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Poetry of the Metropolis

## **New York**

First glimpse, deep breath, and one step forward

You might not know what's going onward...

The sound of life is crashing down,

Don't be a fool, don't act like clown.

That noise of clanking empty cans,

Well-known brands and Yankee fans...

Stop at the corner, look around.

So, won't you stand your little ground?

The morning coffee and smell of freedom

And still it looks like iron kingdom...

You think you've made the simplest choice.

Oh, sweet delusion of the inner voice!

Another step, long breath and searching glance

Is that the only given chance?

The sound of life is crashing down,

Don't be a fool, don't act like clown.

## **Odessa**

White sails filled with fair wind  
The dreaming look and beating heart,  
Your argument is underpinned  
By skipping beat and flying start.

You are a true pearl of the Black Sea  
The only home for many minds,  
And chilly shadow of the plane tree,  
Will always be a place that binds.

The sunny streets of dear old city  
Are whistling ancient songs of past,  
About someone who was gritty  
And nailed his colours to the mast.

That dear port city full of rough tramps,  
Artistic souls, stale jokes and pilferers,  
Still knows the tunes of local bands,  
Still tells the stories of old whisperers.

## **Istanbul**

The smell of ground coffee, nougat and eastern spices

Fills the hot air and makes it balmy,

The brightness of shawls and carpets

Impresses eyes but makes you dazzled.

The sound piercing your heart... Mullah. Istanbul.

The ancient city of two worlds casts a spell over your mind,

Makes you believe in fairy-tales,

The constant burning gazes of coal-black eyes

Both scare you and fascinate.

The sound piercing your heart... Mullah. Istanbul.