

## **Crossing the Julian Alps**

The mountains are alive  
they do not spare me one moment.  
I can hear their voice calling me  
coming out from between the deep crevices,  
the echoes reaching high up to the peaks  
and deep down inside myself.  
My spirit drinks from the pure spring waters  
my nostrils breathe in clean air  
my ears feed upon the natural voices  
birds sing their evening prayers.  
I look at the ground as I walk the solitary paths  
and see stones coming out like bones  
roots protruding like aged fingers  
mushrooms, tiny plants and mosses like eczema  
flowers natural tattoos  
on a million-old body of rocks.  
The pines white with snow  
white hair of an aged being.

I see bunkers, trenches dug deep  
inside the earth  
cemeteries and monuments for those  
who passed away in vain combat,  
tens of niches with holy images  
hiding in different secret corners.

The mountains are alive  
they do not spare me a moment of rest.  
In front of all this I stand in awe  
and let silence speak in whispers.

Patrick Sammut