

# **IN THE PUB**

**Collection of poems**

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## **IN THE PUB**

**The pub is lovely — you could write verse,  
I try it there when thoughts begin to curse.  
I clear my head, no need to roam or shove,  
I shed my stress and quietly regain my love.**

**For a while I set my duties all aside,  
let anger ebb, let pressing cares subside.  
Bad moods and chores dissolve with every sip,  
and with enough refreshment, gloom will drip.**

**There we dispense advice with practiced art,  
we grumble, praise, dissect each broken heart.  
We argue football, politics, and fate,  
and trade our troubles at the bar's estate.**

**To some it's like a hospital of rest,  
a private cot where one can be their best.  
To others like a church where spirits mend,  
a place to gather strength and make amends.**

**Few places hold that warm, confiding atmosphere ,  
so fit for secrets, laughter, and a prayer.  
Women may wonder why we waste our time,  
yet men call every minute there sublime.**

**Beer is our drink — a national delight,  
it gives us courage, makes the evening bright.  
We need not drink in floods to feel its cheer;  
it's Czech prosperity poured glass by glass here.**

**Through history, the pub has bound our clan,  
it soothed disputes and mended rifts of man.  
Great Czech beer, with golden hue and foam,  
its hop-sweet scent and cloudy heart feel home.**

**Tradition pours from every foaming glass,  
a simple pleasure none of us surpass.**

## **HISTORY IN THE PUB**

**Sometimes archaeologists find a bronze old jar,  
where ancestors kept bitter brew,  
a herbal beer of millet, sour and thin,  
in ritual vessel, sacred to begin.**

**Later the ales grew tastier, more in vogue,  
the Middle Ages crowned beer's golden age.  
At the turn of the 14th and 15th centuries, as stories tell,  
King Wenceslas walked taverns, guarded well.**

Disguised as cook and jester, side by side,  
they hunted plots where murderous foes might hide.  
They found the villains, justice took its course,  
it looks like a farce that saved the king by stealth and force.

Emperor Rudolf II loved the taverns, Krušovice his choice,  
the kingdom's beer that echoed every voice.  
And it was two decades  
before the end of the sixteenth century.

I also often remember  
of Jan Medvídek.  
He was a very clever man,  
it would make a story,  
in the middle of the fifteenth century  
he founded a brewery  
and I've grown fond of it today.  
I really enjoy going there  
and gaze at the beer called 1466.  
I didn't know what it meant  
until the waiter told me  
the brewery was completed in that year.

Names of beers recall old tales and men,  
they tie the present to the distant when.

**When Columbus sailed, U Fleků began,  
a half-millennium of ale in hand.**

**They claim no pub in Prague is lovelier seen,  
where old Czech recipes keep memory green.  
When there Czechs drank beer they nibbled  
garlic on toast — a snack plain.**

**I went there small, my parents by my side,  
we loved the taste though now the price is wide.  
Actors, scientists, revivalists there would meet,  
Jungmann would sip and sort his thoughts discreet.**

**And Jan Neruda, with habits odd and neat,  
after soup a slivovitz, then dumplings sweet.  
He watched the door and sat at his same place,  
a quiet sentinel with steady pace.**

**At Two Cats tucked a modest plaque is state:**

**„Here was sitting W.A. Mozart“**

**When did he come here?**

**When he went to the theater**

**or when he was coming back?**

**And how many beers did he drink?**

**Jaroslav Hašek loved the pub's loud cheer,  
he drank and roamed and wrote the world sincere.**