

Monday, June 02, 2008



I wrote this poem for a friend whose loudspeakers of his hifi set broke down and who is forced to listen to the sound of the finch. He is an translator/editor by profession but now he cannot concentrate on his job, as the bird is occupying his mind. the bird is free, but the man feels caged.

DE VINK

*Mijn luidsprekers hebben t begeben
en naast me zingt een vink vol leven
Zijn vreugde wordt geuit
in een eindeloos geluid
Hij blijft zich herhalen
en verstoort mijn talen
Zonder dit dominante beest
had mijn geest vrij geweest.
Al zit ik een getto gevangen
het doet met niet verlangen
naar naar de vrije natuur
met zo'n irritante buur*

I drew for this finch (=vink) voor the family Vinckenburg who wanted an illustration for a birth card of their child, their "little finch" . They like the pencil drawing of this cute bird with soft feathers, Apparently they did not realize that it can produce such a annoying sound.

It can be great to be in the middle of nature. but it can also be a relief to be outside of nature. For instance by cycling today through the fields with everything in blossom I got hay fever and i am happy to back to in the centre of the city retreating in my concrete apartment. I just

saw the Sean Penn movie *Into the Wild* about a boy turning his back to civilization and trying to survive in the wilderness of Alaska. I don't think if he is my role model. I like nature, but I prefer culture. It also reminds me of the song of David Byrne *"Nothing but flowers"*:

*Once there were parking lots
Now it's a peaceful oasis
You got it, you got it
This was a Pizza Hut
Now it's all covered with daisies
You got it, you got it
I miss the honky tonks
Dairy Queens, and 7-Elevens
You got it, you got it
And as things fell apart
Nobody paid much attention
You got it, you got it
I dream of cherry pies
Candy bars, and chocolate chip cookies
You got it, you got it
We used to microwave
Now we just eat nuts and berries
You got it, you got it
This was a discount store
Now it's turned into a cornfield
You got it, you got it
Don't leave me stranded here
I can't get used to this lifestyle*