

SNACKBAR DELICIOUS Brugs stadsgedicht in de Ramadan 2015

Wollestraat, Brugge <http://www.focus-wtv.be/nieuws/moslims-houden-vastenritueel-kerk>

I ask Amida to send me an angel and an angel is there.

It's Ramadan. I'll take a leaf out of Rida's book and drink no more until I get home at half past four and Caiaphas stands in the door welcoming me back from the city to my humble Eekhoutstraat shack.

The noise in this joint is abominable. Tourists compete with TV and no-one is the winner. I could be at home, listening to Gardel or soft Mexican *son* while sweet María snoozes upstairs in bed.

A bay stallion comes clattering down the street. Thousands of small feet (seen through the open door) head for the Church and the Virgin of the Poor.

I recognize a very old baker from back in my drinking days who still has his head on his shoulders, God be praised, and knows where he goes.

I started a poem in Dutch but it didn't add up to much. Too solemn and serious by far for readers in this Moroccan bar celebrating Ramadan from 3 in the morning until 10 at night without getting into a fight. The landlord's wife loses for a month.

Not only food and drink are OFF, I'm told, but sex is not allowed (except for staring at Japanese ladies in the guided crowd) by daylight. I ask my snackbar buddy what goes on inside his head when a Colombian or Canadian beauty comes in for food with a long pair of legs and a "take me or leave me" attitude.

"God understands me," he replies with twinkling eyes, "and shows his mercy."

I push away my Coca Cola Light. I won't drink before tonight. Thirst is no longer my enemy. I can go without food until dinner. My beer-belly will look much better when I'm a little bit thinner.

It's like 1942 in London, during the blitz, when the Ritz ran out of oysters and everyone had to *think of all the starving children in China*. Rida feels sorry for famine stricken Africa.

Athletes are now breaking records on television to loud applause while the last serious customers leave, to take the evening air and the angel beside me at this table smiles and adjusts her hair.

Wheel-chair customers pop in and out. Rida is nearly exhausted
but seems to know what he's about. Those were the days of twist and shout.

MARCUS CUMBERLEGE

Bruges Free City Poet 2015 www.marcuscumberlege.com powered by
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TUNELESS MELODY

I saw it on TV:
milk is bad for you,
sugar is bad for you,

women are bad for you
(too many in one day),
even the air is bad for you.

That's why Japanese tourists
wear face masks in Bruges
and spread their butter thinly.

I'm not a raving maniac
but I do love silent breakfasts
untortured by news & pop songs.

MARCUS CUMBERLEGE
Bruges' Poet Laureate, 2015

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[Brugse Stadsgedichten van Peter Theunynck & Hedwig Speliers. Een kostbaar geschenk voor U nav. driekoningen 2015, de twaalfde nacht.](#)

(de mensen horen haar in dezelfde tuin) HOMINES EAM AUDIUNT IN EODEM HORTO
Van zonsopgang tot zonsondergang www.natuurenbos.be/lappersfortbos www.poeziebos.be
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Bekijk hier foto's van de uitreiking van de Groene Gordel Griffel op de actiegerichte Chartreuswandeling

[Vlaamse Triënnale-opdracht voor Brugge : Kleur de bedreigde stadsgordel groen \(je suis chartreuse \)](#)
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