



Pavol Janik

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the SWS (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in- Chief of the literary weekly of the SWS Literarny tyzdennik (2010–2013). Honorary Member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura – Umeni – Kultura (from 2014). Member of the Writers Club International (from 2004). Member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015). Member of the World Poets Society (from 2016). Director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (2016–2017). Chief Representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). Ambassador of the Worldwide Peace Organization (Organizacion Para la Paz Mundial) in Slovakia (from 2018). Member of the Board of the International Writers Association (IWA BOGDANI) (from 2019). 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 a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. Even his first book of poems Unconfirmed Reports (1981) attracted the attention of the leading authorities in Slovak literary circles. He presented himself as a plain-spoken poet with a spontaneous manner of poetic expression and an inclination for irony directed not only at others, but also at himself. This style has become typical of all his work.

Poems:

I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

Behind the horizon the light is
spraying. The sky tremble's like
a tear.
The winged summer wilts.
Through the algae's 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.

NIGHT BUS

Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith

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.