

Bridging gaps between poets

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Poetry Out Loud

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Pomes by Pavol Janik

I am Crying You, Morning

Behind the horizon the light is spraying.
The sky trembles 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.

Translated by Smiljana Piksiades

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 spoiled it?

Translated by James Sutherland Smith