



*A tapestry of history bathed in red and gold,
A Turkish delight,
As dusk deepens into nightfall,
Amidst an orchestra of changing hues.
Silhouettes of mosques,
Minarets against the setting orb.
The Bosphorus whispers bygone tales of Orhan Pamuk,
My Name is Red, Sunset in Istanbul.*

A impromptu poem by Andrew K P Leung on the banks of the Bosphorus,
Saturday, 23 April, 2011

