

Poems about Prague:

I should be working,
but I'm listening to punk
I'm writing poetry
I'd rather be drunk.

It's half past ten
and the assignment is overdue,
so much happening in the city
so much to do.

My flat is in Prague,
so I can write whatever,
outside there is plague
and it lasts forever.

Living here almost my whole life,
I forget about the beauty of the town,
the only thing I care about now,
is avoiding a breakdown.

NIGHT IN PRAGUE

The moon has already replaced the sun
The speech of the weather comes to inform
The kind that quiets everything,
not a drizzle, but a storm.

Outside the window the glowing street lamp
calling us to leave the dorm.

Meows of cats following us in the city
Statues on buildings whispering to stay
Broken minds without love to believe in
Weights carried in heads for the moment are leavin'
And suddenly, the world went quiet.

Now I wanna dance, I wanna shout
I wanna stay 'til the words dry out.
The feeling like everything has forgotten its brokenness
and every breath was fulfilled with presence, life.
Moments like this,
that's what life is about.

The sun's rays break the darkness of the night,
the swirling clouds in a violet haze,
the loud clicks of my polaroid
capturing moments of lovely Prague days.

And all the taken pictures
Our smiles forever frozen still
I'll use them as a focal point
So I don't lose sight of what I want
More days in Prague like this

Prague, when I see its sunrise
I become so wise, roll the dice and hope my day is really nice
I run downstairs to my stencil and look for the pencil
I was in a rush so I grabbed an utensil
My mind is just so prehensile
I stand here and I draw
Remembering what I saw
Later I stood in awe
Looking at the thing I really love
Prague.

Prague
The city of a hundred towers,
Surrounded by flowers.
In winter the city is nicer,
that's not admitted by Trip Advisor.

The sights and views of the city are incredible,
Even an expert won't be sceptical,
And the river flowing through the city
Makes Prague even more pretty.

Prague

The city in the heart of Europe
where everyone wants to be
sweet like a maple syrup
pretty as an apple tree.

My beautiful hometown, a special place
where I feel like belonging
Prague always creates a smile on my face
walking there feels like flying.