



Pavol Janik, PhD.

[An Emergency Landing in your Hair](#)
[Circling](#)
[Wiser for your Death](#)

An Emergency Landing in your Hair

Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD. (magister artis et philosophiae doctor)
Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades

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.

Circling

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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.

Wiser for your Death

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(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.