and think!
Meditate and think!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voice That Was High Now Low

Voice that was high now
Low
Wiggles in the sands that
Burn and flow
And
Whisper life:
There was a silence
Then
The lines began
Verses began
And far
The song of the Poet Seer
Went
Voice that was high now
Low
Wiggles in the sands that
Burn and flow

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voice Was Loud

The
Voice
Was
Loud
At
First
Then
Chronologically
In
The
Retarded
Glooms
It
Faded
Faded
With
The
Day
The
Thoughts
The
Dry
Cold
Chill
Waters
Falling
Drop
By
Drop
Drop
Large
Beautiful
Eye
Each
One
Of
Them
I
Saw

The
Slant
Of
Them
At
The
Least
Touching
Of
The
Wind
I
Heard
The
Loud
Pitch
For
Each
Drop
That
Fell
And
Then
And
Then
Having
Made
Such
Sound
As
So
Many
Things
Faded
Dried
The
Drops
In
Pointed
Icicles
For
Chill

And
Frost
Combined
Had
More
And
More
Increased
That
Wild
Night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voices Of The Creepy Hollow

Cried out the Voices of
The Creepy Hollow

Cried out parched into
The night

But that was a desert
Night

That was a Night of
Chill

That was when Dawn was
Sleeping

And Spirits restless were
All circulating

Restless among graves and
Around tombs
They sighed
Roaming

Amongst them that and I
And you and me

All restless in a world that's
Wild with horrid beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Volcano That Long Asleep

Volcano that long asleep
Lies in the folds of clouds
And just one silent lake.

Even so.
Even me.
My emotions folded lie.

But
Seeing you
My emotions rose and
Burnt
More red-hot than volcanoes that erupt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Volcano That Sleeps

When the volcano sleeps
The clouds gather round
Like hawks on the face
Of a frowning heaven.

The volcano sleeps
And dreams
Of lava red and scalding
And smokes from vents
All spurting.

And it was night
And above circled high
The night-stars
Frightened
The bats flew, now and
Then
A solitary owl wisely
Sped herself
Opened full her wings
To by-pass high
The nether hell of red
To trees of safety.

History behind a rock
Near yet safe
Hides
Writing.
Then when the feast of the
Volcano's wrath subsides
In hieroglyphic hands
And characters
Writes down
For discoverers to come
Decades after, see
Discuss and wonder
What happened on the night
The fateful night

of the Volcano.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Volcanoes

Volcanoes opening their fiery
Mouths

Spitting red blood of fire-lavas
Sizzling

Towns under the tsunami lavas
Street by street sinking

Lights go out; black outs prevail;
And people in the streets
Flee
From street to street
As ants.

Dies irae, dies illa!

The time has come

Final:
Descent, extinction, genealogy,
Dynasty melt with the fire-lavas.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Volcanoes Exploding

Volcanoes
exploding
uncertainties
of
flooding
waters
giant
cascading
cataclysms
and
giant
vales
opening
Earth
belching
its
entrails
digging
forth
and
up.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Voyages

Voyages
The
Vessel
Travels
The vessel
And
With
Carries
The shrine
Of
Beauty
For what
Hands
Stole
The beauty of the All?
The passion
Night
Dazzled day
And
Dazzling dawn
Where?
The
Palaces
Float
On
The
Waters
But in Venice now
Now
It be night
And Paris lights.
For what
Hands
Stole
The beauty of the All?
The passion
Night
Dazzled day
And

Dazzling dawn
Where?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wading

Wading
Through
Beauty's
Old
Morass
Of
Green
Grass
Christening
The
Words
Ring
And
As
A
Humming
Top
Earth sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wait For The Sound

Wait for the sound
it has not come
but
only the night dews
have as yet
fallen

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waiting

I waited by the phone
But it rang not.

My thoughts fluctuated.

At times
I willed the phone
To ring.
At times white fear
Filled my face
To hear it ringing.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waiting For The Verses

waiting
waiting
for
the
verses
to
come
I
the
parched
Throat
and
Voice
that
hungers
and
when
the
waters
pour
cool
and
earthy
in
this
Voice
this
Throat
of
the
Parched
I
feel
waking
dusk
and
night
and
the

night
stars
and
moon
and
silence
fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waiting,

Waiting,
waiting,
waiting and patience:
around, around,
the weather be storm-bound
and faces change ground
and masked figures turn
round and round
in a maze of mirrors turning
amidst fires human-high
burning
round and round
they rotate to their round
waiting,
waiting,
waiting and patience:
around, around.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walking

A walking

A walking

Bone

Walking

Walking

Tiptoeing

Tiptoeing into the night

Into the silence dreaming:

Oxygen of things

Drunkenness of work

But

Above all

Walking

A walking bone

Tiptoeing

Tiptoeing into the night.

Walking

Bone walking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walking In Hastings Gardens I

walking in Hastings Gardens I
now better feel my guilt is less
now that this morn with dawn
I rose to sing my poetry:
And in the distant haze I
Could see the Dawn as none had seen.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walking Round

Walking straight
Walking round
Walking in circles
Walking
Walking
Always walking
Walking
Walking
Thinking
Of a direction
Following
Straight now
Then round and
Round
Yet
Always
Walking
Walking
Walking

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walking This Night

Walking this night
Walking in Valletta
Sea all around
Waters salty and
Under tempest.

For it be tempest
Tonight

The waters deluge
Down the gutters
And the strait streets
Under the eyes of dreamy
Houses and palaces.

No sound except the storm.
No,
No pace except the whistling
Of the rain and winds and
Roaring thunder
Flashing lightning

For it be tempest
Tonight
Tonight in old Valletta.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wall Of Song

Define the words
Define
My friend
You Poet Seer
Almighty preacher without
Pulpit or word but verse

You only sing
You only go by the
Wall of Song
You sing.

I hear your laments
I hear
In that song
In that chant
In those verses
I you your heart
Break
I hear the creaking
I hear
The drops of bleeding
Drop by drop
A breaking heart.

They told me
That the heart
Breaks only once:
Not so, not so, my Monsignor,
My heart broke once and
More
And more and
More

I had thought
That once
My heart would break
And then no more
But no!

No, it broke yet
Again and
More and more,
Blood dripped each time
My Monsignor!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walls Of Rooms

What
Do
You
Need
Now
That
The
Walls
Of
Rooms
Have
Flown
Unto
The
Storm
Unto
The
Heavens
Rage
Yet
Do
Not
Hurt
The
Thunder
Fires
Around
But
Burns
Not
A
Hair
And
Lightning
The
Same
The
Chill
Its

Withered
Hand
Suspends
Behind
Its
Back
You
Be
The
Dense
Mists
And
Foliaged
Woods
Come!
Come!
The
Film
Of
The
Subconscious
Has
Begun

Emmanuel George Cefai

Walz

The waltz
Over the city played
For
It was night

Competing
There was a tango
Playing and
Danced
In a town hall

And
Then a violin
Solitary over
The sad fields and
Sad horizon
Began to play
The closing of the day

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wander Of The Night

Old wander of the night
Bent under thought

But ah! under pain
More bent
More suffering

You
Wanderer of the night
You
Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wandereth

a satyr piping
wandereth

the plain is cool
but the feet of
the satyr burn
with love

time rolls
ruthless
yet
the satyr
enervates time
with his coolness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wanders The Feather

Wanders
The
Feather
Always
Off
The
Ground
In
Street
And
Alley
On
House
Roof tops
On
Gardens
Of
The
Old
City
And
Then
The
Glorious
Bastions
All
Aloft!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wanton Desire

For in our the ticking
There's wanton desire

Blooming:

Red faces

Flushed faces

Of me

I

The Poet Seer imbibing

The beauty of lust

The lust of beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wardens Of Night

the wardens of night
they too
go a pack of beer
and spuming corks are
opened
smell of absinthe too
and green.

o ocean of weeds
that floated in
the dusk
and further
in to the night

o echoes that went round
the caves and coves
in the vast arms of
the vast sleeping bay
the Ocean received you
and
the Ocean transformed you
echoes
echoers sweet transformed
talks and whispers
of the ghosts nocturnal
and the shrouds and
skeletons walking the Ocean-bosom
where they meet far from land
and talk and whisper
sigh and groan
these.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Warm Rooms

in the warm rooms of
houses
in ancient Valletta..
some of them palaces...
outside
the streets steam
with frost and chill
thick treble walls
keep out
the tempest enemies

Emmanuel George Cefai

Warning Laugh

I
heard
the
warning
laugh
I
saw
the
warning
flash
I
saw
the
finger
red
and
it
was dark
I
heard
the
oak
door
creak
and
it
was
cold
cold
inside
a
cold
room
I
heard
I felt
I saw

the night is long

the night is long
the night is long

kere teli semi talen
peri fere meni valem
jonkert gere seli salem
ya gontert de veri kralen

ancient
language

I
heard
the
rustling

I
heard
the
words

I
heard
the
cold

I
felt
it
round
my
hand
my
arms

ancient
language

in
that
ancient
place
of
cobwebbed
haunting
cold room
cold room
cold room

the night has still
to
go
deep
yet hurry
time will pass
hours will pass
Dawn will be near
Hurry!
Goodbye! Goodnight! Buona notte!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Was Last Night Afraid Of Curdled Ghosts?

Was last night
Afraid of curdled ghosts?

The shrouds roamed freely.

In the air as humming bees
The ghosts and shrouds
Grumbled and lamented.

Dawn opened one eye and
Raised her shoulders in indifference.

Routine and rote Sphinx-like
Looked from a hedge below
The firs and sleepy oaks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Was The Heaven

Was the heaven
Yesterday:
Questions that were
Made
Fingers that were
Pointed
For

Dappled
Dappled thick and
Dense
With stars was
The new heaven
Yesterday
It had disowned
The old heaven
Of dawn the haven
The sea
Was dappled too
With non-motile fish
And
Dappled

Thought and
Thoughts of
Never-before
Are now in store
In the heavens of yore

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wastes Of Waters

In the wastes of waters
The night in dark blue veils
Walked on the waves
By
Passed vessels grey
In the silhouette of Night
Sea-bosom mirror of
The trembling stars
Trembling waters

Emmanuel George Cefai

Watch The Sea, My Love

Watch the sea my love
Remain as long
As you will
But remain long
While age and sorrow
Cunning eyed carry along
Ah! that watching
Bring fond memories
Inscribed
In every rustling
And sweet pebble churning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Watching Bats

Watching bats
Was my task today
In the red dusk
On the terrace
In the chill of
The roof
Under frown of the heavens.
I watched the bats
Smiling.
But they shrieked and
They screamed terribly
Disrespectful animal-birds!
Do you not
Respect a Poet-Seer who wills
To view and to think
But right through his brain
Send wave-currents
In shock and in speeds
That light has
That light breeds
And split the orgasm of thought
In to two
A duality that needed a single
Unity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Watch-Tower Of Fires

Burning

More than morning desires

Rotten walls

Falling

Waters drear and

Failing

And

How the skies are frowning

How the skies be frowning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Water Drops

I heard the water drops
But giant
Ones

About me
Stalactites and
Stalagmites.

The waters echoed
Sweet
As the waters fell
Into cooler temperatures
Wisdom and cool combined
Making love together
In those solitary haunts
Of caves nocturnal
Wombs.
Well of love and wisdom

Emmanuel George Cefai

Water I Thirst

Water

Water

Water

I thirst

I thirst

I thirst

Feel it

Down

Cool though plain

Working cool.

Beauty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Water Lilies Sweet

Waters of the lilies sweet
And
Dazzled eyes to meet!

Winters of song and
Waters crag to crag
Leaping raw!

For beauty be to raw propense
And
Raw be to beauty propense!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Water Mills

Turning water mills
one by one
plain of turning
mills

the waters pump
the waters brim
the waters bubble
and
the beer oozes

below
the street
of taverns
full in to the
night
and in to the mugs
of wine and beer
geneses of Sub Conscious.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Water Turgid

Waters turgid that now
Calmed in the Aegean
Frost and cold
Tonight.

Mediterranean waves
And
Waters wild
Yet
Subdued in the thrall
Of haunting beauty.

Waters turgid that now
Calmed in the Aegean
Frost and cold
Tonight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters

the waters will flow
and the rains
chill the field stone-walls
the frost
blow over Santi and
Mtahleb
skim the high rocks
the giddyng cliffs of Dingli:
passions that satisfy
the assuaged senses
sphinxes sudden arising
on the country trails one
by one
statues and megaliths
of olden centuries:
brows furled of thought
cloud upon cloud below
the cliff ridge:
razor of beauty that
cuts color after color
to the deep
then to to the high
then alternates again
high
high
the
waters
flow
low
low
the
frosty
rain
drops
flow
sly faces of stone though
not of sphinxes
each different
each statue hewn

of the old rock of Earth's
willingly pillaged womb:
O! sing for lo! that lark
that flies jumping high
in humps along
the heavens and the skies
It jumps, it rings, it sings!
blow, blow, unkind wind,
blow, though Winter be not
here.

statues and megaliths
of olden centuries:
brows furled of thought
cloud upon cloud below
the cliff ridge:
razor of beauty that
cuts color after color
to the deep
then to to the high
then alternates again

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Chant

The waters chant
The waters go
And seep
Through graves and
Tombs round
Monuments and drying
Flowers
In the cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Flooding

The waters flooding
In the mouth
Spuming.
Matron of beauties.
The night wears
Down
Its subjects with
Dancing
Deep of night and yet beyond
Right up
To the Dawn
When all go fleeing!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Flourished High

In our dreaming
The waters flourished
High and
Azure-transparent

The sweeping arms
Of a giant night figure
Hovered over.

The ants in the garden
Looked up
Staring at the heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Flowing

waters
waters flowing
yet
it be summer
but
that day
the doors of the clouds
opened
waters
before
their time
winter
be yet far
and
yet
so near

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Glow

At two the light
Arises.

The waters glow and
Rustle.

A lone crab over the pebbles
Moves

A soft succession of waves
Floats on to the pebbles
And
The pebbles rattle.

A skiff white and transparent
Unmanned
Passes in the background distance
Fading slow.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters In The Garden Leaped

You
Walked
With
Me
While
Waters
In
The
Garden
Leaped
Leaped
Around
Us
Haunted
By
The
Sperm
Of
spells
that
rose
and
faded
in
the
past
of
time

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Leap The Waters Wild

the
waters
leap
the
waters
wild
desert
sands
and
heat
but
lovely
solitude
where
war
and
armies
propense
to
fade
in
mounds
of
sand
the
waters
leap
the
waters
leap
and
save.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Of A Night

Waters of a night, you will
Not be all nights.

Last night you were with red
And hollow eyes.

Between your hands prayers and
Beads of rosary.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Roll Chanting

Waters that once
Lay hid in the rocks

Now out
The waters roll chanting

And
The night was hiding

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Scents

Waters
Scents
Various
Of
Burning
Herbs
The
Soul
Flies
Up
As
In
A
Winding
Taper
Going
To
The heavens
Sighing
Ever
To
Go
Higher
Sighing
Sighing

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Sounds

Waters
Sounds
Then silences

In the monastery yard
A lone monk
Draws the pail of
Waters up
Up from the well
Grates
The pulley wheel
Old ancient and
Grizzly.

There was a familiar
Sound
In that pulley of
Ancientness
The sound of quiet mixed
With sad and resignation:
I saw
I saw
Waters
Sounds
Then silences
Heard I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Surge My Love

The waters surge
The waters surge my love

And in the eyes of stars
There twinkles beauty

And in the eyes of night
There's depth
That going inside
So deep
I did not reach
The final bottom.

And on the trees
Of Hastings Gardens
Sang three nightingales

And
In the Hastings Gardens
Reposed with
Rare sighs and
Whispering
The Monument

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters That Dance

Waters
That
Dance
Yet
Slow
Yet
Tarrying
Beats
The
Hot
Sun
Now
Is
May
And
The
Sun
Will
Be
Propense
To
Get
Re-enforcements
Each day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters That Rise

Waters that rise
Though there be no fountain
But as magic surprise
And dances the snowy mountain.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waters Vibrate My Love

The waters fail

The waters vibrate my love

The waters tremble
As the humming bird's
Flapping

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wave After Wave

Wave after wave
The ghosts of today
The shrouds of yesterday

Crying
Crying
Crying

And amidst them
You
My mother
Crying
Crying
Crying

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wavering Light

Played with the wavering light
Both land and sea
At the Dawn's first sight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Waves In The Night

Waves in the night
Restless

Restless as my Soul
To-night
It has been gathering
Since waking:

And now
That restlessness
Explodes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We

We

We must hie ourselves
To the roofs of the Earth
Fix wings
Make wings
To fly to other spheres
Not Earth
Not Earth!

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Approached The Winter Cold

We
We approached the winter cold
With gelid hands of frost
Not flesh but numb of bronze
We felt
Experienced:
And saw
The icicles one by one drip
Drop
From our hands not flesh but numb of bronze
We said: ' It is the weather'
But
Inside laughed the Inner Soul
Laughed deep and audible and
Said:
'See my restlessness. I am of You.
And I am restless.
So You.'

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Are Arrived My Friend

to there
to there we go
to there
the promised land
we are arrived my friend
I heard
chains fall
I felt
a breeze of heaven
in my wearied Soul
and my eyes
fixed on the heavens
went for
we, we have to go
to the appointed place,
the tombs, the graves,
the cemetery roads,
the still
of a drear nighted
chill:
to there we go, my friend
and
that be why and wherefore
my friend
in my verse of an ageing man
Of these things often so
I sing:
For there I am arrived, my friend

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Are Into A Play

We are into a play
The Play of Life goes
Round
As the watermill
Scene after scene
Some scenes are rich
Some scenes be powerful;
Some scenes be as of joy
Relative
Other scenes of sadness and
Of woe
But all
All equal and irreversible
All
Faint, slow and fading as
The day
And
When their time comes
Then
They remove themselves
Slow but determinate
On their direction
And
In their direction
Full obstinate:
For
We are into a play
The Play of Life goes
Round
As the watermill
Scene after scene

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Are Passing

We,
We are passing
continually
under swords hanging
suspended by thin threads
we
one sword here
one sword there
we,
we are passing

Fear on our faces
Grows
Though we put brave
Faces
Our hearts throb
Wild
One throb after another
Throb.

For
We,
We are passing
continually
under swords hanging
suspended by thin threads
we
one sword here
one sword there
we,
we are passing

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Build

We build
we build in life
we humans

some without ceasing
some with continuous toil
weary the spine the back
and the machine creaks
for lack of oil

forget we that there be a residence
that waits up us

and how that residence is hungry; it
gobbles us, the cemetery

we build
we build in life
we humans

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Burn

We fire

We fire

Because we burn

Though cool the moon

And chill the stars

And frosty on Earth here

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Continued To Walk

We
Continued
To
Walk
To
Walk
To
Walk
The
Long
Straight
Walk
We
Continued
And
The
Hard
Face
Of
The
Hard
Road
Never
Failed
No
Not
Once
Not
Even
Once
And
The
Sun
Burned
On
Us
Cruelly
Though
It

Was not
Yet
Noon.
And
Still
We
Walked
And
Walked
By
Time
Our
Soles
Had
Become
Sore
And
Aching
Started
Yet
We
Trudged
On
And
On
We walked and walked.
For
That
Was
Life
The
Invisible
Chain
That
Was
On
Us
And
The
Irresistible
The
Sword

On
Our
Heads
Dangling
Continually
Dangling
All
The
Time
More
Cutting
Than
The
Guillotine
More
Dangerous
Than
The
Sword
Of Damocles
Yet
We
Continued
Trudging
Fear
In
Our
Hearts
Sun
Shining
On
Our
Faces.
Parched
Throats
And
Masks
Of
Suffering.
Yet
Trudging
Trudging

Trudging
For
That
Be
Life.
Dawn, noon, afternoon
Sunset dusk night
Are
All
Irrelevant
We
Just
Trudge
On
And
On
And
On
Continue
Trudging.
Verses
Kept
Occasionally flowing
Flowing
Drop
By
Drop
Drop
After
Drop
Cumulus
And
Gathering.
Verses
Flowing
Verses
Kept
Flowing
And
The
Mask
Of

Peril
Began
Its
Dangerous dancing.
Dawn
Noon
dusk
Night
Cycle
Relatively
Irrelevant.
Trudging
Trudging
Trudging
We
Suffer
Yet
We
Joy
We
Be
Still
Breathing
Just
Enough
To
Be
Yet
Trudging
Trudging
Trudging

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Develop In Pain

we develop in
pain
we learn by
suffering
we learn by
losing
then
we think we
gained Wisdom
and
in terms of that Wisdom
very Wisdom feel
the sands
between our fingers
slipping

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Grow Old

We grow old now
We grow old now
And yet
I will not call you son!

The trees and woods bend
To the humble earth
Incline
In sleep birds animals and
All, in the dark deep.
And dream.
And dream.
And dream.

We grow old now
We grow old now
And yet
I will not call you son!

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Hate Formalities.

Nowadays
We hate formalities.

So
Being with you
Is marriage and not-marriage.

The emotions
They be still united.

The nights
They be still of dreams.

The graves
Will wait our coming
Sooner or later.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Have Entered

We have entered
For we see
Shades of glory
Walk all stately
In their empery
Down the path
Between fir and oak
Shades of glory
Walk all stately
And to the square
Moon-lighted and serene they go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Have Proof And True And False

We have proof and true and false
And in this a new civilization
grows
pales the old civilization though
from it conserve

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Have To Wait As Yet.

We have to wait as yet.

we have to go to the roots.

we have to utter what comes.

the sub-conscious well vomits new things.

not all, not all.

but so many, so many, yes.

That be civilization, that be evolution, too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Humans

We humans
We
Must be humans of the
Night
As the bat and as
The nightingale
The slick hedgehogs
Glow-worms light
Of the moon
And of the stars
Ah! for grace
Keep Dawn away
Stop the clock of Time
From heralding the new day
Remain frozen-fixed in night
And
The silent awe of star light.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Humans Are Thrown Ever

We
Humans
Are thrown ever
Here and there
Buffeted in the winds of fate
Molded in the hands of
History.

We
Intelligent
Deem and calculate
That we
Auto-determine all about
Ourselves
And brow beat history
And outwit destiny

But ah! my Monsignor
Our intelligence be not infinite
Though
In our breasts and brain
Infinity abides from birth
Yet
All that we deem
All that we calculate
Though shielded by high walls
Built by us humans
Yet
History silent peers over those walls
Yet
History silent watches all our plans
And knows in detail all our
Arsenals:
So
We are taken back
Only when
At the Point of Destiny
Where History and Destiny
Unite

At that point then
We realize our fate
We realize intelligently
But then
My Monsignor, it be too helpless
And it be too late

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Humans Go Around

We

We humans go around
round and round
even in our verse.

We

fly - at least - must
fly away from chains in
verse.

Yet

ever we return here or there
in some percentage however
minimal
to the self-same things.
Ah! Ixion!

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Is

we
is
I
we
is
Poet Seer
for
I
be
Poet Seer
Around, around
as in haze
and trance
the Hastings Gardens
dance
around, around
with ghosts and shrouds
and spirits
moaning loud:
white is the thunder
and the flash that roars
is because the heavens immense
to-night
became one giant lion.
a lemon hangs
a
peasant
in
the
fields
at
night
he
sings
with him a shepherd sings
competing.
The sheep go round quiet
sleep not
are one with night

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Lose

We lose
we
lose
here
there
horizontal
vertical
and
find
that now
losing
now
and
losing
ten
twenty
thirty
more years
later
be the same!

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Lose Hour After Hour

we lose
hour after hour
and the clock ticks
and the clock ticks
and Time goes on
and Age goes on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Must Do In The Night

O! we must do in the night
We humans
What we do in the day:
Only
That the environment will
Have propensity to change our ways
From more war to more peace
From disagreement common to
More common awareness of
Agreement for the sake
Of our survival:
From the attractions of power
Glory wealth
To the attraction of thought
Discovery and word and
All that new civilization will assume
And
All that evolution will embrace
As in to ever-increase
For our survival these
My Monsignor!
Change, humans, change.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Speak Of Raped Women: For Instance.

We speak of raped women: for instance.

But birds?

Yes when we enclosed them in cages

We raped them in

As direct proportion.

And when we enclose humans in prisons

We rape them too

In as direct proportion.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Speak So Much Of Night, Of Storms, Of Winter.

We speak so much of night, of storms, of winter.

But ah! last winter made my life a tragedy.

And storms and night to winter be adjunct.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Term Black That Which We Fear.

We term black that which we fear.

We term black that which saddens us.

We term black that which we assert as ugly.

We term black that which we are not in comfort with.

We term black that which annoys us.

And that is why

We term winter black, as we term bats as black.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We That Go Afterwards

We
We that go afterwards
If we go
To the land where my mother
Face upwards
In a bier unmoving lies
Of liquid perfume-mist
Yes
There lies she and still
And mute

We
We the torch-bearers of an
Immortality;
Put forth a different path
Yet
The heart yearns to follow
The same path
As you my mother followed in your time.

For your warrior-song
Rang unto the last breath
And
The will to live
Was yours
And with it too
The Will for Immortality.

You
Saw hazy and distant
That light where breath
Stops not
And Immortality beacon is
To all:

Alas! You saw
But did not reach.
My mother, my mother.

We
We here chained unto the earth
We
In our chains
We suffer
We toil
We sweat:
And yet we breathe
In queue of one
Way, your way
And in hope and
Prospect
Of another way
Of Immortality.

We sing not
Now
We versify not
Now
We in the haze
Grove our way
Just that
Just that
Now.

Let me
My mother any way
Visit your grave
And lie
On the damp earth
Below the which
Your flesh by now
Melted has:
And now
Your proud warrior face
Is a skeleton face
Yet
Still a warrior face.

The earth will tremble
Tremors slow

But sure.

The night will find
Glow-worms around
Light-islands midst the dark.

The high trees will neigh
As the winds neigh
All night.

The dawn will walk
Up the steep cemetery road
With moist eyes.

The birds will find
It
Uneasy to sing
And chirp their lays.

The sun will arise
Slow.

Slow
Will the night-frozen earth
Stir.

Let me
My mother any way
Visit your grave
And lie
On the damp earth
Below the which
Your flesh by now
Melted has:
And now
Your proud warrior face
Is a skeleton face
Yet
Still a warrior face.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We The Childless

let us rise
we
we the childless
let us
make exception at least
challenge
those who grin and smile
though whose hearts laugh
the descendant-holders:
rise we
see!
with us there be
many shades from graves
that arise and pray
for
many dusk their wounded
hearts
have prayed
long, long
many, many dusks:
let us rise
let do what was not done
by ours before:
this
the mark of history
we
be called to it
we
as noble as those
whose hearts laugh
we
with whom there be
many shades from graves
that arise and pray
for
many dusk their wounded
hearts
have prayed
long, long

many, many dusks

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Think

we think
we think
we little act:
we think
just think.

yet
in the thinking
there be
another civilization
to the muscled one
outside

a finer one
vehicle of greater beauty
more refined:
there be
another civilization
to the muscled one.

But
the muscled civilization
has bread has wealth
that
the finer civilization
has not:
the finds bends thus to
coarse
the mature to raw
for just survival.

And yet
we think
we think
we little act:
we think
just think.

We Too

We too
Here or there inside
Whether on plains or inside just
A cage
As caged birds
We
Always have a heart
That beats
And so long
As it beats our tongues
Voices and thoughts
And verse and chants.

We too
Be like night birds
Though
Oft and by large prefer
At night to sleep
Yet
In our hearts
Even if so sleep
There the Sub-Conscious beats

We too
With the Sub-Conscious have
The root
Of all of us
Our dreams our ideas our deeds
And
These combined
Our thoughts and more
Civilization to all peoples addressed.
What is more of the root to human race?
We too

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Too There Inside

We too
Here or there inside
Whether on plains or inside just
A cage
As caged birds
We
Always have a heart
That beats
And so long
As it beats our tongues
Voices and thoughts
And verse and chants.

We too
Be like night birds
Though
Oft and by large prefer
At night to sleep
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We too
With the Sub-Conscious have
The root
Of all of us
Our dreams our ideas our deeds
And
These combined
Our thoughts and more
Civilization to all peoples addressed.
What is more of the root to human race?
We too

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Trudge

For
The sake of it
We go
We trudge
To go away
From drear
And dreary day.

Benighted sounds
Clanking and
Rattling as the
Bones of ancient
Skeletons go round
And neigh as
The wind neighs
And round
And round.

For
The sake of it
We go
We trudge
To go away
From drear
And dreary day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Try

We try and try
Again
We
The way though desperate
We draw to the last on
Our intelligence:
That way
At least even though
Losers in the end
We regret not.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Wait The Dawns

we wait the Dawns
after the night
we drank
the attar of the dews
that fell
got drunk
and aback turned and
slept
on to the languid lawns
that in their glory
moonlit bask
and in the rites and
scenes and scents of
magic and of spell:
then
as not to interrupt
too much
that strand of reckless
joy
the moonlit drunkenness of
beauty
in speed by the sweet
and fresh whiteness of Dawn
be displaced:
yet
all the same there is
the basking
pleasure in turning to and
fro
on the lazy bed from the
corners of our eyes
the very first clones
of dawning white
espying:
then
day beginning
we wake and our mask
falling
we face off life

hard right from the beginning
to noon already
I be stunned and exhausted:
and fall
prey to the wolves of laziness
and of tired sleep
again:
till
that the day in its fading
as
by a sweet cycle always turning
carries forth with it
our Soul and thinking:
the dulcet sunset paints
orange a day
to which
we acknowledge part-resignation
then
the red dusk films our pining
eyes
with beauty that scorches
over the rawness that our day
experienced:
bring and carries
dons a mask to each of us
the sub-conscious night to
relive
the experience of the
sub-conscious as more once
again
the thrall begins:
the throbbing of life
inverse
of its hard dour working
one noun-term or the other:
Sic et Sic Non nay
more riveting:
and the night comes again
we drank
the attar of the dews
that fell
got drunk

and aback turned and
slept
on to the languid lawns
that in their glory
moonlit bask
and in the rites and
scenes and scents of
magic and of spell:
then
as not to interrupt
too much
that strand of reckless
joy
the moonlit drunkenness of
beauty
in speed by the sweet
and fresh whiteness of Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Who Ate Dried Bread

We
We who ate dried bread
Sipped in a little dirty water
We
Knew misery, looked at it
Not in a mirror but in
The face
We looked at it
Our heads humble bowed
Our hearts were cold
Our brains resigned
We
We who were eating dried bread of misery.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Will Know The Destiny

We will know the destiny
In a day's length
Not more
Not less
So many be the instances
Of life
Of life itself in –
The not more,
Not less!

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Will Not Go Further

We

We will not go further
Long the road and winding.

The frown-clouds gather
And denser grow
Quickly.

We

We will not go further
Long the road and winding

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Will Soon Know

We
Will soon
Know
What
We
Want
To know
Will
To
Know
We
Humans philosophical
Machines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Work

We work

We work

We work

Our arms get tired

And

The dusk will bless

After the vesper song

With a warm hearth

And home of rest

We work

We work

We work; then rest; then work

Emmanuel George Cefai

We Workers Of The Sea

We,
We workers of the sea
In our lamp-lights
In our ancient skiffs
In our sea of waves
Rolling
Rolling
Rolling in the night

We
Workers of the sea
After the vesper song
Our work intensifies
The white-eyed fish at night
Are our starry heavens of light
And dangling the lamp-lights
Flares that explode all bright.

We
Workers of the sea
Muscles brown and brawny
Dark at night they work
We oar, we stop, we oar again,
We set the net, we raise the net,
And there's wealth of the sea
Awhile sweet clankings of
The dangling lamps
At night
At night

Emmanuel George Cefai

We, Dew Of A Morning Madness

We,
dew of a morning madness
when all the processes
were full
done and
completed:
drunk in to the very cool
of the earth roots and
sap.
drunk

Emmanuel George Cefai

Weaving Stars

Weaving stars
Golden delight
Sugar clouds
Hanging drizzles
Frowning screams
Thunder and bolts
Looming moons
Creaking doors
Iron first
Soul of bronze

Emmanuel George Cefai

Web Of Tangled Emotions

Web of tangled
Emotions
Piano that plays
And rings
Without hands on it
Yet
The emotions are
Triggered to and fro
Into the bath of evolutive
Mixtures:
Shifting
Rattling
Genesis of
Evolving
From the civilization of the
Cemeteries
To the civilization of plane
Immortality.
Come!
Come!
Spirits that buzz
Around
As the night turns
And goes
Come!
Come!
You need the Dawn?
You will not find here
In the very depth of
Night
You will not see her
Smile
Feel her warm breath
But instead
Feel the creepy hands of
Frost:
Both civilization be

The wisdom of the earth

It stood
The wizardry of the blue
Heavens
Laden with the muffins of the
Dark
They called us;
I heard them;
And the more they called
I sped away;
They called more;
All circular.
All of a circle.

I felt the creepy hands
Of winter's seasons
Near
I felt obliging night
And frost of red
Noses red, eyes red,
Coughing red,
I heard
I heard
The paces of the Night
On chill and asphalt.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Weep

Are there more eyes to weep?

There are holes of a

Skeleton beneath the skin

And not more

Eyes to weep.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Weep Not For Joy

weep not
weep not for Joy
Your eyes my love
have become
more beautiful.

And every look of fire
a love-arrow emits.

Cunning woman-in-love
your prey is willing to be caught
provided
that your lips and mine
become as one enjoined

Emmanuel George Cefai

Weep Not More

Weep not more
Your eyes sore
Too red
Too sore:
Below
The cruel snow
Bury your sadness with sadness
See
A Spring will be
And Summer too
And on the Ocean-Sea
With furred wings the Dawn
Will sail courageously:
And
From the wrecks
That litter the sea that was in storm
Another day is born
Another beginning if you want
Though now
All be broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Weeping

Eyes be made for
Weeping

And then the hearts rest.

Rest a little from
The martyrdom of suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Well Of Desires

The well of desires
I match
With the well of verse ejaculation
And as ejaculations
So much require orgasms
So
I have to have aesthetic
Orgasms
And I do
And I do
That's why
The well wells up
Desires, emotions, rants
All mixed
Conjured by magic wand
Mightier than Prospero's:
The well of desires
The well of verse
The well of mighty tanks

For a time
The well was empty
Dry the sides
With over growing moss
But
Then
Explosion of the well
The Bomb of Emotion
Splashed as it fell
Trembled and vibrated
In the first chills
Of the cold waters:
Then
Burst the lid of the well
Face red with orgasm
and with effort
joy and suffering
pain and heaving
upheaval of the dormant

feelings.
there were
some moments yet
that you had
to travel through
the music of emotions
keep up with me
Keep up!

the first rain
had fallen
not long it had been
but the first rain
had fallen:
I told you to photograph
the old mansion
auto-termed 'palazzino'
but you shoved my hands away
my pointing hands
said 'It be not beautiful'
But all things be beautiful!
Gradation
there be; but a minimum
percentage of beauty
equally.
The Well of Verses splattered
all over the place
verses and seeds
before the night
before the dusk
after the Dawn:
erect and short
a Poet Seer chanted high
in that silent wilderness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Well Rehearsed Act

Well rehearsed act

A polka

A tango

And the night on

Fire

Adrenaline

Desire!

See

See my Monsignor

The brain is opened quite

You

Can peer inside

Enunciate my Monsignor

In never-end

In ever-increase

Well rehearsed act

A polka

A tango

And the night on

Fire

Adrenaline

Desire!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Well Through The Streets I Passed

Well through the streets I passed
And it was New Year's Day:
Ah! The Day: the Institution must give way
To the perpetuation of the Day
All the year round: then,
Perhaps, there will for me
Be no martyrdom.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wept The Bastion Wall, And Trickles Of Tears

Wept the bastion wall, and trickles of tears
Precious as precious Orient gems fell
Slow by the drop against the wall
On certain special night of fairy spell:
Few words, few words, my Monsignor,
The Orient's wealth was there for taking
Yet so many passed and honked indifferent:
And yet the Orient weeping treasure
Of the old bastion continued without measure.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Were I A Witch (Of Old)

Were I a witch (of old)
Then I would fly on my broom
At least over Valletta in the night.

And street by street
With aerial view nocturnal I
Will lower myself to peer
Over the dreamy houses
Scour deserted streets
And alleys strait.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wet The Land

Wet the land
And
Wet the bush
With dew drops
Dew-drops of night
Wet the eyes
From the cries
Coffin bear
Shed not more tears
Renounced now to Immortality
The deal's done with mortality!

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Be The Zenith Of A Day?

The zenith of a day

Winter

Autumn

Spring

Summer?

Is the zenith of a day

Relative

Or separated by the

Seasons' whims?

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Best Emotion Best Be Linked

What best emotion best be linked
Attached to the mellow turning
Moon?

What best emotion best be linked
Attached to the spears
Thrown by the night stars
Few nights ago?

What best emotion best be linked
Attached to the harsh parched
Cry of desperation
Of the Poet Seer
In to the face of the heavens
but yesterday?

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Colors Have

What colors have
The cattle of the night my eyes never saw?
Nor on what pastures will night find them on
Have I seen.

Yet I feel
I feel the cattle of the night
Are here pasturing in the green
Hid and enveloped in the mantling night
Where silence hides its face
And freedom blindfolded
On perilous ridges walks.

Then will the gaudy clouds below me sail
And earth turn around me
And the dawn
Will burst its glory in the firmament
And round me dance:
The Graces on a top
Of a Greek mount will tiptoe on the edge
And earth will turn and turn
Around the incense of the new-born morn
And dawn will then tiptoe away
And burst its glory in the firmament.

How happy this day, how happy!

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Fire Burns As Hot And Scalds

What fire burns as hot and scalds
As Love's fire?
Ah! Love ah! fire - how
Love scalds every piece of skin
Warming it to burning with touch invisible

And yet
The fire of Love does good to me
And abates not
When chill and frost do come
And rains on the casement come
And from on high hang white icicles.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Happened To The Violin

What happened to the violin
that sang and played in the nights
though the winds raged and the storm ravaged?

what happened to the dreamers and to
the sleepers of that night in the warmed
houses that stood for centuries?

what happened to that night that
evaporated in the first mists of the
new dawn, at the first touch, first, first?

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Remains Now

What remains now
today, my friend,

but celebrate the fugue of the
last lines and the last verses?

I hear the sad tones of the fugue
I hear the sad notes of the fugue
I feel them in my heart

the fugue of the last lines and
the last verses

though even now, since now to the
last
remained my conscious as my
drear sub-conscious, both
sad and drinking acerb
from the glass of pain and
suffering
the fugue of the last line and
the last verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Remains To Immortality

We are on the road – see the City of
Immortality glimmering!

In the night dark and cold and frost
How glimmers it!

The City of Immortality be not far
To-night!

We had not reach this far, my friends,
As yet!

For years I guided, I proposed,
I toiled.

Now that we are near a strange numbing
Tiredness strikes.

Pity that we who proposed who led will
Not be those who enter the City.

Let it be so, others will enter glorious
Into the City!

The gates of the City barriers shine
But wait their opening!

And Death dark-veiled in face
Hides stealthy a corner behind
The ramparts of the City.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Siren-Song Arises

What siren-song arises
From the sweet silver bosom of the sea
By the three rocks?

No human eyes to watch
No human eyes to see

And yet
The elfin forms in dwindling shadows dance
And then
Of sudden the shadows grow
As in a trance.

What siren-song ariseth
From the weary sea, the funereal dirge
Of mariners lost and gone, perhaps?

What siren-song ariseth
This sad night, this endless seeming night
From the sweet silver bosom of the sea
By the three rocks?

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Value All The Years

What value all the years of
studying?

what value all the years of
children raising?

If all that work be undone in so
short and cruel time

when all that work be thrown in
dust and mists?

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Was That Sound?

What was that sound?
I heard it-'twas distinct.
The rattling of the skeleton it was.

Ah me I have a skeleton
That rattles every now and then
Not all the nights.

But when it rattles
The nights are dark
And no moon shines.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What We Did

What we did
In our youth
Alas! that passed
Alas! we now
Mature fruit
Droop
Droop
Down the tree of Life
In Life's red dusks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Wealth

What wealth
What realms
Be there in the deep Soul
Ah! that deep that ever deeps
The more you stretch your hand
The more to it you creep!

For
In the realm of nobleness
There be so much
So much
More than of earthly emperies!

What wealth
What realms
Be there in the deep Soul
Ah! that deep that ever deeps
The more you stretch your hand
The more to it you creep!

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Will Happen?

What will happen?

To what?

These verses!

Now they lie hidden in obscurity.

Is it better for them to shine the while?

For me it is better.

And there a command to obey to the letter.

What will happen to these verses?

will they be undisclosed with dust on them

When their maker goes and lie forgotten?

Then who can guarantee

That yet five thousand years from hence

Or more

Or less

Earth will be singing each and every verse?

For Earth has changes of style as changes of heart

And we that move with Earth, un revolving

Yet

As revolving:

We, humans change heart as change style.

Our propensity that, therefore, to it be prone:

: Almost an axiom, that, my Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What Will You Do In Arrogance

What will you do in arrogance
Today?
You are wealthy, powerful, and
Do your will
Your will's your way
As you stand round in the armchair
That turns.
You think not at this time
Of cemeteries
Of the quiet graves, the birds
That sing and how in the morn
When all us humans wake
The inhabitants fade in sleep.
You do not want to think.
To think of this.
Below
The tomb-stones lies
Truncated an immortality
But immortality befits the less
The wealthy and the arrogant
But mostly those who know
What misery is and gone
Through all the trammels of
A sacrifice.
You smile at this and smile
Sardonically.
That be
One reason why I suspended
The long, long voyage to immortality
Some years ago, and slowed
My pace.
For
You think not at this time
Of cemeteries
Of the quiet graves, the birds
That sing and how in the morn
When all us humans wake
The inhabitants fade in sleep.
You do not want to think.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What With My Eyes

What with my eyes

I saw these fifty

Years and more

What with ears

Heard these fifty

Years and more

What with my heart

Suffered these fifty

Years and more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

What You Will Get

Get out
And get
Even the least
Long term
You will turn best

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wheels Turning

Wheels turning
Wheels turning
Over the brain
Wheels turning
And
Fires of night
Burning
And
Inflamed eyes of
Red
Tired
Tired
Eyes
A saffron beach
In tempest
Skies overcast
And thunder
Sad and drear
Suffering.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When All Be Said And Done

When all be said and done
For to day
For to day
Pull down the curtain of the day
Usher in the night
Bring candle-light
Think
Write.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When All The Styles Be Counted

When all the styles be counted
In all, for all, of all
Remain
The verses and the delight
Of Beauty and her eyes all bright.
That's what remains
When you synthesize
And that be all
The All in All, the All of All.
Enough and full requited.

Beauty remains.

Reduce to ashes
The All to ashes
Beauty: one remains.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Beauty Leaps Into The Stream

When beauty leaps into the stream
of golden liquid
then
my emotions will rise from their drear
as the stalk of the violet
at touch of dawn and sun

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Clover From Day To Day Drips

When clover from day to day drips
With thin pencils of ice and rift
With restless frost and itching
Then this be Winter of all times.

When clouds in heavens thicken
And a long arm of lightning
Lights kilometers up and now
Then this be Winter of all times.

When in the nights wherever you lie
In a rich bed or in a bed of sty
All the same with no difference
You will hear the night-wind neigh
And you will hear it sob through door and window chinks
For this be Winter, Winter of all times.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Dawn Is Risen

When Dawn is risen
And yet
The woes of yesterday
Still linger on
Then
Close your eyes
Think not
Think not

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Dusk With Trembling Brush Did Paint

When dusk with trembling brush did paint
The grey embers of the mid-day sun with red
The yellow marigold started to bend its head

Its head the yellow marigold did bend
And slow, slow, slow in the quiet field
Where no one saw and no one roamed:
The yellow marigold slow bent its head.

And the from glooms behind
Came the first wafting breezes
Of welcome cool in the reclining day
The soft-reclining day in arms of the red dusk
Swooning into an endless night of drowsiness
Wherein it swallows in its humbled suffering.

And the yellow marigold bends its head, bends its head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Earth Does Some Injustice To Herself

When Earth does some injustice to
Herself

Then she injustice to her

Children does:

And

When Earth does

Injustice to her children

She

Does some injustice in part

At least to just herself

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Horses Upon A Plain From Steep Inclines Descend

When horses upon a plain from steep inclines descend
Then will they faster move with brisker pace
But when to this be made addition of a spur
Then trees and fields and houses and waters fly
Nay the wind whirls - and being in island now
Only the sea and its long linear marge remain
Constant azure and thin unmoving in the eye:
And when the Night with his incense ascends
As the lamp-lighter did in old the light-lamps
That light the darkling skies and spaces vast
So your mere look, the glancing of your eyes
Will light me so that burning reach I speeds
Faster than light immediate reach to thee.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I Saw The Hanging Man

When I saw the Hanging Man
I learnt a lesson:
My face grew dim and serious
For I knew that I had no right
Not to be him:
I could have been Him
I, a Hanging Man.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I Saw The Hanging Man 2

I remembered my martyrdom
It will soon come:
It has been coming long, long
And now the Time is come
As it comes for All, and All
For it bend and subject:
That is the consolation:
For when the Wall be crossed
After I end up as a Hanging Man
There will the others be with me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I The Poet Seer Breakdown

When
I the
Poet Seer
Breakdown
I
See
The
Sad
Face
Of
The
Muse
And
Lay
Me
Just
Below
A
Tree
Willing
All
Ageing
To
Divert
On
Me
Finish
Finish
Bring
On
The
Dusk
The
Day
Is
Nigh
The
Day
Is

Faded

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I Think Of You

When I think
of you
place
where snows
almost
every day falls
where winds
almost
every
day
sing:
where
the winds
knock at
the doors of
the lone villa
and the
shearing
shed
of sheep clean
and
white:
when I
think of you
the chains of law
that
here
bind
me
Go:
and breathes again
unleashed
unfettered
my Individual Sovereign Will

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I Upon The Stars Gaze And Stare

When I upon the stars gaze and stare
And wish that had I the deft lore
Of wise astronomers and more
That might I all their book unlock and read.
Vain wish! Poor self! Presumptuous self!
I look at stars and vainly covet their lore.
Yet only if I knew how to unlock
At least one time the heart of the night stars
Then would I take my chance, ask my desire
That I might know whether 'tis writ that you
My black queen of the south will stay or go.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When I Will Be Fifty-One

When I will be fifty-one
You will father me
And in one year redeem
The other years: in our child
The other years will color take
From the white face of agony
And blood will course again
And fast.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Into The Folds Of Heaven's Face I Stare

When into the folds of heaven's face I stare
And in that book to read the full attempt
I to learn how my love will fare desire
So anxious I so tremulous and such the green
And wondrous tempests that Cupid churns
Into the oceans of my unquiet breast:
That I start losing hope and my hearts falls:
With every moment like the sand that falls
Through the time-glass my fear proportionate grows
And how heaves my breast, my forehead burns
When jealousy hath caught me in its throes
That wish I that heaven fall on me or else
The earth its entrails open, devour me.

Love like an aspen leaf in the wind trembles me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When My Emotions Are Stop-Gapped

when my emotions are stop-gapped
how bleak my face
how blank my mind:
like one bleak stone fresh cut
without the twinkling of the diamond
or of the topaz stars in summer nights.

But when the black queen of the south
Enters in her transparent veils
Then the emotions surge tsunami-like
And my face is no longer bleak
Nor my mind blank
Nor without the twinkling of the diamond
Or of the topaz stars in summer nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Night Ascends The Palace Of The Skies

When Night ascends the palace of the skies
And one by one all heaven's stars doth light
Then will a gladness o'er that solitude
Of vastness and chill space descend:
Jove in his heaven himself will smile
And send his blessing to the heavens below.
And here and there at will and randomly
Will the stars twinkle all inconstantly
Like pilot eyes of the enfolding Night
Whereby Night watches on the earth below:
The oceans large and vast flow slowly down.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Night Lights Up The Switches Of The Stars

When Night lights up the switches of the stars
And they as one by one light up the skies
Gladdening with light the funereal dark
Which Night upon the heavens enfolds
The fires of the stars how brave look they
As hero-like defy and warm and light
The gloomy darkness of those frosty zones
Then will the fires brave of the night stars
The Poet's praise engage and have:
The silent moon awhile all languidly
Will shine all constant and neglected quite
In the frail shadows of stars that fire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Nights Are Sullen

When nights are sullen then
Emerge Poet Seer
Go to the roof top and
The dancing grey shadows of
Mystery:
And eye the heavens well
Till
Tears in your eyes
You take the lyre and sing
Sing
Even through the night
Into the first of Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Sadness Reigns

When sadness reigns
When sadness reigns
There be a gargling in
The cemetery
I search
I find it in the trees
Then move
And by the ossuary
It rings:
There's a hammer
Beating
Beating
Beating
The old sadness returns
With
Its companion
Yellow faced depression:
The sea waters dirty
Rustle
And
The birds in the bushes
And the reeds
Sing not
Though it be dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Snow Will Fall At Last On Kuljat Hill

When snow at last will fall on Kuljat hill
The red-tailed rabbit will limp to its lair
Amidst the flakes and frozen icicles
The skies will be as lead and overcast
With worries and ills they never had;
The night will hide into a well and then
The dawn and morn will rise not on the hill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Stones Sang

When stones sang
When aerials hummed
When the wind skimmed frost itself
When fields slept drenched
When over Santi farmhouses lighted
When the stars overawed the clouds at Dingli
When
The
Frost
Turned
Leaves
Into
Sudden
Sere
And
Then
The
Executioner Wind
Hatched off
Their heads.
Those days
Those times
Those happenings.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Beeches Cried

When
The
Beeches
Cried
When
The
Wind
Swept
The
Sad
And sere
Leaves
When
The
Frost
Became
Deep
And
Thick
And
Yet
No
Snows
Fell
Then
The
Nightingales
Whispered
Together
That in
That
Night
They
Would
Not
Sing

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Brain Grows Tired, Then Yield And Cease

Wait for next dawn. next day.

You will then sleep and rest your clay.

Your clay even if clay to the brain sends
arms and troops.

And when you wake you use these arms and troops.

See reason lingers, lingers slow and tired
eyes half closed

Round it the dusk gathers red, she looks
into the twilight waters.

The wounds that parch are healed at night.

The gaping rock that gives the water of
verse and song is dry.

But that rock fills again with water at night.

Night fails not, rest deep.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Chains Are Cut

The breath be gone
And the head sideway goes
Motionless

Begins the rigidity of
The gruesome dance.

Let wailing! Let wailing go!
Stop!
Tears be too harsh
Swearing too tender.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Heart Speaks

When the heart speaks
When the heart has its mouth
Then
Verse and song
Sing of sadness
On the harp of sad eyes
Of dreary hills and grey
Of seas dirty gray to
Green of storm:
The emotions
That churn in me, beat,
Throbbing hammers.
Now.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Heavens Mourn

When the heavens mourn
The wind is not a gale
But neighs its heart
In the general orchestra of sadness
Nor thunder flashes loud
But low and humming
Mixes with the drizzling rain
The village sleeps
The village dreams
The cemetery in the cold
But not snow as yet
As yet
Mother o my mother!
A skeleton and bones
Tremble in the withering
Cold in the numb coffin:
The village sleeps
The village dreams
The cemetery in the cold
But not snow as yet
The coma of the moon
The ecstasy of the night
In beauty paralysis
And ghosts
And shrouds
Moving restless
Restless
Restless lamenting
Carrying with them their familiar
Shroud:
The village sleeps
The village dreams
The cemetery in the cold
But not snow as yet
The heart speaks soft and sad
The breath on the panes
The cold climbs walls and
Chimneys vibrate frost:
The village sleeps

The village dreams
The cemetery in the cold
But not snow as yet
O mother my mother
I saw tears in your eyes
And they not liquid
Were
But crystals: chill or
Time the master's hand?
In the chill
The putrefaction dwindles
Dwindles as the day
The dawn the sun
O mother my mother
I saw tears in your eyes
And they not liquid
Were

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Long Night Paces The Bastions

When the long night paces the bastions
It will pace restless,
Restless as I be
The sadness wherefrom the restlessness
Grows
When the long night paces the bastions.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Night Rests And Ruminates

When the night rests and ruminates
As hour after hour strike and pass
The sea-waves out of tempest's clutch
How mellow-swish the coast-rocks they lap!

When the night rests and ruminates
And houses one by one put off the lights
As the stars one by one put on their light
How wonder strides on that noble sight!

Sad, sad, sad but noble in the heart:
The mind speaks, the tongue is mute,
But the hands writes and verses flow
And Emotions roll wave after wave of Art.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Owls Chattered Together

When the owls chattered together
In a swift language
Then the sea will discover a mystery
Of old and ancient
To the dim light of the moon
To the light that ghostly shines
From the skies and heavens ?
They say that it be Venus ?
Venus on the seas and waves
Cocooned in a cloud-mist of blue
Over the darkling seas
That in the day were blue.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Rains Fall

When the rains fall
In to the strait
And quaint street
Of a dozen houses
Or so
Between two sides
Of the street
Distributed:
And thunder sings
Afar
Over the Port
And the chill winds
Sing
Over the Port
When the rains fall

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Soul Sickens

When

The

Soul

Sickens

Then

Earth

Will

Be

As

Sick

To

Sick

Poet-Seers

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Time Comes I Will Drag With Me

When the time comes I will drag with me
the papers
that I have prepared for the meeting.

The boats go up and down slow in the mooring.

And
my Residence of the Human is turning to
Residence of the Cemetery.

Time is pressing
Time is pressing

Around litters of newspapers and old news
passe'

And
I wait at the table the home coming of the meeting.

When the time comes I will drag with me
the papers
that I have prepared for the meeting.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Times Comes

When the times comes
Let it come
At any rate
I will destroy the statue that I built
Its name is Immortality
And all will be the same
No power, no wealth, no glory
For me, for you,
So let it come, my Monsignor
And there will be no dawns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Wind Sighs

When the wind sighs
When the wind sighs
The blind-fold statue sings
The faces of the skies are dark
And the cloud flies.

When the wind sighs
From the door-crevice in
It begs to enter in
How darker are the shadows on the walls
How sad how sad the flame wavers
As on the wall it flickers:

When the wind sighs
The sea's black turns to green
And on the city-bastions tall
The first chill blow of wind
The first chill dropp of rain
And in the alley strait
Rain-waters gurgle down
The old stone-cobbled streets:

When the wind sighs
When the wind sighs.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When The Woods Restless

When the woods restless
Be
When the woods restless
Sway their trees
And move
Move slow and sad
In the grueling dance
Of a sad sunset pining
Red in trance.

Then
The Old Man
The Poet Seer
Carried the heavy lyre in
Hand
And with voice
Tremulous
Yet he found words
Noble and great
And sang and chanted
Chanted and sang.

And
Came out
The stars
The white stars
To watch
And slow
Down their
Vast faces
Rolled
A tear
Then
Another
Tear.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Things Erupt

Volcanoes are not all
Volcanoes are just part

Everywhere Earth spouts
Rocks giant from its restless
Bowels.

The humans run from place to place
As ants at feel of human fingers
Observation

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Thought And Verse Together

When Thought and Verse together fell
In love
Leopardi was in the love-garden.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Times Will Ring With Bells

When

Times will ring with bells

that in cows' ears

ring:

when

the scent of the cows around

no more intoxicates

slow yet sinuous-sure

my senses

I will arise

arise me out this house

and

through the streets

wide and level

go wandering

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Two Things Transform

When two things transform
The one to the other goes
Vice-versa too
The two become as one
Intermittent restless
Interchangeable
Ever-transforming evolution

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Verses Come They Must Be Blessed

When verses come they must be blessed by
the wise Muse.

You see no drops fall on verses.

Often tears, bitter tears fall here and
there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When Waters Run

When
Waters
Run
The
Streets
On
Winter
Night
When
The rains
Flood
When
The rains
Flood
Let
Then
Let
Them mix
With
The
Roar
Of
The
Thunder
The
Flashes
Of
Lightning
The
Sad
Orchestra
Of
Nocturnal
Music
Secret
Garden
Of
Beauty

When Will The Time Come?

When will the time come
that the ailing Saturn
rise
from the ivied cave where
he his face in his
hands
silent weeps:
even we
we,
we my Monsignor
must rise up for it be
time
no longer in the silent
glooms despair and
weep
no longer thought directed
be
pining, but to Eagles high
erect and proud
triumphant victory.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When You Be Ready I Will Then

When you be ready I will then
Climb with you into
The clouds that bolster up the
Trousers of the high heavens
Immense:
There was a feeling, then an
Excitation
Then a stimulation,
Then of verse the fire
Lighted up wanton desire
Broke off
The parched and dust-clad rock struck
With the iron of the Poet-Seer
Pierced to the heart
The stubborn rock at last
Let out the verses and the notes and
Songs.
At last.
At last.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When You Be Thirty

When you be thirty
A better Poet Seer
Will chant
From your lips
The sacred verses.

I will be dust
You blood will be
Bubbling with the
Acid of life
That I had before.

And as with me
Take your opportunity
To chant and sing
And verse be the salt of the earth
Acid of life.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When You Become Sere

When you become sere, you will rue
That you have not made the Principles
To stop all this before or else
To reverse back to youth:
Therefore be wise and use your brain
That by new Principles this occur not again.

Emmanuel George Cefai

When You Have To Free Yourself

When
You
Have
To
Free
Yourself
redeem
the
centuries!
the
thumping
of
the
fingers
of
time
moving
moving
in
synchrony
with
Motion
looking
here
looking there
the Poet Seer
crossed
the
ocean
of
the
seagull
wreaths

Emmanuel George Cefai

When You Look Back

When you look back
Old
Aged
Ageing
Man
When you look back
On life
Remember
That you have composed this
Verse
And spoke your heart
At will
Nonchalant
If the rest
Is sheer disaster on disaster
The vase into a thousand
Bits and pieces
Broken
Yet
There remains
Something that be
Not broken.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whenever

Whenever
The Sub-Conscious dictates
I let it flow
Without a vetting
That I do for Conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Be The Circles

Where
Be
The
Circles
In
The
Sun's
Eyes
Growing
Growing
Circles
Growing
Then
Decreasing
But
Growing
Immediately
The owl of the red eyes
Sate on the bough this way
The nightingale on another tree
Sang her heart out
For it was moon
For it was stars
And from the clouds and through
There were stairs to the
Heavens and the stars.
There were.
There are this night too.
The moon dust falls
Fine and perceptible to
Dusky eyes.
Poet Seers are privileged
Here at night
Where in the day
They roamed as bent pilgrims
To the Earth.
Heavens are theirs.

Where Are The Honors That Donned

Where are the honors that donned
your head?
today power has shorn of them.
Tomorrow or the days after
tomorrow
since that I suspended Immortality
the heads of you, and you, and
you
are in for the nocturnal guillotine

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Are Words, The Words Of Poesy?

What are words the words of Poesy?

The jargon as in any profession?
Necessities to be understandable?
What else?

In this magnifying-glass analysis...

This dawn
This morn
This new birth

A simple answer I

Words stick to emotions
So long
As the right emotion at the right time and place
Then all is well with words
Whatever they are.

And that be Poesy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Be

Where be
where be
the quiet humming of
the moth wings that
round the bent tree
fluttered last night?
If these have fled
can Dawn be far away?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Be The Cataract

Where be the cataract
That yesterday
Shrieked with the wind?
Where be the gales of
Yesterday?
The silence of today
Is but the tomb of yesterday

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Be The Emotions

You tell me: Where be the emotions
In the verse?

I reply: Ah! the emotions are all
Round even in image and
Description too.

And I will tell you too: Be so kind; read
Again my verses, Monsignor.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Be The Wind?

Where be the wind?
Said
The man with the disheveled hair

He asked a Child
Just a Child
of the mischievous eyes

But the Child of the mischievous eyes
Replied and said:
'I have a bag and
Here be the winds.
What pay you? '

And then
Took the Poet Seer
His lyre.

'With a song'
'Agreed, ' said the
Child, ' and I will let
Open the bag a little
For I be responsible'
Then
sung the Poet Seer
Enchanted heavens and
The wayward dusk
And setting sun and
Child of the mischievous eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Did He Bring The Pitchers

Where did he bring
The pitchers
From the old of
Centuries?
P[resent
Them now
Now
In this night
In this cemetery
Drink
Drink
The cool, cool draught
Inside of them
You feel
That you have drunk
Yet you
Feel no wine
Between your
Teeth
Nor does your palate
Melt in the touch with
The famed wine:
The skeletons drank
And they laughed
Still
As the wise men
They had invited:
Polite. Not drunk
They became
The utterers of wisdom
And wise words:
Sailed by a ship
From the land of Osiris
By
Slow
The moon-goddess
Smiled cautious.
Next
Came the men from

Galilee
They were bearded
But little
And brought
The scent of holiness
With them
Thus full
The assembly
Throughout the night
Each with each
Chattered in the cemetery:
Dawn found them not

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Earth, The Wide Earth Has Space

Where
Earth, the wide Earth has
Space for by now
Thousands of her genius children
She has now space
For more:
In this Earth must not be limited
Restrained from ever-increase
In any mode:
Else
In direct proportion to restraint
From ever-increase of geniuses
She will herself
disown her children and
their works
And
In that process will she harm
Herself and children too.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Have The Remains Of Last Night Been Hidden?

Where
Have the remains of last
night
been hidden
else
reduced to ashes
in the Barbecue of Fear
in yonder cemetery?

Amidst the tombs and graves
and
the sad monuments
you sit
and find relief as the day
fades
and sunset fails, then
the red dusk starts pining
waning too
with that certain
surfeiting

then
comes the cloth of dark
and will
find me sitting
by a large cross
monument on a humid tomb:
the heavens are the roof
the Earth the room
the grave the Inner Soul
all whispering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Is The Isle That Floats

Where is the isle that floats
Just outside Valletta on
Nights when the mists
Rise off Xghajra and move
Down the coast to Marsascala?
A Poet Seer told me he saw the isle.
It was a blizzard tempest yet
He ventured out; for desperation
Made him find the isle.
And in that desperation
The Poet Seer too found his inspiration

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Is The Promise Of My Youth?

Where is the promise of my youth?
When I attempt
To review my past years I close my eyes:
My cheeks turn warm with shame -
They burn.
Where is the promise of my youth?

Ah! long ago - long years ago
I dreamed full many a dream
Hot warm-nighted Mediterranean
With flurries in the youthful breast
Ambition in the head
And stubbornness in the heart.
Now all's subdued and still.

The bustling thoroughfares
Of this my port, my town,
The city that lies in my breast
Are full of unclear air, smokes foul,
The chimneys full of soot are
And I feel
The oncoming asphyxia of dreariness.

There's here an abandoned city
An exhausted profligate
After the bells of debauchery
Have rung out all his energy
And so with empty hands
He falls:
As in the desert, the burning desert
The sands pass through his hands:
And he cannot look at the sky
And he dare not look on the Sun
That burns too hot for him:
And his hands tremble.

Where is the promise of my youth?

Where Is The Vigor That You Showed

Where is the vigor that you showed
When you raced miles in minutes?
The profane crowds applauded then;
As was their want as day follows day.

Your legs are wrinkled like creased apples
And when you stand and walk
There is a long, long trembling.

You could throw spears like Ajax did
Or other heroes dwelling under Jove
When he and his God-clan sate high above:
Heaven and earth trembled at their thunder-bolts.

No longer now high chants arise amidst
The holy smoke in temples of the night:
Jove has withdrawn it seems to higher zones:
The grass now grows abundant-wild alone
Amidst remaining pillars wind-frost-gnawed:
And human feet have rarely trod to hence:
Here the night comes shameless and the moon
Smiles languid and unseen: here and there
Glow-worms light the dark all light-house-like.
Or planets falling down Saint Anne's Way
Like heaven's sperm-cloud heaven's azure bedeck.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Souls Are Bought And Sold?

Is there a market
Where Souls are
Bought and sold?
I would invest in Souls
If there's that market

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Statues From Their Eyes Shed Tears

Where statues from their eyes
Shed
Tears
When skeletons in armor
The streets of old
Valletta roam
Rattling to ears of
Silent Poet Seers:
And
To the sleeping Dawn
As distant echo-vibrations
To her sacred cave:
Not waking her
But hummock-pleasant notes
Of dulcet sleep be making:
And the stars join
The white night stars
O where the night dews
Voluptuous falling on the
Humid soils and
Open mouthed flowers
Were basking in the noises
Notes and sweet music
They drank in as wine of
The night
Nocturnal sweet delight
Where statues from their eyes
Shed
Tears
When skeletons in armor
The streets of old
Valletta roam
Rattling to ears of
Silent Poet Seers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Where Will I Find Them If I Go Now?

Flowers
That were placed in
November
Last year:
The grave was still
And cold
And
You
And
I
At that time
Though not
Of the gales and
Floating rains
And lightning
And thundering
That passed over the flowers
Where will I find them
If I go
Now?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whereby You Too Unfold The Emotions,

Whereby you too unfold the emotions,
Your emotions, that is,
Hear!
Hear the wind in the pine,
The sad pine on the cliff
Half-dried, half-withered
Where was the Spring wind
That blew, the Autumn wind
That cooled and went?
Almost barren the hill's side lies
With tufts of stubble for its population:
O! the ravages of Winter! And
Just started are: what when completed
And Winter bows its way before due Spring?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whirling

whirling I feel my head
as
Van Gogh's night stars and
more:
and
I cannot take off my
head
I cannot take off my head

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whirring

Whirring

Whirring

I

heard

The

Soft

Bee

Fly

And

Silent

Shy

Go

By

An

Insect

Civilized

Whirring

Whirring

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whispering Leaves

whispering leaves
trembling yellow
Monuments of the Sere
trumpets of shrill
and clamorous rustling
clanking of steel
passage of armies
beauty in a street
crown of fevers
a sweeping of snow
thin yet dripping
dripping down the trees
tower of iron cast
and of red minarets
palace of mosques
river of royal naming
torches and flames
nocturnal to the subconscious
funereal:
whispering leaves
whispering
whispering

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whispering Sound

The wind
It turns around
Fast whispering sound

The waters in the rains
They come
And drench
Then cease.

The gutters and the kerb
They sing a sad song
Sung once by a owl
Nocturnal wise.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whispers

In the château garden
The white marble statues
Whisper
Sitting white-grey
Against the partial dark
Cloth.

The palace not large
Imposes its style
And silence.

Fountains remain neutral
Between silence and
Whispering:
So
Their silence be not deep
But shallow as their waters.

From behind statue to statue
Figures grey yet
Rare
Run in the distance
Between statue and white statue

All the same
The fountain waters rise and
Fall mechanical:
Even at night
Even as of night

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whistler Of Winds

Whistler of winds
Of Zephyr competitor
And
Yet boon most of friends:

You
Find in the Spring whistling
At night to ghosts and
Shrouds and rattling skeletons
In cemeteries:
Amidst the yews around
You find him there.

And
In the chill of winter
He
Attaches himself since olden
Centuries
To buildings
Dreaming houses
Sleeping breath and
The in-turmoil of sub-conscious reigns

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whistling In Life

Whistling

In

Life

Yet

Thinking

Thinking.

I will to

Have more time

For standing

Face

Up

To

The

Heavens

Thinking

Just

Thinking.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whistling Train

whistling train

the tunnel lights dimly
but remains dark

at the extremes of
the tunnel
bursts light
outside

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Bearded Shroud

White bearded shroud that
Hides
Almost completely beard in
Shroud of brown
Now all be dark and
Odorous of night
And of the chants-laments
Of spirits hollow-eyed.
Ola!
Ola!

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Dog

White dog large and
Waving its
Tail
Rarely
But when it waves
It throws its heart out
More than its tongue:

White dog
I too as you
Throw and threw
My heart out more than
My tongue:
What thanks received I?

Ay! In your world of
Dogdom
Your action means
Means more
Gets more
White dog large
And
Waving the tail
Rarely
rarely

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Faith

Soldier column of the white
Faith

Thoughts white, thoughts slow
Thoughts of suffering

The haunted anvil in the
Well of the monastery
Struck rare at night
Last night
But struck

And a monk errant by
Deep midnight
Saw a lightning
Of red
With white days

Then the dawn
The trees were still
And
Rustled not of winds
Nor sung benighted
The nightingale

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Freshness

White
Freshness
Limbs
That
Uncovered
Glimmer
White
Flower
With
Beauty's
Pride and mischievous smiles:
Ah! so the Earth wish I
After a new restart of the
Dawn
But ah! as the day goes
Deeper and
Deeper in
I sigh! The more I sigh!

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Lily Of The New-Cladding Fields

White lily of new-cladding fields
I must deliver and reproduce
The gas cloud wherein my seed lie
Now lies impatient in its universe
Frosty and frozen in its energy
The gas cloud lies still and lonely

Soon, too soon
Must I the gas-cloud warm
And then
The seeds will maddened move and fly
Without a rest
Till that
They clear their conscience: now they feel
The guilt of being lazy and of not
Having their duty till as yet.

But then
But then
The frigid gas-cloud melts in the friendly warmth
Of the waves of southern winds of heat
In this new summer ushered in
While winter frost knocks at the pane
And here
And here
The gas-cloud of the seeds in this warm room
Becomes a universe of life and now
They clear their conscience: now they feel
The pride and happiness
Of having done their duty.

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Of Dawn

the white of Dawn - the red
of dusk - mix
you will have Soul and
Heavens
You will blood
drop after drop
up the cemetery roads
of groans and creaking:
mix
mix
humble grave-diggers
throw up the soil and
earth
the frozen crystals of
broken hearts and
wild despairs
my Monsignor
too

Emmanuel George Cefai

White Snail

In the world of
The Sub-Conscious
A snail that
White glistened
Trembled
And
With every
Trembling
There was vibration
And since night it was
Vibrated the white stars
On the jazz floors of heaven
Ah! color new
Towards new civilization!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whither Do You Go Lone Star That Strays

Whither do you go lone star that strays
From your path towards the arch
Of dark that surrounds you?

Why stray you from the company of peers
And kin of stars this night that so
Serene looks over the earthly scene?

You will not speak; you will not tell;
But give me the key to your heart
That I may know. I will not tell.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whither? Whither?

Whither? Whither?
Whither are they going
Into the dark night?
With hooded cloaks
In black bedecked
And shining flames of red?

Why, why they pass
Through the thin alley
That winding leads
To the seashore?

Why not a word they speak?
Why do with furtive glance
They look each other?
Why in procession
With solemn steps they fend?

Why do I seem to hear
Gregorian chants this night
Quick wafted on the wind
From where they come
With hooded clothes
In black bedecked
And shining flames of red?

Ah! In the past
These figures seem to go:
And yet in present move
And methinks that I see
Another night, another troop
Like this dark night
With hooded clothes
And black bedecked
And shining flames of red
A hundred years from hence.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Who Shall Remove The Snows

Who shall remove the snows but the
Sun?

The snows have gathered day by day
And through all the winter

Though in to the close of the winter
The snow-falling got deeper and
More piqued

Who shall remove what has gathered for
Months?

Will be months to remove what has gathered
For months?

Aha! Said the Sun and at the door of the
Spring

The Sun suddenly waxed angry and red in
The face

Induced Dutch courage induced heating up
Of the Sun

And in a single morn it determined
The Sun blew to mountains of liquid that
Melted
The mountains of snow piled one on the
One
The mountains of snow that had gathered
For months
That piled one on another the snows had for
months

Emmanuel George Cefai

Who Will Note

Who will note
When butterflies lie down and fall
And do not move?

Who has caught
the glow-worms of the night
That most elusive be?

Who has touched
The snowy peaks of mounts
Jutting their fingers to heaven?

Who has touched
The clouds that soar a mile
Above blue Everest?

And who will notice
When the stars start falling down and down
Down Saint Anne's Way directionless?

Who has seen heaven weep
And felt the scars on its face
And tears trickling, trickling warm?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Who Will Sit When Bound To Lose?

Who will sit when bound
to lose?

The Fates in sleep and dream
have whispered.

My cruel destiny now
I carry in my Soul.

They passed and called me
'Come, compete we're going
there.'

I replied not and hung my head.

They continued laughing and jeering
even.

For
who will sit when bound
to lose?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Who Will Write The Obituary Of This Winter Hoar?

Who will write the obituary of this
Winter hoar?

Let the Spring do it.

It has a pen of gold wrought from
A sheath of gold corn and transformed
As mists transform
From the fields where Circe
Used to roam just by her cave
Over Calypso.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Whole Night

In the whole night
the whole time
romantic night lamps black
shine in the street
of an ancient town.

Bridge of wood
Ancient wood
Carved centuries gone
Yearning with sighs
Of lovers and of ghosts.

Strait alleys
House to opposite
House
Whispering.

the steps alight
as it were day
without the
obfuscating heat

but ah! romantic more
in nights of thunderstorms
and tempests and of rains
glittering on the white
lighted steps:
then
will the soul of old Valletta
roam and speak:
'My days that were past are
Now these'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Why Do I See A Light

Why do I see a light
Burn silent and austere
In that small dark room
Where magic rites and dark
They say occur at night
Where happenings strange and dark
They say occur at night?

Why does the light burn bright
Into the solitary hours of the night
And fade away
With birth of dawn and day:
In that small dark room
Where happenings strange and dark
They say occur at night?

Aye! Happenings strange and dark
In that dark room occur they say:
Away from light of day:
Fleeing into the dark night
And I would like to know and see
What happens as they say:
But then should I leave you
To flee and go away?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Why Do You Not Write?

Why do you not write?

My heart spoke broken in so few words.

And no reply
Made my heart more broken

Emmanuel George Cefai

Why Earth?

Why in our Earth
There be
Who suffers
As much as me?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Why Storms Like So The Night?

I
Poet Seer will not say
But feel
That storms like beauty
And beauty the storms
Both
Be the paramours of Night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Why? Why Not Go To Sleep?

Why? Why not go to sleep?
We worked so many years
And all the years and yet
Lower and lower in the deep.

The twilights are on us.
The reign of Sadness is
The reign of us.
We walk as ghosts, already.

That is desolation.
Yet that is consolation:
Remember: we have had
Failure after failure after failure.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wide And Blinding

In the waters

Wide and blinding

A figure floats

And it be black

And it be unmoving

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wide Chest Beauty Fluttering

Wide chest beauty fluttering
Violet of the abandoned woods
Abandoned on an abandoned knoll.

So pretty in your tiny isolation:
So inviting, so wanton make me
Grow, and then to love you.

And I will watch over you,
When the night chill arrives
And dark turns the heaven's former blue.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wide Gap Of Light

Wide
Gap
Of
Light
Dazzled
Eyes
Stunned
And
Stunned
Brain
Waters
Of
Gliding
Nights
And
War-like
Mists

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wide Open Lanes

Wide open lanes
Full
Of galactic dust

Milk drops that
Massified
Half way their
Voyage

Below on Earth
Fairies and nymphs of
Night
Consorting with goblins
Wild.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wide Smiling Sun

Wide smiling sun
You know the Spring is here
You know you have to smile
And Spring is King
You obey – cunning, cunning Sun!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wider Than Realms Higher - Poet Seer

Wider than realms higher by far
in intellect and its worth
into the clouds Minerva called
unto her the bent aged Poet Seer:
looked up the Earth in awe
no clarion calls trumpeted
yet the verses of the Poet Seer
into the background with a hundred
tunes ringing were heard
in a soft undertone.
Come, come, you satyrs
you, bacchanalians of the ivied heads
come.
Nymphs of woods and streams, and
Sileni, fauns and dryads,
goblins green and mischievous.
Come.
Come.
From your tired nocturnal eyes
as with a wand
Minerva tears off the sleep
and waking full and strong
her Poet Seer to honor.
He heeds not much the honors
nor wills nor gloats nor wants.
Yet
Still they honor him from cloud
to cloud:
and festive season hold and court
for
wider than realms higher by far
in intellect and its worth
into the clouds Minerva called
unto her the bent aged Poet Seer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild

Wild
was the shriek of the
skeleton
that night
the stars were in

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild Cat?

Your heart tires
You say
Forgot
When told me
'I am a wild cat'?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild Night Birds

Wild night birds
Fluttered on the skies
Tonight

The heavens immense
Stunned
In the background
Stared

Ah! we too
We humans
In our intervals
Stare
Stare
Stunned
In our very background

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild Owl Wisdom

Wild
Owl
Wisdom
This
Night
Is
Hand
In
Hand
With
Wildness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild The Bell Rang

Wild the bell rang
The ghost bell
And it was
Midnight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wild Thyme Of Bearded Hogs

Wild thyme of bearded hogs
A muscled ox
With a violin between the teeth
Ten hedgehogs playing out
An orchestra

Ah! the lines and verses
Are scarce
Today
A day of parching heat
Thirst
Hunger

Hiding
Behind the curtain of a day
In the high heavens
Afternoon and sunset and dusk
Wait

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wiles

no longer
you call me
frenetic
a
woman's
wiles?
your resignation?

Emmanuel George Cefai

William Butler Yeats.

William Butler Yeats.

Man of duty, for we to our country duty have
to render it brave and grave
and great.

You did your duty, you knew your duty, and you
did duty well.

Now the verse remains, open the book, read and
feel.

And that be you; to feel, to be, to be, to feel.

And in that phenomenon to all of us common,
there issue the wonders from your homely
verse, and great lines.

Your heart looks greater, your brain no less,
but more than these the throbbing of the pulse
Brave Ireland-Eire, brave Yeats, green land of
beauty in the small,
amidst the vast and greater in this Earth

Emmanuel George Cefai

Willows That Groan

Of willows that groan
Of streams that gargle
Verse
Of Ides that roam from
March
Sing
Poet Seer who woke before the Dawn
That you
May watch her rise and
Speak to her.

Life
Be
Jumping
Hearts
Be
Throbbing
Blood
Pulsating

Yesterday
The nightingale sang
And sang
'I smell of blood'

Hedgehogs were roaming
Yesterday
One held a phonogram
The other sax
Another trumpet
Sang
Another violin.
Played.

Throughout
The grasses and
Bushes

There was nocturnal rustling
Yesterday
In Hastings Gardens.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wind

What wind, what wind
That neighed an hour
Ago?

That wind was slow.
That wind was sad.
That wind was a hammer.

Zephyr let off the wind
From his bags of winds
Numerous.
And he gave not a name
To the sad wind

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wind Blows On A Turrent High

on a turret high
over
the wind blows
to-night
it came abrupt
in the morn
as abrupt
will go
at Dawn

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wind Is In The Yard

The wind is in the yard
It plays, goes round,
Makes growling, sound.

Even so
My Soul, my Inner Soul
I feel restless
Going round and round
To find a peace
That transforms more
To a sad restlessness
And sore
Even so
Even so

For
The wind is in the yard
It plays, goes round,
Makes growling, sound.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wind Who Neighs

I am the wind who neighs in
chunks

I am the wind who tricked Zephyr
to let me loose

I am the wind that in the blizzard
rides and chuckles

I am the wind that visits nocturnal
caves and coves on land and sea
hooting through them echoing
re-echoing

I am the word of hope

I am the wind of the dim

I am the wind that rises with the
Dawn

I am the wind that settles at red
dusk.

I am the wind, the restless wind,
I am that wind.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Windmill Street

In Windmill Street
Reflected the old town
The Satyrs put a mirror
And the old town
Swam in it.

In Windmill Street
The waters on the kerb
Slippery with forked
Tongues
Of bubbles busting
Moved along
Carrying the dirt
With them.

The drains
Not far away
Sumps of the waters
Worked
Ceaseless pumps of night
A magic night
And drear

But ah! that was ago
Centuries ago

And yet
Yet
Still reflected be
The measures of the stars,
The moon, and all,
With awry faces.
All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Window Pane Was Broken

the window pane was broken
in the night it was broken
and there was no wind.

ah! the machine of life
works like that too:
so its disgregation.

and observing quite and quiet
you will see in slow motion
the mechanics of sweet
disgregation.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Windows Clank

I
Hear
The windows
Clank
I feel
The winds want
To come in
But are clipped off
Assailants of the
Bastions

Emmanuel George Cefai

Windows Peeped

Heads
From
The
Windows
Peeped

Ears were
Smart
And
Going

Pointed
Radar
Of
The
Heavens
The
Ears
Stood
Erect
And
Still
Majestic
On
Their
Throne

Emmanuel George Cefai

Windows That Are Eyes

the soul
the whispers
the whispering in it
the whispering of it

the windows that are eyes
the casements open
on the Earth's new dawn

more light
more the eyes open
and
we
we
need open eyes
the more
open eyes.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Winds And Air Weep

The winds and air

They

Weep

Approaches time:

My mother

My mother!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Winds Playing Playing Violins

Variations have I.

Bastions I heard speak.

I heard the trees whisper
In Hastings Gardens.

I hear the winds playing
Playing violins
Now in the evening
Not
In the distance

I go to my roof erect
Below the early moon
Singing my verses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wine Of Delight

Wine
Of
Delight
Sparkling in night

Wine the eyes of
Night

And myriad of stars
Starlight.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wine Of Life

The wine of life
We drank
But that was long ago.

Long, long ago.

We smacked our lips
Of red
For deep red the wine
Tasted
Of chill passing centuries.

Now in the goblets
The hot wines no longer
Pour.

Nor rises song
Amidst silences of night
No, nor verse
Nor of night's beauties the throng:
For
The wine of life we drank
But that was long ago.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wings Outstretched

wings outstretched as long
as countries on Earth
now just floating
the giant birds
flying
direction onli in
directproportion to
their tail rudder
only
in as direct proportion

bronksi lehti
sarem sesti
in du riann
keli sian
yeten lon
gurte son
fefti pot
celik sot
furste sint
mehten pint

.

starets im
bortend pim
kulder sulder
durum pilder
ghetan sit
petran mit
fedet pirr
sinats mirr
celike statere
murien sodere

.

trian fah
doren sah
pilte kronn
mulit tronn

veret in
simli tin
trin de drin
emelte de krin
simlet dran
parite bran

.

ritmus ritmus
versus versus
in de lind
perite sind
kukli dros
hente os
frting sinting
drete pinting
fere krint
simol sint

Emmanuel George Cefai

Winter Brings Tempests Hoar And Frost And Ire

Winter brings tempests hoar and frost and ire
Amidst the white-frothed waves in tempests loud
And on the bough most distant from the cold
The owl shelters her ruffled feathers from the frost.
The wild loud wind how it churns the lake's calm
And prints its bosom with echoing waves
That frenzied leap and go as in a trance:
And when the night its silence deems to wave
With its gold scepter lo! The thunder-bolt
Of the lightning is heard, the flash, the cold
And roars o'er dale and field its sound to town.
Yet this is nothing to the storms that roar
Within my breast my lover's breast all hoar.

Ah! Love, love, love

Emmanuel George Cefai

Winter Rhapsody - I

An hour to midnight.
All asleep in heavy
Blankets.

Light thrown out
In all the houses

Shudder
The houses in every waft
Of wind.

Where be the fortitude of the
Houses?

The wind neigh round
And round
From mere chance and Probability
Violin like and
Cyclical.

The rain patters
Indifferently.
It provides the intermittence
In the cycle:
Cycle in intermezzo.

That's Winter's Rhapsody!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Winter-Soul

Round the winter-soul
All gathered:
rain brought out pitcher
a little snow the brooms
birds clustered further in
the numbed foliage
dripping
all
all round the winter soul.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wintry Gales

Of wintry gales and of tempestuous seas
dream I
Though
Outside the Sun shines summer heat.
And no wind blows.

Both be: one in the dream, the
Other in the sight and of Experience
Hoard.

And bridge of sighs wooden crooked
That nocturnal sighs and heaves
As does the breast the wooden antiquity.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wipe Off The Sweat

Wipe Off The Sweat

Wipe off the rain

Of thunder of suffering

Of ever-chameleon lightning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wire Of Thought

Wire
Of
Thought
Rising
Light
Though
It
Be
Night
And
Dawn
Be
Far
Away

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wisdom Does Not Grow On Trees

Wisdom does not grow on trees
But
Grows from suffering.

Wisdom has the propensity to free.

Suffering and liberty
Often do not go hand in
Hand.

Knowledge comes from
Other knowledge

The first knowledge is the
Chronologically most ancient
And
Yet the basis of the new.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wisdom Falling

I
Heard
The
Wisdom
Falling
Falling
Falling
And
This
All
In
My
Dreaming
Dreaming
Dreaming
The
Drops
Waters
Wonders
Another
Ganges
Falling
Falling
Falling
Receiving
Receiving
This night
Of nights

Emmanuel George Cefai

'Wisdom To All' Said The Philosopher

'Wisdom to All' said the Philosopher
'Not the select few'

'This way, ' continued he
'avert the Dogmatist'

'And avert Dogma in the ever-continued
fresh assertions everyday coming
from everywhere
from the All'

Then Wisdom will smile and close its eyes
serene.

Then will wisdom will be to All, of All,
by All.

All This Mortality Must Future Time Reverse

These last months, years have been
verses chanted in the shades
of drear and cemeteries
ageing and tombs
and end and ghosts and shrouds
and all the world that with these
goes.

Yet
though I begun to sing of these
in my verses
yet
my heart and my spirit
yearn
to bring back the old work
to Immortality.

Ah! these last months and years

the heart spoke to me but yesterday
there missing a thing be
'and that thing was
the struggle to Immortality'

Love the World of Ghosts and Shrouds

I love the world of ghosts and
shrouds
And made you love it in my
chants and songs.

I will arise me
now
to think of different world
and different thoughts

Yet that now I have known
the world of ghosts and shrouds
I love that world so much
of ghosts and shrouds

Every World-Type its Beauty has and History

Every World-Type its beauty and history has
for so that
there be beauty in all things

For so that there be history of all
things.

For so that there be world-types in increase
ever-increase
and that the bone of Evolution be.

I Yearn to Reverse My Time

I Yearn to reverse my time
Go back to four five years
old
and start from there again.

I am the one who says that I
have made mistakes.

I am the one who regrets
his mistakes.

Shambles of a life, advance in
youth that in it had the seed of
reverse
reverse in middle age and more.

I am the one who therefore
yearns
yearns for the misery of life
to be overturned
to start again
with hindsight of this pain.

With tears I wet at night
My blanket
and silent sigh.

Yearning so goes around me
as my life
as the snake
round its cornered victim
as the noose
round my ageing neck
as the guillotine
above my head.

Wish so
that life a blackboard was
and that

one fine day I enter the room
Wipe all off and begin again.

Alas! what remains only are the
shambles of a dim life
and the words of a Scientist, thinker and Poet Seer!
Not more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wise Owl

Wise owl
That on the bough sings
That circled briefly
In the dusk on hobbling wings
Transform me in your
Wisdom to yourself
That
I may be an owl and have
The privilege and joys of happy nights
To rest my Inner Soul
On sleeping boughs:
The privilege and joys of many dawns.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wise Owl Of The Firm Trading

Wise owl of the firm trading
duchess of the portrait of centuries
monastery of the clouds so high on hill
lightning at back of ancient monastery
thunder of tempests coming
blunder of clouds that be late in raining
milk of the pitifully rare heavens
dew after dew drop after drop raining
nocturnal

Emmanuel George Cefai

Witch That Scowls

Witch that scowls and
Thinks with furrowed
Yellow brows.

Witch that trembles
In her few
Remaining teeth
As rattling skeletons

The half moon with
A vast ice sheet of
Cloud
Covers herself:
A white star
Devours smoke
From incense of
A monastery old
Below
Where barefoot monks
Up to midnight
And
Further on
As yet
Chant holy psalms
And verse
And song

Emmanuel George Cefai

Witches With Lank Faces

when witches with lank faces
fly when sea waters away from shore
spume like in giant waves to heavens soar

when hungry faces prowl and vespers
be done and houses closed to storm and
dark, King Night his scepter wields over the land

And over seas and the Oceans immense
there you will find me sad Poet Seer
one of the All, and One with All, of All, to All.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With

With
Fire in my eyes
The drear I gobbled
I saw
The green goblins
Speed
Away
Away from their
Hiding place
And saw Dawn
Frowning
Willing
Her reign to ending.
And the morn still
Continued
In the same vein of
Cold and drear:
I was a sick Poet Seer.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With A Buckle

With a buckle
On the Soul, the Inner Soul,
With a bubble on the boot
Passing
Through everywhere
As thin ghosts do
As thin shadows
As thin shrouds
As a broom
Dressed up
Walking
See a walking dress
Propped
Walking
The night in the cemetery

Emmanuel George Cefai

With A Sad Heart Dance I

With a sad heart
dance I.

Dance!

So said a Voice above.

I looked at the heavens
saw the stars
the moon
and still mantle of oblivious
dark.

I am in the square right
in front of the holy cathedral!

Dance! said the Voice again.

Then
Heard I the Dantesque tune begin
and danced I
with the figures wild and masks
danced the whole night
crawled home at dawn.[

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Bated Breath

With bated breath
Arising
As snows cascading
High from high
Mountains
Melting
Or as the mists
Arising
From vale from sea
Coves and caves
From whispering

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Black Ordeal

With black ordeal
The shrouds and ghosts of to-night
Covered themselves to be as night
One with the night

Descending step after ancient step
With torches burning
The ghosts and shrouds transparent
Moved in cluster
In procession:
The torches floated by themselves
Upheld.

Drew backwards, linear, proud and
Humble simultaneously
The whiff of the torches
Their fire
Their nocturnal pride and self-esteem.

Silent the toes fell on the steps
Silent
Silent
Silent
And yet,
On and on and on they marched
Directionless:
For they wanted no direction
But only march and march
So willed they,
The shrouds and ghosts, that night.

They somehow went by the black sea
The mirror of the dark heavens
That frowned:
Dawn was still away and there
Before the outreach of the Dawn
They faded
And so the suspicious eyes of Dawn
Evaded:

These ghosts and shrouds, these we
Must transform into, at least by trial,
At least one night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Drear

With drear
emotions bent
all cramped
but now
with Dawn arisen
and
with its risen light
emotions open again
as flowers of early morn
open.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Enemies On My Back

With enemies on my back
With enemies on my forehead
I walk the nights
As centuries ago
The lone mysterious knight
Out of Mdina.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Every Star

With every star that
Lighted be
Heavens one mark
Gain
And three for night.

A high red steeple tower
Lured
Thin and taut into the
Heavens
A satin robe as the magic
Carpet flew
And magic all around
Turned, turned and grew
And
In the night, that night
Smoked incense, witches' brew.

With every star that
Lighted be
Heavens one mark
Gain
And three for night.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Feelers On The Head

With feelers on the head
Go I
Through the fields
Of night
Through
The roads of dust
Whitened by the
Moon
Go I.

With head
Hung down
And up
With tears
At the heavens
Alternately
Go I.

Lone shepherd that shepherd be
Not
And wants not sheep:
Yet
Round about him
The bleats of the Spirits
Drawl
As sheep around, around
Into that nocturnal desert
Without sound.

Lone solitary man!
Solitary pilgrim
Bent
And aged
And broken down
Yet free
Yet free
When will
The nights be nights
Of sound

The waters gurgled
Loud
Not silent?
The cemeteries not
Filled with sound
Except in ghost processions round?

With feelers on the head
Go I
Through the fields
Of night
Through
The roads of dust
Whitened by the
Moon
Go I.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Glass In Hand

With glass in hand
the skeleton stood
the Skeleton of the Hollow Eyes
and the skeleton
was human

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Glass In Hand 2

With glass in hand
they
raised the glass
raised
so many times the glass
the Skeletons

How rattled the glasses
as they each other touched
the sound was as the sound
of violins

yet
as yet
silent and without word
the Skeletons were
though their teeth (that remained)
grinned
and their jaws opened

and in their hand
the glasses shone and
twinkled

with glass in hand
they
raised the glass
raised
so many times the glass
the Skeletons

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Hands Up To The Heavens

We

We

Ascended the Sacred Mount

Of snow-capped heights

The other mount below

How hideous high the peaks

And

In the trammels of the fleece

Of clouds

Loaded with frozen icicles

There was a freedom that lower

Earth has yet to learn

There was a freedom that was

Of the Earth, due,

But not in the Earth,

The Earth below.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With His Red Prong

With his red prong
and giant legs taller
than hills
stood he
in the frosty waters
the Sub-Conscious He
the Man of the Sub-Conscious
strong and raw
the plastic arts he willed
in the image of himself
then said
'Lo! things are for
they are of me, as me.'
Laughed a small humble
hill.
He turned, found not.
And
then he laid him on
the shore
where snore after snore
frightened the face of
fauns satyrs and nymphs
that popped up stealthily
and as Dawn approached
went
away as stealthily

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Is Finger

With is finger
Night traced
A sign

A sign on the face
Of the heavens

A tear fell
The stars
Were near

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Ivy Wands On Our Heads

With ivy wands on our heads
We this night will celebrate
Under the horns of Bacchus
We that dwell in Sicily the fair isle!

And as the lava falls down Aetna's side
So let the wine fall down oesophagus
And feel the sweet burning falling
Falling slowly

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Me

the ghosts they wake you see
my Monsignor
I took you with me
please stay behind
in the dark
my figure spare and small
will hide you.

You will see
what Poet Seers will see
with their own eyes
so many, many nights!

at least
feel the Soul, the Inner Soul,
its chains melting one by one
without a violence and
without arrogance
and you will hear chains clank
on the ground
as spirits, souls and ghosts
and shrouds
barefoot the frosty night
on the cemetery stones and ways
they tread

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Septic Hands Washed With Septic Medicine

With septic hands washed with septic medicine
the Poet Seer stirred

And he sung scenting of septic medicine

Though the notes scented sweet, he scented
medicine

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Sweat From My Head

With sweat from my head
I roamed
I foamed
As the wild boar
As the thunderous ox
As the roar of the lightning
As the Voice of the heavens
With courage of
Bastion walls
And the tidiness of precision.

Little
Groans
Burst
From
My
Mouths
Bubbles
Of
Blood
And
Water

To-night I will be better
Albeit by little
Than the past night.
I will.
I will.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With The Fires In Deep Of The Snows

With the fires in
Deep of the snows
That thaw so
Do not melt
Ice-blocks crystalline
Where the intensity of white
Hides the blocks
The hoar locks
And
Of frost the arched shrine
Burning fires of cold
Wrath in the limbs
Even of Prometheus
Bearded white and long-beard
Trudging in snow
Now sinking a little
Rising always
For Age has not
Vanquished the fire.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With The Grip Of Drear

With the grip of drear
now
adds the grip of cold
completing with me
thus
a story yet not fully told.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With You

With you
With you I will climb
By slow uneasy steps
The sides of snows
The side of the
Mountain of the Blessed Pines
This we will climb
And
Time will bring us sacrifice
Time will bring us pain
Time will bring us sacrifice
With you
I will climb
Reach the heights
With beating breath
With bated breath
With snow furred eyes
Icicles
That drop from my hair
But I will climb
I will to reach
And there
In to the small plateau
That
On the top of those heights
Giddyng
Will rest I:
with the halo of sudden
Greatness splashed on my wall
I will climb
I will climb.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With You I Will Usurp

With you
I will usurp
The heights of the snow
Mountains:
With you
I will sweep with broom
Of witches
The gelid particles
The genesis of night-dews
The petals of manna
That fall from the heavens
When the night installs
Itself as sovereign
All these
With you
With you only
I will usurp.
When the time comes.
When the owls hoot.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With You I Climb Beyond

With you
With you I climb beyond
The icicles blue and changing
Colors
The icicles that hang
Insecure willing not to fall
Yet
All in peril of a dangerous one
I saw.
I hopped from one side to the
Other side. The
Street or country lane was
Dusty and dread-murky
Grinned.□
I liked not.
My lips I pursed.
And I kept with bent head
Just trudging
Trudging.
With bent head.

Emmanuel George Cefai

With You In The Anemic Cab

With you
With you
In the anemic cab
I rode
Through
Old Valletta

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Your Eyes Only You Enkindle

my heart so, bring the end of
might in it, and shines the Inner Soul
with the smile of a new Dawn in it!

Emmanuel George Cefai

With Your Iron Hand

With your iron hand
you hurt me
with your toxic breath
you freeze me
with your punishments
you numb me:
now
what remains
is that we transpose
into another region of the Earth
where at our age
we begin again
that's where you forced
us:
your scepter hurts
to us
we came to seek some
kindness and comfort:
found
these icicles in the
cavern of your reign:
and iron hand

Emmanuel George Cefai

Within My Ears

Within my ears
Constant
Repeated
The sounds of the sub-conscious
The whispering
The half-conspiring

Glaciers were melting
Others were
Hardening
As snow
On mountain-peak of
Blue
In Patagonia.

Sparse in the snows
With eaves dripping
And chimneys smoking
Doors full closed
Assaulted by the wind
A few sparse houses
Of the conscious suffering
Inside
The house walls treble
Dreams
Sleep the sub-conscious

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woes Sufferings

Days of drear added to
Woes
Sufferings
Their ilk
Easter has not come
As yet.

Trees bend
Graves frozen
Seas crystalline
And paralyzed
Not a whiff of wind
Even the tree-leaves
Sleep the sleep
Of the sub-conscious gold

All stopped
All paralyzed
As in a photo:
All

But then as dawn crept
By
I heard a Voice from
Inside and
I Spoke with it
As my eyes to consciousness
Opened
'Lo! I am risen! '

And
As time goes
To rise I will continue
Echoed Soul, the Inner Soul
And
Then I will cast drear for
Above it
Writ in gold and red

'I will arise, I will arise'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wolves

Wolves from the
Heavens high
From high they
Came
Direction:
Heaven

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woman

'woman
you are a machine
and reproduce the most valueable commodity'

shall we scoff at this and rend our
robes?

for women are propense to noblest of noble
when they will

that is the materialist, the romantic,
the realist?

but we men, certainly need with us
all these machines.

and all men are gems, whatever, whenever.

the Individual shines so many times in
men.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woman Of The Wrinkled Brows

woman
of the wrinkled brows
perplexed
confused
dark complexion and
dark looks

looking round
looking round
the woman furtive
moved.

in the dark
disappeared she
pursed her lips.
had furrowed brows
dark looks.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Womb

Womb

Where centuries

Gyrate:

Heavenly music

Above

Discordant notes

Separate:

Inner Soul of music

Full

Inner Soul sleeping

Wise owl of dreaming.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Womb Of Desperation

Womb of desperation
Stretching
Over whole
Countries and continents
To-night
So many children slept
Hungry and in the mud
Of life and humiliation
Knowing
What desperation bitter
Means
The first of times
The heart
Hardening
With the day's fading
And
Advent of the night
Womb of desperation

Emmanuel George Cefai

Womb Of The Heavens

Womb of the heavens
That opens your sweet
Mouth
Yet
With no curvatures save minimal
Such as
Be
Curvatures of the heavens immense
Womb of the heavens

Emmanuel George Cefai

Womb Of The Nocturnal

Open the womb of the nocturnal
Heavens
Will you have Dawn?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Women Of Hunger

Women of hunger
On their heads
Cool pitchers
Carrying:

Night closes in.
A lost eagle
Rushes through
A posse of bats.

Animals stood up
Questioned their destiny
Clouds came with pen
As witnesses.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wonder In The Night

There's
Wonder
In
The
Night!
There's
Haunting
In
The
Night
A
Horse
With Mane
High
Saw
I
Speeding
And
When
With
Its
Beauty
Accosted
Alas!
He
Sped
Into
The
Clutches
Of
A
Fading
Dark!
Alas
For
Beauty
sinewed!

Wonders

Mantle
Of
Sand
Small
Remaining
Grains
That
Yet
Remain

The
Storm
Was
Heavy
And
The
Gales
Were
Pinching

See
See
The
Flag
That
In
The
Quiet
Noon
Now
Fights
The
Hordes of Zephyr's armies.

Wonders
The
Flag
Bends
Its

Head.

Cunning

Glow-worm

That

Declared neutrality

Cunning

Cunning

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wood That Burns

I am the wood that burns crackling
at dusk

I am the fire dropped from fierce
night stars

I am the excess dropped from reference
frames

I make way for the serene being
troublesome

I am the caves that Time chooses as
wombs

I am the seas the waves the Oceans

I am tragedy after tragedy of the
centuries

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wooden Bridge

When the wooden bridge was
Creaking
The winds were coming up from
The port
Climbing up the bastions
Winning the resistance of warm facades
Of houses and palaces
With flushed faces
This is Valletta...

Oaks in the garden creaking
The wind missile through
Their bows
Was busy all
The night.
Then at the Dawn it stayed

We
We of the grim haggard
Faces
Are not cheered by the
Dawn
We come from night
And dark
And howling winds
Those be our places....

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woods Cry Out

The woods cry out
Tonight
For the seas roar
And Oceans roll
The pebbles rattle
And
The wind neighs
The trees streets and
The homes that dream.
All be in orchestra
This fairy night
All through the streets
Of the small hamlet by
The sea enchantment speeds:
And haunting are the songs
Of nightingales.
For
The woods cry out
Tonight
For the seas roar
And Oceans roll
The pebbles rattle
And
The wind neighs

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woods That Weep With Rain; The Winds

Have neighed to-night since sunset
And before:
But grew in intensity after red dusk
Departed to make way for the cold Night:
The woods, the boughs, the trees,
Move, shake, tremble: the houses
As if with earth quake move
Faces turn pale inside; rain patters
Thunder roars loud and raw; it
Will not dissemble
We assert that from long ago.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Woods, Thickets High, Morning And Nights

Woods, thickets high,
morning and nights
dawn and dusks
the friendly animals of the country
rides
the winter chill, the frost, rain
neighing winds
and stubble bending here on the hill
in the rain drizzles in the
late of noon:
these, these,
both the Conscious and
the Sub-Conscious join
into one family
one commonwealth and one unity
and our verses must this commonalty
reflect and chant:
we repeat, we turn again
to what before we said,
we arrange little or
arrange not at all:
but ah! this be the human
to which he be condemned
the hands of Finitude though
ever-expanding
Finitude remain and so
human civilization

Emmanuel George Cefai

Word After Word

Word after word
With every word
Speaking a chapter
So word after word
Chapter after chapter
Resultant.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Words Asserted

Words asserted, verse, song, thought, what?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Words Leap

Words leap

Words dance

Words skip

Where our brain fail

Word will often blaze a trail.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Words Of The Poet Seer

The words of the Poet Seer
Ah! they floated high
Over the clouds
They soared.

Into the kingdom of eagles
Rose they
And beyond went.

That power is of all of us!
Only I suffer that I rise
So high.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Words Of Wisdom

Hear, my Monsignor, the words
Of wisdom.

Be honored to hear in your ears
The whisperings of wisdom
Ever

Know that History wills to
Teach us wisdom at our expenses
So that we learn.
Remember, my Monsignor
Remember.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Words Were In The Heavens Writ.

Words

Were in the heavens writ.

Poet-Seers saw them

And

Saw them writ in red.

And

The waters reflected red

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wore Away The Enthusiasm

Wore away the enthusiasm
That was first,
Before.

Saw the flower, realized
Her dreams were falling:
Before Age's cruel calling.

And pined the abandoned
Flower in youth at dusk
And in to night's despair

Emmanuel George Cefai

Work I

Every day
Every hour
Work I

If compensated even miserably
Have I not secured
A shelter from oblivion
Old at least?

My vessel sails unmanned
The streets are wet
With gales and waters
Of a tempest stand.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Works, Assertions, Principles

Works, assertions, Principles, the
chain of words, chapters, verses,
lines together
by chance and probability some day
some time
will in the hands of humans fall
appreciating humans:
if not so
then
Justice from the heavens should remove!

Emmanuel George Cefai

World Wars

as in the World Wars
time spent
in destruction
alas! what pity!
yet
even in that lost time of all
there was a little either saved
or earned
or both.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Worms That Came To Hears From A Distance.

Worms that came to hears from a distance.

Here you hide in the soft grasses bathed
by the dews of the night.

And frozen into beauty by the day.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Worms That Rise From Dews

Worms that rise from dew
Of night
That fall in the star light
That revel on magic nights
That drink up wanton sights
One after one since
The red dusk faded to night

The waters are benighted
The waters are in spell
The waters Ocean-flow
And rings the Gothic bell!
Peal after peal, the night
The air, the stars, the light!

The airy sexton brother to
A ghost from the bent
Host of ghosts and shrouds:
This airy sexton airy
Swims in the nocturnal spell
Where rings the Gothic bell
Where beats the heart with fear
Where eyes will cry with no tear
The airy magic scent
And music notes weird and bent.

O verse one by one alike
To drop after drop that fall
Into the pail
What was part full now
Full:
And in the air floats
Of ghosts and shrouds
The wail
And magic with the mist
An airy sexton kissed.
Ah! nights like these all
Nights should be!
And let forget all

The power and the wealth
The towns, buildings and stocks
And all their brood as well:
What count are nights like this
When the red dusk is fled
And heaven's veins are bled
Ah! nights like these all
Nights should be!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Would That I Be Now

Would that I be now
In Hastings Gardens amidst the tall, tall trees:
Silhouetting in the dark, unseen, unheard
Their rustling matched by the sea swishing:
Like two lovers they, they speak together
And in language that they know, not I.

Would that I understand.
Perhaps indeed they speak amidst themselves
The laws of the mass universe
The laws of life of immortality of ens

Perhaps
Perhaps
More down-to-earth they speak full lover's words
Or else make lover's oaths: the night
The sovereign witness to their plighted love.

And still
The trees rustle gently as they did for years
And the seas as they did for centuries
Laving the shores of earth full long
Before this city rose, before within its walls
It inbuilt the warm hearths that give the warmth
Of life to us, its citizens.

And still
The trees rustle gently like a twilight lover
And the sea seems to serenade its love
Its white waves lap the night-draped shores.

The bastions dream, the bastions giddy dream.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Would That It Be Dies Irae, Dies Illa!

Would that it be dies irae, dies illa!
Then we humans will look
Up at the clock of civilization
Stop the hands
The ticking
At least temporarily.

We will learn from the drear
The bleak
The thunder rain and storms
The overflowing rivers
The brimming Oceans.

Tsunami of hate, envy, and dark
That moves python-like across
The Earth that has become
Polluted as ancient Styx:
Would that it be dies irae, dies illa!
Then we humans will look
Up at the clock of civilization
Stop the hands
The ticking
At least temporarily.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wounded

Wounded

In

The

Head

The

Snake

Of

Beauty

Reeled

Glided

Rapid

Through

The green

Of

Grass

Snake

That

Drops

Blood

Drops

As

It

Glides

The

Belly

Screeches

But

The

Sound

Be

Silent

The

Stars

Looked

Surprised

And

Stern

Below

Them

Look
Watched
The
Drops
Of
Blood
Glittering
Glimmering
As the sea waters
And the lakes
By the snow mountains towns and villages
Nocturnal
Glimmering
Of
Quiet
Cavern
Airy
Of
Shades
And
Ghosts
And
Rattling
Skeletons
Night
Of
The sword
Where
Helmet on
The soldier
In
Armor
Passed
And
Passed
And
Walked
Faceless
Of
Iron
Faceless
In

The
Iron
Wealth
Of
Solitude
And
Silence
That's the night
That was
Last night
yesterday

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wounded Be Red

Though

Wounded be red

Then

What my destiny

What barren be?

What extinct?

What motion irreversible

Towards

The rock of extinction?

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wrath Of The Heavens

Wrath of the heavens
Subdued
And in the mouth
Of the red dusk
Choking.

We will go on.
We will go on.
We will go on.

Life and Master Time
Are hurdles hard
To skip and leap:
And
They be inevitable.

The days come and
The days fade too
The dawns come
Then the red of dusk
Is cancelled
Again
In an inter-regnum
Before dusk.

O let me live!
Life is to be lived
Some suffering
In the leeway
But not the
Quintessence
Of suffering all time.

Let life be lived
Not suffered all
Joy must never be
A ban.

So

We will go on.

We will go on.

We will go on.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Writing On The Wall

Writing on the wall
continuous
writing,
writing
the walls burning
the walls heated
red as torches.

o! the night
all the castle walls
burn bright!
and
here and there
there be
shadows giant grey
that in them
the thrills of night
in pregnancy in them
bear.

writing
writing
writing on the wall
continuous
writing,
writing
the walls burning
the walls heated
red as torches.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wry Lips

I saw
a wry lips
and
it was weary
somewhat
of verse and song:
but ah!
when the night-lights
in the romantic lamp-lights
lit
the Soul, the Inner Soul
inflamed again
and came back
that fire of noble
Prometheus

Emmanuel George Cefai

Wry Smile

The waters wore
A wry smile
Today
A sardonic pursing
Of the lips.

Smoke broke out
In the wood of thought
The wires of thought
Melted in disconnection.

Savage and proud
He went up the stairs
He said
'Come what may! '
The night is shining
Pulsating
The stars wander by.
Heart-broken

Emmanuel George Cefai

Xerophytes Of Silence

Over the plain
The Soul roams
In a transparent veil

Over the plain
The winds are blowing
Dust on dust
All churning.

On a high rock
I managed to sit
Surrounded by that
Ghastly landscape
Plain
And thousand and more
Xerophytes:
They prick
The tired Soul,
The nodding head,
Yet half-awake
Conscious and sub conscious
Pump
For yet more yearning.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yawning Face Of Pale

The
Dawn
Though
It
Came
Yet
Still
Drear
All
Turned
And turned
I
Saw
A
Yawning
Face
Of pale
I
Heard
The
Creaking
Of
A
Groan
I
Was
Drear
Even
In
The
Dawn
Then.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yearning

Bridge of yearning
Sighs

Rattling along yet only
Night and dark

And the faint neon light
Before Dawn.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Years Begin And Years End

Years begin and years end

But the afternoon, sunset dusk night
Dawn continue cyclical.

And

In their mirror

Year after year

In this misery on Earth

For me

Too be cyclical.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yellow Was The Star

Yellow
Was
The
Star
That
Apart
From
Its
Sister
And
Brother
Stars
This
Night
Made
Show
Of
Itself
This
Night
Yellow
Was

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yes, See, See What I Collected?

Yes, see, see what I collected?
I, that sung, so nobly and so bravely,
Burst my heart years ago
And now
Trudge with a loss of breath each every day
What have I got?
What won?
The verses and the song remain.
And must I stand and fall by them
And what I thought and asserted:
In science, philosophy, and more:
I, that labored so nobly and so bravely:
So far can I say
The rest to the third parties leave.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yes, You Have Won.

Yes, you have won.
At last.

Time told another of the
String of
Great misfortunes.

Hire me,
I shouted in the night.
At least
I will not get worse
Than that which be already.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yesterday The Snow Fell

Yesterday the snow
Fell
And
Today
With the rays of sun
The first rays
Melts:
But ah! your heart
Be hard
So hard
To melt!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yesterday Today Good Friday

The
Night
Was
Silent
Yesterday
Today
Good
Friday
Night
Wills
To
Be
As
Its
Previous
Sibling:
Ah!
That's
Good
Friday!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yet It Will Be My Home

Let me suffer at that
But then
Let me suffer in my home
See
See
In the dark solemn night
Of passion of suffering
Carry the cross
Dripping blood from face
And nose
Let me suffer at that
But then
Yet it will be my home.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You

You
will send a martyr to the block
with just a signature of your quill

You
will send to the block a man
a noble spirit who did you no ill.

Ah! but envy winds snake-like
as for long ancient centuries
it did
alas! and so you fell to lick the dust
of envy and for blood her lust

You
will send a martyr to the block
with just a signature of your quill

You
will send to the block a man
a noble spirit who did you no ill.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You And I

You and I
And I and you
We both walk
Here
Hand in hand
And silent
We both await
The deep night
To get thin
The disc of dark
To be overpowered
By the disc of light
That be new Dawn
That be new day

Emmanuel George Cefai

You And I Meet

When you and I will meet
we will be
two shrouds bent and
humble:
Earth will have been unkind
to us:
yet
we will walk the Earth
and move hand in hand
in low-undertones whispering
in mourning garbs sorrowing

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Are Not Free

You
Are not free; have will
Had will
To choose freedom to
After conquering in some way
Freedom from
You had a choice:
You chose descent
And the joys of descent of descent
But
Ran
In the arms of an Earth that has
From every tick of time
The sword more than of Damocles
Hanging over it:
That is, my friend
-For I shall not call you -
-That is
-What you chose:
-Descent of descent
-With and to tragedy after
-Tragedy
-The while
-A baby you hold in your hands
-And fool! Smile with joy and pride
-At the ancestor of victims and the gruel meal
-Of tragedy upon tragedy.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Are Not Satisfied

You are not satisfied with
The onslaught
That you made?
See my hands are trembling
And my skin
Renounced
The beauty of its youth
For wrinkling:
And my eyes dim
Even in day's light
Weep
Through the night
Before sleep piteous
Comes home to nurse
The pain and
Suffering of day.
You be not satisfied then?

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Are Not Young

You are not young
You, my Monsignor.

But there is still
Some fire.

Let us be taught:
What we have
Even minimum
We must light up a fire

It will embrace light
It will embrace desire.

You are not young.
You, my Monsignor.
Yet you must strive
Your conscience be at rest
That all, I assert all,
You did
Till the last second.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Are Still Power, Still Move

though energy:
you free are now, cut off
from the chains of mass that lead
voraciously to glory and to power

now
my mother I better understand for more
I concentrate
on what power and glory are and
where they lead.

I saw a hunter shoot I saw the dun, the smoke
That like that smoke power and glory evaporate.

Energy be freedom:
At the grave and tomb
when Immortality weeps her loss and her prey
Futile Death thinks has reclaimed:
Conservation and Principles conspire
together to defeat Death's ferocious ire:
Not Immortality that I suspended, that
from science came and clinical:
Immortality of mass, and energy both
But Immortality of energy prevalent, yes,
Yes,
Mother you live immortal with the other
cemetery residents

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Ask: Why Winter?

You ask: Why Winter?

Winter gives warmth to my verse

And as no other season it gives

Birth

To beauty in its hoar and horrid wonders

In its rattling cold and sundry thunders

Its rain that floods woods and vales

And hamlets trembling small:

O Winter! Winter!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Be Not One Of Us

'You be not one of us, ' jeered the Youth
You see Age has slipped by you
And
You did not realize as the rabbit
When the turtle passed him by.'

Ah! time! Entering into domains
Of Intellect suppressing them;
In the least freezing them:
The round of Time is that.'

Nearby a stream gurgled fresh
Out of the summer rocks
Beaten by summer sun and
Summer heat that sweltered.
'You see Age slipped by you'
'You be not one of us'

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Cannot Be More Wise.

You cannot be more wise.

now you must lie in the manger of the Muse.

The snow will not fall but crystals of
thought.

For thought has fallen in love with verse and
song.

Civilization looked from a bastion high and
smiled.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Cannot Look In To The Stars That Far?

You cannot look in to the stars that far?

You cannot draw the curtain on the years and
centuries yet to come?

you cannot?

Here is the night, the cold, the sad fugue.

there is the frost but more serenity.

I cannot choose but to remain tied to the
Earth.

I cannot escape the embraces rough of the
old dust

The night is cold outside, here cold but not
as that.

you cannot look in to the stars that far?

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Discern If You Just Look

The way is there
And
You discern
If you just look:

Thing after thing
You will discover
Discovery on discovery
You see
Here and there
The thoughts run with
The words unthinking
Nor to think willing.

Yet so they do:
In randomness there be
Such beauty
To be discovered
Dream by dream
For
The way is there
And
You discern
If you just look

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Do Not Speak

You do not speak
you do a speak
No, not even a syllable.

The night walks up the roads
of the drear cemetery.

From beneath tombstones and behind monuments
Watch
Watch aghast and suspicious Inner Souls.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Forget

That you are dealing with a broken heart

You forget

That you speak with a suffering all-life

You forget

This face, these hands, this all

Be sick and bends unto the grave.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Give Me Courage, Sir

read my verses
and make the other read:
then judge
but read at least
mankind, all mankind!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Have Ever Woken

You have ever woken
Up to now since
your first cry -
when the white line of
the Dawn
the Night's reign supplants
and moves.
then
Sleep's opiate wand is
pale-faced
conquered it grows feet
to flee faster than the light

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Have To A Soldier Of Love Now

You have to a soldier of Love now
And
Be wanderer in the face of stars
That deck the quiet immense face of Night.
You have, you have
For you must bear, be father,
After years lost,
So many years,
Not more.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Have To Stretch Your Hands

You have
To stretch your hands
My Monsignor
The roof of the gilt cavern
Where are wandering
Round and round
So high it be
Though
We
We think that with
Our bare hands
We touch it

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Must Be Aware

You must be aware
When you tread sacred ground.

You will feel in you
A throbbing a blood-coursing
Rarely felt before

And
By you see passing slowly
A rattling skeleton of
Hollow eyes

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Must Be Stronger That Is More Machiavellian

You must be stronger that is more Machiavellian
To win this political chess in a democracy
Where the incumbent has the upper hand:
And is unashamed to use the upper hand:
You must never hesitate in the circumstances
To use the dirtiest of tricks, one after one,
ever-increase.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Plant A Bomb And You Destroy

You plant a bomb and you destroy
You plant a child and you build.
That's civilization, our civilization.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Poet Of The Stars

You
You Poet of the Stars
Poet-Seer
How many nights will
You look face upwards
Gaze
At the night stars
Humble and still
Humble and still with tears in your eyes
That glisten as foreboders of a
Dawn?

Your mother is not with you.
I know.
I know.
And in that
In that
Poet of the Stars
I see mirrored your sad eyes
Your glistening eyes of tears
Sorrows one on one
In this life's tragedy.

You need not Dawn.
You wish not Dawn.
But roaring Ocean nocturnal
Howling tempests and raking waves
And tremor after tremor in the
Earth
When ghosts and shrouds arise
And leave their tombs
When
Immortality turns back
And tempest upon tempest everywhere
Block out all Dawns.
There is your place.
There be your pulse.
And
In the silent fall-in of the stars

In to the Oceans bleak immense
Let me in favor with you descend
Then we be two and two be One
In those cold regions of the frozen sad
Till Earth revolve around a burning Sun.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Reply Not

You reply not
But my words
Your heart pierce
Make heavier
Your silence relative

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Sang What I Feel Leopardi!

You sang what I feel Leopardi!
To be, to experience, to suffer
that what makes
the Inner Soul so steeled
and at the same time
yet
accustomed to the pain and solitude!

Outside I hear
the merry people pass,
celebrants of Christmas,
after meals with families,
other humans,
and we,
we sit at tables solitary
and
moisten the dry bread we barely
eat
with tears!

the bells from churches ring
but
every peal is but a peal of pain
a dagger in the heart
that weeps
and clutches as a mother her babe
to her
when both of hunger pine

Though others with more intricacy
opened the human Soul with
experiment and lore
you
in your suffering naivety
opened more doors than them
more wide-immense as the wide

Oceans roar the Inner Soul
under your impress, your feeling
glows:
the hammer of feeling if left to
itself
will dig deep wounds but then
such deep wound reveal
the greatness of the Soul that hurts
the offended Individual Sovereign Will
the beauty of the suffering.

My hands these verses click on the
computer
As you with more aching wrote
letter by letter word by word
unfolding the spring of your
suffering:
so I
so I my noble friend and great Poet Seer!

Our souls have met, have
in this solitude and pain
that haunt me day and night,
day and night haunted,
in these we be kindred souls
we join hands and in that
my soul, my Inner Soul and yours
some consolation feel though mild.

Time will come my noble friend,
Time will come
That the Earth wake and to our
thoughts conjoin herself if it
progress must make and be
walking on par with evolution
free and equal in full liberty:
Then verse and song will flow
As from an ever-deep Artesian well
Then will human to human hands unite

And send together but a common groan
As they their combined strength
commingle in the walk of ever-increase
that evolution and the mass universe ordain.
That Time my friend, my noble friend,
great Poet Seer will your great name
increase hundredfold and more and
yet your merits not be paid:
That Time will war be peace not
because
The humans tired of their wounds
but because brains of humans join
to ban wars and such ills when they
still even without them be so prone
to suffering.
Time will come too my august friend
when spurred by works - if my works
the scythe of oblivion someday avert -
of me will own yet Immortality:
but it will also be an Immortality
of suffering too, pain and anxiety:
and in that they will call to us
and our common thoughts that long,
long before you echoed, then that I
reading your verses joined to suffering
personal and mine
deepened so much the great Soul,
the great Individual Sovereign Will,
that then in your light and my resolution
will
shine resplendent as the Sun from Dawn!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See

You see

You see

Earth is offended, is in wrath, and rage

Injustices, we humans, other things of us have made it so.

We meddle here and we meddle there

Earth patiently suffers in silence

Till her glass to the brim

Loses her patience.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See -

You see -
said the Poet Seer -
I rocketed to Fame =
all suddenly - without plan
for I made no plan
nor wanted a plan
but left
as babe Moses was left floating
to chance and probability
and see
where have arrived me
chance and probability.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See Next Week

You see
next week will be a Week of Tragedies
and
I will be
just the spectator
just Nero watching Rome burn
and fall.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See, My Man, What We Have Carried Through?

You see, my man, what we have carried through?

Ten years.

Eleven years since coming here.

Now

In thousands of verses, I steer.

I lie successor to all this wealth:

Before me stretches Time, long

A tunnel

Whence I see a dim light, but

I calculate that this time

I will not manage

To fork all my way to another

Ten years, eleven years, this

Grouping of time: no, no, no.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See, Sir, My Monsignor,

You see, Sir, my Monsignor,
There is another martyrdom
That is not as of blood: no
Blood is drawn but all the same
The pain and suffering be there and more.
O! let the haloes in anticipation shine
At least I will say:
Martyrdom was mine.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See, You See

my verses of today
are lines that take not off
are verses that yet sound

yet planes to runway
bound

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See, You See How

You see

You see

How experiment in verse

Works

You see

You see, my Monsignor

Emmanuel George Cefai

You See, You See The Arrows Of Time How

You see,
you see the arrows of time how
they speed.

one after the other
go down
we lose one by one
the brains that be the jewels of the earth

you see,
you see the arrows of time how
they speed.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Shall Be

You shall be of water
You shall be of sun
You shall wear a star
You shall touch the moon

You see, you, my friend
when in the sub-conscious
what the human will do,
will be?

you shall be as of fire
you shall be tired
but slake your thirst
in waters, go up again
and walk, then run.

you will find strength again
you will find verse again
you will find life again
and you will sing and chant.

and you will the waters pass by
surrounded by the Old Towns
the quiet turf, the happy
cries of children innocent.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Silence Me

You silence me
It be easy now!

The heart be broken
And
The chains are cut!

The blood has seeped
Through
And the head be cut!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Sleep Mighty Judge

You sleep mighty judge
On a feathery bed.

And mighty judge
I am a puppet in your hands.

I the Poet Seer, the Philosopher,
The Scientist, a puppet.

And I am not mighty
And I know I can be poor from rich.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Slept Alone, You Slept Alone My Poet Seer?

You slept alone, you slept alone my Poet Seer?

Abandoned or semi-abandoned you roamed Earth,
suffering and sorrowing.

then you were seeing Oceans that few see,
then you were singing heavens that few look
to.

And in that sleep began the dance of end

the breath was slow, the Earth to her drew
you invisible

Her embrace you felt to the dust, though in
that invisibility no dust saw or felt or
spoke

there was a pact?

No, no, here on Earth chance and probability
reign, reign so.

You slept alone, you slept alone, my Poet Seer?

Emmanuel George Cefai

You So Often Speak Of Night

You
So often
Speak
Of
Night
Of
Dusk
Of
Pain
Of
Suffering
Of
Dawn
Of
Pining
Of
Fading
Of
Rattling
Skeletons
Of
Ghosts
Of
Shrouds
Of
Shadows
Marching
In
The
Cemeteries
You
So
Often
Speak
Of
these:
And
He
Then

Stopped
And
Bent
His
Head
And
Spoke
Not
For
He
Saw
That
There
Was
Beauty
There
Was
Minerva
At
Him
Frowning

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Spoke My Heart

You
Spoke my heart
Touched
Chords that pained
Me
Did so
Recklessly
Chance and
Probability
No calculation!

Open hearts
These
Be universes
While
Breath we there
And
As long
Open the hearts!

After
They will open
At their full Will
All Sovereign!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Tell Me I Am Grim

You tell me I am grim
My friend:
You be precise
You read my Soul
Well in my verse
Drink and taste the waters
Of its well, the well
Of the Inner Soul.

On earth
How cannot one be grim
You have to be propense
To be a rascal or a fool
Not to be grim.
Here
Here on Earth.

And
I think that as me you
Have so many a preference
In common:
No wonder
For the gentleman and the noble
in you
Shines distinct, very distinct
Through the rest, throughout.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Tell Me To Repeat – That I

You tell me I repeat-that I
Mention the sun, the moon, the dawn,
The night, the dark, the light, the stars,
The trees, and birds and green,
The heat, the frost, the pain, the happiness,
And mention them a hundred times and more:
You are right -- but do not be sarcastic
These are my lungs my breath my air:
And the emotions of everyone one of us.

So let me be excused in repeating them.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You That In The Night

o you that in the night
last night
walked with closed eyes
went to the edge of the
old ancient bastions
then
hearing the rustling might
of the sea-waves
you opened your eyes
conscious
you saw the waves
the edge
the wall of the bastions
and you
drew back.
come out, you sleepers,
there is one who is alone
there is one who needs help
there's only dark and night
with stars and moon
now
dawn sleeps far off hidden

Emmanuel George Cefai

You That These Verses Read

You
That these verses read
Must think
Must dream
Of beauty and of
Beauty's things:
Awhile
Philosophy its nostrils breathes
In the newly furnished oxygen
In the newly furnished oxygen
Philosophers with furrowed heads
Brows
And togas white
The pavements rustling
By the academic gardens
Discussing
Whispering
Gesturing
Sometimes
At the heavens looking
Then suddenly down
From their
Statue-like stopping
A frozen photo
And
A
Frozen flash
They go
They go
Their heads more
Serene
Their eyes glistening
At a nearby solution.
Chorus of the Garden
That the long day
Slept and
Dreamt
Profusely
Now

Awakens with
The first star in the skies
The first morn since the love
The first
The first
Dame Owl hops
Down from her bough
Nocturnal
Where she dozed
In the last half of night
And
In the first half
Wrought philosophy on
Philosophy
Silent
Speaking not
Occasionally
Laughing subdued
Hearing and not
Disturbing
The amorous nightingales
Of Love albeit
But of less thought
Amorous
Amorous nightingales.
The night is past
And
The streamlet through
The garden flowed
The night
Tired in the early dawn
Slackens:
There's beauty
And there be nymphs
Sparse and hidden by
The sacred reeds and bushes.
The night is past
As centuries olden pass
So
The night passes.
The night is past

You Tore Parts

The Soul

You tore parts of it

Already

That be my Inner Soul

I will not say

'It was'

For always the Inner Soul

The Soul

Is

Be.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Traveled Whilst I Worried

in your land of chill and frost
where snow is easy as the rain
and more
where thunder be continually in store
and
its bolts make up the long night
for you
in joy; keep dread out of sight
though dread the neighing winds;
the icicles on the glass windows'
from beneath the doors
the besieging winds all hoar.
You traveled whilst I worried.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Were Swimming In Cold Water,

'You were swimming in cold water, '
Said a Voice suddenly from
Behind the trees 'and you are
Blue and that dangerously'

'You are a goblin should I take
Advice of you? '

'Depends on you, free are you'
And disappeared
The goblin feet to back all
Suddenly

Then another Voice from a high
Bough tree
Said the same: 'Beware! '
Ended 'the waters be enchanted'
And
I felt my red heart melting in me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Who Are Reading

You
You who are reading
These and other lines
Of mine

Remember me

When I no longer sing
No longer versify:
Remember me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Will Attempt I Will Test.

You will attempt
I will test.

I have not employed you
Yet.

Nor otherwise accepted
You.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Will Remember My Lines, My Verse

You will remember my lines, my verse
Perhaps not every one but most perhaps
And will remember the emotions that
I with every word and line aroused in you:
And when thus roused you could look in your soul
And speak with it and hear it reply:

Then feel I, like to old Merlin - as of old
I go to ancient days and rites and times
And with my magic wand more color breed
And with my lyre more verses chant and sing

And then
When times comes that the lyre stops
And sound of the voice is silent still
And silent is the song that used to chant
Then look inside you and feel-
And then
You will know what a Poet is and means!

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Will So Often Frown

You will so often frown
At these my verses
Seeing them so raw
You
Like cooked food
Spicy and smelling
Not
This raw meat still
Red in tooth and
Claw.

Emmanuel George Cefai

You Wrote

You wrote to me
But I answer not.

I hide my identity.
My face is masked.

And I do not will
to unmask it
even though
Dawn and Sun
beat on it
shining.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your E-Mails Comfort Me

Your
e-mails
comfort me
at least
a
little.

At
Least
in
you
there
is
another
holy
person
just
as
my mother was!

I repeat: Sometimes
When
I
Read
Your
e-mails
I
Feel
Like
Hearing
My
Beloved
Mother
Speak
To
me.

Dear
Now

I
Go
To
Eat
And
Rest
A
Little
With
The
Help
of God.

Kisses

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Breasts Are Mountain Hills

Your breasts are mountain hills
Fostering a green vale without streams
I would be in the vale and rise with it
And fall with every gentle breath
Feeling the gentle trembling beneath my feet
Like gentle earthquakes:
Then let me sink in the warm mists
That from the valley rise and founder there.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Choice!

Your choice!

Your choice it was!

Your choice!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Emotions

Your emotions
are distance that light
runs
yet they be finite distances
between whose poles-extremes
the wires of exotic Eastern
fluttered as a cranking iron door
in the wild winds
and there walks solitude and
it found
that she walked amongst graves and
amongst monuments

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Eye

Do not touch your eye.
Whatever harm
There be a remedy
As long as breath
Draws in and out.

The tomb beckons
Always.

But before it
Do all you can
To the last second.
Even
Bring Immortality

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Eyes Are Pearls

Your eyes are pearls but in
The night they shine best
With some sweet tears bright
And the playful rays of moon's light.

Magicians assemble!
For today the night be a night
That prowls with the cats
But prowls high above
Not in hedges of Hastings
But in hedges of clouds:
Magicians assemble!

The night be arrived
The day has now closed
And midnight soon strikes:
So many a church and a chapel
All belfries be ready to strike
Deep midnight.
And in the cathedral
Ancient organs play
Though the doors be all closed
No humans around
Yet how sweet the notes
And floating on air
Sweeter floats the sweet sound!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Hair Be Beautiful

Your hair be beautiful that
You may tear into it:
With eyes of tears
And
There beauty will not hover
Just
But make her shrine.

There
The
Emotions will rest:
And
There to sweet Beauty
Be dissolved.

For
What be more happy
In its transformation
Even from the breast-heaving
Emotions to beauty?
Beautiful the physical expanding
To and fro rising and
Falling
Of the breast:
Yet
More beautiful its transformation
To beauty
In the scents and masks
Of early dusk

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Heart Awaits

Your heart awaits, awaits,
You anxious look
At the tall clock of clouds
And hazy stillness
Where the clouds hang
Over a spent sun and rising
Dusk of red
Then
A chill
An emotion that cuts across
A wave of lust
A thought
A pair of almond eyes
A light brown face
Large rings that dangle
Love
And a body whose figure
Though not exuberant
Yet merited to be formed by Venus herself
And
All the blessings that she brings
This woman of the clouds
Encountered random
With calculation loved

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Land

Your land is vast
And
In that vastness
Gets
From the earth's
Orbit
A wider breath of
Mists and summers
Long
Combined
A greatness

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Mother Had The

Your mother had the
Pain unfortunate
Of your execution
Witnessing.

I
Now have no mother
But in the earth
There, under.
At least only myself
Will mourn
Will close my eyes
Will suffer

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Sacred Hummock

Into your sacred hummock
Lull
The Dawn with arched back.

Night brings his breezes,
The rustling of the sundry palms
The old ancient sea bosom teases.

And in to the sacred hummock
With closed eyes the Dawn
Lulled be as she pleases.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Tongue Will Tell!

Ah what your tongue
Will tell!
But it must will first!

I only sing and chant
The verses!

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Trophies

Hold me
Hold me among your trophies
The wind blows from the west
Now
counterbalancing
Yesterday that the wind from the
East it blew.
Hold me
Hold me
I see turquoise the waves of the
Sea
The creaking bastions
In the night they were whispering
Together
Bastion to bastion:
The gardens of Valletta dream
Continue from the night
Too lazy
And too wise
To leave Sub-Conscious.
Now
Now
Hold me
Hold me.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Your Words Give Strength

Your words give strength

Because

Yours truly, emotions

Give

Me

Strength

Because

Yours

Words

My

emotions

string

and give me strength

strength to breathe

strength for suffering

your words give me

your words give me

strength

Emmanuel George Cefai

Yours Truly, Eyes

In
Yours truly, eyes
I
Saw
The
Flower
That
Hid
Amidst
The
Other
Flowers
Opens up
At night
Not
At Dawn
Before
The other flowers

Emmanuel George Cefai

Youth Is In Her Face

Youth is in her face
Though
Her age thirty exceeds.

And
Life blossoms in her

And
The joy of life
Is brimming in her breasts.

Emmanuel George Cefai

Zephyrus

'Howls of the night'

'I heard you'

'Your hear us heavens?
,

'Yes I dare hear your immensity
for to me is given
the Idea of Infinity

to me be given the Promethean fire'

'I will to howl more even in the
Dawn'

'You are immense'

'But I need Zephyrus; will you speak to him? '

'At your command
always, immense heavens;
a humble Poet Seer'

Emmanuel George Cefai

Zombies

Zombies

Zombies

Every where zombies

The cemetery full of

Zombies

The cemetery roads

The cemetery trees

The cemetery waters

Seeping thin and

Slow

Slow

Slow

Zombies

Zombie

Zombies

Emmanuel George Cefai