

# FRIENDS & FRIENDSHIP

Vol.1  
USA & CANADA

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Vol.2  
REST OF THE WORLD

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SLOVAKIA

Pavol Janik PhD, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983-1987), and in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003-2007), Secretary-General of the Slovak Writers' Society (1998-2003 and 2007-2013), and Editor-in-Chief of the weekly literary publication for the Slovak Writers' Society *Literarny tyzdennik* (2010-2013). Pavol's literary works have been published not only in Slovakia, but also in Albania, Argentina, Austria, Bangladesh, Belarus, Belgium, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Croatia, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Kazakhstan, Kosovo, Kyrgyzstan, Macedonia, Mexico, Moldova, Nepal, Pakistan, Poland, the People's Republic of China, the Republic of China (Taiwan), Romania, the Russian Federation, Serbia, Singapore, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom, the United States of America, Uzbekistan, Venezuela and Vietnam.  
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### THE MOMENT BEFORE TOUCH

The air grows still.  
As in an illustrated weekly  
I leaf through your eyes.

To hear silence  
as it walks in new shoes  
and lulls the buzzing bees.  
Somebody furiously addresses us with wings.

It's said that you've seen  
burning birds tumble from the sky!

It's just at the base of your breasts  
there's something making a ceaseless hullabaloo.

### **TO YOU**

You come from a scent.  
A crumpled flower;  
I inhale you tangled like smoke.

You inhabit the starry sky  
and dials of digital watches.

You stupefy me dependably  
and faster than light.

My head aches from you  
and to this moment I mistake you for music.

### **ASTONISHMENT**

I stretch out the water  
in which you are reflected.

With a shout to stop  
all possible outflows.

I address you by breath  
such release of speech.  
Until you are glassy with ice before me  
as before a draught.

Tirelessly you quiver under the numb surface  
and on the bottom for a moment gleam  
so that I glimpse the day,  
which will only light up in you.