

# **POETIC PROMENADES**

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**POETIC PROMENADES**

*poems*

**EXPLORING THE EUROPEAN HERITAGE  
THROUGH THE PRISM OF ARTS**

September 2025

*This collection of poems is dedicated to the  
Young Travelling Program.*

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*Wings are made of feathers*

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I

Luxembourg, Luxembourg

*Wings are made of feathers*

Here borders blur and days are sweet,  
Four languages mingle in each street;  
From North to South, from East to West,  
You'll hear *Moien* ! Is it a test ?

The lion walks, all sentimental,  
With quiet strength, both proud and gentle,  
To cliffs that guard the Alzette low  
And centuries of ebb and flow.

*Grund* vibrates to the sound of life,  
No will to leave, here, dreams are rife:  
From highs and lows, to far and new,  
My years are free because of you –

O you, dear Land, O Mystic flame,  
With quiet pride and global name.  
O Lëtzebuerg, where calmness sings,  
Let me climb on your outstretched wings!

## II

Bruxelles, Belgique

*Look up to the sky!*

In cobbled lanes, where old tales dwell,  
The bells of Brussel softly swell –  
Look up: they rise in silent songs  
As echoes of the past belongs!

Each alley holds a breath, a story,  
Each brick was made of sweat and glory,  
Each street's a paint, each square's a stage  
Where past and present have engaged.

The city crowned in gothic grace  
Like a spell glows on every face:  
Its beauty bend but still not break,  
A phoenix rising for its sake!

Where Europe meet, where laws are shape,  
Where poets found a calm escape,  
O Grand-Place, carved in ash and gold,  
Forever young, you make us bold!



### III

Nürnberg, Deutschland

*Amidst the valleys...*

Amidst the valleys, in the trains of Hell,  
A few thousand brave beings fade into the night.  
Ingenuous men, all flesh and blood,  
Archangels of glory with heavy hearts.

They're as old as the sky, the soil and the wind,  
They're as old as eternal and incurable sorrows,  
Of all-too-human misfortune that strikes too often,  
Which has the bitter taste of countless wraths.

History forgets the names of men in solidarity  
That were good and strong, that weren't to blame:  
Their names, for a moment of tears, circle the earth.  
History forgets their names, but the soul remembers:

The soul remembers the names of people  
Who have the age of the heart, of the mind, and of prayers  
Who go, fading like a cry in the storm during winter –  
The soul remembers the names of people of light.

I walk and I can feel it, an unutterable oath  
Restores in these places their anthems and hopes  
To those who were, and those who are no more,  
And those we mourned, who made us grow.

IV

Praha, Česko

*From the New World*

My mind unravels, lost, alone,  
In this museum of art and stone;  
A labyrinth where thousands of spires  
Point to the sky: oh, it inspires...

The Stellar Clock signs hours in time  
As if the stars were all aligned;  
The Saints come out and wave at you,  
Whispering: *Vítejte, we missed you too!*

O Prague, your beauty speaks so loud,  
Yet, I don't know if in this cloud  
Of gothic domes and ancient grace  
The city's heart has found its pace.

*Vlatva* speaks in murmured bends  
Like echoes of the world back then,  
And, though the years may shift and change,  
Dear Prague, your soul will not estrange.

V

Salzburg, Österreich

*Ode to the summits*

When birds ascend in some place far  
And longing lulls the soul to sleep,  
A brother's voice breaks through the deep –  
Reminding me of who we are;

When clouds decline in sunray's streams  
And loneliness stirs in my core,  
A truth takes flight on golden wings:  
*Humanity*, or something more...

A song as fine as joy of heights,  
As vivid as roses in bloom,  
A gentle earth, a fragrant sight:  
Around me, planets dance and swoon!

From these green landscapes, pleasure spills –  
*Toast to our life that has an end!*  
Drunk on beauty, I dreamed again  
Of the innocent's heart, all still.

But even with the weight we bear,  
A symphony, the lights of spring,  
Even for all we've shed a tear,  
Life is a spectacular thing!

Beneath the peaks where eagles swore,  
The Palace rests, all calm and bright;  
Cradled by mountains, kissed by lore,  
Salzburg will sing – and I will write.



VI

Strasbourg, France

*Words to the Land*

Beneath Notre-Dame's greatest spire,  
Where walls recall the breath of years,  
The *Ill* reflects the sky's warm fire  
As if the sun held ancient tears.

Each district has its special tone:  
Half-timbered walls or *Neustadt's* Road,  
A living poem carved in stone –  
How ? All these cities share an ode !

The rose window seeks for the light,  
Its gaze is singing colored hymns:  
Even through dark times, day or night,  
Strasbourg remains – sews up the limbs.

From city streets to silent parks,  
Medieval ruins to modern art,  
This city guards so many sparks  
And one of them has struck my heart.