

Ina poesia pigl onn niev

In onn niev entra en mia veta e varga cuzzeivlamein
El ei vegnius vegls e fuorma ina part dalla historia
Alvs e freids igl unviern cun migeivla glisch dil sulegl la primavera
Tschiel serein la stad e zaconta roma niua igl atun
Staus presents cun mei duront dudisch meins-buc dapli, buc da meins
Ina nova damaun da mia veta s'extenda mintgaga enten arver mes egls
In niev onn entscheiva nua ch'il veder cala
Ils engiraments digl onn passau ein daventai vegls, morts ed ignorai
Jeu sun aunc adina cheu cun novas speronzas e temas
Ah, igl ei mo ina nova entschatta da mias veglias disas e pissiuns
Jeu aschuntel dapli vertids e vezis el magasin da mia «collecziun»
Jeu creschel e mierel mintg'onn da mia veta
Jeu vegn ord la sortida per prender ina nova entrada sill'autostrada
La historia dil proxim onn ei in misteri che serevelescha pér cul temps
Tuornel jeu puspei per dar ina nova entschatta?
Resta il fried dil corona aunc adina tier nus?
Jeu sun buca segirs, jeu quentel aunc adina culla benedicziun-ch'ella seigi megliera che la davosa

Il temps varga spert, il present s'auda gleiti tiel vargau
Igl avegnir daventa oz niev present
Cul ritmus dalla veta en quei mund svaneivel
Seigies presents el mument dad uss per viver el dil tut
Muossa tia grondezia el survetsch als fleivels e pigns
Examinescha tia cunscienza avon che ti semettas la sera a durmir
Lai buc ir da rendiu il sulegl en tia gretta-di la bibla

Jeu less arver ina nova pagina dil cudisch da mia veta
Ornescha miu cudisch cun odor e flurs
Lai odorar el pil rest da mia veta e menar mintgin tier Cristus
Gida mei ad emplenir las paginas vitas cun plaids frestgentonts dalla veta
Il cudisch dad onn ei gia naven
Cun tontas paginas cotschnas dallas historias dil Corona
«Paginas cotschnas» sco sch'ins vess cannau in piertg

Igl ei mai memia tard da sevolver
La frida da mesanotg scaffescha bia ulteriura eivradad
Jeu vi esser eivers en mia pissiun da carezar mes frars
Batter per esser sogns tochen tiela davosa fladada da mia veta sin tiara
Jeu carezel la glisch tarlischonta dalla candeila sigl altar dil Segner
Ella scatscha la stgiradetgna da bia cors e sentiments ell'adoraziun
Segner, jeu ruaussel en tia umbriva, per che mes panzieris sespiardien
Ti eis igl Alpha, igl Omega ed il center da mia veta
Tia carezia ed embratschada, tut quei ch'ei per mei oz impurtont e quei ch'jeu desidereschel

Jeu giavischel a Vus tuts in ventireivel e benediu onn niev!

sur Mathew

A Poem for New Year.

Another year came to my life and passed away steadily
It had become old and part of history readily
White and cold in winter with gentle sunlight in the spring
Cloudless skies of summer and a few bare branches in autumn
Stayed with me for twelve months – not more, not less

A new dawn of life is unfolding in every opening of my eyes
A new year begins where the old one ends
Last year's oaths have become old, died and ignored
I am still here with new hopes and fears
Oh, it is just a new start for my old habits and passions!
Adding more virtues and vices to the store of my 'collections'

I am growing and dying in every passing year of my life
I come to this exit to make a new entrance to the highway
Next year's history is a mystery, revealed only in time
Will I come again to make another beginning?
Will the smell of Corona be still part of my life?
Not sure, still counting the blessing – be it better than the last!

The map of the world is so big, hard to spot my place in it
The world is bigger than I can travel in my lifetime
I better be a butterfly or a flower with a short and sweet life
Flying around the world spreading the wings of color and joy
Than walking around like a Tasmanian devil or Fire Ants
Barking and biting in 'dangerous devilish snare'!
I need depth to my life than length to expand it longer!

Your ammunition could be made of unusual materials
"Reconcile with your brethren, before you die
Bring no tear, but wipe away every tear to make them smile
Time passes quickly; present becomes past soon,
Future becomes the new present today,
With the rhythm of life in this passing world
Be present to the present moment to live it fully
Your greatness be exposed in serving the weak and the lowly
Examine your conscience before embracing the bed at night
Let the sun not set in your anger today" – the Bible says
It is better; I live it fully before telling the world
How to live in this passing world of joy and sorrow!

Let me muse through the world with amusing thoughts
Drowning in your Spirit should transform my way of living
I wish to open a fresh page in the book of my life
Decorate my book with fragrance and flowers
Let it smell for the rest of my life bringing everyone to Christ
Help me to fill the blank pages with fresh words of life
The book from last year is already gone
With many pages of Corona stories
"Red pages" as if a pig has been slaughtered in it
Strange, that we become pious and holy in an instant
As the silent limbo of my past life will come
Waking me up to be 'weird and happy' than 'normal and miserable'
It is never too late to make it straight!

The stroke of midnight creates many more drunken people
I want to be drunk in my passion to love my brethren
Struggling to be holy until the last breath of my life on earth
I love the radiant light of the candle at the altar of the Lord
Dispelling the darkness of many hearts and minds in worship
Lord, I rest in your shade for my troubles to fade away
You are the alpha, omega and the center of my life
Your love and embrace, all that I care and crave for today.

Fr. Mathew