



3-15-2021

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### Recommended Citation

Tourian, Jill Jones (2021) "*The Invisible City*," *Westview*: Vol. 36 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol36/iss1/4>

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# The Invisible City

by Jill Jones Tourian

I walk with my friend through Nicosia.  
All is new and exotic to me.  
Strolling along the cobbled thoroughfare,  
I see a vibrant, cosmopolitan city  
with countless coffee shops and stylish boutiques.  
I hear German, Greek, Armenian, English,  
see tourists from all over the world.  
Amongst the Venetian and medieval structures,  
near the ancient moat and the old city walls,  
I find a McDonalds, a KFC, and NYX cosmetics store.

My friend sees it differently.  
He repeats time and again the phrases,  
“In the day. . . ,” “When I was young . . . ,” “Back then. . . ,”  
“All this is new to me,” he says.  
The city he sees is invisible to me.  
There was where his father’s fabric/tailor shop  
stood on the corner.  
There was the park he played in as a boy,  
closed now and designated as a military area.  
He remembers almost every shop and who owned it.  
The overlay of his memories color this twenty-first century scene  
and create a city I cannot know.