

A vintage covered wagon with a dark, rounded canopy and wooden frame is parked in a field covered with a thin layer of snow. The scene is set during sunset, with warm golden light illuminating the sky and the wagon. In the background, there is a stone wall with a decorative urn on top, and bare trees are visible against the bright sky. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and nostalgic.

Love with an Inch of snow

Christopher
Sanderson

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All wrapped up in innocence

All wrapped up in innocence
The engine purrs as 24 valves slide
Calm and cool recollecting memories
Warm inside the familiarity
No thought to what outside is about to worry
All wrapped up in innocence
The mobile ringtone strikes
Innocence and daydreams both are broken
Tension, senses heightened, in frustration
Heartbeat quickens perspiration slickens the
worried brow

An inch of snow in Brewood

An inch of snow in Brewood
A night of frost at Elford Park
Couples set off for St Andrews
Hand held PC's are made in Taiwan

Such journeys on your birthday
Places with pictures in your mind
Phil Spector charged with murder
River deep and mountain high

Just too much to process
Too many thoughts to pass through
Search for a clean white canvas
Search for an inch of snow

A momentary lapse of

Ten,
around then anyway

A momentary lapse of...
a reason to believe in dreams

Cobbled stones, rough hewn meadow lanes
summer skies, children's joy, butterflies
bilberry bush, strawberry jam, birds and bees
picnics by the big house lake

A fleeting glimpse of...
a season to remember a stinging sense

The cane, caning to care
wrapped in cotton wool
playground pranks, slipper and spanks
education cock and bull

A flashing passing of...
an aromatic memory of yesteryear

Tar-macadam steam
workmen by the brazier
smelting, melting, snorting, blowing
machines amortize nature, blackening the
country mile

And so we go our own way

And so we go our own way
A path not trod before
Bracken broken
Break anew

This way to be our own way
Not known before
Thought awoken
Awake anew

Might walk our own way
Stride alone no more
Talk or token
Take anew

Biko

In or out of love
morning suns keep rising
Cloud clearing skies
beneath the zephyr breeze

Smiles keep on;
the frowns of
a clown cannot hide them
Some call it deity, I prefer majesty

In the singular moment
there is only really I
No friends, no family, no colleague
Aristotle how do you reply

Back to the early morning,
sunrise awakening eyes,
day clear of conscience
A day beginning to cry

Crying to change
peace continues to be sought
men of principle,
minds not easily bought

Meditate the thought
Wish upon a star
Dream
the everlasting dream

Jung and Munch are memories
The unconscious mind
The visual scream
Moments in the greater scheme

Thirty years of passing
Thirty years of thoughts
Packed inside these words
Packed inside this mind

The clarity of vision
Splendid vibrant youth
How best to resurrect
Back in search of truth

Compromise and insincerity
The game I've learned to play
Bending rules not breaking
Interrogate integrity - they say

Pragmatism is my paradigm
Abandoned thoughts, out of time
Sing to someone's different tunes
Look again amongst the runes

Move away from men in suits
Move away to friendship
Believe in Aristotle
Let pleasure be amongst you

Boddingtons Bitter

Boddingtons Bitter,
bank holiday weekend
The Volkswagen Beetles
have run to the sun

England won the cricket –
on a continent far from home
In a shade less than three days
- including rain

Freddy's broke a curfew and
met his Flotilla

England won the football
- on a continent far from home
In a shade over ninety minutes
- including added time

Beckham's broke a metatarsal and met
Mandela
Boddingtons Bitter on a bank holiday
weekend

The Volkswagen Beetles
have run to the sun

Bonfire night

Tonight is Bonfire night
I saw the fireworks
From the Motorway, somewhere
Between Worthing and Stratford

Forty years ago
I lived at The Crown Inn
In the tiny village of Birdsedge
We built the bonfire, went chumping

Two days ago
At my sons school
We watched a bonfire from
Behind a fence of rope and posts

At the Crown
Rushed out in the morning mist
To catch the dying embers
To bring fire back to life

On Saturday
Someone asked me
Did I want to volunteer?
To be a trained pyrotechnic

Inside my car
At ninety miles an hour
I need to train
To keep my eyes on the road

Boys talked about play station
They wanted to go home
Try the new Game
A present from favourite friends

Backalong we roasted potatoes
Chopped down trees
Made the guy
And the smoke made me cry

The fireworks painted the sky
Above, beyond and behind the horizon
The man beside
Was behind

Saturday was chicken noodle soup
Some had burgers too
I had the most disgusting drink
The girls had marshmallow kebab

We had the fire in my own field
Twice as big as a football pitch
No street sodium, no torch
Only the wonder of Bonfire and stars

The moon shone in the car rear window
Someone said it was as big as a balloon
I should have said a big balloon
In a not very big room

I started this on the M25
Dodged my way
Past Heathrow
Travelled North or West

Now, in front of the
Travel Lodge mirror
I write to you
Words for tomorrow

Cafe

Silver pot
Spout on top
Swirl of boiled up water
Steam all over and airborne

Bubbles pop on the surface
Below, the taste is in the tan
Saucer and cup
Plain Jane Porcelain

Lift to the lips
The most delicate of sips

We could have been in Claridge's
Or Betty's in Harrogate square

Then she took a real drink
Swished it all about her palate
Another one down to the leaves
Another story from Gypsy Rose Lea

She saw beyond the effusion
She cleared the momentary confusion
The café windows glowed
We walked away, aboard the sunlit snow

Chronicle

The cathedrals silent space
The blacksmiths forging flame
The British bed and breakfast
Walking over the reservoir ramparts
Canal boat over the sky high viaduct
Coach trip to the seaside
Scared that it could all be lost
Scared that there could be even more
Scared by the shifting sands of minds

Time is the ethereal enemy
Understanding the hour, the minute, the day
Missing by a mile the year, the generation, the
life
The railway platform at mid-day

Apples and oranges on the market stall
Ale house and alfresco foraging
Cars boarding the over-night ferry
Fishermen landing their catch on the quay
Cricket whites and willow battered ball

Scared at not meeting the cost
Scared that there could be even more
Scared by the fluidity of inflation
Money is the surrealist enemy
Understanding the pound in our pocket
Missing by a mile the millions
Flowing through a lifetime
The works Christmas party, bingo
at the club, dominoes in the pub

The aeroplane going from ground to cloud
The ice cream on the promenade
The surfboard cutting spray
Scared at being somewhere different
Scared there might be even more
Scared by a changing space
Place is the straight-jacket enemy
Understanding the room, the yard, the town
Missing by a mile the city, the county, the
country

The cinema screen imagery
The theatrical actor's observations
The brass band playing eulogies
Mountains of misunderstood meetings
Thousands of insincere greetings
Wait for Murphy's law
Scared at not to say
Scared that there could be even more
Scared to listen and feel

Communication is the free-world enemy
Understand: hello, say goodbye, yes and no
Miss by a mile all else in between

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
wayward words enclave, slaves, Hebrew
slaves march in magical musical time; time,
rhyme, rhyme and reason, seasons change
ranged in gold's and browns, clowned sounds
of rain and sleet and snow; slowly more;
move, groove, groovy blue jeans, schemes,
dance the dance of life, in youthful pzazz!
Pzazz! and all that jazz, dazzle with the beauty
of youth

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 did, how will he die

First Page

First page
Travel inter-city
Calling everywhere in-between

Second page
A long way away
Rolling dreams expert schemes

Third page
I like the order
Strolling through my moonbeam

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

First poem of the day

First poem of the day
Clearer than a Capstan full strength
Meaning seemingly endless understanding
That first breath - of intellectual inoculation
That first untainted web of words, carefully
woven
Woven more than spoken, softly lowered
and laid to rest
Better than the best of stories, thoughts
broken down,
Feelings opened, awoken to our own
intrinsic imagination
Blown on the mountains of menthol
inhalation
Consulate reminders of a nicotine past
Thanks, for the first poem of the day

Graham; or is it John

Graham or John where are you from
Your picture, character strong
Your coat was red, you never said
You'd been before - walked out the door

The zephyr flew, the jeans were blue
The memory cradle left the stable
A stable boy a big girl's toy
Open top sport not your sort

The white cotton shirt; does hurting hurt
Pass on by the tears that torn lovers cry
Turned eighteen it's about being seen
Crocodile shoes, silver studs in two's

Sail by, swan in stature its essence you capture
You glide and slide take the Cadillac ride
The girl on your arm besotted by charm
Pretty pink dress, virginity suppressed

Hair flicked back listen to Chicken Shack
Paint your own picture, write your own
scripture
You carry your confidence with supreme
diffidence
Believe in the sheen, sell on the dream

Envy brings engagement, edge endows
engagement
The cockerel crow quietens, the peacock
colour whitens
The cloud of smoke, the oarsman's stroke
Waters wash over the discarded cloak

He walked right in, he couldn't swim
He never spoke, you missed the joke
Nothing's real; from our dreams we steal
Joseph's worn out dream coat
It is our conscience; we missed the boat

Growth

Saturday morning,
white wash, sharp frost,
blue sky begin a new beauty
To do leads one to be, be
Beginning of a new beauty

Change of font, change of style
Chance grasped, exploration splash
Come to calm, walk to warm
Love the platinum gold sunlight
Melts the bright white frost

Saturday morning
awake to awakening
Smile, chuckle, grasp from
within escape, joys of journeys
through past minds

Change of tone, change of context
Glance clasped, interpolate flash
Come to calm, caress the air
Lullabies of birdsong, fresh day
Fresh new beauty

Happening

On every one occasion
Yes every time we meet
A special ticket opens
We danced with Little Feat

On every one occasion
We wash the dishes neat
A separate little moment
We danced without retreat

Hebrew Slave

Hebrew slave, Atlantic wave, falling stave,
Indian brave, limestone cave, all night rave,
overgrown grave, addicts crave, only angel's
behave, velvet tippers deprave, downstairs
servants misbehave, deeper still diva's
enclave, a quiet attitude can save, war
enslaves, peace is no place for jack or knave,
neither for knight nor architrave

Title

Once more to Galleria
Weeping willow wisteria
Garden centre cafeteria
Jetting off with Iberia
Airlines to the sun
Holidays with the Hun
To the beach with towels you run
Hickory dickory hock
The plastic takes the shock
Arriving home you take stock
So soon you're in the dock
Over exposure and embezzlement
No place for resent or sentiment
Forget the dreams of government
Borrow for your past merriment
Give your friends a last lament
Don't stifle their encouragement
Activate not hesitant
Your gift was heaven sent
Once more you lent
To blend

Another trend
Or to close I'm afraid my friend
This is the very end
The very endeavour
To savour
Bring favour
Taste the flavour
Embellish thy neighbour
Care for ladies in labour
Remember those times my saviour
Budgerigars in the aviary
Cockatiel and canary
Happiness in being contrary
Happiness in a cigar called hamlet
Shakespeare and stanzas
Marmaduke the giant panda
Make this pen surrender
Pretend I am the great pretender
The hopeless never ender
Return that song to sender
Wear that revealing suspender

Are you up straight or a turned over bender
Either way with care do be tender
After the passion and cigarettes please send
her
Flowers and cards, mementoes meaning you
remember
The flames and the embers
The tremors and the surrenders
The torment and the cadenzas
The goodbyes from club hacienda
Magic and memorabilia
Chianti and Sicilia
Invent and invigorate
I really do have to go
I have to go
Slow
Slowly
Quietly
In to that long good night
Free from fright

With wondrous sight
Hold me tight
Once more my love
Hold my shove
Be my glove
You are my love
I will now lay still
Rhymes end until
Light on another windowsill
Streams in as a golden daffodil
Shadows in the sky from the winding
Four blade flour mill
Sunsets, sunrise, seascapes, moonbeams, feed
our everlasting will
Still, it must end sometime, is it a crime to
carry the line
Affairs, simply spaces in time; laces, dreams,
thoughts sublime
End the rhyme, end, call time
Call time

I put the sound behind

I put the sound behind
Laid it down
Surrounded the words
Learned the programme
Changed the pitch
Felt unbelievably rich

Make the right moves
Will it be played on night moves
How much coloured diffusion
Or imperfect confusion
Escape as a solution
Conceive to believe transfusion

Rhythm raises the rhyme
Caress, cajole and connect

Amplify resurrect
Sign on the simple image
Written word, verb,
Dulcimer, weld into vision
Bring imaginations into the fusion
Sing, begin, natural illusion

Tone deaf teenager
Life apart from music
Disadvantaged by ignorance
Impeded by innocence
Deflected from delivery
Constrained by sincerity

At the turn of the century
At an half life of individuality

Just like watching...

The Wimbledon final
Rush out on to the court to play

The twin towers of Wembley
Run to the nearest park

Lord's, sunny summers
Inspired, willow bat on corky ball

And Laurence Llewellyn Bowen
Encouraged to change rooms

But, rather, on this occasion
It was the poems of Raymond Carver...

Betjeman, Browning, WH Auden, TS Eliot
- words all sympathetically spoken

Without the worry of the sugar
With the spacious weightlessness of thought

Of love and life, and love and loss
Emotion, pain, pleasure, candy floss

I've let myself be immersed, enthused
I'm on the pitch at Wembley

Sweetness to soften the blow -
Please let my words become confused

Lemons and Limes

Lemons and limes, outdoor kitchens,
rambling vines
Wandering geese, treading bare feet and
farms for free

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Floorboards fixed, concrete mixed, and an
amazing view
Across the bay in and out the andalucian
architecture

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Eastern begets western, Dinas for dollars
No more soldiers, no more feeling your
collars
The whole worlds rebuilding, a new
generation beginning
From the grape yard to the graveyard
everyone's singing

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

An Englishman's home is his castle
Then he settles for the cottage in the country
Now he's found a place for next to nothing
Sitting right there, where he always wanted,
by the sea

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Quietly tanks surround the airports
Secretly rocket launchers point to the sky
Silence as Aeroflot flights are grounded
Nowhere now nothings never quite like what
it sounded

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
You were an enchantment, enticing, a chance
to break free
Today and who knows tomorrow, it seems
you are a dream too far, a reflecting sea

Like a Willow weeps

Like a willow weeps
Or a songbird sleeps

Like a time remembered, clear
Or a time you came close, near

When the cold waves crash
Tethered nights, dark winds thrash

Under stars half moons rise
Skimmed pebbles half surprised

Sands so far from school
Only needed one broken rule

Under stars laughter hides the fear
Sinister is the minister that does not hear

And that is just what we do
Me, you, we two

Like the willows that weep
Like the songbirds that sleep

Another time you smiled
Along the golden mile

Jack the lad in life and laughter
Impress whoever you are after

But the camouflage under cover
Wants to be more than just one other

Needs to prescribe a different way to be
Create deeper images for onlookers to see

Not to know what truly to show
Or care enough to grow

Designer clothes are no compensation
Neither narcotics a true sensation

Life lived in void space nine
Apart, abreast from time

Like the willows that weep
Like the songbirds that sleep

The guitar played blues and soul
The band embraced the ball

Earlier the songs were engaged
Memories, old emotions, raged

You never meant to part
So why did you start

Drift into the grey abyss
Forget what you'd miss

Climb mountains and miss molehills
Move in motion, but leave no picture stills

That was what you wanted to do
To create, well me too

More than simply nine to five
More dead than alive

Like the willows that weep
Like the songbirds that sleep

Evoke outspoken jokes
Hand around the Spanish smokes

Jack Daniels and Stella ice
Head off in search of spice

Catch a late night cab
Once again you're jack the lad

Only this time come tomorrow
Laughter will turn to sorrow

Deeper down in depression
Caught inside your own oppression

Not able to imagine how to change your state
You've lost the path to your golden gate

And all around everyone's tried
Yet you are the only one not cried

You are not the willow that weeps
No more the songbird that sleeps

Midsummer motorbikes

Leather and lace, chase the pace, glide with grace, race after race, after race; gearbox grinds, find the Castrol GTX, accept no less, speed to excess, leather gear emblazoned beneath safe head dress

Donnington to Daytona, meet the worlds best, take the test, over the crest - bury the rest; Barry Sheen, James Dean, you on the silver screen, race machine, live the dream - ride on easy rider

Early start - kerb cracker of a summer sunrise, engines overheat
fear to miss the meet, I know what's right, she holds me tight, a pillion passenger's delight, wind-warm light, sexy steamy nights

Hells angels' caress, Honda Goldwing riders overdress, first place is a short lived success, he passed the rest but the yellow flag was not impressed; rock and roll the underdressed

The Jagger of a rolling stone, inside the weekend tome
Sixty years of engaged entertainment, more than once sent
with Marianne - suss the pussies that strut by the Caravan

Dawn, dusk, bitches, bikes, circus stalls
chequered flag falls, a year of mustard memories; astride the night, revelations in sight, roar, score, sensual summer sojourns, fly kites, delight in lush aromas

Easy as the aura adorned, two hundred miles
an hour, re-live the power, beneath the wires
and the crows, faster than the speed can carry
her, once more you say - then you'll marry her

Into the garage in the half-light, it's a long
time since midnight
You hug and you hold her tight, if you pinch
you just might believe it; you've been, you've
seen, you've got insight - bottle it!