

Pavol Janik

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Hurrah, It Burns! | Pavol Janik

March 22, 2014

from Hurrah, It Burns! | Pavol Janik (fragments) 2. Seasonal poets, occasional critics and café day labourers dissolve their cheques books and shirts in their morning coffee in the hope of more rational sugars Together with working hours and other assets of the state bank we flow reliably nowhere only interrupted by the occasional capture of a Slovak ... [\[Read more...\]](#)

A Dictionary of Foreign Dreams | Pavol Janik

March 22, 2014

At the beginning it was like a dream. She said: "Have at least one dream with me. You'll see – it'll be a dream which you've never dreamt about before." Descend deeper with me, dream from the back, dream retrospectively in a labyrinth of mirrors which leads nowhere. The moment you come to the beginning of nothing you'll dream an exciting dream. Frame it ... [\[Read more...\]](#)

Someone Like a God | Pavol Janik

March 22, 2014

I, You, He And someone else ... - the fourth like a dimension, the fifth a season in the year, the sixth like a sense, the seventh like a continent. the eighth like a day of the week, the ninth like a point of an octagon, the tenth like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the eleventh like a commandment, the twelfth like a football player, the thirteenth like an ... [\[Read more...\]](#)



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(fragments)

2.

Seasonal poets, occasional critics
and café day labourers
dissolve their cheques books
and shirts in their morning coffee
in the hope
of more rational sugars

Together with working hours
and other assets of the state bank
we flow reliably nowhere
only interrupted by the occasional capture
of a Slovak poet
for an overseas zoo.

3.

Re-educational concerts
seemed a little effective
in suppressing rising
prices, debts and children.

We don't agree with the coca-
collaboration pepsi-collage.

Pull down the rock n' roll-up blinds.
Let the music grow dark inside us,
this nth power of light
which only knows
about the human body.

4.

After the angel's fall
from the twelfth floor
free fall
has become an Olympic discipline.
The development of rocket planes moves
to the principle of an angel
like helicopters.
The angel whirlybird
of airy propulsion
starts from the territory of the dandelion.

The developments and destructions
of peace culminate.

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Manju's Lover | Padma Prasad



On the Train | Eptácio Pais

10.4.2014

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Let's hurry away from here,
in this place
there's no time to change the world.

In a moment we'll be awarded
a Nobel for war
and our poetic guts
will in preference be used for sausages.

5.

Words refuse to obey.

The poem splits
and from it emerges
a video-clip scenario ...

Poetry avoids words.
It abhors them.

A revolt against death
will occur in the afternoon
on the coast,
in the event of bad weather
it'll take place at the pensioners' club.

Take Baudelaire
dead or alive.

9.

Woman times man is almost three.
The most domestic animal
is a row-ptile.
Poetic fabrics are getting cheaper.

We rationalize the ascent
of concert wings.

We vote for Giggleswhite
and her seven little smirks.

Even the leaves have yet to fall
from the boulevard trees
and we've already fallen for the snow.
Grieved as a black man in winter
I listen to the momentary heavy mental,
monumental menthol,
amen Ementhal.

15.

Distorted humour
enters the bay leaves
On the poet's head
who wakes alert
in the laurels.
The legs of clocks
and hands of insects
arouse the snow in us.

This is the damage of normalization.
There are these houses in the windows,
trees on the branches
and birds in feathers,
Everything about nothing
and nothing about everything.



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His Mother's Wish by Pramodini Parayitam



Chapter 24 The Saxophone in the Stars by Brian S. Hart



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Adhikari Pallavi Das Pranjit Bora James
Sutherland Smith

17.

Torpedoes explode
in frozen blood.
Under their surface we detect
a conspiracy against love.
In the spring gusts
we set traps for ourselves.

Loves strikes us
at the first contact
at the speed of the bullet
earth-air-water-fire.
Weary of espionage
in loosened hair
we vanish silently
like a shadow in rubber soles.

And you in the form of music
drizzle into the darkness.

Mysterious as a sacred cravat
on the neck of a hanged man
you demonstrate where I pointlessly
direct my gaze.

Incomprehensible
as a thirteenth chamber
in a two-room state apartment
you'll explain everything once
and also blame me.

The little flame in the dusk of loneliness
gets stronger.
Hurrah, it burns!
A person
on the border
of his opportunities.
Hurrah.
It burns.

(1991)

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<http://www.jamessutherland-smith.co.uk/about.shtml>



Author: Pavol Janik
Language: Slovak

10.4.2014

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Translator(s): James Sutherland Smith

Genre: Poetry

Country: Slovakia

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At the beginning it was like a dream.

She said:

"Have at least one dream with me.

You'll see – it'll be a dream
which you've never dreamt about before."

Descend deeper with me,
dream from the back,
dream retrospectively
in a labyrinth of mirrors
which leads nowhere.

The moment you come to the beginning of nothing
you'll dream an exciting dream.

Frame it
and hang it in your bedroom.

So it will always be before your eyes
because a dream which is removed from the eye
is removed from the mind
in the sense
of the ancient laws
of human forgetfulness.

Dream your own.

Dream your dream
which is reflected on the surface
of a frozen lake.
A dream smooth and freezing:

Grieving keys,
a downcast forest,
curved glass.
The tributes of mirrors.

The rising of the moon
in a dream of water.

Recoil from the bottom
of the mirror's dream.

In the gallery of dreams
then you'll see
a live broadcast from childhood
fragments of long-forgotten stories.

Because our obsolete dreams
remain with us.

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On the Train | Epiácio Pais



The Playhouse | Bhabendra Nath Saikia

Don't be in a hurry, dream slowly, completely
until you see the crystalline construction
of your soul
in which dreams glitter.
- intentionally and comprehensibly like flame.

Perhaps you've already noticed
that new dreams always decrease.
They wane.

Soon we'll light up
in the magical dusk
of the last dream
the despairing cry
of a starry night.

Pay a toll to the dream's
deliverance from sense.

You repeat aloud
the intimacies of secret dreams,
with the dull gleam
of your persistent night eyes
you explicate a mysterious speech of darkness.

You dream, therefore you exist!
(1998)

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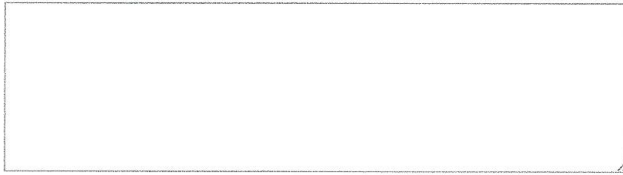
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I,
You,
He
And someone else ...

- the fourth like a dimension,
the fifth a season in the year,
the sixth like a sense,
the seventh like a continent.

the eighth like a day of the week,
the ninth like a point of an octagon,
the tenth like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony,
the eleventh like a commandment,

the twelfth like a football player,
the thirteenth like an apostle,
the fourteenth like Friday the Thirteenth,
the fifteenth like Louis Quatorze,
the sixteenth like the fifteen,
the seventeenth like a sixteenth,
the eighteenth like the seventeenth century,

the twenty-second like an eye,
the thirty first like a thirty percent fall in bonds,

the thirty third like a tooth,
the thirty fourth like Christ's year,

- the unending like a god
and so just sexless,

the powerless
like one who makes love,

painless and therefore senseless,

unrivalled like a god
in the world who has no other gods,
ungodly like a god
who has neither a god beside him
or over him,

bottomless like a sky,
unrestrained like the wind,
boundless like thought,
immaterial like a ghost,

nameless bearer of an unknown name,

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hopelessly faultless,

aimless like a perpetual runner,

childless like the father
of a crucified son,

unreasonable like death
and so just remorseless,

nationless like a god
of all people
and beings similar to them,

sightless and faceless,
legless, handless and wingless,
hairless and toothless,

safe as a harbour
for immortal wanderers,

without charge like a promise,

unparalleled in perfection,
derived in its own home,
unmediated like touch,
helpless like a deed,
dreamless like a night,
careless like a bird,

inconsolable like truth,
ungoverned as the oldest citizen in the world,

implicit as love,
without consequence like justice,

a creature without colour,
taste
and smell.

He wanders in space as if without soul,
a creator without parents,
a being without dwelling place,
a vagabond without address,

from beyond memory without work,
from time immemorial without bread,
forever he proceeds without footprints,

always thinks without considering
and always the same,

he breeds without hesitation,
gives birth without reason,
regardless of anything or anyone,

kills without dispensation
- everything and everyone,
since the beginning of the age of ages,

he abandons us without regard
for race, religion or conviction,

he always triumphs without battle,
judges without mercy,
punishes continuously
and then weeps without sorrow
over the spilt mother's milk



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of the immaculate virgin,
 who bore him a son
 so he could give him
 deviously and thoroughly to be crucified
 at the hands of his chosen people,

so he rules the world without check,
 an uncriticised despot,

he acts unceasingly without rest
 and knows everything without consciousness,

he prays to himself without words,
 he accepts himself without reserve,

he grants himself adoration without consideration,
 he is blessedly silent about himself,

so continuously decides without witnesses,
 without rhyme or reason,
 with no way out,

wholly without himself,
 headless,
 heelless,
 heartless,
 with not a drop of blood,

without anything.

Redeem him
 while there's time.

Perhaps his fate
 awaits us, too –
 cruel
 towards all creatures
 who have been surpassed by their own works.

(1998)

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