

## Cyclamens and Swords Publishing

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### Pavol Janik



Pavol Janik, PhD., was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Academy of Performing Arts. He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983-87), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003-07) and the Secretary-General of the SWS (1998-2003, 2007-2013). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad. This virtuoso of Slovak literature, Pavol Janik, is poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry.

### I'm With You

It's completely me –  
height 180 centimetres,  
measurements 108 by 83 by 107,  
weight 73 kilos,  
five military qualifications  
and even more civilian,  
brown hair, green eyes,  
born on the occasion  
of the Hungarian Uprising,  
bashful and christened,

married with three children.  
I don't beat out a rhythm in English,  
but I'm of the world.

Send me fan mail,  
postcards and gifts,  
books and pictures,  
busts and bacon,  
booze and flowers.  
Support your poet  
who, instead of you, behaves  
like an idiot.  
Write to my European address –  
Slovakia.

Call me,  
all of you, who love me,  
who can't live without me,  
or least die.  
Call the number 314 212,  
my automatic telephone  
will pick up 24 hours a day.  
Don't be ashamed of your feelings.  
God is watching you –  
at last do something stupid.  
Send some dosh to my account  
SSS 3478228.  
Remit to my pristine account  
your dirty money,  
I'll launder it day and night.  
You can rely on me  
to spend it all on myself  
as opposed to other  
charitable institutions,  
christmas clubs and other swindles.  
  
I'm waiting for your letters,

spiritual outpourings  
and filthy lucre.  
I know  
that all  
the better sort of people are shocked  
that the worse have not improved.  
They can go  
and get stuffed.

## **An Emergency Landing In Your Hair**

Planes got it into their heads  
that they were better than ships,  
but pride comes before a fall.

The sadness of victory  
is unbearable.

In the darkness of your hair  
glitter the tiny wrecks  
of airships  
and to the bottom of your eyes  
sink sparkling mysteries.

Speechlessly  
- like the smile on your lips  
I'm awaiting my opportunity.