

CARPE DIEM

Leaving for Lappersfort
Sunday morning in the storm
3rd December 06

Out in the howling wind
Out in the lashing rain
Out on my bicycle
To Lappersfort again.

Sell my old computer
My tables and my chairs
Empty all my cupboards
And burn the wooden stairs

Tell my wife I'm happy
I've found another friend
I'm climbing in the branches
I'm going round the bend

Tell the other poets
To publish what they please
While Marcus sings the praise
Of unprotected trees

Listen to this ballad
Dead poets yet unborn
And join us in the forest
This wet December morn.

MARCUS CUMBERLEGE