

Poetry Series

**Marc Hurkmans**  
**- poems -**

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## Marc Hurkmans(27-02-1967)

I started writing poetry when I was 17 years old. I started writing lyrics halfway through the nineties, starting to sing in underground rock band Chaos Rules. My main influences, to mention a few, are Charles Bukowski, Henri Rollins, Kenneth Patchen and Michael Gira. I lived in Amsterdam for twelve years, I have also been a vegetarian for twelve years and I didn't touch a dropp of alcohol for five years, if this means anything. I live in Danmark now close to my children. Play drums in Blisters, ersamsterdam and in Ghostship Whorehouse.

# A Flying Dutchman

You took off  
so hopeful

Revolutionary garbage  
out the window

The red lights  
at a distance

Straight through  
the sickening waves

The waves remain

indifferent

Taking their secrets  
to bottomlessness

As you dive

□

And dive and dive

Marc Hurkmans

# Blind Date

Blind date

The rivers run dry,  
as the buildings rise

I turn my face towards  
the indifferent sky

Without wondering why this  
is all happening in the first place

Saturday night, it's hot  
outside, cold inside

Hello baby, how  
are you doing

Let's get out of here

Let's get really gone for a change

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# Bow To The Delirium

Learning to give,  
and learning to try

Learning to live,  
and learning to cry

Learning to see, through the eyes  
of brother Death's forsaken spies

When I saw you walking down the street,  
chances were good we'd find nothing to eat

Paradise lost, in some western town,  
with folded hands, laughing like a clown

The poet gets nailed to the sailor's floor,  
once and for all, he is not a bore

Learning to sail across empty skies,  
learning to fly, learning to fly

Like an albatros

And then I'm falling down

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# Bring Me Your Love

I want to see you  
I want to feel you

I want to know  
your name

I need to call you  
I need to get close to you

I nearly go  
insane

Bring me your love, baby  
why don't you bring me your love

Bring me your love, tonight

Oh, how I need it

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# Deteriorated

Ten long years of waiting,  
waiting for it to descend

It just won't happen,  
I open my eyes

I exist in certain files,  
nobody opens them

Afraid of what they might find,  
I open my eyes

Rolling on the floor,  
as the people judge my work

Afraid of what they might find

I open my eyes

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# Doubt Machine

A free mind will  
always be troubled

A free mind can  
never be stopped

A free mind will  
always be haunted

Doubt machine, what  
are you doing to me

What game are you playing

Are you playing with me

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# Footnote Upon The War Against Terrorism

Every man for himself  
every woman for herself

Every boy for himself  
every girl for herself

Every dog for itself  
every cat for itself

Every tree for itself  
every bush for itself

Every land for itself  
every band for itself

Every plant for itself

Every planet for itself

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# Gates Of The Unknown

If it was  
up to you

What would  
you choose

How would you  
want to die

Watching television,  
reading a book

Watering plants,  
talking to friends

With your loved ones around your deathbed,  
watching you slowly disintegrate

Like a plant,  
a vegetable

It would be so great to die fucking,  
and do I even need to explain why

After hours and hours  
of endless lovemaking

And you know that you are  
93 years old and she is 39

And you've seen it all,  
and you've heard it all

The universe no longer holds  
any challenges for you

What could be more desirable  
than to die into your lover's arms

And maybe she would prefer to die too,  
why stay behind with a bleeding heart

And so, after hours and hours  
of endless lovemaking

As the very last drops of your precious  
semen enter her secret love tunnel

(And don't forget that a billion potential  
human beings get murdered here)

At the very highpoint of the act, let  
brother Death take me by the hand

To carry my 93 year old and very dead body away

Through the very gates of the unknown and beyond

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# Lord Of The Rings In The Toilet

Oh lord,  
oh my lord

Lord of the rings  
in the toilet

You are what you believe that you are

Do you believe in what you are

Marc Hurkmans

# Middleaged Overweight Trauma

My life just left me, but I really don't care  
I choke on my heartbeat, and stare and stare

No more activity, I'm bored till I die  
another weekend, don't ask me why

So many dreams that never came true, I should have  
dragged my own life through the fire and burn

But now I sit here like an overfed whale, spitting,  
and my mind slips away all the time

Middle-aged overweight trauma,  
what can you do

Middleweight over-aged drama,  
what can I do

Nobody left, no solution at all,  
nothing remains as I crawl and crawl

Irony takes place of the truth,  
how I laugh at the youth

The kids grow up and they hate my guts

They know all too well that I'm finished for good

Marc Hurkmans

# No Justice, Just This

Children in the street with nothing to eat,  
living like animals, no shoes on their feet

How can you live one more single day  
without looking the other way

The truth is too terrible, nevertheless

It's a beautiful world out there, I guess

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# Peanut Butter Sandwich In The Sun

Melting, shifting,  
endlessly drifting

Everywhere I look, there's  
no flagpole in sight

All the beautiful  
sunbathing people

Just spread about, and  
there's no place to hide

Peanut butter sandwich,  
peanut butter sandwich

Peanut butter sandwich  
in the sun

No history going nowhere  
in my hot burning yard

No mystery just lying there  
with my heart yearning hard

But you have to get up, but you have to  
get things done, but you have to be someone

The sand warms my face,  
I will leave no trace

Behind my broken smile

A new space appears

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# Real Life Only Happens In Movies

Men becoming dogs  
when confronted with women

Women playing games

With what's left of the men

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# Selfless Is More (1)

Dust piling up  
in corners

Being thrown from one corner  
of the living room to the other

Trying to find a deeper meaning  
in the humming of the fridge

As not even the loudest music can  
fulfil this silence in my heart

Does man have a self,  
if so, my self has me

My self has me  
by the balls

Which means I'm having sex after all

With the one who loves and who hates me the most

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# Shortcut

You will miss me  
when I'm gone

To this place  
I don't belong

As you wonder  
what went wrong

I will be

Forever gone

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# Son Of Cioran

Bring me endless rain, unstoppable storms  
on the planet, to wash this terrible calm away

Turbulent waters will forever haunt humanity,  
'SUNNYSIDE DOWN' on your t-shirt

Don't bury me in Paris,  
just feed me to the birds

Their wings will spread the Word,  
as the shit piles on your head

All histories have been written,  
time to say goodbye no more

The bell tolls for everyone

Not only for the sun

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# Suckers For A Cause

We are the bullshit warriors,  
and we don't care

We are the bullshit warriors,  
and we're everywhere

'Cause we're suckers

Suckers for a cause

Marc Hurkmans

# Term Of Enbeerment

Strategically sitting there  
at the end of the bar

Waiting for the world

To begin

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# The Drunk Salomon

Forever upstream,  
forever upstream

Forever

Upstream

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# The Spider And Me

There's a guest in my apartment today, a tiny little spider, that build its web in the bathroom window

Fascinated I stare at its marvellous creation, which is almost invisible

A spider's web is what I call a work of art, and it's presented here just for me

Without a reception, without cheap wine, a bunch of smartass people and their smalltalk

I stare at the spider, I can't see if the spider stares back at me

There it sits, in its own web, in totally quiet determination

This is what I call a great artist, who doesn't need other's justifications

It is superior to me, that's for sure, it doesn't take long, before I start to get a little bit angry at the little bugger

Come on, do something, you self-satisfied little prick

Aren't their any flies around, no, I cleaned my place meticulously

This little spider here, it's putting me to the test

How easy it would be to destroy this pathetic creature, that thinks it can outsmart me

Don't you dare to come into my apartment and just sit there and stare right through me

By the way, nature's  
laws are merciless:

No flies, no food, no spider

So for now, our relationship is in perfect balance

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# The Young Man And The Beach

Ship surrounded by one thousand sharks,  
rain pouring down, it's almost dark

No place to hide and no place to go, time  
to say goodbye, and no time to say hello

Too much to think and too much to know,  
too much to drink, but not enough to show

And then we talked and we talked and we talked some more,  
and then we drank and we drank and we drank some more

And then we danced and we danced and we danced some more

And then we laughed and we laughed and we laughed some more

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# Tit

It feeds on itself,  
it never gets enough

It has a mind of  
its own, it seems

Your head is its prison,  
inside it has free play

Dreaming your dream  
of freedom for you

The mind's eye, the  
rat's stare into finity

It has a mind of its own, it seems

Don't worry, it's all yours

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# Tracks In The Snow

Hard-to-read graffiti,  
on the frozen walls of this world

Hard-to-deal-with gravity,  
on every corner a beautiful girl

Fingers outstretched to the whiteout,  
with eyes that burn what they see

Inside my cell the landscapes grow,  
but horizons never show

Tracks in the snow,  
why follow, why follow

Why follow  
the cold

Political aspirations, media-fed mediocrity,  
poetical interventions, becoming less and less

Blocked inside this sadness,  
with eyes that hurt as they see

Stuck in endless circles

Less and less, more or less

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# Twin Towers

□

I, the man, you, the woman,  
we, a world that's lost forever

Twin towers,  
nine one one

Osama bin Laden,  
the war against terror

Haven't we already lost it, living in fear  
before those airplanes learn to fly again

Twin towers, a world  
dictated by opposites

Islam, christianity  
capitalism, communism

Men, women  
cats, dogs

Good music,  
bad music

Before nine one one, was the  
world more or less our home

Home sweet home,  
home sweet home sweetheart

Is there a place for us,  
underneath the sun

In the burning night, waiting for eachother

To collapse, into eachother's arms

II

I, the man, you, the woman,  
we, a world that's lost forever

Why does love never work,  
at least not for a long time

If you know the answer to that question  
you hold the key to the universe in your hands

Home is where the heart is,  
home is where my art is

Music sweet music, to be  
blown away by amplifiers

By the sound and the  
energy and the light

To hold the key to the universe  
in your hands for a while

Like in a landscape of brilliant city lights at night,  
the fast lane is where to shake off the pain

Inside beats this engine called heart,  
until all braincells start their witchdance

Free animals in wildest places,  
I welcome you

For a while, we escape from all this,  
transcendence as a means to an end

But the brilliant nights never really end,  
living on in our nerve systems, until we meet again

In the few forbidden places that are left

Underneath the sun

### III

I, the man, you, the woman,  
we, a world that's lost forever

Sometimes I miss you more  
than I miss my own life

To be carried away  
on angel's wings

You  
you know

You know it  
you know it wouldn't last forever

But always there is hope,  
as long as your heart beats

As long as you refuse to change the sheets,  
and the smells remind you

Home sweet home,  
home sweet home sweetheart

I wanted to create a place where  
our children could grow up safe

Now all I have to offer  
them is ground zero

Ground zero, let the  
countdown begin

Don't worry,  
be unhappy

Because unhappiness is a far  
greater source of inspiration

Ground zero

Let the countdown begin

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# Wild Life

I am going out tonight,  
now I'm going to do things right

She will take me by the hand,  
lead me to the promised land

We will look into our eyes,  
we will see through all the lies

We will make a perfect pair,  
I will even care

But then it starts again  
and again and again

Things will go astray,  
and again and again

She will get confused,  
and again and again

And I will walk away,  
and again and again

Never alone again, on my own again

Never in love again, on my own again

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# You'Re Blocking My Sunlight

I buried my friend the other day,  
but today is another new day

There is a hole in my heart today,  
but today is another new day

I've got a new place  
in my heart today

Do you want to be my new friend today

Today is another new day

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