**Post Cards From Prague**

I

Sapphire light mingles with deep red violet

Rolled out behind the spiky black twin towers

Like a futuristic vision.

My neck aches from bending backwards

My thought leaps forward to embrace them.

Evening comes to Prague

Like a dark, warm, wool blanket

To wrap a weary traveler’s body

At the end of a long journey.

II

Tonight, walking along hard stone paths

The dark Moldau sang to me.

Her voice lifted up from below the streets

Like a duet of a finely tuned violin

And a velvet throated cello

As we crossed the wide bridge

Keeping inside the dark shadows.

I watched a long gray pigeon

Quietly fly through the last ray of light

Coming home for rest

We continued searching

For the way back

To where the night begins.

III

I am here, in Prague.

Store windows dazzle

With ample treasures of Amber,

Garnets and Bohemian glass.

They bulge with heavy burdens of color

And ask me to return again tomorrow.

Come. Walk inside of me.

Touch. Hold. Buy.

I ask “how”?

How will I carry the large glass home?

How will they look when I place them

In a thick glass vase

From West Virginia?

IV

A small ink drawing hangs

On the wall in room 428.

This familiar artist’s style

Catches my eye again.

His drawings hang

In my Pennsylvania home.

I saw him last year in Prague

Standing alone

Displaying his drawings

On Sunday morning.

A proud businessman.

I bought several.

The price was too low.

V

I sit alone

On the edge of the tide

In the center of this night

My thoughts turn like

A feather adrift on ocean waves.

Soon you will embrace me

And we will walk away together.

VI

One by one

He looked at each passport

Seven minutes out of our day

He wears two stars on each shoulder

An 8-pointed star on his chest

A gun on his right hip.

Students giggle in the back of the bus

One asked if he speaks English

He asked if they speak Czech

All laugh at his joke

He is thin and young

And departs with an English “Good Bye.”

We were seven minutes out of his day.

VII

It rains now

As we get our first glimpse of Prague

The thick gray sky

Softens the deep golden fields to mauve.

Distant trees turn from yellow-green

To blue wine mist.

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