

FIFTY SEVENTEENERS, POEM ON BRUGES

BY MARCUS CUMBERLEGE, FREE CITY POET

<http://www.poeziebos.be/VrijeStadsdichterBrugge.aspx>

If we do not receive awakening in this life, in what life shall we receive it?

Namo Amida Butsu. Slowly waking up and coming to life.
Namo Amida Butsu. Softly calling me from the Land of Bliss.

I sit at my desk *thinking* how lucky I am to have woken up.
The moon has gone down, leaving a glimmer of light in the morning sky.
All the tension and tiredness disappear. Tea-making is dead easy.
I unlock the front door and say nembutsu to the local Virgin.

I am a citizen of Bruges. I shall walk her streets with head held high
now that dawn has definitely arrived. Good things are coming my way!
First Things First. Shall I write a letter to Diane or put my clothes on?
What good things have happened to me today so far? I slept. I woke up.

Namo Amida Butsu. I am grateful and glad to be alive.

Marina is coming at 8 to riddle the grate and wash a plate.
All I know about the Pure Land is: the light comes in from everywhere
and all the books you've read or wanted to read are present in your mind.
This glass of apple-and-strawberry juice was the best drink of my life.

From here I can see the blue & black butterfly I caught in Peru
and the Alzheimer patients passing through on their way to a concert.
Little things, like a talk with *you*, make me happy. What else have I got?
There is only beauty in all I see – you have given me your eyes.

Nirvana is samsara and samsara is nirvana. All One.

Vier-en-tachtig duizend bodhisattvas beschermen de oefenaar.
Ik droomde dat het leven vreugde was, maar vond plezier in mijn werk.

The shortest prayer is "Thank You" and can be uttered from morning till night.
This train is bound for glory. Loneliness, boredom and self-pity got off.
Just a closer walk with Thee. A pussy cat on my knee and a mug of tea.

Think what you want to think, I tell myself. Listen to your favourite song
and let it drown out wearisome rumination and bad memories.
Our own thoughts are hard to understand – how much more another person's.
Children play in the school yard. The afternoon passes. O happiness!

Saving energy and preserving peace of mind, I think of nothing.
Everything and everybody can wait for me for a change – what bliss!
Are these the thoughts of an old man on a green bench beside a canal?
In moments of stress or when I am blamed: Namō Amida Butsu.

The sun disappears behind an ugly building. Wandering seagulls.
Now I put my feet up on the sofa and get away from it all.
A noisy little motor-bike roars past and fades into the distance.

The CD comes to an end. The bells play Namō Amida Butsu.
I'm weary. It's not the moment to make an important decision.
She reads her paper. Nothing moves in the garden. I throw in the sponge.

My heart is a round white stone with 1938 printed on it.
Darkness is in sight. The blackbirds inspect the paths. I am feeling better.
Thank God, Van Volden is only two hours away – my friends will be there.

Humility. *Perpetual quietness of heart. To have no trouble.*

“Jesus, it's a quarter to six!” My wife rushes into the kitchen.
I am lying flat on my bed, counting breaths and saying nembutsu.
I don't know where the energy comes from, but somehow it's coming back.
Meditation that interferes with nembutsu is a waste of time.

Saying Namō Amida Butsu all day, I thank the universe.
Gradually I grow towards the awareness I am never alone.

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[A gift 4 the future of Bruges. City poems from free city poet Peter Theunynck. Tanx to the translator Annmarie Sauer.](#)

[A gift 4 the Triënnale of Bruges 2015. City poems from Bruges free city poet Lies Van Gasse. Tanx to the translator Annmarie Sauer.](#)

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.regiobrugge.be/lappersfortpoets.php>

Van zonsopgang tot zonsondergang 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