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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.

## 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.

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

## 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.