

MALEHO GLENN

• KACIE M. SISEL

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.
Wedge 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.

• **KACIE M. SISEL** is an English major. She studied abroad for winter quarter 2003 in Prague, Czech Republic, with the University Studies Abroad Consortium program.