



News

Fuad Kandil resign from the  
presidency of "writings of a  
new"



Who's Who

Lucina Kathmann -  
International Vice President



Letters to Editor

Carl Morten Iversen

Articles

Born to Fight and Fight Back



Laila Al-Atrash

Poems

The Windows



Ibrahim Nasrallah

FAMILY STUDY

Poems



By Pavol Janik

Always when I think of you  
dawn breaks above Buenos Aires  
and the Atlantic has the inexplicable color of your eyes.

Exotic birds  
nest on out TV aerial  
until the announcer  
has a pearly hairdo  
and complete blonde smile.

She claims that eternity has already lasted a whole year.

The weather forecast  
announces in her place  
a rainbow parrot.

For our wedding route  
it wishes us little cloudiness  
and success at least as large as the discovery of America  
or the record flight of the ostrich from Australia  
to the zoological gardens of Europe.

Always when I think of you  
dawn breaks above Buenos Aires



and the wind whirls the pamphlets  
of all the airlines in the world.

The Atlantic does not admit any other continent.  
It's clear as a stone of precious clarity.

Despite its twinkling depth it resembles a question  
which posed passionately by your body.

Children search tirelessly for an answer  
till now unwritten in books  
and cut out colorful pictures from it.

It happens at home  
behind whose windows fireworks blaze every evening.

Always when I think of you  
dawn breaks above Buenos Aires.  
And today, too, the Atlantic is completely upset.  
It's completely bashful  
as its accustomed only to invisible phenomena.

(1981)

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