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Black Water in Prague

Gina Neubauer

Western Michigan University

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Is it me or is the tree drunk?
From up in this willow the water under Charles Bridge seems black.
It’s 3:30 in the a.m., what time is it at home? Before I can do the math, little waves lap moon beams in the water, like silver chocolate in a mixing machine.
The shimmer pulls at me; I lose my footing on the limb.

Yesterday I walked into the Square. An old woman stirred liquid chocolate behind a window. Window-shopping is big here.
So are the centuries that pile upon pillars and you can see it, over there-the side of an arch too tired to move. What would happen if I blasted these fourteenth century walls with a high-pressure water hose? Inches of filth coating running off cobblestone into water. Dripping black. But it’s an urge like wanting to run on my neighbor’s drying cement, write my name forever in a place where it doesn’t belong.