

COPENHAGEN

by Toni Diol

When I think of Copenhagen,
even though
I've never been
to the city
of canals,
and bicycles,
she comes to mind

A look of wonder
her face wears
the luminous quality
of those soft brown eyes
reveal she's far away
remembering

that semester
in the enchanted place
of painted bridges
canal boats, trams, trains
long walks in soft rain
chocolate and pastry tours
sidewalk cafes
fresh baked cookies
vanilla, and pickles
utopia . . . until

the coronavirus disaster occurs
Fascination
disintegrates into chaos
3:00 a.m. phone calls
reservations
racing
before the proverbial iron gate
closes
and the pandemic holds her hostage
in a foreign land

2021 Write On! Poetry Award -- Adult/Teen: Winner

Clock ticks
Mad dash to airport
memorizing
blue, red, and green home
facades along the riverfront
as she bids Copenhagen goodbye