

UNIVERSAL PEACE

Just time to drink a coffee
and write this poem before you come
downstairs, bringing soft daylight
into my nocturnal existence

of a British wartime refugee
in treeless, shell-shocked Belgium.
Just time for Carmen Amaya to dance
two more tracks with her tapping shoes

before you switch on the kitchen radio
and listen to the noisy palaver
of useless never-ending negotiations
for universal peace which won't come today.

Monday 21 November 11, 07.30
Marcus Cumberlege

PRECEPTS

I won't die today.
I won't drink today.
I won't screw today.

Apart from that
there is a good chance
of enjoying myself

harmlessly, on Facebook
and in the cafés
and classrooms of Bruges.

Monday 21 November 11, 07.40
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