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INTERNATIONAL POET OF THE WEEK - Pavol Janik



Pavol Janik PhD, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983-1987), and in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003-2007), Secretary-General of the Slovak Writers' Society (1998–2003 and 2007–2013), and Editor-in-Chief of the weekly literary publication for the Slovak Writers' Society *Literarný týždenník* (2010–2013). Pavol's literary works have been published not only in Slovakia, but also in Albania, Argentina, Austria, Bangladesh, Belarus, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Croatia, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Kazakhstan, Kosovo, Kyrgyzstan, Macedonia, Mexico, Moldova, Nepal, Pakistan, Poland, the People's Republic of China, the Republic of China (Taiwan), Romania, the Russian Federation, Serbia, Singapore, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom, the United States of America, Uzbekistan, Venezuela and Vietnam.

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I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades (CANADA)

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.

THE CONCERT

Translated into English by Pavol Janik Junior (USA)

Do not be afraid of sudden outcries of the orchestra!
That does not mean the conductor
has seen my hand on your knee.
Allow a kiss.

Know that your sex outrages you only as much
as the music is anxious about the applause.

ON THE LINE MAN – WOMAN AND BACK

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

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?

NIGHT BUS

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

I admire the smiles
of the wax figures
and the drunks.

Their faith.
Their humility.
Their precision.
Their infallible wisdom
determined by the office of normalization.

I admire
their wallpapered souls
full of light and brocade.
Their responsibility and legality
surpassing
the price of taxis and wine.

I'm terrified by the indifference
with which they listen
to the heavy breathing of the last trolley buses.

SUMMER

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

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.

VIVACE MA NON SOLTANTO COSI

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

Barefoot
you leap from star to star.
And each time there's a chime
like the kiss of crystal glasses.

Thousands of your faces
skate with perseverance
on frozen ponds.

I open you with a violin's clef
and seek the bow

whose elasticity can equal you.

Deep in you
instead of strings
I've touched tears.

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