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Praha Pět

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YOU cherished whistling through the blinds
must apply the harsh elements
leave my jumbled neurons
with the next notheastern
YOU
shall not be forgotten
just leave in peace

Praha Pět

Brooke Sahlstrom

I'm a stagnant body in motion
pushed along well traveled tracks
gliding amidst foreign crowds
exiting among rundown pastel structures
those reminiscent of New York's projects
just brighter
less industrial

balconies decorated with Soviet kitsch
dogs chasing the wind in grassy dunes
behind this attempted development
trains tagged by locals whiz past
shaking window panes
rustling laundry strung between buildings
threatening every dog in the area
challenging others to conquer nature as well

across the tracks
quaint cottages rest easy
behind fences shaded by native pines
accented with seemingly random poppies
mothers cruise by with fully loaded carriages
no city traffic to disturb their child's sleep

I'm quickly avoided with a slight turn of the wrist
my tousled appearance startles them
It seems that I meshed better on the other side of these tracks