



Hurrah, It Burns! | Pavol Janik

Across the Atlantic Poems Slovakia Translated Poems

by: [Pavol Janik](#) [Pavol Janik](#)

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 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.
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.

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)

Indian Literature Review | Translator Profile | James Sutherland Smith, was born in 1948 in Aberdeen, Great Britain, is a poet, translator and critic. He began translating Slovak poetry with the help of other people notably Stefania allen who was his co-translator for “Not Waiting For Miracles”, the first anthology ever of contemporary Slovak poets in English. Since then with his wife, Viera, he has translated over 100 Slovak poets with significant collections of the work of Ivan Laucik, Jan Buzassy, Mila Haugova and Milan Rufus.~ <http://www.jamessutherland-smith.co.uk/about.shtml>

Author : Pavol Janik Pavol Janik

Indian Review | Author | Pavol Janik was born in 1956 in Bratislava. He is poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry

Indian Literature Review | Author Profile |Pavol Janik, PhD., was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Academy of Performing Arts. He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983-87), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003-07) and the Secretary-General of the SWS (1998-2003, 2007-2013). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad. This virtuoso of Slovak literature, Pavol Janik, is poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry.

Translator Profile | James Sutherland Smith, was born in 1948 in Aberdeen, Great Britain, is a poet, translator and critic. He began translating Slovak poetry with the help of other people notably Stefania allen who was his co-translator for “Not Waiting For Miracles”, the first anthology ever of contemporary Slovak poets in English. Since then with his wife, Viera, he has translated over 100 Slovak poets with

significant collections of the work of Ivan Laucik, Jan Buzassy, Mila Haugova and Milan Rufus.– <http://www.jamessutherland-smith.co.uk/about.shtml>

Translator : James Sutherland Smith

More Awesome Writings to Read:

1. **Someone Like a God | Pavol Janik** I, You, He And someone else ... – the fourth...
2. **A Dictionary of Foreign Dreams | Pavol Janik** At the beginning it was like a dream. She said:...
3. **One with the Time | Binoy Majumdar** Binoy Majumdar won the Sahitya Academy Award in 2005.He is...
4. **I have seen such a life by Rabindra Sarkar** I have seen such a life That consumes itself to...
5. **Ferry Crossing | Lora Tomas** I Crammed on a ferry across the Hooghly: Durga's madness...
6. **Ratnakara | Navakanta Barua (trans.)** Within this dark shell All emptiness is substantial
The sky...

← **A Dictionary of Foreign Dreams | Pavol Janik**

» **History | Bibhu Padhi** →

One response to “Hurrah, It Burns! | Pavol Janik”

anaele Ihuoma

[March 6, 2019](#)

Pavol Janik's poetry comes out crisp; to think this is a translation! I haven't encountered such depth of wit – and one that obviously comes from a master punster – since Oscar Wilde.

[Reply](#)

Leave a Reply

Your email address will not be published. Required fields are marked *

Comment *

Name *

Email *

Website

Post Comment

☐ Yes, add me to your mailing list.

This site uses Akismet to reduce spam. [Learn how your comment data is processed.](#)