

# A MILLION COBBLESTONES & ART GALLERY HOSTE

## 2 POEMS ON BRUGES BY MARCUS CUMBERLEGE, FREE CITY POET

### 1) A MILLION COBBLESTONES <http://www.poeziebos.be/VrijeStadsdichterBrugge.aspx>

“Er is altijd iemand om de lasten van het leven met mij te delen.”

– D.W., 5 februari.

Gradually I grow towards the awareness I am never alone.  
Happiness is a disease, and I caught it from Anabel Mondal.  
Moonlight bathes the roof of the school behind our house – a great day ahead.  
I take a moment to gaze at the moon and soak up her healing vibes.

I hear the voice of Atahualpa Yupanqui back in the sixties:  
“Moongazing poet, you have gone blind from staring at that useless disc!”  
Then I'll be Homer, Free City Poet of Bruges, with his long white stick,  
walking on the heads of a million cobblestones. I long for daylight ...

One's very best is sometimes not enough. Good friends slap you in the face.

While I was busy *thinking*, the moon went off to another city.  
That cup of tea you kindly gave me yesterday still tastes delicious.  
“When difficult moments come – and they will! - think of somebody you love.”

*Because you're a City Poet you don't have to write about chocolate.*  
What about beer and lace? Must I translate Gezelle into English?  
*Give it a try in your next life – though you'll meet with some opposition.*  
The Great Flemish Master is laughed at and despised by his own people.  
*Expect nothing better. Cash tills and horses' hooves are music to them.*  
Thank you, God of my understanding, for these kind compassionate words.

Dawn arrives slowly. Our close-cropped tree-of-heaven pulses with new life.  
“El mundo – gran puerto donde unos llegan y otros se van.”  
Am I coming or going? Verdi opens at nine. Chat with Pieter.  
“Goeie morgen,” wishes me a man in black, passing me in my door.

The inconceivable Vow. My two feet taking me to a café  
in the heart of town, past a White Wollestraat Bus – my signal to “pray”.

A beautiful girl on a bicycle very nearly smiles at me.  
The stepped gables in the corner say *Jupiler* to the Rising Sun.  
I'm a man after all. I couldn't help noticing that piece of ass.

I'm here for my daily Flemish lesson, I tell the barman in Dutch.  
5 euro per tas op de Markt – hier in Verdi een hele ontbijt.  
Tucked away peacefully in the back, I *smul* my pistolet.  
What's on the program? Peace of mind, gratitude, healthy attitude.

Hit the road, Jack! Maria will soon be crawling out of the sack.  
No plastic bottles of water with the Moroccans on the way back.

Marcus Cumberlege, vrije stadsdichter Brugge 2015 BRUGES FREE CITY POET  
7 februari 2015

## 2) ART GALLERY HOSTE <http://www.hosteart.com/nl/nieuws>

voor Caroline en vrienden

*Namo Amida Butsu. Namō Amida Butsu. ARNY SCHMIT.*

The sun is shining on this window-sill a hundred yards from my door.  
As I write in my notebook the bells stop playing, just for a moment.  
Maria got up late and won't be there. Women need their beauty sleep.  
Kat-Leen takes my coat and gives me a Green Mint Tea - "to make me a man".

Shaving is not my forte. But I think the artist will understand.  
Maria was shocked by the stubble on my cheeks, thought I shouldn't come.  
First impressions – quite honestly, more “my thing” than Nathalie Rothkoff,  
whom I love, with her graceful femininity and Japanese ink.

It's a privilege to live in a small town where stuff like this is shown.  
A cute lady from Luxemburg was interviewing the man in French.  
I was immediately struck by his *hard zany* sense of humour.  
The interviewer's husband, an Italian sculptor, gives me his card.

*La procession d'Echternach – trois pas en avant, deux en arrière.*  
*L'histoire de ma vie spirituelle – heureusement, j'avance peu à peu.*  
“Waste not, want not. Don't throw your plastic dolls into the dustbin.” Arny.  
Arny – it was an honour to be invited to your great expo.

Namo Amida Butsu. Gratitude to this man of light and life.  
When I got home she was having lunch and listening to the radio:  
a talk in Flemish about waste and want – what happens to hair-dryers.  
(My computer is 12 years old, and the useless keyboard still serves me).

After the Spanish sheep's cheese from La Mancha we nibble a truffle.  
I watch her standing on the terrace, holding her face up to the sun.

Marcus Cumberlege, vrije stadsdichter Brugge 2015 BRUGES FREE CITY POET  
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[www.brugseboekhandel.be](http://www.brugseboekhandel.be) [www.dereyghere.be](http://www.dereyghere.be)

### MEER MUZES ?

**De muzes geven nachtzoen** met Ton <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9kVx0K7yK14> en  
vind je terug op <http://www.poeziebos.be/VrijeStadsdichterBrugge.aspx>  
<http://petertheunynck.wordpress.com/2014/03/27/interview-met-lies-van-gasse/>  
<http://petertheunynck.wordpress.com/stadsgedichten-voor-brugge/>  
<http://www.poeziebos.be/Home/StadsgedichtenvoorBrugge.aspx> ( gedichten lies )  
[www.kantenstad.blogspot.be](http://www.kantenstad.blogspot.be) <http://www.regiobrugge.be/lappersfortpoets.php>

**Van zonsopgang tot zonsondergang** [www.natuurenbos.be/lappersfortbos](http://www.natuurenbos.be/lappersfortbos)  
<http://www.uitinwestvlaanderen.be/10235/het-hugo-clauspad-voor-poetische-wandelaars>  
dagelijks wandelen op rust- en stilteplek waar de muzes wonen & ademruimte schenken  
<http://www.deverenigdeverenigingen.be/themas/item/487-participatiewijzer-voor-brugge-2013> [www.poeziebos.be](http://www.poeziebos.be)