

Bosphorus

Brazzaville

She was married to the Bosphorus
She threw her ring in then she blew a kiss
To the Ottomans and Byzantines
Lying beneath the sea

She wore a pink and yellow summer dress
She kept her hair just like a poetess
She traveled all the way to Germany
The trains and the cold, dark sea

The amber glow of a morning cigarette
On the Istiklal Cadessi
The vapor trails and the tiny minarettes
All the domes in silhouette

Ahhhhh Ahhhh Ahhhh...