

dontwantanything

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Janos Vajda

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There are many kinds of silences,
love each of them,
enveloped by their motionless embrace,
soaking in their tears,
screaming within without an audible voice,
and realise that aloneness,
not scary, not paranoid,
is a lovely solitude
that accompanies us
from our first moment to our last.



Birdman I.

2026 · oil on wooden panel · 60 × 60 cm

reading books
learning science
living alone
without social media
peacefully
with love
like a human bird
in a blue mask



A Lovely Christmas Postcard from Hank's

2025 · oil on wooden panel · 30 × 30 cm

our minds have frozen over
we have become snowmen
standing around ourselves
and pissing into the snow
we stick carrots into our faces
and prance about dressed as clowns



Triptych – 2d Ballon part no. I.

2024–26 · oil on canvas · 50 × 60 cm

tiny pearls roll about in a black frame,
minute crocodiles give birth to juicy eggs,
lying ladybirds pray to the god of ladybirds,
I live in this aquarium; the water is pleasant —
words no longer have meaning; they are only words,
inside-out legs and hands, twisted into one another,
they mean nothing: just data, event, log.



Triptych – 2d Ballon part no. II.

2024–26 · oil on canvas · 50 × 60 cm

Crooked apes
Leaping around their gods
What is this mess around me?
Filthy life lifting itself up
It'd be better if this were a nightmare
But it looks like I'm awake
Teeth on teeth, rimmed with ears



Triptych – 2d Ballon part no. III.

2024–26 · oil on canvas · 50 × 60 cm

The saliva trickles from the life-layers mouth.
It might be sleeping. Is it an illness?
Or, it is a friendly keeper of consciousness
who wants to find tomorrow morning.
Are we balloons filled with empty souls?
Are we orphaned nanoseconds lost by our thoughts?



Insomnia Creatures

2025 · oil on wooden panel · 50 × 50 cm

I'm afraid of people's hopes
because they weigh on me like lead walls
they cut me off from reality —
faith, hope, and longing
the three monsters in the wardrobe
but it doesn't matter anyway



Untitled

2020 · pen, pencil on paper · A4

That might be me
Is that me?
That breadcrumb on the cushion
is rolling toward me
it might want to cheer me up
I feel thankful
while watching the withered dandelions in the garden.



Untitled

2019 · watercolour on paper · A4

I see you as fragile, though you would never admit it
above your stubborn chin sit two sad specks
eyes in the thicket, let us sleep on birds' backs
lean against me, we laugh into soft feathers
reality interests me no more than the weather
it is there, as an unavoidable framework



Untitled

2019 · gel pen, ink, watercolour on paper · A4

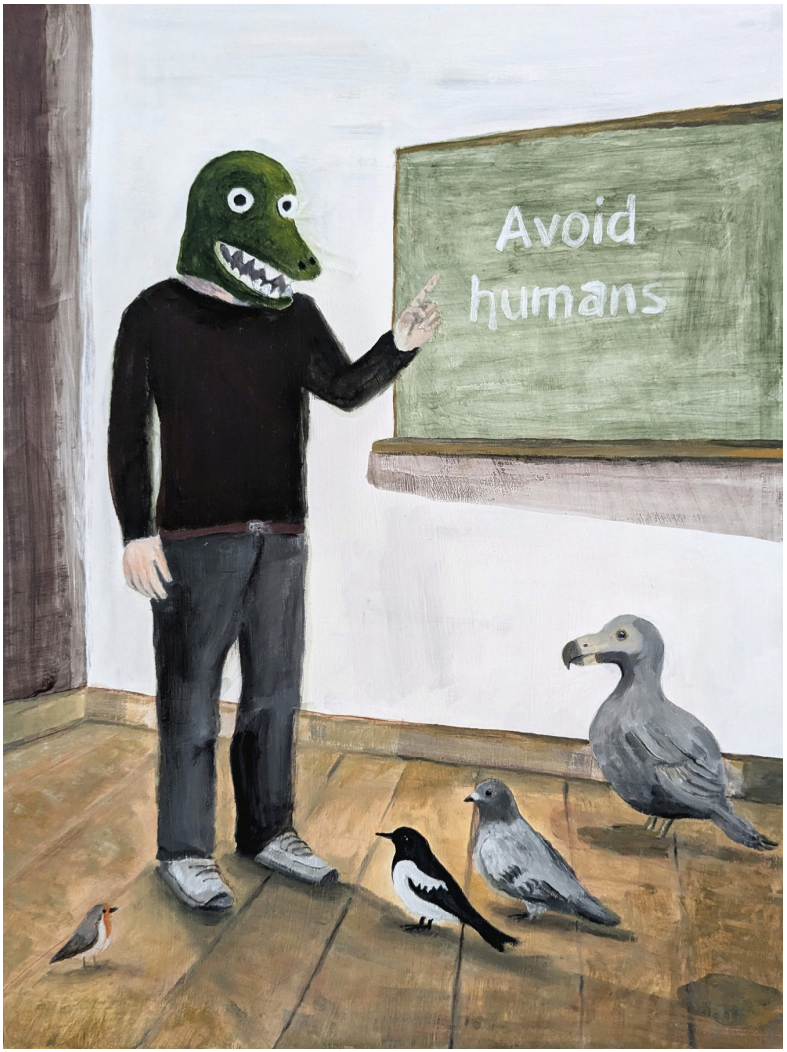
I would give you everything I have.
if you do not need it,
I will leave everything in front of your heart;
my thoughts were cut out,
and I left them on the ground, too.
If you do not want them, please skip over them.
I am about to find the quietest word I can say;
perhaps it is only a sigh.



Holiday, sunshine & cold fucktails

2024 · oil, acrylic on canvas · 30 × 30 cm

The Earth is feverish.
Air conditioners breathe cold air
into its burning face.
Most people still do not care.
They leave for trips, festivals, islands.
The airports are packed.



To My Bird Friends, With Deep Love

2024 · acrylic, oil on canvas · 30 × 40 cm

I want to see the clouds
I want to breathe and touch trees
dance with the Sun at dawn
running early morning
being completely alone
and avoid humans



The Sad Litany of the Vase Suited to the Occasion

2024 · oil on wooden panel · 60 × 60 cm

My smile is glued on with paper tape.
My tears are blood flowing inward.
As if I were fine.
Nothing must show.
A smile vomiting over another smile.
My eyes are thrown into a corner.



Buddy

2024 · oil on wooden panel · 50 × 50 cm

There is no tick-tock, tick-tock.
Only the maddening toll of tick-tick-tick,
scrabbling after the continuous present
as though it were air.
You cling on, to the edge of a razor blade,
you fall, then once again.



The Dream of very bad Croco

2025 · oil, acrylic on wooden panel · 50 × 60 cm

It is always the worst part of the morning.
Being in the same skin,
And realising I still have the same shape.
Now, the only hope is tomorrow morning,
When I might not wake up,
And will realise nothing.



Ventilation Duct Between Oldham and Failsworth

2024 · oil on canvas · 50 × 60 cm

have you ever seen hooded lizards hunting?
at night they roam the streets of Manchester
stalking victims
this city is a living model of slow decay
there are still parks, roads, streetlights
people still live in the houses
but it has already begun to decompose



High-Voltage Electricity Substation in Chorlton

2025–26 · oil on canvas · 50 × 60 cm

We would have room beneath the sky
but the sky is eaten by the night.
Tears fall from what remains of the clouds.
I pull the blanket over myself.
I would sleep as long as existence allows.
A negative increase—
reality erasing my importance.



Harpenden, Hertfordshire

2020–21 · acrylic, oil on canvas · 50 × 70 cm

tonight the milkman's truck lit me from behind,
the maple leaves caught fire;
I'd never seen such orange flames before;
a hush of reverence — as if someone turned back
a peaceful page in a book with no people,
a novel about leaves:
how they sprout, grow, and fall down.



St. Albans, 2021

2021 · acrylic, oil on canvas · 50×70 cm

Watching the field in front of the Cathedral,
those old grave crosses like stout fingers from the soil,
from Mad Squirrel pub's garden
the whole view is peaceful, as everything in this city,
nobody anxious, nobody killing, nobody yelling
in middle-class purgatory,
I did try to keep loving it, and again.



The Old Tree, Verulamium Park, St Albans

2019 · oil, acrylic on canvas · 60 × 50 cm

I lost my legs,
I do not have arms,
I am nothing.
The wind blows through me.
I do not understand
how I can cry;
how can I know these?



Road to Cheadle

2023 · acrylic, oil on canvas · 60 × 60 cm

I smile at the foxes.
listening owls,
The city is beautifully empty,
I follow the faded centre line of the road
If it rains, I laugh, arms wide open
the silence before dawn, those two hours
a refuge of calm, of quiet



Untitled

2020–21 · gel pen, pencil on paper · A4

Brown lines, dots, pink splodges, triangles, purple shadows,
my brain translates these, and they evolve into a garden
hovering behind the sky.
So, that silver patch could be a squirrel;
it is quickly moving and spinning around a line;
it might be scared by another dark blot, which seems to be a magpie.



The Outdoor Furniture

2025 · oil, acrylic on wooden panel · 50 × 50 cm

the back-slapping, matey sort
with an axe in its pocket
the crowd professes self-interest
it worships with devotion
consumes with passion
warped laughter, warped grunting



The Doctor

2025 · oil, acrylic on wooden panel · 25 × 35 cm

tell me something about yourself; you're so interesting.
of course, I just lied
shall this be a dialogue? or the usual monologue?
you say, I say, you say, I say.
no one listens.
the mosquito in the room plays the violin — should I sing?



The Hank and the Hummingbirds in the Blue Chimney

2025 · oil on wood · 70×70 cm

no one has invented gods yet
no one wanted to cut down forests
there has not yet been a human here
so the river is not poisoned
it's good here, I'm just afraid
that sooner or later they will come
to talk, to talk and to destroy

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