
July 2014

In Prague, it rains.

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Recommended Citation

Batton, Ayla (2014) "In Prague, it rains.," *The Laureate*: Vol. 9 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol9/iss1/11>

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In Prague, it rains.

I liberated a cobble from the street today.
I pulled it from the rainwater and sooty grout
like a tooth from the gum.
I carried it in my left hand
through the limestone arches,
under the thickly fluttered leaves
of the shingled sycamores.

I washed it with cold water
in my bathroom sink.
Then I washed my feet
in the same porcelain basin.

Then, we both were free.

— Ayla Batton