



**Mgr. art. Pavol Janik, PhD.**  
**(Slovakia)**

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

**From**  
**HURRAH, IT BURNS!**  
*(fragments)*

**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.

*Translated into English by James Sutherland Smith*