

# The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual \* Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel \* Pavol Janik

Pavol  
Janik

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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 Slovak Writers' Society (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in-Chief of the Slovak literary weekly *Literarný týždenník* (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.

## 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 Quatorze,  
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,

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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,

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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 dispensation

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- everything 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,



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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

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*(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.

NEW YORK

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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?

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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.