



**The Autobiographical and National Yeast of E. Halili's Poetry under Narrative  
Interpretive Observation**

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**Abstract**

Albanian is spoken and written in two main dialects: The tosk and the geg ones. The tosk is used in South Albania and geg in the north Albania. The national literary tradition recognizes achievements in both dialects so much so that the Tosk dialect lies at the core of the construction of what is called the official Albanian language. The geg dialect is a dialect in which important figures and personalities of Albanian culture, art and literature have written, leaving a rich and very enviable fund of literary critics of art and moreover of scholars of language and dialectology. The poet Erenestina Halili writes exactly in the Geg dialect. What makes this enterprise special and that has become part of our study, is the return of this dialect and autochthonous phraseology of the province of Mirdita when this road, it seemed, had already become unexplored. This paper sought to highlight the rare characteristics of the transmission of the geg dialect, the poet's ability to grasp, treat and use them in verse with the right musicality. We also wanted to underline the autochthony and originality of the Albanian land conceived in verses in the volume *Gjâma e erës!* The hypothesis we tried to test was that of the continuity of the tradition in geg writing by emphasizing special linguistic, ethnographic and anthropological features and characteristics. The method of study, analysis and comparison revealed that the poet has managed to resume the path left halfway and to pave new paths to follow.

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## **Introduction**

In genres of folk poetry, the narrative is as one of the main feature, so they (genres of folk poetry) summarize the legendary epic and the historical one. The legendary epic includes songs about early rites, customs and social relations. These are distinguished by the wide epic stylization and their harmonization according to old artistic models. The poetry may it be folk or individual one is completely universal. It suits to the man, it says in words such a truth that many know but perhaps not everyone has known how to formulate it as a thought, much less as poetry. But to get to the verses, the poet obviously needed a test "under his own skin". He had to penetrate the dark depths of himself, to walk there first, consciously and unconsciously to put himself in communication with each other, until one of them whispers to the thoughts that will later turn it into poetry. Poetry comes by itself with knowledge, or after knowledge, or after experience, or after discovery, or surprise, test, taste, or horror, or... It is the result, in the end, of direct touch by the poet himself. They can by no means be narrating experiences of others (Marku, 2020).

The same sense of judgment, thought and experience encompasses you as soon as you "meet" with the poetry of Erenestina Halili.<sup>2</sup> You are seized by an awakening of the same experiences and feelings, which everyday life has hidden in a corner of your soul or life, it includes an awakening of situations and responsibilities that you thought you had left and could no longer be a part of, of your reality, to shake a distant, ancient, vertical and horizontal call of your traces left in space (which you have to forwards in time) somewhere suspended sometimes by haste, sometimes by redemption, sometimes by arrogance, sometimes from the judgment cut short, sometimes from the impossibility of pulling the gaze between the legs, but, that she had been there, waiting and waiting with a haunted and tired look, that only waiting has!

This kind of responsibility to irrigate the roots of yesterday and to make them future, occupies you, as soon as you meet Halili's poetry and not only...

Her poetry, comes in the whole field of creativity in Albanian poetry as a re-ignition of her fire shining on the remaining coals of civic Geg standard Dialect, as the opening of the left paths

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<sup>2</sup> Erenestina Gjergji Halili is a XXI Albanian writer, who usually writes in Geg Dialect, which it is mainly spoken in North and West North of Albania. In Geg Dialect is written *Lahuta e Malcis*, which is considered to be Albanian Iliad. It is not easy at all to be transliterated even in Albanian and more difficult to be translated in a foreign language!

half since the time of Gjergj Fishta, Millogj Gjergj Nikolla (Migjen), Frederik Rreshpja or even Jeronim De Rada.

Her poetry does not remain simply the self of the poet and of her soul as wide as time, as deep as pain and as high as honor and pride, but it merges with the characteristics of narration and narrative. Because, each of them introduces a character, talks about him or seeks to tell about him. And if it is not a character, it is an event, and if it is not an event, it is a situation, and if it is not a situation, it is an assembly. And if it is not, it is a monologue, which the poet performs not only with herself as a poet, but also with herself as a human (*daughter, mother, wife, mistress and servant of her god!*).

E. Halili's poetry, within its literary genre, but also as a national cultural identification, seeks to reveal before the eyes of readers a conception or experience that changed within them that they both knew it was there and did not know it was there.

Following the flow that has muddied the best Albanian authors of this type of poetry (Fishta, Millosh Gjergj Nikolla, Rreshpja, De Rada, etc.), the poet has tried and succeeded in bringing a new form to Albanian poetry, form and content, of built under the Geg Dialect of the province of Mirdita or the Dukagjin's Plain, with timbre, sound, echo, clothing and color, personalized noise and darkness.

Personalized are also the themes, characters, toponymy, and shadows of events and situations, which, however, accompany us towards a message.

Some ideas explode with a great breaking force on the intellectual back (ground). This force is so explosive that it may be able to resolve many issues that may have remained pending or in the dark. This is what S. Langer suggests in *Filozofia di una nuove chiave*, approaching our judgment about the "explosion" of E. Halili's poetry, because he will go further, suggesting that after we are familiar with new ideas, after to have become our general legacy of theoretical concepts, our expectations, on efficient uses, gain balance as its popularity and ideas (Langer, 1972).

The explosion and the idea, with the gaining of popularity, turn into seminal ideas, into a stable element, part of the common national heritage.

From the beginning, I want to bend myself not as a par excellence critic; and this not to defend myself against the division and non-division that I will have to do to poetry and prose

because to criticize poetry and for poetry is not easy, it cannot even be said that there is a level or degree of measurement of difficulty that can be encountered in its critique.

Poetry is the poet himself at best, because although it is built on words or by words, it is not words, it is a state and when it meets, encounters with the readers, it returns, transforms, is embodied in experience, just as, at least, as it happened with me. And, to undertake to criticize or to make a critical-analytical writing on the poems, ballads of E. Halili, the difficulty no longer lies in its meaning, because it is intertwined both with the experience of the poet's unit and with the narrative, which exists depending on it, as with the hymn that both together (the poetess and the wind) weave themselves and the whole top of what takes the form of the pilgrimage of "sending" the supreme will.

The whole corpus of E. Halil's creativity in poetry - the visible (Gjâma e eres edition – Halili, 2016) and the invisible (the new edition, Bibulz!) it is a new form of use of language and text, reactivating, as we have tried to say even above, the old tradition with new norms of modern and postmodern creation.

The critical reception' examining of an author's work, especially when dealing with an author who brings new models and consequently provokes the literary system, is a matter of paramount importance because the place of a literary work in the history of literature is inconceivable without the active participation of the receptors being addressed.

And, it is an intellectual trust - the tradition of everyday language is taken further, the dialect of the province where the poet comes from, the national trust - the tradition and customs, colors and national area, must be preserved and treated with the same care as mothers and children in cradles, blood and family trusts - the oasis of childhood is held high, sheltered under the sounds of lullabies, rocking of cradles, tongues of flame in the heath, bloody knees in play and cheerfulness and drilling of needles, embroidering the dowry.

I am sure that Halili, had in her ears and soul the great Albanian writer, Lasgush Poradeci with his desire that we should write poetry not good, but very good, not high but very high, very deep, very wide, to lay the foundations of the nation's soul ... sound, when it has set itself such distillers and thermometers in its work.

The resounding, the noise, the sound that we have felt, experienced and absorbed, we will try to ignite and puzzle according to this rhythm:

## **The apotheosis of shattering (gjâma) as a reflexive reflection of presentation and mastership**

If we want to be able to explain the term *apotheosis*, we must consider the height from which this term looks at us. Not only as a geographical position but also divine, justified and stable height.

The shattering of the wind, that is, its noise, its power, its wholeness, its tumultuous wind and storm, its wailing and weeping, are not merely natural meteorological practices. In the entire roundabout, the panting, the fury that accompanies, accompanies to the right, identifies the wind, the poet does not believe that she wanted to "put into" in the bag her positional aspect, the height from where it comes and where it stands, but the climbing in a divine status, its way from where the gods come, from gods.

Its murmur and its rolling like a knock between mountains and valleys, between ravines and deciduous forests, it shakes, frightens, whips what it finds, what can and foams in the breeze of lawns, while the real shattering (*gjâma*), the one after which, in an embodiment way, the poet hides and appears, she is stronger, heavier, deeper and wider.

The shattering of her verses is the forgetfulness's shattering of non - forgetfulness, of the days gone and burnt by the dry fences, of the tower where the chimney is blackened and the smoke is no longer emanating, of the place where the bread is made without sour smell, of the threshold of the door where the grass has sprouted, the dog's bowl without water, of the dried pergola, of the lonely and forgotten convocation, of the nameless assembly and of the lost cemetery. The resound of the wind is an outcry!

The poetry volume, from its inception, brings the poetesses introduction, its reflection in the depth of feelings. Under this depth of feelings and judgments, she is introduced to anyone in this way:

*I'm Era*

*From a Geg child – bearer*

*Daughter of a Geg father*

*.. I come from the ancient ground*

*A season Christmas Eve*

*For the other half I'm still a mount (pg.7)*

The dating with the reader, her friend or mate she does in three words, as in the old age mythical formula (father, son (daughter) and the Holy Spirit) and as to justify apotheosis as a reflex of presentation.

*I - Dad*

*Am - mother*

*Era - ethnicity (religion!)*

From this moment we are familiar with her terrain, where we understand that she - the poetess and the daughter - feels stronger, more alive, and it seems that apparently belongs to her. She has chosen monologue and dialogue as a form of dating with us, because first of all she clarifies with herself and then "turns" towards us... with the desire, - more than the purpose, - to remain, to gain terrain.

The poetess warns us on a horse clapping that the message of the judgment, of the reason, of the purpose, of the expression, of the appearance and disappearance, of the presentation and coming, of the definition and demonstration, of the dialogue and discourse, its position and attitude are essential and inherent.

It is not a compression and a rejuvenation, but it is kneaded and frosted with breast milk and wet sweat, with a wrinkled look and with a shelter hand on the forehead the other among the trough of the heart: she warns: slow down with me, slow down (*kadâlë me mú kadâlë*) and after appearing as her fairytales that enter and exit freely in her poetry, just like the notes in the pentagram, she casts a challenging gazes and greets you: *May I feel good for you!* (*Ndjefsha mir' pë r ty!*)

And yet the warm spirit of a woman is felt!

### **The game of self with herself**

The game of each of us with ourselves and with the other, with the other and with the world, a game of word, of mind and wisdom, a game of feeling and heart, a game that we must be prepared to "play" all with all, and, to be prepared to lose it, if we do not know what the game is (*çka âsht loja*).

The condition evokes the distances and antiquities there on the top of the mountain, where nothing and everything happens: the condition becomes the boundary stone and the message of survival. Let's play a game (*Ta luejm nji loj'*, pg.15) is the playful poetry of the poetess, who hides

the game under the carpet. With a not very narrow look, it is immediately understood that what is hidden under the mat is nothing but the philosophy of life: the whole life is a game and we its players and the sooner we realize such a thing, the better players we will be, the better we will feel.

She spreads game everywhere, as especially the children do: in the background, (*n'konar*) all the time but she even stretches it from the beginnings of humanity to the present saying: to the lord's – to the presents (*t'zotit – t'sotit*).

Otherwise, she herself knows how to be a righteous player because, she puts everything on the scales on the stones of weight, because for her, peace, love and death, must be fair to all; everyone should be given the right loan. Still, he returns to what he has hidden under the mat.

Life is hard and it plays you the hard game and if you really want to walk and be for people and with people, you have to take the life easy.

The existential force of poetry recalls the existential force of the Franciscan brothers, who all this force turned into philosophy of existence.

The poem '*As the teardrop*' (Si lodi ma...) was written with the same spirit, a slippery liquid, which traverses streams and paths of life, paths and shores, wherever the foot of a man walks, especially the woman foot's. A woman's game begins and heels on her.

(Lâ n'lodi i kena rrug't e pakthimta

T'smuta

T'dhimta)

*The teardrop*

*Has washed and cleaned the incurved roads*

*Rotten gotten*

*Pained gotten, (pg. 54)*

The roads that no longer alienate, the roads that are no longer undone, the roads that traverse all women, from the moment of becoming a mother and sobbing fobbed off in the throat as in the Millosh Gjergj Nikolla's poems, especially when he says

(Lâ n''lod i kena dit't e përhimta

T'padillta

T'idhhta)

*The heavy gray cried days*

*Sunless*

*Gray and Bitterness*

Because, a mother, for the poetess, is pain in tears, it is to take care of the sun so that it does not get too hot and to take care of the moon so that it does not get too cold.

The other poem '*M'gjove*', (Did you listen to me, pg. 16), continues with the refrain of the condition of the game 'Let play a game', (*Ta luejm nji loj*') where the author does not seem to stand on her feet anymore, but somewhere sitting on her knees and her soul is becoming a circle.

Using the past simple tense (in Albanian the use to form) *used to play, used to listen, used to cut, used to wrap*, she underlines the analogy of yesterday that has brought to the state of today.

She further uses the ethical imperative as to show the fragility of her soul dissolved under the eyelash and to invite to the "calming" of souls. But, nevertheless, she rejects the Albanian popular wisdom when she does not agree that with a drop a man can be washed...

As a necklace of the game started with her, comes the poem *I can* (Muj), built on the modal of possibility and permission, where the condition of the game becomes stronger and almost - solitary. She insists that man can (moreover he has to) overcome the pitfalls of life, especially when he says:

(Muj

... mú çue, kur kâmb't s'i kam t'nigjume,  
... me kqyrë shpatit kryekput n'mjegull,  
... me kqyrë për nán shtatë pash l'kurë  
... m'i shtërgue dhâmt'e fjalën mos m'e qitë...)

*I am able to*

*...stand up when the legs don't answer*  
*...gaze my body even through the murky water*  
*...be looking for the mother under seven skins*  
*...grit the teeth the word without being said... (pg. 17)*



All this anaphoric form of expression elevates the figure of the woman, the mother, the woman whom life neither caresses nor takes with the good and yet they can, and yet they succeed. The meaning of the game at this point takes on other dimensions; the game is already subject to the player's (poetess) conditions, the game is won by her! The use of anaphora, as a stylistic figure, helps to strengthen the expression and separate the meaning of the repeated part, giving also the sense of rhythm.

This message of command from a mother and wife is taken even higher in the poetry *Step out* (Páj), where her language is stricter, wilder and more direct. She has already learned the pitfalls of life, so she instructs:

(páj...mos i beso kujna,  
ruej as mos m'e mshil,  
lené t'hyjë çká fryn e qit jâstë çká s'vyn..).

*Step out ... trust no matte*

*Guard neither lock out*

*Let it in what it blows and let it go what's not rate (pg. 22)*

But, the poetess, does not fall into depression, neither get bored nor displays dark tones. She is always energetic, always on the move and with beautiful ideas, even though we see her walking on some bridges, (n'do ura, n'konop) on the rope, at the top of the water, she only greets and blesses, spreading love messages and, if it happens, that he loses the game, again, we feel as she leaves victorious, whispering: May I feel (hear) good for you! (ndjehsha mir'për ty!)

### **Time retrieval, time juncture**

Throughout the volume, time and years do not constitute the same thing. Time walks with its step, years with their breath. The poems, each with its own karma, do not show a correspondence between the age of the poet's eyes, the age of the forehead, the age of the shoulders and the age of the soul. It gives you the impression and the image that there are still children who listen to their grandmother's voice and do not do it when men smoke and make an assembly, but as soon as you

focus on this image, you immediately feel deeply the age of intellect and the power of consciousness, so even juggling with time is another very special feature in the whole poetic narrative stream.

The poetess, in relation to time, exceeds this dimension, because time for her is not and does not remain for any moment a physical unit, a unit that has its own measuring instruments. Like Genette, she not only conveys, but chronologically studies the relationship between words and things, showing that "natural language" has been subjected to the recognition of the arbitrariness of the linguistic sign, because as in *Mimologiche*, by Genette (1976), it is highlighted the narrator's play with space and time, its formulation, its proclamation, Halili does the same, playing and letting time be her toy. She implies that she knows well her temporal space and her spatial time.

The researcher's attempt to be inclusive, if not comprehensive, coincides with Genette's inclusive concept, which, while seeking to be inclusive, leads to the discovery of topics that have not been much discussed, of tremendous importance.

By studying the possible relationships between the time of [the narrative] or the time in the story, he (Genette) determines that these relationships can be classified according to the order (events have followed an order different from that which have been told / narrated), rhythm or duration (the narrative, in our case, devotes considerable space to a momentary experience and then quickly enters or summarizes a number of years) and the frequency, the compression of rhythm and frequency in which experiences, events, situations and characters, figures are repeated.

For Genette, an event can be retold and retold many times even though what happened was or is one, unique and exclusive. This line is also followed by the narrative form of the ballads of the volume *Gjâma e erës*, because between retrieval and renewal, both continuous and constant, it seals rhythm, duration and frequency (Genette, 1976).

The frequency of occurrence of an action and in our case of a narrative is rarely discussed, although this turns out to be an important topic. As in the poetry volume we are discussing, the frequency is given to the poetess, not only as a more frequently component of Albanian epic poetry, but also as a new component. This one is being specially introduced by the poetess-researcher, on purpose, consciously. Repetition as assonance, as consonance, as vocabulary and lexeme, as type and number of verses, as location and whereabouts, as characters that enter and leave, as artistic and conceptual clothing, are easily touched on every page of the ballad poetic volume.

Repetition, a common form of action of a high rate of repetition, has emerged as the central technology in some avant-garde novels and coincides with what Genette calls inter-active, in which something that often happens is repeated and repeated in which there is a dense level of frequency and this way of narration, turns out to have a variety of important functions. For the purpose of our volume, it seems that there remains only one function, which we, presented above in the form of "bequests", namely, the need to preserve this provincial color, the need to transmit and send across generations of an identifying and representative value, the roots and branches of national existence.

Therefore, the poetess realizes the frequency of performing actions first through repetition, of events, situations, experiences, that may have happened or they have really happened in a momentary reflection, only once, if we would use Genette's term, in singular, but the frequency of the rhythm and tempo of their use, makes them uniformly present.

Thus, personal, regional or national events, even though they are celebrated, happen, organized, once a year, the spirit of maintaining the tempo, gives you to believe that other similar events or situations, or not, every day, come out and populate, annual or eternal ones. And it is not just about events!

## **5. Conclusions**

The whole volume presented with some of the poems taken in the analysis, tries to highlight the national and traditional features, which are conveyed under the autobiographical and narrative clothing of the author.

E. Halili, at the beginning of the time, aims to identify herself and her experience with the area where the theme of her poems breathes and between her, can call the roots, customs, traditions, life and difficult coexistence in the mountains of Albania, where everything is constructed and works as existence.

Using the Geg dialect as a form of expression, communication and supreme will, the whole volume comes as an attentive and important inter text, where the author takes on the role of mediator.

The poetry does not need a fixed language, dialect or under-dialect to be written and to be perceived. The deeper into the tradition it digs out the more significant. E. Halili through Gjaâma

e Eres, not only testified she has taken lit up the autochthonous fire, but she also invites her coevals to worm up their hands, their faces and their soul. Mediate her verses she wishes to send forward the old will of conserving the language as a sign of existence and to testify the importance of the national tradition, culture, language and literature. Her step and spirit evolve to deification in the next volume Bibulz!

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