

Prague

Poetry

Sydney Hart

*Silver Arts*

**Artist's Name:** Sydney Hart

**Title of Entry:** Prague

**Category:** Literary Arts

**Sub-Category:** Poem

Smoky Mountain Senior Games

A carriage drawn by twin silver-gray horses  
carries beer-toting tourist at the crosswalk.  
The somber driver sports a purple top hat.  
One horse gnashes at its bit.  
Gray-white foam outlines his mouth,  
falls to the oily pavement in a froth.

A blind woman plays a flute in the Narodni Trida.  
Her seeing eye dog rests his muzzle  
on her sandaled foot.  
The sadness of her tune is thick and heavy.  
A young mother comforts a dark-haired child  
that reminds me of you.

At the tram stop, a thin man with watery eyes  
holds a long-stemmed pink rose.  
Its petals almost touch the pavement.  
Another man with a steel-wool beard and dusty overcoat  
shuffles quickly along the sidewalk in talking shoes.  
A marble-eyed Australian Shepherd follows in his shadow.

They pass an old woman with her babushka-ed head  
in her claw-like hands,  
squatting, rocking on her heels next to a battered tin cup.  
Someone tosses in a twenty-crown piece and the clatter startles the dog to jump,  
but the old woman just keeps rocking,  
like an adagio metronome.

Back at my room in Masarykova  
a Prague storm trembles through the halls.  
Lightning electrifies the strong breeze  
blowing through the windows.  
And Napalm tears course down my face  
Like the rain dollops running down the panes.

A tree is downed across from the hotel.  
In a park. No one bothers to remove it.  
We just walk around it  
for days.  
And I study it when I sit in the park...  
As though it means something.