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A Big Clear Out

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

Towels are the things
which will survive us.

Shirts will remind us.

Suits and coats
will remain after us.

So many things,
to which will be added
just the dust
into which we change.

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An Emergency Landing in your Hair

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

Planes got it into their heads
that they were better than ships,
but pride comes before a fall.

The sadness of victory
is unbearable.

In the darkness of your hair
glitter the tiny wrecks
of airships
and to the bottom of your eyes
sink sparkling mysteries.

Speechlessly
- like the smile on your lips
I'm awaiting my opportunity.

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At the Table

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

An infirmary of flowers of the field
in a vase.
So many of the white
that the blood inside our veins stiffens.

Thus we wither together
torn away from
life.

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Circling

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)

Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

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.

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I am crying you, morning

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

Behind the horizon the light is spraying.
The sky trembles like a tear.
The winged summer wilts.
Through the algae 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.

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Kosovo

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

(for Jan Tuzinsky)

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.

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Mirrors After Nightfall

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

Somewhere it's lit up
as if a misty memory
lights up in me
about the origin of the cosmos.
You smell of the flowers
whose petals
snowed our bodies
to annoy every kind
of communal service.
Your eyes in spite of directives
shine irresponsibly in the dark
as if they reflected the dim light
of insignificant explosions in the sky.
Intoxicating you made me lose my mind
and clear conscience
at variance with the law
on the struggle against alcoholism
and toximania.

For you
I'm illegally drunk forever.
Until today you've stopped my breathing with desire
at the most inappropriate moments.
You explode within me
like an export explosive
freeing the energy
of fruit pips.
You pulse in my veins
persistent as piercing light.

Through the permanent breaking
of traffic laws

9. 6. 2018

scars.tv/cgi-bin/works_e.pl?/home/users/web/b929/us.scars/perl/text-writings/g7782.txt

we will be convicted forever
by an unextinguishable fire in my blood
in the back window
of your eyes.

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Molto Adagio

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

The old move in.
Slowly and clumsily,
not of their own volition
and without somebody else's help.
Tiresomely they move their old-fashioned furniture,
their antediluvian opinions
and dogged pains in their joints.

With shaking limbs
they look in vain for switches
on the unfamiliar walls
of their new living space.
They can't manage to switch on the light
in a twilight of loneliness and unknowing.

Pointlessly they utter all the words,
which they now remember with difficulty.
Their own words
no longer mean anything to them.
They don't understand them.
They've forgotten what they were for.
They remind them of nothing.

For them. For honoured and precious persons,
to whom respect and gratitude are due.

The old move in.
Tediously and maladroitly,
unintentionally
and completely alone.
Sluggishly they move their old-fashioned furniture,
out-of-date opinions

and importunate pains in their joints.

Persistently and unpleasantly
they touch us
with their trembling extremities.
Dejectedly they catch us by the throat.

The old move in
on us.
Little by little and inexpertly,
willy-nilly
and under their own steam.
Strenuously we move our obsolete furniture,
used-up opinions
and painful joints.
And other things
which have already served their purpose.

Inconspicuously and unavoidably
we become honoured and precious persons
to whom respect and gratitude are due.

Tenaciously and depressingly
we continue in the persistence of our actions,
fluently sliding into the punch lines of stories
of course like the hands of a clock.

With our head we direct
all the way down
ready to strike the precise time.

And above us
a blue sky
yawns incomprehensibly
into which the wind flings the glittering mirrors of memory.

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On the Line Man –I Woman and Back

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

You escape from me
like gas.
With astonishment I watch
how with a single scrawl of your legs
you ignite your silk dress.

With such blinding nakedness you pre-empt sky-blue flame.

Blazingly ablaze and perhaps wholly otherwise
I address a fire
which you will no longer damp down.

That time I wanted to declare at least what was essential
to all chance passers-by,
to all chance passing aircraft.

So under such circumstances who wouldn't have spoilt it?

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The Report from the End of the Cold War

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

How much is the Czechoslovak crown worth here
in the capital of the ugliest women in the world
where the only chance for survivor
is your photograph?

An English poet,
who thinks that Bratislava is in Yugoslavia,
but knows that Dubcek lives there,
is only interested if Havel is free.

His rhymes, inspired by London
and by other such European cities
written about the size and dimensions of his desk
could as well stayed on his noble table.

I am out of my mind
from circus artistry of street saviours
yelling into the microphones
misunderstandings of their own and other fools,
being sad because of simply being.

Before midnight, in the hotel
occupied by scrawny poets
and muscular owners of private firearms,
mixture of alcohol, adrenalin and hormones
erupted into never ending yell accompanied by accordion.

Tall, Wide and Sharp-eyed Russian soul
blurred by forty degrees
heat of
Moscow vodka
blaring something close to Vysotsky.

9. 6. 2018

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We don't serve to folks from socialist countries here.
Proletarians of all countries, UNTIE!

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Wiser for your Death

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

(for Miroslav Valek)

Roots grow into the earth like coffins,
Opera singers
sound-painterly gargle on the stage,
a storm drives waves to the shores of a puddle.

All at the first moment
of the forgetting of the discovery of America.

At the bottom of their souls
everybody repairs their own Titanic.

The night sky spills itself on the ground
like sparkling snow.

And the dead remain with us
dumb as reproaches.

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