



## PAVOL JANIK – SLOVAKIA

### A SHOT | DAYBREAK | CIRCLING

*Translated into English by James and Viera Sutherland Smith*

#### A SHOT

The moment air stops  
close in front of your face  
and checks the size of your lungs,  
the moment the sun addresses you  
with the agreed secret word,  
then it'll be clear to you.

The horizon could be crossed  
and other matters considered.

The heights furiously disclose  
the concrete constructions of their peaks.  
In the crowns of trees the telephone switchboards rattle.

You ripen an octave higher.

#### DAYBREAK

You emerge from beyond the horizon,  
heedlessly towards darkness  
and inattentive towards smothering dreams.

You lend an ear to silence  
moderately  
like the most distant thunder.

It has already been heard how you sound in the motionless bells.

You always dawn astonishingly the same.

Mists, lost within themselves, hesitate,  
trust neither earth nor heaven.

All creation loses speech, dumbly move its lips,  
startled so that the words flow back  
within,  
to make blood brighter,  
to make pain,  
to make them wholly incomprehensible,  
neither outcry nor buzzing.

Thus nature copies you  
Always from the outset  
indirectly, insufficiently,  
fervent about you  
disappointed in itself,  
It imitates current and circulation.

Softly you reproduce your portraits  
- one after the other.  
With a regular motion  
you manage time.

## **CIRCLING**

Evenly and fast  
always going round  
it dreams about itself.  
The old unbearable fan.

Its head makes the circles  
of a drunkard's breath.  
It imagines it is a propeller.  
It circles.  
It observes.  
It sees and hears.  
It knows more than the others.

Through its racket

regardless it takes the words  
of the speeches of the café tribunes.

For so long it has belonged to the technical museum,  
but not till now has it entered literature.