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## Istanbul, a Black Bride's Farewell to a Family

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# ISTANBUL, A BLACK BRIDE'S FAREWELL TO A FAMILY

*by Lauren Hoepner*

They say you can't hear the music  
without having to dance.  
Grab the hand next to you.  
Your feet move in perfect synchronization,  
as if these movements are more a part of you  
than just something.

A cigarette hangs out of your mouth.  
You hang out of a window,  
hum a tune with no words.  
You've heard it before.  
But make it up as you go.  
When you lay your head on concrete,  
You know that concrete is concrete.

One of those nights.  
A star is near the moon.

