

World Poetry Tree

An Anthology for Hope, Love, and Peace



**EXPO
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DUBAI
UAE**

Edition

Created by Adel Khozam



Pavol Janik
Slovakia

A DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN DREAMS

At the beginning it was like a dream.
She said:
"Have at least one dream with me.
You'll see – it'll be a dream
which you've never dreamt about before."

Descend deeper with me,
dream from the back,
dream retrospectively
in a labyrinth of mirrors
which leads nowhere.

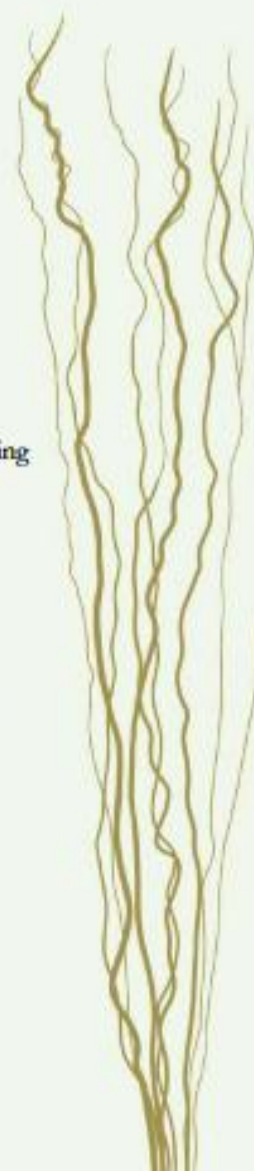
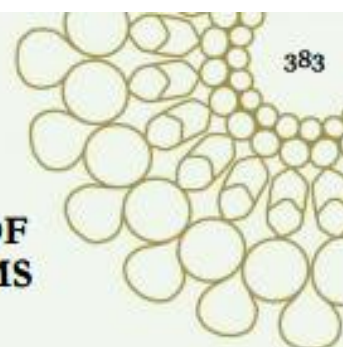
The moment you come to the beginning of nothing
you'll dream an exciting dream.

Frame it
and hang it in your bedroom.

So it will always be before your eyes
because a dream which is removed from the eye
is removed from the mind
in the sense
of the ancient laws
of human forgetfulness.

Dream your own.

Dream your dream



which is reflected on the surface
of a frozen lake.

A dream smooth and freezing:

Grieving keys,
a downcast forest,
curved glass.
The tributes of mirrors.

The rising of the moon
in a dream of water.

Recoil from the bottom
of the mirror's dream.

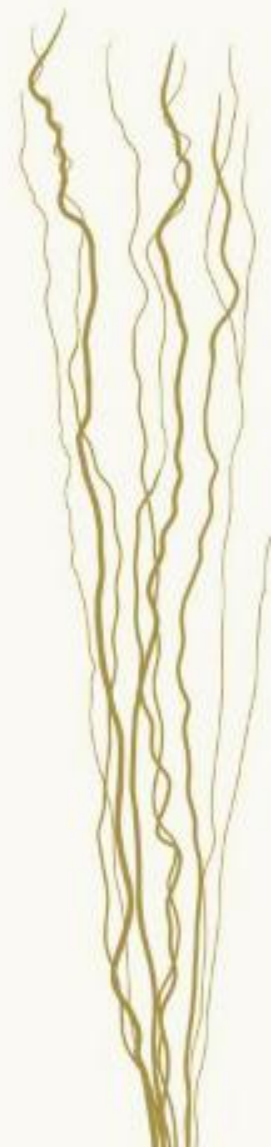
In the gallery of dreams
then you'll see
a live broadcast from childhood
fragments of long-forgotten stories.

Because our obsolete dreams
remain with us.

Don't be in a hurry, dream slowly, completely
until you see the crystalline construction
of your soul
in which dreams glitter.
- intentionally and comprehensibly like flame.

Perhaps you've already noticed
that new dreams always decrease.
They wane.

Soon we'll light up
in the magical dusk
of the last dream
the despairing cry



of a starry night.

Pay a toll to the dream's
deliverance from sense.

You repeat aloud
the intimacies of secret dreams,
with the dull gleam
of your persistent night eyes
you explicate a mysterious speech of darkness.

You dream, therefore you exist!

1998

PEDESTRIAN WITH ABSOLUTE RIGHT OF WAY

Live life
without a car.
Be slower than a trolley bus.
Be tired.
Be late.
Be unable to get out of the city.
Be unable to arrive at yourself.
Be a pedestrian.
Entire and without impediments.

To subvert the rules
regardless of anything.

1985



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.

1981

All Poems Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith

About Pavol Janik

Pavol is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. He has studied film, television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). His literary activities focus mainly on poetry and his first book of poems *Unconfirmed Reports* (1981) attracted the attention of the leading authorities in Slovak literary circles. In his work, he is pointing to serious problems concerning the further development of humankind, while all the time widening his range of themes and styles. He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad.

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