Cavernous mouse hole of a jazz club.
Two French horns, cello, drums, bass guitar,
later accomplished with two velvet beers and
  a ferocious cold,
  smoked, full and bordering
  between the edge of chaos and demolition.
Could be classified
  as elevator music, but
ceases to displease
while new musicians wander
under the naked-woman poster proclaiming
  “If you’ve got a birthday suit,
you’re invited to my birthday party.”
Holding her glass of Staropramen, filled to the
  0.5-litre mark.

Strange caricature of a nose
structure between at least
  70-year-old thighs.
Meandering between the Blue-Green and Love Ballad.
Music unites with
  a sparkly cream drum-set and
beady-eyed cello player dawning
  a leopard print turtleneck and Slavic fingers.
The American offering high fives and head nods
  after each session.
Unable to understand their introductions
so he grips his parliament cigarette of a safety net
  smuggled from the States.
  Black leather
  jacket and pink collared shirt.
Fifteen-year-old statue with a rose underneath her arm, singing “Cherokee” to a thick gold band huddled in the corner. Sliding into menopause male, white-haired and unafraid. Wedged between three Irish girls consuming brownies with whipped cream and cheap Slivovice, plum liquor. Endless Marlboro Light cigarettes, arguing about where their hostel is. I’ll find my way later through the Prasky Hrad and Mala Strana. Almost patriotic, but not quite. Stars and stripes are no longer accepted at most locations.

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