

## BRUISED KNEES

As you race through this poem  
At ninety-five miles an hour  
Thinking about the washing, the lists  
And the amount of make-up  
You'll need to impress your guy –

Remember the long-legged spiders  
Attempting to climb impossible fir-trees  
In places like Nova Scotia, Iowa  
And other areas of North America  
Where snow-ploughs no longer operate.

Because it's time to open your eyes!  
Because the woman in your soul  
Wears the soft fur of a tarantula  
And bites. Will it soon be summer?  
The trees want to show you their knees.

Marcus Cumberlege, Lappersfort Poets Society

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In dearfull memory of Mark Braet & Melanie Vanbrughe. Met gedichtendag 2007 gelezen bij hun laatste poëtische rustplaats in het Brugse Lappersfortbos.