

AND MEET A WOMAN...

Collection of poems

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And meet a woman!

You can meet a woman anywhere,
in city squares or country air.
On holiday, at work, in town,
you'll find her smiling up or down.

That's why I love to step outside,
to enjoy the beauty, feel alive.
At home I meet no one at all,
so out I go when daylight calls.

So come with me women to see,
hurry, run out—let's chase our life.
Step through the door, make dreams come true,
hand in hand. I'll walk with you.

On the street

I like walking through
the Prague 's streets.
I gaze at the beautiful old houses
full of divine impressions.

I love watching them
those arcades
and cascades
and think about their history
filled with euphory.

Even a house in side-street small
can catch a foreign traveler's eye;
its beauty spreads along the wall,
a shuttered frame against the sky.

The view of houses
multiplies
when women pass
along the square.
In Central Europe
choice supplies
a palette others
rarely wear see.

Some favor dark,
some favor light,
some red, some pale
—a varied art;
the north and south
may envy sight,

for here such colors
warm the heart.

Here slim and thick both appear,
a mix not common east or west;
on boulevards they move so near,
yet often pass without a jest.

They rarely seem to notice you,
as if you were a passing breeze;
but still you can attempt a view,
and practice words with gentle ease.

A friend of mine used
to walk around Wenceslas Square
and had five versions prepared,
if the first one didn't catch on
and possible aversion sensed
then another he tried
maybe it would be better.

But it can make a bad impression
to catch women on the street
like a fisherman fishing with a rod
especially when they show no interest.
A man may look like a beggar or even a fraud.

Sometimes it is necessary
to wait for the right opportunity,
to buy ice cream
or look at the shop window, which is easier.

And if it happens to rain
then it would be appropriate
to help with an umbrella.

Become a valet for a moment
and later perhaps a lover
and perhaps even a ruler.

When she awaits the tram's slow glide,
stand by her side and make no fuss;
if she should smile while you abide,
you're already halfway to the plus.

And maybe you'll get lucky
like a friend of mine.
He was so shy
or maybe he was afraid
he'd get punched.
He followed her down the street
as if she were some kind of slut.
Maybe she liked his shyness
or did it make her nervous
or wanted to get rid of him
and so she turned to him:
You've been following me
for an hour and you haven't spoken to me,
so what do you actually want?
To make me nervous
or perhaps on a date ask me?

But in the quieter streets
and narrow paths
and around large complexes
there are few of them.
There, they can't miss you
and therefore not notice you.
Sometimes they will even reward you
with a meaningful smile
or even a flutter.
Perhaps they want to flirt

it is impossible not to respond
or boycott it
but cooperate and get involved
and maybe even love in the future.

In the square

A square beats any street, no doubt,
more women there, just look about.
For men, it's luck from every side,
too many beauties to decide.

Its fame is old, its charm well known,
each town once had a strolling zone.
Where girls would walk and men would stare,
and madness floated in the air.

You'd meet the local girls with flair,
and visitors from who knows where.
You'd time it right, just ten or so,
then see them once again in tow.

If still unsure, you'd take a seat,
compose your thoughts, prepare to meet.
And ponder how to make them smile,
with charm and wit and practiced style.

But which to choose? The choice is wide,
two tall ones there, with graceful stride.
Yet on the left, some shorter stand,
that one looks nice, and close at hand.

Small isn't bad, just look at this:
Democritus, no fool to miss.
He wed a tiny, perfect dame,
no drama, just a steady flame.