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## 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.

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