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UNA LUZ EN LA PALABRA



SLOVAKIA

Pavol Janík



Mgr. art. Pavol Janík, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. 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 Literarný týždenník (2010–2013). Honorary 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 (2016–2017). Chief Representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). Ambassador of the Worldwide Peace Organization (Organización Para la Paz Mundial) in Slovakia (from 2018). Member of the Board of the International Writers Association (IWA BOGDANI) (from 2019).* 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 Janík, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. His literary works have been translated into 28 languages and published in 45 countries. <http://pavoljanik.sk>

PIANO

The moment we each have our own key
To the same flat
I'll shift a piece of the garden
To the second floor.
Sometimes I'll come personally.
Clean
And carefully shaved
To listen to home concerts.
I'll come for sure
Clumsily like a piano,

NAME

By just a point
you surpass successful fortune.
By just a drop
you outdo sparkle.
By sobbing
you surmount aquarelle.
You spread pollen.
We put our faces to yours
as to a flower's corolla
weary of so much circumstance.

AN URGENT POEM

Ceaselessly you enter my mind
like an urgent poem
to dispute fixed views on life
and change accepted images of the word.
Unstoppably you come
to electrify
the unshakeable conviction
that a man is a self-sufficient being.
Thus we always live unthinkingly together,
and far from one another

KOSOVO

(for Ján Tužinský)

A burning
paper Goethe
prays
in Serb
for four hundred dead children

In Schiller's stone
eye gleams a tear of mercury

There's a Gypsy weeping
for a little Romany fairy
at the bottom of the Adriatic

Blood has an irresistible color
of the bluish dusk of the sky
from which falls
light and glitterings
like a gust of May rain
to fertilize the wounded earth.

(2002)