

Vienna 2011

I don't remember
an exact moment
I remember Vienna,
the city where—
my great-grandfather waltzed

A city of—
whipped cream and gold,
arched windows of warmth,
click clacking streets with—
strangers sitting next to
those lonely,
the soup restaurant
packed and filling

Dozens of others visited,
Bavaria—
with its beech and spruce,
doll-house homes, and
storybook streets
Waterford and Killarney,
with umbrella-flipping rain
dark-warm pubs, rescuing villagers,
and the desire to return one day
Lyon, the most loved
with its ambiance of Rome,
friendly doors—
eclairs eaten, coco dripping

But it was Vienna,
that planted the dream
the first feeling of—
home

by Hannah Grace Greer

