Down
in the
Dirt
11–12 2018
v161

Hurricane
Katrina

Table of Contents

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

On the Line Man – Woman and Back

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
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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'lt have spoilt it?