

Pavol Janik Summer I Am Crying You, Morning

INDIFARING MUSE

(An Anthology of Poems)

Volume - 2

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Pavol Janik (Bratislava, Slovakia)

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. He is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. He was the president of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the SWS (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in-Chief of the literary weekly of the SWS Literary tyzdennik (2010–2013) and Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the

INDIFARING MUSE | Vol.2

SUMMER

The sun smashes our windows. An urgent song reaches us from the street.

On the cellophane sky steam condenses. Unconfirmed reports are reproduced about the wind.

The trees are the first to begin to talk about the two of us. UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014. He is the member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura– Umeni – Kultura (from 2014), member of the Writers Club International (from 2004), member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015), member of the World Poets Society (from 2016), director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (from 2016) and chief representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad.

I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Behind the horizon the light is spraying. The sky tremble's like a tear. The winged summer wilts. Through the algae's a lonesome dew slides.

Trees hold empty nests in their hands.
I quietly sing birds psalms.
In the empty night, empty star is falling.
Empty gaze of water is still cloudy.

I read an exclamation of silence and drink the morning blood stream aloud. The morning is taking deep breaths.

With its soft palms of the hands, the haze crumbles poems. Heart's beating is not quieter. Unbelievable sobs, like as if it was dead.