I Gaze at her Beauty, The Orlice Flowing By
Garbed in cerulean and
Speckled with beauty
It suits me to talk to her
But something else
Has disintegrated:
A Warhol banana is peeled
Let her sleep as I fantasize:
No one need be unhappy.

Communist colas line the wooden shelf:
Kofola, Vita Cola, something or other
- From within the bottled, tea-
- like flavor
Sameness lurks in the guise of difference
From within the bottled, tea-like flavor
Komol, Vila Cola, something or other:
Communist colas line the wooden shelf:

Chvaletice Power Plant Rumination
Bubbling power graces the Elbe
Offices peering up into the sky
And serenading the fog of war,
Ramparts readied for the next invasion
Chvaletice is a Czech volcano,
Awaiting eruption as the nation
Holds its breath so else-
Awareness born of the nation,
Endurance is a Czech Volcano,
And serenading the fog of war,

Atom Heart Mother in Mala Strana
Yellow twinkling lights accompany
Bombastic music en route to Loreta
Cobbled jut out, but I am not put out:
For I set out to walk past eternity
Twilight is extinguished as I prepare for
dawn.

Bypassed Bohemia
These poems are dedicated to
Johannes Urzidil, a German-language writer
from interwar Czechoslovakia who was a friend of Franz Kafka and also coined the term "hinternational."

Cover: Stock photo of Loreta
Origami Poems Project™

Bypassed Bohemia
Felix Purat © 2019

Felix Purat

In Urzidil’s Woods I First Set Foot
In hills heightened with the
dignity of mountains
Forests do not comply with life’s
obligation to end:
Endlessness pierced by ore-tinted
reservoirs and rivers
Krumlov’s crown, Přemyslid and regal
in spirit
Spied upon by bunkers lurking
in shadows and crannies
Slavdom, diluted, is cautious under
their tenacious watch.

www.origamipoems.com
email@origamipoems.com

Every microchap may be printed
for free from the website.

Cover: Stock photo of Loreta
Origami Poems Project™

Bypassed Bohemia
Felix Purat © 2019

Felix Purat

In Urzidil’s Woods I First Set Foot
In hills heightened with the
dignity of mountains
Forests do not comply with life’s
obligation to end:
Endlessness pierced by ore-tinted
reservoirs and rivers
Krumlov’s crown, Přemyslid and regal
in spirit
Spied upon by bunkers lurking
in shadows and crannies
Slavdom, diluted, is cautious under
their tenacious watch.