

## PAVOL JANIK, SLOVAKIA

This virtuoso of Slovak literature, Pavol Janik, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. Pavol Janik's literary works have been translated into 28 languages and published in 49 countries.

### PAVOL JANIK

#### A DREAM FROM THE GLASS

*Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith*

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.