

Poems about the great city of Prague

by students of the 5B and 5C

Streets coated with the footsteps of millions of people...
Flowers, shaded by a blue stripped awning.

There was a cafe next to a fountain,
Where smoke from a white cigarette
Filled the avenue and clung to strangers.

Our coats blocked the wind from pressing at us
And chilling our already cold hearts...
Wandering aimlessly in the shadows of the tall
Stone buildings surrounding us.

Chocolate in the windows...
Tourists in the streets.

Live music...
Men covered in gold paint,
Their hats filled with coins in front of them.

Children running around their mothers.
Stairs...
A guitar...
Steaming tea.

Boat motors hummed
And seagulls dove to steal the crumbs of bread thrown to swans.

A statue, a man, a joyous memory.



Prague

A city of love, beauty, felicity, culture, history, contentment.

and yet,

a city of spite, unconvincing, jealousy... and differences.

A city full of envious people unwilling to help others but themselves,

making fun of someone else's misfortune

& remaining just their opinions.

... partly.

Prague has also its bright sides.

Despite several issues waiting to be settled,

both in society and in politics,

there are many positives to be mentioned.

It can be said that the city community isn't the same everywhere.

You can live in a peaceful suburb with loving neighbors and full of friends,

it is this case most of the times.

But Prague isn't just an ideal place to live,

it is also tourist attractive.

It is known for its extensive history

and number of remaining monuments throughout the whole city.

Just by walking down the streets in the city center

there are many various sight-seeings.

Whether buildings, as museums and theatres, or just architectural beauties.

The historical and breathtaking feeling is all over the city,

especially at night.

(and Christmas 😊)



In the center of Prague,
the town of thousands of towers,
I keep walking around,
waiting for you,
to meet in an hour.

I enjoy the hustle,
and the bustle of that city.
Time flies when you're having fun,
and you want to go back,
to the drawing board,
where it all started.

In the center of Prague,
the town of our love,
I feel loved,
burn one's bridges behind one.

My hair is like a flag,
a flag where the wind blows.
Go where it draws you.
Please,
don't miss the boat.



Prague: The City of My Birth

Prague, the city of my birth,
my home since the beginning.

Prague, the heart of Europe,
the dream-destination of many.
An outsider may ask,
What is so great about this city?
To this question, I would reply.
What isn't so great about this city?
What isn't there to love?
I, myself have travelled quite a bit,
vacationed in quite a few places.
But never, have I ever,
come across a city,
that rivalled the beauty of my own.



The different phases of Prague

Prague is a very beautiful city, I must say
But not in any ordinary way

It has many different faces
It changes colors through the year
You can clearly see all the seasonal phases
And sense the ones that are near

Spring opens the way for early flowers
The skies are blue and clear

above the city rise one hundred towers
and you can hear all the birds cheer

In summer crowds of people flow
to see the city's beauty on their own
To take a walk around the river
wishing they could stay here forever

With the autumnal breeze
all the trees shed their clothes
and then those colorful leaves have nowhere else to go,
then fall to the bottom
and let everybody know
that what they see is Prague in autumn
and its beautiful glow

My favorite phase is definitely Christmas
the advent time in Prague
is surely something everyone has to witness

When we stop for a moment with mulled wine in hand
We can truly sense the atmosphere
that rules on Old Town Square

Prague has a certain charm
that I haven't seen elsewhere
the people there are always warm
and my heart will always find its place there



Wake up in the morning to a peaceful sunrise

Feeling like we are stuck in history looking at blue skies

All those historic buildings representing masters' creations

All those monumental castles and churches awaking admiration

Hearth of culture, home of few, city of mystery, not everyone can see through

For someone an experience from historic views, for most just a capital of cheap
booze

This is Prague, a place you will never forget no matter how high or drunk you
get.