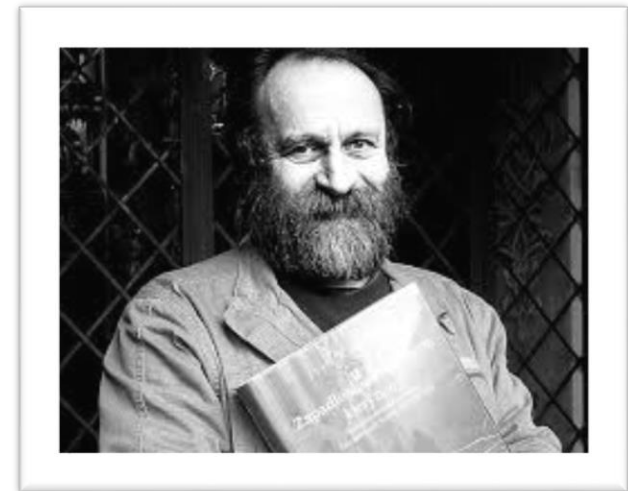
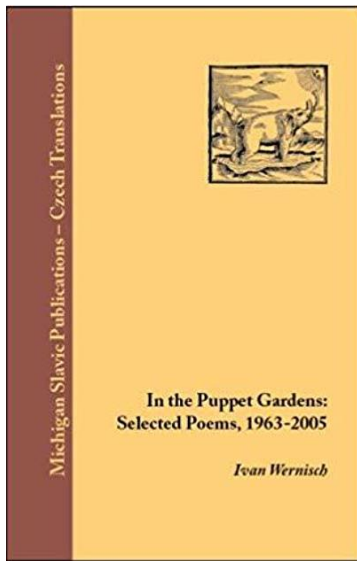




Ivan Wernisch (born 18 June 1942) is a [Czech poet, editor](#) and a [collage](#) artist. He studied Ceramics Secondary school in [Carlsbad](#) (he left in 1959) and has since done many jobs, mostly manual. In 1961, after publishing his debut [poetry book](#), he quickly established himself as one of the best and most loved writers of his generation. During the 70s and 80s he prepared many [radio](#) shows about famous poets of the world (in which he often – true to his interest in mystifications – wrote many of the poems himself), but his books could not be published officially. After the [Velvet revolution](#) he worked in a newspaper. Now he works as an editor in the Current Czech Poetry Library. He is also a renowned translator from [German](#), [Dutch](#), [Italian](#), [Latin](#), French and [Russian](#). His work as an [editor](#) is focused mainly on forgotten Czech poets of the last three centuries. Another Czech poet, Ewald Murrer, is his son. Ivan Wernisch lives in [Prague](#).





AS THE SNOW MELTED

They appeared as the snow melted
Those who had perished in the last days of March,
Then those from the February skirmishes, followed by
the dead of January
In the end there were also several who had fallen in
November
The fewest in number, because there were still burials
back then
Everyone waited together in the matted, golden-brown
grass
And finally here was the river
One morning steam rose from a ship at the small
wooden pier
It had brought chickens in cages, live pigs
The road to the city was open
I began to think of escape