

AZAHAR

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POETAS ESLOVACOS

TRIBUTE

With a move of arm
you break the sky.

Your admirers, to death to you devoted,
are in extasy.
There is so many of them,
only archive can know them
by the name.

And how many more will you charm?!

You want some more glory
to add to your tribute,
at least a poem,
the deflection of loud defile.
I am honored, my
noble army.

From Hurrah, it burns by PAVOL JANIK -Translated into English by Smiljana Piksiades-