

A black and white photograph of a misty mountain landscape. The scene features rolling hills and mountains covered in dense forests, with thick mist or fog filling the valleys and clinging to the slopes. The lighting is soft, suggesting dawn or dusk, with a bright sky and a dark foreground. The overall mood is serene and atmospheric.

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© Authors of the poems:

Ivan Blatný, Jan Zahradníček, Josef Váchal, Jakub Deml - heirs c/o DILIA, 2022

Josef Topol, 2022, c/o Aura - Pont, s.r.o. Prague, quotations from the work printed with the kind permission of Jáchym Topol.

Adalbert Stifter, 2022

© Photography: Zdeněk Patzelt, 2022

Home Page: Mt. Studenec in Lužické hory/Lusatian Mts. from Mt. Růžák.

Panoramic photos: Velký močál (Great Marsh) in the Krušné hory (Ore Mountains); a morning view from Mariánské Lookout; Václavská stěna (Wenceslas Rock Wall).

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Morning below Trosky Castle, Český raj (Bohemian Paradise) Protected Landscape Area.

Josef Topol

O fair day, if only the multitudes could glimpse the hope of your floating heavens
when morning breaks, and the temple of night falls away into a bottomless,
dizzying distance.

Morning Flute



Icefalls near the village of Truskovice, Český raj (Bohemian Paradise) Protected Landscape Area.

Jan Zahradníček

The house of winds, never still,
the flames that burst forth suddenly,
grey nests borne on their green shoulders,
until they glow red before the coming chill.

The Cranes



An autumn morning at Podjil (Thaya River Basin) National Park

Josef Váchal

Drunk on his own warmth, the sun replaces the soaked up heat with early morning fog;
but when he hides his face, how woefully the land laments this foretaste of the coming frost.

Šumava Dying and Romantic



České Švýcarsko (Bohemian Switzerland) National Park, viewed from Pravčická brána (Pravčice Gate).

Ivan Blatný

The future is yours, free of earthly cares,
The future is yours, pictures, poems, books,
The future is yours, and you protect it.

Old Addresses



Lady slipper orchids near the town of Litoměřice.

Adalbert Stifter

All that we on Earth survey,
Exists through love, pure and true.
They who betray the old duty today,
Tomorrow will betray the new.

Individually published poems



European green lizard at the Šobes vineyard, Podyjí (Thaya River Basin) National Park.

Jakub Deml

We are sounds full of pleasure in the sun, and full of venom.

My Friends



Moonlight: viewed from the U Lvička (Little Lion) lookout. Český raj (Bohemian Paradise) Protected Landscape Area.

Ivan Blatný

Karafiát knew them, down there at the creek.
It's night, dark night, and the owls are having a ball.
Such things stay in the heart, always.

Old Addresses



Spring in Dvorský les (Hill Forest), Krkonoše (Giant Mountains) National Park.

Jan Zahradníček

Even a brother tree recalls,
and water, too – a wild maiden
when she lifts her shoulders.

The Cranes



European feather grass, Pálava Hills Protected Landscape Area.

Josef Váchal

The night is mild. A pleasant breeze is blowing.
The stars vibrate blissfully in the wind. Every so often, they twinkle with delight.

The Bloody Novel







Dvorský les, Krkonoše (Giant Mountains) National Park.

Josef Topol

It's hard to go to the forest these days. Because which trees can you sit under
and not feel that spring used to be different?

Morning Flute



Western capercaillie in the moonlight, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Adalbert Stifter

Down the fair meadows the wind blows and cool seeps from the pale dawns,
o'er treetops, the light of two stars glows, then dims, and goes out, in the pines.

Individually published poems



Morning light below Mt. Luzny, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park

Jan Zahradníček

Gatherings of trees, full of holy unease,
skirts warmed by a distant sun.
A brook speaks austerely of last year's leaves.
Oh, I hope you like the song.

The Cranes

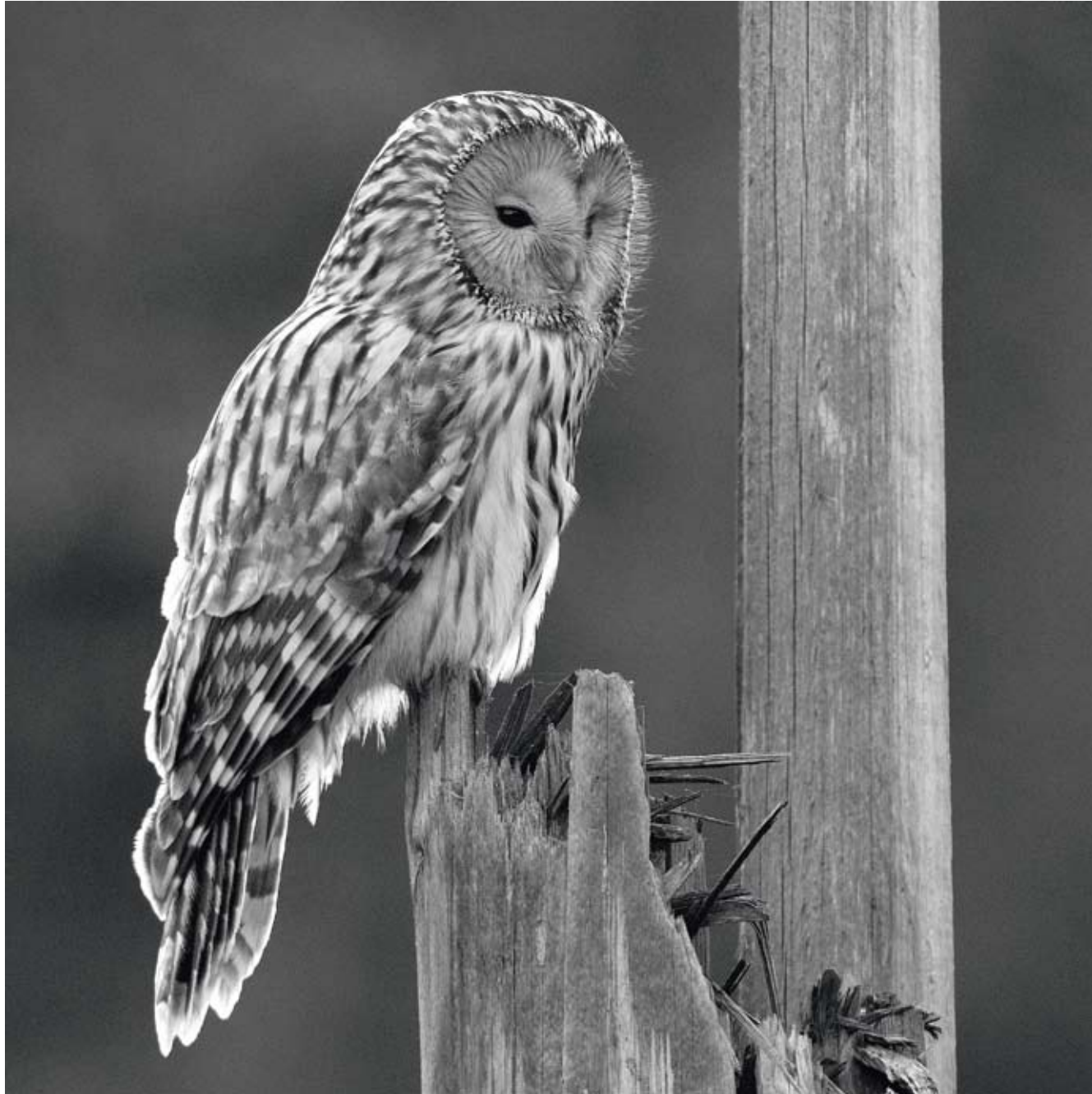


Morning in Braitava Forest, Podjil (Thaya River Basin) National Park.

Adalbert Stifter

With blessings from a blue hall,
a gracious face shines down,
and with eternal goodness
rains holy light around.

Individually published poems



Ural owl, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Josef Váchal

The night owl's hooting, the bats, the calls of the lapwing and the jay have already died down.

The birds of the day now merrily sing their songs.

Šumava Dying and Romantic



Morning near the village of Borová Lada, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Jan Zahradníček

Forests heroically fallen, battlefields – all wounds and the horror of conflagration,
hastily dressed with green ribbons.

The Cranes



The rare *Myriosclerotinia caricis-ampullaceae* fungus at Mezilesní slat (Between-Forest Fen), Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Ivan Blatný

I walk through the forest, the withies cracking,

I and a dog called Love.

Hudeček: *Night Walkers*.

Old Addresses



Černohorské rašeliniště (Black Hill peat bog), Krkonoše (Giant Mountains) National Park.

Josef Topol

There's the wind, and the rain. A storm was blowing? No matter. Earth and sky were one giant whirlwind?

Look, a quiet evening has come, and brought peace.

Morning Flute



Adalbert Stifter

A drowsy breath of sleep
wends its way across the land,
the soul of God looks on,
ever watchful, near at hand.

Individually published poems



Jakub Deml

Will anyone still remember us, Horsetail, when all the trees are as small as you?

My Friends



Pearly heath, České středohoří (Bohemian Uplands) Protected Landscape Area.

Josef Topol

And that refreshing song of hers, do you hear it? Do you hear it?

Morning Flute



Jan Zahradníček

As hand hastens to hand, in its ardour to confide,
So the wood pigeons take wing from the forest's painful depths, wailing.

The Cranes



Ohlong-leaved Sundew, Swamp National Nature Monument.

Josef Topol

Before the dew is gone from the grass, let's witness the silent majesty.

Morning Flute



Jakub Deml

They say, Linden, that if lightning strikes you, all of your leaves stand on end.

Are they afraid of their weakness, or emboldened by life?

My Friends



Morning from Mt. Klíč, near the town of Nový Bor, Lužické hory (Lusatian Mountains) Protected Landscape Area.

Jan Zahradníček

An excess of straw, glistening from my feet far into the distance,
An excess of glances, melting in the dew and the river's hot smoke.

The Cranes







Meadow near the village of Horská Kvilda with bellflowers, sweet violet and hawkweed, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Ivan Blatný

The horse canters, the smithy smiths,
The linden is violet in the softening twilight.
An evening walk. I'll go sit there.
And the beetles sleep on and on.

Old Addresses



Black stork near the village of Bělá close to the town of Děčín, Labské pískovce (Elbe Sandstones) Protected Landscape Area.

Jan Zahradníček

O, be kind to me,
hours, steps, eagles mine,
when, in the wingéd autumn,
my eyes are amazed.

The Cranes



Jizera River Meanders National Nature Reserve, Jizerské hory (Jizera Mountains) Protected Landscape Area.

Adalbert Stifter

And the water that rains down to the Earth from the heavenly clouds seeps into it, and seeps deeper and deeper, cleansing and accumulating in the stone as if in a jug, while the stone holds firm, smooth as a shell.

Individually published poems



Canyon-like valley with the Dyje (Thaya) River meanders, Podyjí (Thaya River Basin) National Park.

Jakub Deml

○ water, glistening in the distance, silver bells a-swinging, celebrating conception and ruin.

My Friends



Klaperův potok (brook), Podyjí (Thaya River Basin) National Park.

Jan Zahradníček

O lips and hands, scarcely glimpsed
through the leaves of years long past.

I hope to find those leaves again,
and the warmth I once felt.

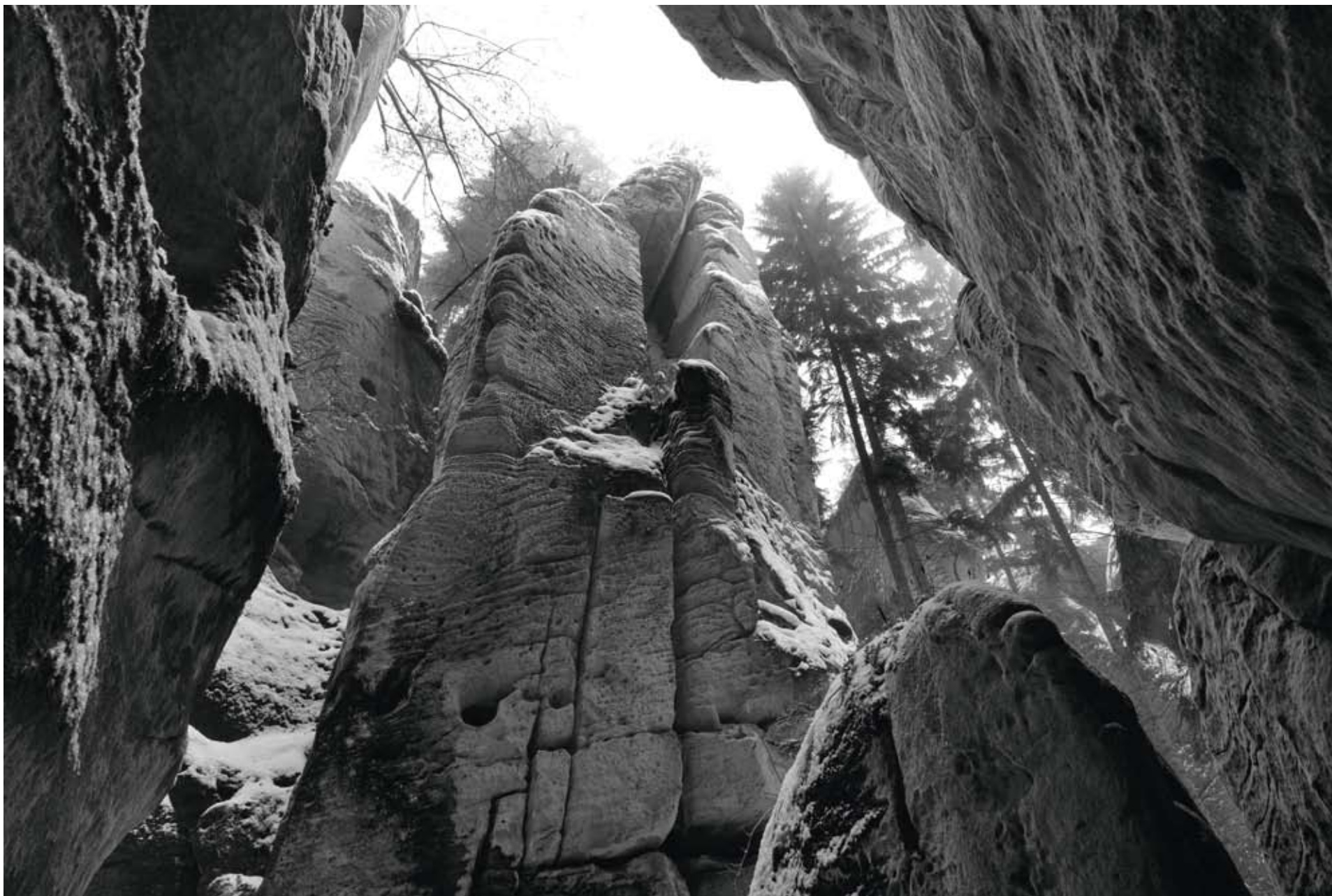
The Cranes



Josef Váchal

But oh, when the weather changes and thick grey clouds hide the sun's smiling face, what a long,
deep moan seeps from the land.

Šumava Dying and Romantic



White frost near Hrubá Skála castle, Český raj (Bohemian Paradise) Protected Landscape Area.

Josef Topol

We all have open arms, we all hope. Sky, do not betray us! Sing out, dark forest!

Let no man despair, let no woman be sad.

Morning Flute



Adalbert Stifter

Cloud pictures fall apart,
slide across the evening sky,
as from the dying mountains
cool mists come drifting by.

Individually published poems







Greater pasque flower, Pocylj (Thaya River Basin) National Park.

Jan Zahradníček

The word rushes, as rushes the blood to the wound's edges, which you, worried, open with infinite tenderness,
just as fingers of light prise open the buds in the silver of March.

The Cranes



Hidden observer, Mohelenská hadcová stěp (Mohelno Serpentine Steppe) National Nature Reserve.

Josef Topol

Come from afar, spring's driven us mad. We're like hot streams, full of vigour.
Shadow, that old reptile, recoils from the sun, and runs back to the heavens, which billow like waves.

Morning Flute



Morning in the village of Rymartice, České Švýcarsko (Bohemian Switzerland) National Park.

Jakub Deml

O Earth! Day was born in the heavens! How much drops down to you, adrift and full of life in death.

My Friends



Marsh gladiolus Slatinná louka (Fen Meadow) National Natural Monument
near the village of Valenka.

Jan Zahradníček

Here only white and black shine and blow; only white and black on the chequerboard day – night,
night-chequered day – oh, for loving!

The Cranes



Morning viewed from Table Mountain, Pálava Hills Protected Landscape Area

Adalbert Stifter

All living creatures hereabout awaken with the sun; to us, though, comes sweet respite,
eyelids drooping, all deeds done.

Individually published poems



Morning in the Obrů dól (Giant Mine) Valley, Krkonoše (Giant Mountains) National Park.

Jakub Deml

There are voices all around, faltering, afraid to speak one name – the forest resin tells of its grief.

Silence



Winter on Mt Studenec, Lužické hory (Lusatian Mountains) Protected Landscape Area.

Josef Topol

My delicate morning, how to take you in my hands without breaking you? Night's on the run.

Dawn has broken its back, it can't blemish you.

Morning Flute



Western capercaillie, Šumava (Bohemian Forest Mountains) National Park.

Jan Zahradníček

Rushing above our lives,
On the shortest way paradise,
The birds whisper so namelessly.

The Cranes

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The original Czech language publication was created to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the proclamation of an independent Czechoslovak state and the 25th anniversary of the establishment of the Czech Republic.

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