

## 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 minerettes  
All the domes in silhouette

Ahhhhh Ahhhh Ahhhh...