

ADVERSITY

Poetry on the theme of adversity,
from poets around the world.

Vol.1

Compiled by ROBIN BARRATT

Published by THE POET

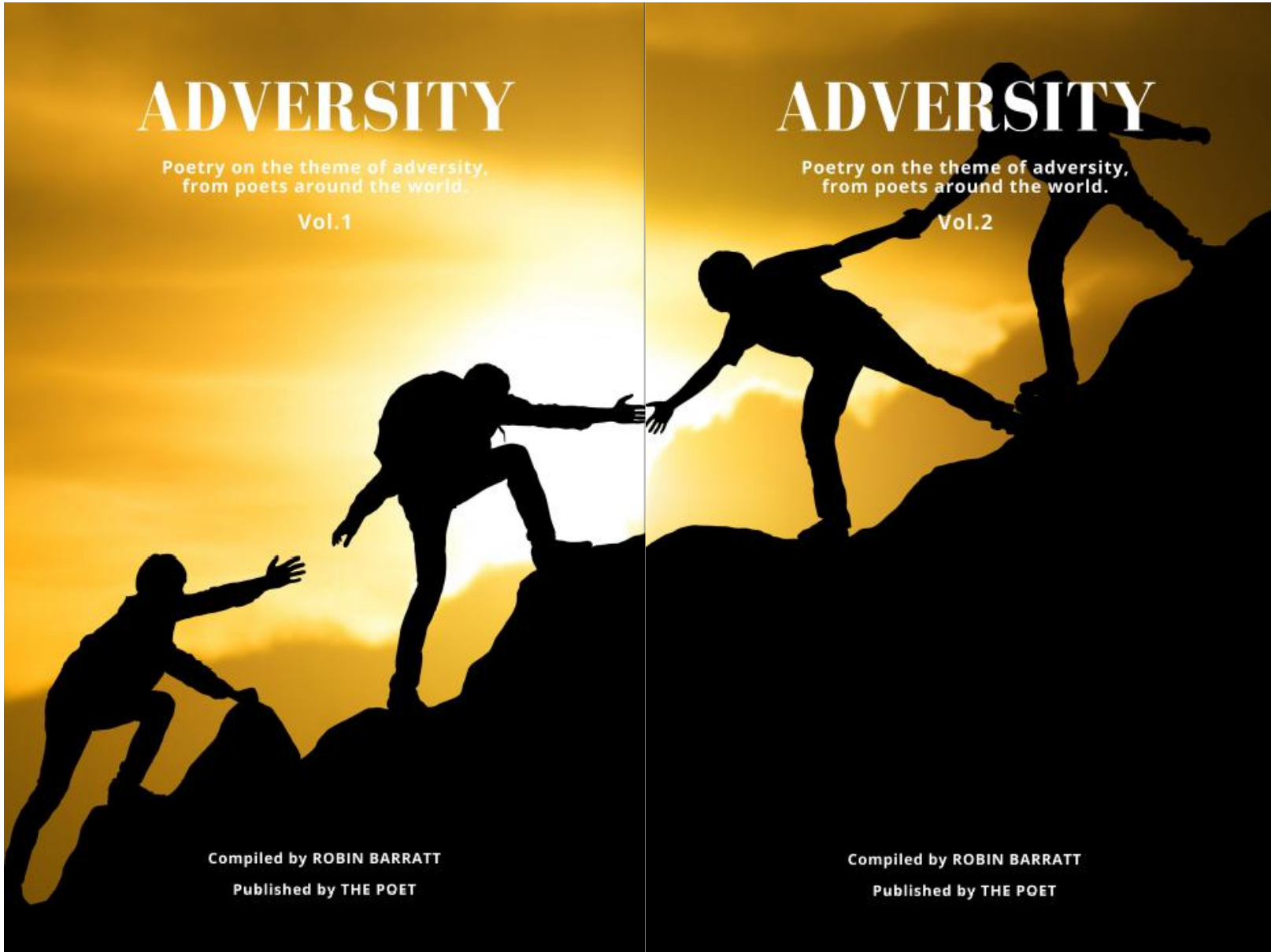
ADVERSITY

Poetry on the theme of adversity,
from poets around the world.

Vol.2

Compiled by ROBIN BARRATT

Published by THE POET



Pavol Janik PhD SLOVAKIA

Pavol 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.
E: mgr.art.pavol.janik.phd@gmail.com
W: www.pavoljanik.sk

I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades (CANADA)

Behind the horizon the light is spraying.
The sky trembles like a tear.
The winged summer wilts.
Through the algae a lonesome dew slides.

Trees hold empty nests in their hands.
I quietly sing birds psalms.
In the empty night, empty star is falling.
Empty gaze of water is still cloudy.

I read an exclamation of silence
and drink the morning blood stream aloud.
The morning is taking deep breaths.

With its soft palms of the hands,
the haze crumbles poems.
Heart's beating is not quieter.
Unbelievable sobs, like as if it was dead.

SUMMER

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

The sun smashes our windows.
An urgent song reaches us from the street.

On the cellophane sky
steam condenses.
Unconfirmed reports are reproduced
about the wind.

The trees are the first to begin to talk
about the two of us.

NIGHT BUS

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith (UK)

I admire the smiles
of the wax figures
and the drunks.

Their faith.
Their humility.
Their precision.
Their infallible wisdom
determined by the office of normalization.

I admire
their wallpapered souls
full of light and brocade.
Their responsibility and legality
surpassing
the price of taxis and wine.

I'm terrified by the indifference
with which they listen
to the heavy breathing of the last trolley buses.