

## CANCELLATION

*It's not your fault you woke up at 2,  
not well enough to go to the Temple  
in Antwerp, as you had widely broadcast.  
There is plenty for you to do in Bruges.*

With Carmen Amaya in the background,  
Amida talks me out of my disappointment,  
my blinding mental and physical malaise.  
By now I am already following the service

in my mind, the Buddha's golden statue  
clearly pictured, the sangha, the chanting,  
and you just back from Paris. I also see  
*The Bean* and Joe and Tristan and Oline.

Sunday 20 November 11, 03.00  
Marcus Cumberlege

## HOEDENMAKERSSTRAAT

Walking back along the Broad Highway  
in the sun, my mind goes completely empty.  
Faraway bells, jackdaws yakking. I stop  
at the bridge to put all this on paper.

My 'burnt soup' anecdote caused some mirth.  
Alex wanted to know if anyone ate it.  
Maria, of course! That's why I'm not allowed  
to cook while she's away in Paris.

Peaceful, gentle couples pass. A cyclist  
glances my way. Once more, fear has vanished.  
I have every right to be here now.  
I am a lime tree, I give people shade.

Sunday 20 November 11, 11.25  
Marcus Cumberlege