

Prof. Tzemin I. Tsai's column "Selected Works of Contemporary International Outstanding Poets" in 'Chinese Language Monthly' introduces Mr. Pavol Janik, an internationally famous poet from Slovakia. | JANUARY 2025

Pavol Janik's works have been translated into 28 languages and published in 50 countries.

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, which in spite of its critical character has also acquired a humorous, even bizarre dimension. His manner of expression is becoming terse to the point of being aphoristic. It is thus perfectly natural that Pavol Janik's literary interests should come to embrace aphorisms founded on a shift of meaning in the form of puns. In his work he is gradually raising some very disturbing questions and pointing to serious problems concerning the further development of humankind, while all the time widening his range of themes and styles. Literary experts liken Janik's poetic virtuosity to that in the work of Miroslav Valek, while in the opinion of the Russian poet, translator and literary critic, Natalia Shvedova, Valek is more profound and Janik more inventive. He has translated in poetic form several collections of poetry and written works of drama with elements of the style of the Theatre of the Absurd. (Ludovit Fuchs)

Pavol Janik'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, Columbia, Croatia, Cyprus, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Kazakhstan, Kosovo, Kyrgyzstan, Macedonia, Mexico, Moldova, Morocco, Nepal, Pakistan, Poland, the People's Republic of China, the Republic of China (Taiwan), Romania, the Russian Federation, Serbia, Singapore, South Africa, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, the United Arab Emirates, United Kingdom, the United States of America, Uzbekistan, Venezuela and Vietnam.

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Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

I AM CRYING YOU, MORNING

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.

(1975)

THE CONCERT

Do not be afraid of sudden outcries of the orchestra! That does not mean the conductor has seen my hand on your knee. Allow a kiss.

Know that your sex outrages you only as much as the music is anxious about the applause.

ON THE LINE MAN – WOMAN AND BACK

You escape from me like gas.
With astonishment I watch how with a single scrawl of your legs you ignite your silk dress.

With such blinding nakedness you pre-empt sky-blue flame.

Blazingly ablaze and perhaps wholly otherwise I address a fire which you will no longer damp down.

That time I wanted to declare at least what was essential to all chance passers-by, to all chance passing aircraft.

So under such circumstances who wouldn't have spoilt it?

NIGHT BUS

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.

SUMMER

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.

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.

VIVACE MA NON SOLTANTO COSI

Barefoot you leap from star to star. And each time there's a chime like the kiss of crystal glasses.

Thousands of your faces skate with perseverance on frozen ponds.

I open you with a violin's clef and seek the bow whose elasticity can equal you.

Deep in you instead of strings I've touched tears.

PIANO

The moment we each have our own key
To the same flat
I'll shift a piece of the garden
To the second floor.

Sometimes I'll come personally. Clean And carefully shaved To listen to home concerts.

I'll come for sure Clumsily like a piano, And always well-tempered.

FAMILY STUDY

Always when I think of you dawn breaks above Buenos Aires and the Atlantic has the inexplicable color of your eyes.

Exotic birds
nest on out TV aerial
until the announcer
has a pearly hairdo
and complete blonde smile.
She claims that eternity has already lasted a whole year.
The weather forecast
announces in her place
a rainbow parrot.

For our wedding route it wishes us little cloudiness and success at least as large as the discovery of America or the record flight of the ostrich from Australia to the zoological gardens of Europe.

Always when I think of you dawn breaks above Buenos Aires and the wind whirls the pamphlets of all the airlines in the world.

The Atlantic does not admit any other continent. It's clear as a stone of precious clarity.

Despite its twinkling depth it resembles a question which posed passionately by your body.

Children search tirelessly for an answer till now unwritten in books and cut out colorful pictures from it.

It happens at home behind whose windows fireworks blaze every evening.

Always when I think of you dawn breaks above Buenos Aires.
And today, too, the Atlantic is completely upset. It's completely bashful as its accustomed only to invisible phenomena.

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.

NAME

By just a point you surpass successful fortune.

By just a drop you outdo sparkle.

By sobbing you surmount aquarelle.

You spread pollen.

We put our faces to yours as to a flower's corolla weary of so much circumstance.

You'll gain a name from us, which you'll consider as your own.

EX OFFO

Every day I pick up a pen up afraid that it's completely in vain.

Above the paperwork clouds of office work loom like heavy opaque curtains.

It becomes complete with neon illuminating the office darkness. There's nothing visible from life apart from cheap state furniture, the various moods of colleagues' faces and always the same roof of a neighbouring house. and to all this, it has to be said, a bit of sky, a personal pot plant and a telephone, which should connect us with the world. But we know very well that it connects only with other offices. It should be mentioned, too, that this is only when it isn't broken. This hasn't happened for a long time indeed.

We see nothing and we know nothing.

We know nothing of what in the light of day new springs doggedly push to the surface, from all the openings in the earth mysterious water sprays out.

Pure and just measuring the time and other limits of our lives, urgently seeking paths to a return to earth.

From the sky birds, planes, comets and other heavenly things gather. In the galleries pictures fall from the walls and statues from their plinths. Something is happening.

Something is going on.

With blue ink
I register my pulse,
the number of the dead, the amount of damage caused,
trunk calls and interruptions to working hours.

I know that I'll get compensation for this poem,

or I'll work at it over the weekend after coming to an agreement with my employer.

AN URGENT POEM

Ceaselessly you enter my mind like an urgent poem to dispute fixed views on life and change accepted images of the word.

Unstoppably you come to electrify the unshakeable conviction that a man is a self-sufficient being.

Thus we always live unthinkingly together, and far from one another in our two-in-one dream.

Always you enter my mind when I'm woken from sleep by air raids of themes, images and pictures of poetry.

And thus I know that everything belongs indivisibly to ourselves just as we do to each other.

This is the urgent poem, whose point you force me to keep silent like a secret, where there's no place for another and which can exist completely without words and other witnesses.

BAD HABIT

Every day I go to work for my wife, Olga, so she has enough for shopping.

I must make an effort.
The weekend approaches
and the children would like to eat on Sunday.
We still have not succeeded
in breaking this bad habit.

INTO THE BLUE

From morning we tirelessly squander ourselves into the blue, which falls short of the border between water and sky. Into the blue in which the swimming routes of fish cross with the flight lines of birds. Into the blue in which the slow movement of ships cross the glittering fuselages of aeroplanes. Into the blue which though the power of its will casts us back on to a sandy beach together with other things over and above, together with the dead bodies of fish, crabs and medusas, together with fragments of seaweed, tiny pebbles, tops of Coca-Cola bottles, together with scraps of paper closed in bottles of sweet drinks.

We always read from the beginning and on each side these letters without lettering completely whitened by the life-giving sun, which knows very well whom to give a chance to and whom to not.

We read letters without lettering and understand them frozenly. We read letters without lettering wept over by foaming waves from which life comes, sound, color and the divine.

The descendants of goddesses today dwell in the endless rivieras of the whole world. they declare nakedness and godlike motor boats, cars, beaches, apartments, music, films and above all godlike men.

At an ice-cream kiosk

I fell head over heels with one for the hundredth time.

It's of no account but it was her with whom I shared a few experiences, memories, children.

I fell in love with her completely without reservation.

From the ice-cream stands naked poster girls smiled at us and the portrait of a statesman wearing a admiral's white uniform in the blue background, which could represent water as well as sky and in which could move atomic submarines as well as jet planes and neon fish as well as rainbow birds.

MOLTO ADAGIO

The old move in.
Slowly and clumsily,
not of their own volition
and without somebody else's help.
Tiresomely they move their old-fashioned furniture,
their antediluvian opinions
and dogged pains in their joints.

With shaking limbs they look in vain for switches on the unfamiliar walls of their new living space. They can't manage to switch on the light in a twilight of loneliness and unknowing.

Pointlessly they utter all the words, which they now remember with difficulty. Their own words no longer mean anything to them. They don't understand them. They've forgotten what they were for. They remind them of nothing.

For them. For honoured and precious persons, to whom respect and gratitude are due.

The old move in.
Tediously and maladroitly,
unintentionally
and completely alone.
Sluggishly they move their old-fashioned furniture,
out-of-date opinions
and importunate pains in their joints.

Persistently and unpleasantly they touch us with their trembling extremities. Dejectedly they catch us by the throat.

The old move in on us.
Little by little and inexpertly, willy-nilly and under their own steam.
Strenuously we move our obsolete furniture, used-up opinions and painful joints.

And other things which have already served their purpose.

Inconspicuously and unavoidably we become honoured and precious persons to whom respect and gratitude are due.

Tenaciously and depressingly we continue in the persistence of our actions, fluently sliding into the punch lines of stories of course like the hands of a clock.

With our head we direct all the way down ready to strike the precise time.

And above us a blue sky yawns incomprehensibly into which the wind flings the glittering mirrors of memory.

PEDESTRIAN WITH ABSOLUTE RIGHT OF WAY

Live life

without a car.

Be slower than a trolley bus.

Be tired.

Be late.

Be unable to get out of the city. Be unable to arrive at yourself.

Be a pedestrian.

Entire and without impediments.

To subvert the rules regardless of anything.

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.

ODE TO JOY

Where are those old poems?
What were they actually about?
And who gave a tinker's about them.

Somewhere in us something from them has remained, a charge timed in Nuremburg, a Frankfurt porn cinema, a coca-cola opposite the Moulin Rouge, Lenin inside a Marseille shop window, a faded postcard of the Cote d'Azur, documents stolen in Rome, undeveloped photos of the leaning tower of Pisa, a night in Florence, Bolognese poofs, pigeons at six in the morning on Saint Mark's Square, an over made-up customs girl on the train from Vienna to Devinska Nova Ves.

Where are those old poems? Now nobody will write them any more. They never made sense to anybody.

They've suddenly switched off the power in Europe. A darkness has started, that which existed before the invention of light. We walk on the ceiling of our flat from memory. Children laugh at us in their sleep.

At the entrance to nowhere they'll return us the entrance fee to life, which was worth it even though not so much.

Only for death you don't pay.

UNSENT TELEGRAM

Inside me a little bit of a blue Christmas begins.
In the hotel room it's snowing a misty scent – of your endlessly distant perfume.
We're declining bodily while in us the price of night calls rises, waves of private earth tremors and the limits of an ocean of blood on the curve of a lonely coast.

PROLONGING MY UNDERSTANDING

For a while I hesitated, at the place where one enters. And then so many mirrors as if after death or during it. And so many unreal girls in the shallow depths of the glass.

There, where I entered for the last time still as a boy with portraits of Pierre Brice and Lex Barker in a pocket, was the window of a small wine tavern. And above it the warning signals of red pelargonia had permanently remained. These inexorable semaphores which didn't permit me to speak in the direction of the wind and turn aside as the wall approached.

I grew up to the level of salaries, the length of debts, to measurable historical latitudes and to a size where the era of dieting begins.

Now only my hair grows slowly and completely pointlessly. and thus I come to prolonging my understanding and ridding myself of the purchasing power of a powerless Samson.

AT THE TABLE

An infirmary of flowers of the field in a vase.
So many of the white that the blood inside our veins stiffens.

Thus we wither together torn away from life.

NOCTURNE FOR DIABETES

Diacritical signs of immortal Dio appear in the sky. Dialogues of the diabolic intersect within us.

Oh divine Diana preserve our diagnosis, sugar-beet campaigns and oil fields.

Save within us the diapositive and make us diametrical.

Diagrams of sorrow and diamond diadems we place at your diagonals.

Oh dialectics of dia-marmalades.

Into our diaries we write our last hour and the deadline of our posthumous diasporas.

Just so that we don't forget to die and for the last time decorously deny ourselves nothing.

CHRYSANTHEMATIKA

Inside the typewriter and on the printer's block poems have died in which spurs have clinked of the disobedience and the pride of the blue blood of the noble ink.

A DREAM FROM THE GLASS

In the fading lustre of the hotel Alcron, Prague I watch as you sleep at the bottom of a mirror. a jasmine breeze disseminates your visions, it hums your mute desires.

All the radio stations broadcast the beating of your heart. In the receiver of every telephone your breath is heard. On every television channel they show your sleeping face live in the mirror of the hotel Alcron.

I am the television camera of your glass sleep. Your crystal dreams are dreamt by me.

Sparkling you drizzle on me. Your naked ness is veiled in a mist of hotel curtains which in vain I try to blow away with my last breath before I sleep.

It's late.

Flying lovers gently switch off the great night city. A dancing couple of violet neon twinkles drowsily in the dark blue sky.

Diplomats
tailored in satin
and surfeited with soap bubbles
leave opera performances,
concert halls and receptions
and in limousines
constructed of air,
darkness and glittering stars
fly away like comets

to their state beds in a twilight of ambassadors.

Garden parties finish. The blossoming trees drink from fountains.

In the squares without shame or movement statues from different eras, genres and sizes make love.

Tireless taxis, ambulances and police vehicles quietly sink to the river bed while the frightened fish turn on their alarm sirens and switch on coloured beacons of anxiety.

In the empty streets delayed pleasure boats fly full of trembling lights and moor themselves in the last empty shop windows.

It's late.

From the highest floors of the heavens leisurely and at length flashing lanterns fall.

Phosphorescence shines on the wings of night butterflies.

It sounds as if a thousand solitary towers breathed the brassy midnight air.

So much would I like to dream you, too.

THE LAST FOUR BARS OF SILENCE

It's getting dark in the revues, in the carmined eyes of the dancers, in the centre of the cleavage of a monumental bosom and in the snowfall of ostrich feathers. It's getting brighter deep within wood, in flower pots and botanical gardens.

The lights go off in the last windows of ministerial offices made of cardboard, telephone lines and salary cheques.

The wind delivers autumn leaves of strictly secret material into the unvetted hands of nightwalkers.

Sensitive lovers are on guard in the parks armed to their teeth with rapid firing sentiments - calibre forty-five.

And it always dawns.

Over the pages of newspapers the moulds of white hot dreams hiss on contact with the icy air.

Mutes enthusiastically play their leading role and the powerless director with his head in his hands and bust fuses in his head repeats to the point of madness the last four bars of silence.

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.

MIRRORS AFTER NIGHTFALL

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.

WHY THERE ARE WIVES FOR US

So they can keep up the fire in the most interior of fridges, so they can extinguish our hot heads, so we can get burnt by their flaming gaze, so they can give us sense by holding our beastly Golem in us, so they can earth the lightning of our pride in collective destruction.

For this they are needed - closer than a shirt, buttoned by children with us together, one in one, on whom we are dependent irresistibly so.

from HURRAH, IT BURNS!

(fragments)

2.

Seasonal poets, occasional critics and café day labourers dissolve their cheques books and shirts in their morning coffee in the hope of more rational sugars.

Together with working hours and other assets of the state bank we flow reliably nowhere only interrupted by the occasional capture of a Slovak poet for an overseas zoo.

3.

Re-educational concerts seemed a little effective in suppressing rising prices, debts and children.

We don't agree with the cocacollaboration pepsi-collage.

Pull down the rock n' roll-up blinds. Let the music grow dark inside us, this nth power of light which only knows about the human body.

4.

After the angel's fall from the twelfth floor free fall has become an Olympic discipline. The development of rocket planes moves to the principle of an angel like helicopters. The angel whirlybird of airy propulsion starts from the territory of the dandelion.

The developments and destructions

of peace culminate. Let's hurry away from here, in this place there's no time to change the world.

In a moment we'll be awarded a Nobel for war and our poetic guts will in preference be used for sausages.

5.

Words refuse to obey.

The poem splits and from it emerges a video-clip scenario...

Poetry avoids words. It abhors them.

A revolt against death will occur in the afternoon on the coast, in the event of bad weather it'll take place at the pensioners' club.

Take Baudelaire dead or alive.

9.

Woman times man is almost three. The most domestic animal is a row-ptile. Poetic fabrics are getting cheaper.

We rationalize the ascent of concert wings.

We vote for Gigglewhite and her seven little smirks.

Even the leaves have yet to fall from the boulevard trees and we've already fallen for the snow. Grieved as a black man in winter I listen to the momentary heavy mental, monumental menthol, amen Ementhal.

15.

Distorted humour enters the bay leaves on the poet's head who wakes alert in the laurels. The legs of clocks and hands of insects arouse the snow in us.

This is the damage of normalization. There are these houses in the windows, trees on the branches and birds in feathers, everything about nothing and nothing about everything.

17.

Torpedoes explode in frozen blood. Under their surface we detect a conspiracy against love. In the spring gusts we set traps for ourselves.

Loves strikes us at the first contact at the speed of the bullet earth-air-water-fire. Weary of espionage in loosened hair we vanish silently like a shadow in rubber soles.

And you in the form of music drizzle into the darkness.

Mysterious as a sacred cravat on the neck of a hanged man you demonstrate where I pointlessly direct my gaze.

Incomprehensible as a thirteenth chamber in a two-room state apartment you'll explain everything once and also blame me.

The little flame in the dusk of loneliness gets stronger.
Hurrah, it burns!
A person
on the border
of his opportunities.
Hurrah.
It burns.

THE THEATER OF LIFE

Life which means only the theater – such life we always wish to play. If just now you've got a funny thought change into your clown's suit.

Life sways with us like a pendulum – it runs from mud into a puddle. It never is as it used to be is a truth well-tried from age to age.

Time is like a glass filled to the brim again and again it runs over. It ourselves that step on our heels and we wish to find the person inside us.

There are patches on curtain and the soul... At the end death gives checkmate. Yet it's still worth playing the game, you should be glad that at least you've existed.

Life has found a mirror on the stage – it comes alive in it every night. If something has lured into the theater let's move into ancient times.

Settle into your empty seat, learn life by heart. If you yawn during life then ask for your entrance fee back.

WISER FOR YOUR DEATH

(for Miroslav Valek)

Roots grow into the earth like coffins, Opera singers sound-painterly gargle on the stage, a storm drives waves to the shores of a puddle.

All at the first moment of the forgetting of the discovery of America.

At the bottom of their souls everybody repairs their own Titanic.

The night sky spills itself on the ground like sparkling snow.

And the dead remain with us dumb as reproaches.

A BIG CLEAR OUT

Towels are the things which will survive us.

Shirts will remind us.

Suits and coats will remain after us.

So many things, to which will be added just the dust into which we change.

FAMILY STILL LIFE

I say in vain to my wife that she can't nag genius. So I've recorded this in written form for future generations as advice for death and life, too.

A DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN DREAMS

At the beginning it was like a dream. She said:
"Have at least one dream with me.
You'll see – it'll be a dream
which you've never dreamt about before."

Descend deeper with me, dream from the back, dream retrospectively in a labyrinth of mirrors which leads nowhere.

The moment you come to the beginning of nothing you'll dream an exciting dream.

Frame it and hang it in your bedroom.

So it will always be before your eyes because a dream which is removed from the eye is removed from the mind in the sense of the ancient laws of human forgetfulness.

Dream your own.

Dream your dream which is reflected on the surface of a frozen lake.
A dream smooth and freezing:

Grieving keys, a downcast forest, curved glass. The tributes of mirrors.

The rising of the moon in a dream of water.

Recoil from the bottom of the mirror's dream.

In the gallery of dreams then you'll see a live broadcast from childhood fragments of long-forgotten stories. Because our obsolete dreams remain with us.

Don't be in a hurry, dream slowly, completely until you see the crystalline construction of your soul in which dreams glitter.

- intentionally and comprehensibly like flame.

Perhaps you've already noticed that new dreams always decrease. They wane.

Soon we'll light up in the magical dusk of the last dream the despairing cry of a starry night.

Pay a toll to the dream's deliverance from sense.

You repeat aloud the intimacies of secret dreams, with the dull gleam of your persistent night eyes you explicate a mysterious speech of darkness.

You dream, therefore you exist!

YOU CAN TELL AN ANGEL FROM HIS FEATHERS

(For my parents who are not yet - departed-)

In my innermost display cases all my glassy memories tremble.

At the end of silence to hear last year's rain how it dictates whispering its incomprehensible telegram A pack of sad angels howl in the light of the moon

The river falls from weariness, the mortal spirit of water in it falls with ease to the bottom

I feel mercury in my veins after the explosion of blood - it's in my guts supersonic angels rise from the dead.

Their deafening engines start up in my head.

When they take off the deepest silence begins in which perhaps I'll hear distant pearls how they pour on the parquets.

A morning confession of frozen tears freezes me in my yet more Autumn eyes.

SOMEONE LIKE A GOD

I,
You,
He
And someone else ...

- the fourth like a dimension, the fifth a season in the year, the sixth like a sense, the seventh like a continent.

the eighth like a day of the week, the ninth like a point of an octagon, the tenth like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the eleventh like a commandment,

the twelfth like a football player, the thirteenth like an apostle, the fourteenth like Friday the Thirteenth, the fifteenth like Louis Quattorze, the sixteenth like the fifteen, the seventeenth like a sixteenth, the eighteenth like the seventeenth century,

the twenty-second like an eye, the thirty first like a thirty percent fall in bonds,

the thirty third like a tooth, the thirty fourth like Christ's year,

- the unending like a god and so just sexless,

the powerless like one who makes love,

painless and therefore senseless,

unrivalled like a god in the world who has no other gods, ungodly like a god who has neither a god beside him or over him,

bottomless like a sky, unrestrained like the wind, boundless like thought, immaterial like a ghost, nameless bearer of an unknown name,

hopelessly faultless,

aimless like a perpetual runner,

childless like the father of a crucified son.

unreasonable like death and so just remorseless,

nationless like a god of all people and beings similar to them,

sightless and faceless, legless, handless and wingless, hairless and toothless,

safe as a harbour for immortal wanderers,

without charge like a promise,

unparalleled in perfection, derived in its own home, unmediated like touch, helpless like a deed, dreamless like a night, careless like a bird,

inconsolable like truth, ungoverned as the oldest citizen in the world,

implicit as love, without consequence like justice,

a creature without colour, taste and smell.

He wanders in space as if without soul, a creator without parents, a being without dwelling place, a vagabond without address,

from beyond memory without work, from time immemorial without bread,

forever he proceeds without footprints,

always thinks without considering and always the same,

he breeds without hesitation, gives birth without reason, regardless of anything or anyone,

kills without dispensationeverything and everyone,since the beginning of the age of ages,

he abandons us without regard for race, religion or conviction,

he always triumphs without battle, judges without mercy, punishes continuously and then weeps without sorrow over the spilt mother's milk of the immaculate virgin, who bore him a son so he could give him deviously and thoroughly to be crucified at the hands of his chosen people,

so he rules the world without check, an uncriticised despot,

he acts unceasingly without rest and knows everything without consciousness,

he prays to himself without words, he accepts himself without reserve,

he grants himself adoration without consideration, he is blessedly silent about himself,

so continuously decides without witnesses, without rhyme or reason, with no way out,

wholly without himself, headless, heelless, heartless, with not a drop of blood,

without anything.

Redeem him while there's time.

Perhaps his fate awaits us, too – cruel towards all creatures who have been surpassed by their own works.

KOSOVO

(for Jan Tuzinsky)

A burning paper Goethe prays in Serb for four hundred dead children

In Schiller's stone eye gleams a tear of mercury

There's a Gypsy weeping for a little Romany fairy at the bottom of the Adriatic

Blood has an irresistible color of the bluish dusk of the sky from which falls light and glitterings like a gust of May rain to fertilize the wounded earth.

(2002)

NEW YORK (British English)

In a horizontal mirror of the straightened bay the points of an angular city stabbing directly into the starry sky.

In the glittering sea of lamps flirtatious flitting boats tremble marvelously on your agitated legs swimming in the lower deck of a brocade evening dress.

Suddenly we are missing persons like needles in a labyrinth of tinfoil.

Some things we take personally – stretch limousines, moulting squirrels in Central Park and the metal body of dead freedom.

In New York most of all it's getting dark.

The glittering darkness lights up.

The thousand-armed luster of the mega city writes Einstein's message about the speed of light every evening on the gleaming surface of the water.

And again before the dusk the silver screen of the New York sky floods with hectoliters of Hollywood blood.

Where does the empire of glass and marble reach? Where do the slim rackets of the skyscrapers aim?

God buys a hot dog at the bottom of a sixty-storey street.

God is a black and loves the grey color of concrete.

His son was born from himself in a paper box from the newest sort of slave.

(2002)

NEW YORK (Canadian English)

In a horizontal mirror of the spreading bay the points of the angular city are piercing the starry sky.

In the glittering sea of lamps flirtatious sequenced boats capsize marvelously at your attractive legs as they swim in the lower deck of a brocade evening dress.

Suddenly we are lost like needles in a labyrinth of a tinfoil.

Some things we take personally – stretched limousines, molting squirrels in the central Park and the metal body of a dead freedom.

It's getting dark In New York.

The glittering darkness lights up.

The thousand-armed chandelier of the mega city writes Einstein's message about the speed of light every evening on the gleaming surface of the water.

Just before dusk the silver screen of New York sky is flooded with hectoliters of Hollywood blood.

Where does the empire of glass and marble strive? Where do the slim rockets of the skyscrapers aim?

God is buying a hot dog at the bottom of a sixty-story street.

God is black and loves the grey color of concrete.

Son was born from himself in a paper box from the newest sort of a slave.

(2002)

THE REPORT FROM THE END OF THE COLD WAR

How much is the Czechoslovak crown worth here in the capital of the ugliest women in the world where the only chance for survivor is your photograph?

An English poet, who thinks that Bratislava is in Yugoslavia, but knows that Dubcek lives there, is only interested if Havel is free.

His rhymes, inspired by London and by other such European cities written about the size and dimensions of his desk could as well stayed on his noble table.

I am out of my mind from circus artistry of street saviours yelling into the microphones misunderstandings of their own and other fools, being sad because of simply being.

Before midnight, in the hotel occupied by scrawny poets and muscular owners of private firearms, mixture of alcohol, adrenalin and hormones erupted into never ending yell accompanied by accordion.

Tall, Wide and Sharp-eyed Russian soul blurred by forty degrees heat of Moscow vodka blaring something close to Vysotsky. We don't serve to folks from socialist countries here. Proletarians of all countries, UNTIE!

(1989)

A SHOT

The moment air stops close in front of your face and checks the size of your lungs, the moment the sun addresses you with the agreed secret word, then it'll be clear to you.

The horizon could be crossed and other matters considered.

The heights furiously disclose the concrete constructions of their peaks. In the crowns of trees the telephone switchboards rattle.

You ripen an octave higher.

DAYBREAK

You emerge from beyond the horizon, heedlessly towards darkness and inattentive towards smothering dreams.

You lend an ear to silence moderately like the most distant thunder. It has already been heard how you sound in the motionless bells.

You always dawn astonishingly the same.

Mists, lost within themselves, hesitate, trust neither earth nor heaven.

All creation loses speech, dumbly move its lips, startled so that the words flow back within, to make blood brighter, to make pain, to make them wholly incomprehensible, neither outcry nor buzzing.

Thus nature copies you Always from the outset indirectly, insufficiently, fervent about you disappointed in itself, It imitates current and circulation.

Softly you reproduce your portraits - one after the other.
With a regular motion you manage time.

(1984)

CIRCLING

Evenly and fast always going round it dreams about itself. The old unbearable fan.

Its head makes the circles of a drunkard's breath.
It imagines it is a propeller.
It circles.
It observes.
It sees and hears.
It knows more than the others.

Through its racket regardless it takes the words of the speeches of the café tribunes.

For so long it has belonged to the technical museum, but not till now has it entered literature.

(1984)

NEWS UPDATE

Even poets submit patent proposals.

They are mainly concerned with the utilization of twinkling of the stars, movements of eyelashes and butterflies, sparking of lovers, and pull force of the muses.

Beyond that, I propose a household innovation.

In your modern kitchen, replace gas with neuroparalytic gas.

It will lighten your work and take away all your worries.

(1985)

CHRISTMAS

White angel shines like silica.
Glass panes are decorated with frost ornaments.
The time of wonders and transformations is here.
Most secret dreams will come true;
diamonds are pouring on us from the sky.

Behind the windows, the sparkling wind carries subtle chimes of Church bells from afar. Christmas time with the scent of pine flew into our homes from the bright star. Together we are everything we need.

(2018)

POUR FÉLICITER

May everyone be happy, who owns love, who is not home alone but surrounded by their family. Enjoy together all festivities. Let the New Year's spirit prevail.

(2011)

THE TOUCH

Landscape of a country of miracles.
Beds of the bankless rivers of salty water.
Under them flows a boiling metal.
A female trunk is smouldering in my arms.

IT IS BEHIND THE DOORS

All internal voices squeak and complain about a chilly night.

Armless and wingless, endlessly simplified moon descended from the sky and spread itself right in our garden.

It is already making his first acquaintances.

DRIZZLE

It dawns in your eyes
just like at the fish farm.
Your kiss is cold
on my absent face.
You look at me
through the morning windows just before waking.

Nevertheless I will go unnoticed around your sadness.

WISDOM

Do you want to make a hole in the world? Too bad.
The world is full of holes.
And yet nothing goes through it.

Only you became smaller. Decreased. Do you hear that noise? It lasts and sometimes pretends it is a speech.

You answer the questions that you asked.

As many questions that many answers.

That is that wisdom. With it you like to make a hole in the world. Too bad.

You suffer only because of what you know.

PAX MILITARIS

Peace is not female emotionalisam. Peace is a battle.

Peace doesn't dwell in words.
Peace is waiting for its opportunity hidden in rockets heads.
Fastest peace.
Spreading at supersonic speed.

Do you want peace? Have it. It will come to you in a few seconds.

Permanent and strongest peace-weighs 350 000 trinitrotoluens.

(1985)

TRIBUTE

With a move of arm you break the sky.

Your admirers, to death to you devoted, are in extasy.
There is so many of them, only archive can know them by the name.

And how many more will you charm?!

You want some more glory to add to your tribute, at least a poem, the deflection of loud defile.

I am honored, my noble army.

WE ARE PROFESSIONALS

For us is enough to insert moon into twilight, not routinely, like a coin into the slot machine, and conosours of beauty are trembling in admiration while choirs recite praises.

We are closer to Zenith of course light as baloons. We sing about its monumental emptiness.

We already envy our own past.

IT IS SNOWING

Ice angels are falling from the sky.
In their mouths are snowy fountains.
The imagined curves of snowdrifts are mature.
I'm just watching, hands are not moving.

The cold breath of the frozen flute is waking me up.

CHATTER ABOVE THE GRAVE

Clumsy are hitting lamps like night moths.

Matured drunks are falling down.
In the amusement park, weird generals in a little green skirts are making grimaces.
In the middle of a metropolis, the forest burns.

In the shell of whispering lips you swim in a part of the story.

My heart is beating the rest.