
PAVOL JANIK (SLOVAKIA): I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

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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.

PAVOL JANIK

Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

This virtuoso of Slovak literature, **Pavol Janik**, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. His works are translated in many languages and published in different countries.

<http://thepoetsland.blogspot.com/p/pavol-janik-referencesit.html>