

At the Water's Edge

Now that I will never be from here
and stem from elsewhere more each day

yet now that I have lain out a street
in a bend at the water's edge

a site equipped for a child,
a birch and some roses,

now that the child along future towpaths
in years to come will stem more and more

from that street along the fast water
between the old birch and the roses

I will never be more from here than now.

Bernard Dewulf's first poem as Municipal Poet of Antwerp is a reflection on 'origins' and on how, even after 20 years, this still can't be taken for granted.

Bernard Dewulf
Municipal Poet Antwerpen
Translated by Astrid Alben