

Mother Nature; Painted Toenails

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Watercombe

I came to this place
Almost twenty three months ago
Then, as now, the sky was blue
And the river tumbled and splashed

In between the then and now
Turbulence has been maintained
Turbulent mind, turbulent body
Turbulent health, turbulent wealth

The sheep graze these windswept moors
Lambs born amongst the driving rain
Alongside the gorse and reed
Crop cut grass pleads to grow

Bleats break the
Waterfall of springtime silence
Alone amongst a thousand acres
Chasing mother, mother-nature

Against the rain

A scrap of paper – a smooth
boulder - I gaze on the white May moon
Soon another train will rattle; tittle
tattle, the radio waves are carried home

I miss too too -
I walk alone against the rain
You, you, you - I miss you,
I miss that white May moon

Sunrise seashores - hold hands,
feel warm - touch life at the fingertips
soon another bolt will blossom
roam to the frequencies of home

I miss too too -
I walk alone against the rain
You, you, you - I miss you,
I miss that white May moon

Elements touch - we touch together
Pleasure - pleasure the treasure of
fondling - long for that life to return,
exploit unlimited fields of emotion

I miss too too -
I walk alone against the rain
You, you, you - I miss you,
I miss that white May moon

Last time

Always on the last line
Cynicism less than sublime
Always follow the light
Twisted stabs in the dark

Perhaps this is a breakthrough
But see here I go again

Climb high in mind and mood
Fly at thirty thousand feet
For every high spot
Put on the leaded boots

Aware that I am in command
I turn the lights up brilliant bright

On this occasion there is no
Last line:
See
Nearly - I so nearly made it

Weaving wire

Painted toenails the giveaway
Symbolic richness, island castaway
Painted toenails, cymbal stroked lightly

Brushed with sensuous sensitivity
Tingles for Mr. Bojangles
Such a sweet, bright, lightness sight

Dance until midnight
Talk thro' to dawn
Excitement of acquaintance

Wake of a bright new morn
Gang-time of a breakfast
Rich stories, with secret smiles

Weekend life and weeks away
The wonder of the why
The magic to find out

Burst visions no more to know
Broken dreams, apart a pastime
Painted toenails; rhyme not reason

Line and lineage

I lose myself in poetry
I lost myself in life
I find myself in poetry
I found myself in life

In illness nothingness brings calm
In health restlessness brings chaos
A loss of concentrated thought
A linear progressive decline

Always a regret of bodily abuse
Always an ability to continue misuse
Possessions, provisions, personal love
Tripartite imbalance of action and deed

The myself that I find in poetry
Can that I be found in life!

October

Of course because of reason
One can consider to care
Because the reader is especial
Fine reason for words to share

Play

On every one occasion
Yes every time we meet
A special little happening
Yes dancing little feet

On every one occasion
Simply washing dishes sleek
A separate memory moment
Yes dancing cheek to cheek