



**Yorkshire Love**  
**Poems**  
& other Desperate  
Stuff

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Volume I

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## **That old permed hair**

That old permed hair  
Wet, on a wet afternoon  
That old permed hair  
Deftly weaving hides the inner gloom

That old coal fire  
Crackling, on a stacked up afternoon  
That old coal fire  
Slightly breathing, seeking out the moon

That old worn carpet  
Bare and thread-less, dreadful afternoon  
That old worn carpet  
Woven dreams, cold cared less room

That old absolutely nothing  
Nothing to do, on a nothing afternoon  
That old absolutely nothing  
Corrupting, dividing, stopping too soon

That old paint pot  
Blues and gold's, a painting afternoon  
That old paint pot  
Gleaming, seeming, bright eyes illumine

That old red pen  
Worlds unfold - rolled by in the afternoon  
That old red pen, groping hoping  
Swaying, slowly swoons away the doom

## **That same old inconsistency**

That same old inconsistency  
Always the same  
Old inconsistency  
Continues, always along that same old  
Road to incredulity

Segregated – why, to write  
Egress outward to words  
Release, unleash forgotten depths

## **Red blossom bloom beyond orange**

Red blossom, bloom beyond orange  
Climb from behind leaves of gold and green  
Whitewashed walls, galleria to house within  
House within - thoughts from within  
From outside green

Georgian wall to Christian chapel  
Stone to soul to stone again, to Calgary green  
Pathways to pictures - snapshots in time  
Crushing sandstone underfoot  
Scoured moss, grown green

**Sear shine move blue flame to blue**

Sear shine move blue flame to blue  
Waken, exult, arise the blue to angels blue  
Each one that walks, each step so light  
Move to be, let each one be

**And so we go our own way**

And so we go our own way  
Paths not trod before  
Each bracken broke  
We break anew

And know this way to be our own way  
Our own not known before  
Each thought awoke  
We think anew

Light and might; walk our own way  
Stealth of stride alone no more  
Each slight incitation  
We incite anew

## **Simultaneously stomping stamping smashing down the stars**

Simultaneously stomping, stamping, smashing  
down the stars  
Entrance, what an entrance, crashing, lashing,  
loads of noise  
Argument, discord, simultaneous stacking,  
lacking thought  
Pulling, mulling, togetherness ensues -  
Chocolate drops consumed

## **An absolute Datsun of corrosion**

An absolute Datsun of corrosion  
A Fiat amongst rust, punch-marks  
Pitted fabric - bubbled and crumpled  
Pinholes for daylight to shine through

But this is no Japanese pock-wagon  
No Italian prima bonnet

This hack-hazard example  
Of imperfection profound  
Is taken from nature  
It is a leaf, a leaf on the ground

## Each and every way, walk and weave

Each and every way, walk and weave  
Stories unfold, untold dreams, carefree  
schemes, wonders fall and flash, strike white  
light beyond the here and now; pink, cyan  
crimson cruise – muse, squander, wander  
through

Hebrew slaves march on in magical music  
time, rhyme, rhyme and reason, season  
changing - ranging gold's and brown  
Sounds around of rain and sleet and snow  
slowly move; groovy, groovy blue jeans

Prance dance - life in youthful pzazz!  
Pzazz! all that jazz, zzz zazz  
Cry for the beauty of youth

## Aye lad we`re watching Coronation Street

Aye lad we`re watching Coronation Street  
An` today on the phone to that Manchester  
lass – a sort of broad, vocal, happy laugh  
filled the air, and filled the moment  
Void of anything except innocence  
Happy asking directions to deepest Devon

Aye lad, you see it`s the simple things  
Simple and complete communication  
Keeping speaking souls sanguine  
Lately we`ve been forgetting  
Later perhaps regretting  
Sometimes, sometimes maybe not even that

## First page

First page  
Travelling inter-city  
Calling everywhere in-between

Second page  
A long way away  
Rolling dreams, expert schemes

Third page  
I smile at the order  
Strolling through my moonbeam

In-between moonbeams  
and rolling dreams  
I think, of the next page

## Elvis lived to change the world

Elvis lived to change the world  
So he did he died a fat unhappy man

Maxwell lived to change the world  
So he did he died a complicated Sam

Lennon lived to change the world  
So he did he died a gunshot man

Gorbachev lives to change the world  
So he does how he will die

## Forgetfulness

Forgetfulness

The after shave is still in the drawer

Thoughtless

The memories of a past left behind

Thoughtfulness

Not able to forget to care

Careful

Alive to thought, able the memories to share

## There, there was something in the air

There, there was something in the air

An air of how shall we say, not what you  
were expecting

The darkness had turned to light, the  
crescent moon, and solitary star, were soon  
to leave the sky

There, there was an essence of wonder, a  
sense of joy

Of course at the beginning, even of an  
unknown course, the feeling of despair is  
seldom there

This occasion, in that respect, then was not  
unusual

But the something, that was...

The carved stone pillars sunk far  
underground, extracting strength from the  
iron core on the one hand, on the other they  
reach for the stars, implant energy with  
photosynthesis - but go lightly, beware,  
something is...

Reach, reach for the ticket  
Reality is coming to comment on life  
Darkness makes a mirror of the second class  
glass, no escape now from the wandering

eyes of the wandering, wonderful people,  
each one feeling, yes something is there

Diverted from our original flight, or flight of  
fancy the sun broke through - as we broke  
through the clouds to see a December day  
not bettered in many a year

We rose, but chose not to rise so soon, even  
for a moon, in a silver morning sky

## **I take your point about sculpture**

I take your point about sculpture  
To fondle, to feel - to caress ones art  
The tactile sensation from smooth rough  
surfaces in ones mind, in ones body

I feel so with a word - that on occasion  
the harshness, the bluntness juts out  
Bits prickle to prevent its use  
Obligatory is a word such for example

Sensual is more a favourite  
Perusal is  
similar in make up  
yet still she slightly grinds my teeth

Round marble onyx, images of strength  
words to fondle – words to feel warm with:  
Hot oil on thighs  
Bronze between legs

## **Reading, imbibing other men's words**

Reading, imbibing other men's words  
Sleeping, declining even to observe  
Talking of this, and that - that's all  
But talk, that's not small that's life  
It's larger than the written word  
Absurd how little goes on

## **I stare at the blank piece of paper**

I stare at the blank piece of paper  
My thoughts all over the place  
At work, at play, at rest  
  
Melancholy could be allowed to enter  
Saturday night, in bed by ten, all alone a long  
way from home  
But more than this is needed for the basis of  
despair

Imagine one gene from where their is energy  
Imagine more than one, a cellar-full of  
cells...

Where is energy

Meditation calms, relaxes, releases minds  
energy

Where is energy

Lucozade gives glucose, gives body energy

Where is energy

Alcohol stimulates, inebriates, eventually  
suffocates energy

Where is energy

Nicotine infiltrates to create headache energy

Where is energy

Passion rouses, bodies warm fluids flow  
in a flood a burst of energy

Wow, there is energy

Wow

## A glass topped table

A glass topped table, a family fable  
Summers sun, on a winters day  
Winters fun, table top rays of light

Five years from now will once again be,  
a chance to see, a most pleasant horizon  
As of course, so will tomorrow, today

Sun, light, laughter - a smile of satisfaction,  
a smile of surprise; tease, touch; tell on  
one to one - sun, light, laughter

Hair stands on end, fingertips tingle,  
words become worthless

Unable to capture emotion  
Or the moment that seemed to,  
that wanted to, last forever

Those old sloping margins arise once more  
my friend  
Will you truly, send me to the white coated  
men?

If so, can I wear a shiny black suit, with a  
deep red rose?

## **Recollecting past emotive feelings**

Could I have conceit to deceive myself?  
How can I an ordinary man  
imagine how a woman would feel

Not made of steel, not mechanistic  
An individual with owned personal  
thoughts and feelings

How could I have deceit  
to conceive in myself  
That I a man

Can not imagine a woman  
Should steal her-self, not to feel  
The receipt of a flower with a smile

## **I laugh on my own, but I am not alone**

I laugh on my own, but I am not alone  
No - you are here, you do not disappear

Is this the same for lovers in grief?  
The disbelief of friends and family  
Who do not, can not, understand

You have not gone - not away  
Just to another restful place  
Where I join you everyday, with grace  
In my own, gentle, peaceful way

## **I have taken a lot of pleasure**

I have taken a lot of pleasure  
from this paper and this pen  
Difficult to commence  
Indefinable intent

In between: visions, missions  
from black to gold heaven sent  
Pleasures taken for real  
by the person, not the pen lent

Even more difficult to begin  
not to know what is meant  
In between a total loss of control -  
Flotillas of clouds,  
windblown thoughts bent