



# Preamble Spin in Love

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Sanderson

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## More often

Where are you now  
Write to me more often

Where are you now  
Softly, so softly spoken

Where am I  
I am here - fairly often

There you are you say  
Open, not broken

The coffee's black,  
here in Mozzarella's café

The light is bright,  
in the photographer's lens

I smile, - awhile  
Surrounded by moments

Write to me now  
Write to me more often

Softly, so softly spoken  
I am here – awoken

## Morning

Flickering leaf, your life so small, tinker  
whispered on the backdrop set amongst  
the clouds, greys turned to gold - bring in  
the morning, bring in the breeze, breeze  
blown streams; beside you the tree, the  
tree is already bare, slimmed down to  
minimal load, for the winter ahead.

Blues and pinks, wander over the skyline,  
the Shepherd warns of a red sky morning;  
still, still like a skeleton, magnificent from  
branch to branch, close down for another  
year - no nests to survive, just you and the  
sky, with your friend in the foreground,  
still covered in leaf.

Every cloud has a silver line in this early  
sunrise morning, bewitched by the gaze  
of the pink and blue; light glorious light,  
from where once again your pleasure  
never stops; The Levels and the  
Mendips are under water-born dew with  
their natural friendships - oaks,  
sycamores, sunlight, you.

Shadows cast across the canal into the  
orchard; we seek, seek the shadows and  
the sunrays beams; raise by the metre,  
arise by the mile, over the railway lines  
and the radio waves, the horizon is the  
centre, she settles, brings balance into  
the work; meanwhile the low tree's red  
leaves are awakened

The cold grass is aglow with sprinkled stars; pathways wander in the waves of fallen leaf, the sunlight and the warmth are risen from when time inclined; before the morning we entered the long dark night - out of the darkness we fade away, fade back into the darkness far away, can you hear, listen - can you hear; sounds roll by, far and near away

Again the poet remembers the night train, remains insanely jealous of his refrain; the Somerset Levels hold time, hold on to the rhythm of the rolled stock, Malvern echoes surround the rattle from the chain and block, the miles and the magnitude incrementally fade into the distance, their stony silence, bit by bit, broken ever nearer

Travel on at the speed of all our imaginations, weave on, through the dark deserted stations; lay here, quietly absorb, as the decibels rise, as the decibels fall, as imagination's ebb, as imagination's flow

The B52 Bomber's take off; fly low, fly slow, their big bass drone flies behind the night train's afterglow

Make waves into the night - slowly, lower, deeper, less conscious; slide away, slide into the poet's night frame, remain sane, let our dreams escape over us, to call in the morning

## Moustache, spectacles, cigar

Crossed legs  
Ansel Adams captures  
Two men on the porch  
Hornitos circa 1934

An early recollection for ZZ Top  
Advertising the real Levis work-wear  
Beneath the telegraph box adorned  
With moustache, spectacles, cigar

Crossed legs  
Cezanne captures  
Ambroise Vollard  
Seeking to express his little bit of thunder

Circa 1896  
Sitting absolutely motionless  
And with such care  
Returning to the pose like an angel

Crossed legs  
Erica Jong captures  
The hidden lips  
Of the figure of the witch

Circa Christmas 1995  
Another way of  
Becoming light  
Flames frame night's figurines

Crossed legs  
Picasso captures  
'Lets go to the bulls' the bullfight  
'It's the only thing left to us'

Sitting resplendent  
Glorious with Jacqueline and Cocteau  
Magnificent with Paloma  
Pablo not yet losing his capacity for joy

Crossed legs  
Skull and Crossbones capture  
Flags flying  
Pirates spying, signifying

Crossed legs  
Everyone, everywhere  
Kenny Everett  
Cheri Blair

## Nativity

By chance you happened upon a black lake  
walk, shearwaters of reflection reflect more  
magical moments

The flight of the partridge, the exited young  
collie; souls refreshed, rebirth while  
underfoot the twig leafs crackled

Ethereal eternal, thank heaven for  
spontaneity, meander among the coriander,  
hands held bless sublime, sing vision and line

Bright light out of beauty, splish-splash  
flashlight onto beech leaf, sing bring good to  
good times - sing, bring good once again you  
playful seeker of pleasure, take hedonism out  
of ethical return you bountiful protector of  
the prosaic presenter

Wish for mirth, wish, shear essence,  
fluorescence of joy, atmosphere emerges,  
resurgence of energy; enigma pretends for  
the maker of dreams - protect the white  
rabbits of Bethlehem, mend cognisant  
blends, become mindful of love innocent  
in joy

Sort, become of images past, captured,  
enraptured, floodlights on memories,  
evoke, provoke, and free fresh thought:  
Waltzing Matilda whirls, swirls, dances to  
tunes, on runes without time, blooms  
without blinds – meditation is loves  
medication

Dedicate, seal, heal; reveal feathers and  
plumes, honed and groomed, walk back along  
the pathways, hold spaces, minutiae, bind  
moments into spherical wholes, believe the  
fragments of fortune to fall in a particular,  
peculiar, non perfunctory way

## Never ending

*A Russian doll*

*Or Dr Stephen Covey's Seven Habits*

The transition from principle to practice

The unveiling of the seven veils

Database and Rubicon

Language politic philosophy

The storytellers sense of concealment

Revealing only that which maintains

Sustains the readers interest

Incremental intellectualisation

From the mothers of creation

The fathers of invention

The drama of suspension

No one thing resolved, irresolution

Fragmenting the confusion of  
relationships

Ships of fools, ships on station

A nation

At war with realisation

The kingdom is not salvation

A foolish perpetration

A dutiful determination

Ending in sensation

Falling from elevation

Beholding berating

Hiding from humiliation

Stuck in this line; lacking punctuation

Indignation

Incrimination

Serialisation

A Russian doll

A gangster's moll

Austrian Atoll

Costa del Sol

Andalusia and Almeria

Run from insincere criteria

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 run  
Hickory dickory hock  
The plastic takes the shock  
Arriving home you take stock  
Soon you're in the dock  
Over exposure and embezzlement  
No place for resent or sentiment  
Forget the dreams of government  
Borrow for your bereavement  
Give your friends one 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 times in St.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 the great pretender

The hopeless never ender  
Return to sender  
Wear that revealing suspender  
Are you straight or bender  
Either way - take care to 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 cadenza  
The goodbyes and Club Hacienda  
Magic in being a member  
Chianti and Crème Menthe in December  
Invent and indie Visio  
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 lay now still  
Rhymes end until  
Light on another windowsill  
Streams in like a golden daffodil  
Shadows in the sky from the winding mill  
Sunsets, sunrise, seascapes, moonbeams, feed  
our everlasting will  
Still  
It must end

## North, South, East and West

Sometime  
Is it a crime  
To carry the line  
Affairs, simply spaces in time  
Places, dreams, thoughts sublime  
Ending the rhyme  
Ending  
Calling time  
I have to go

Drifting interest  
Snowstorm in the morning  
Settled beside the reservoir  
Ripples return to the shoreline

Footsteps lightly brush  
Beside icicles imitating stalactites  
Might have happened different  
Under another Northern sky

Wavering concentration  
Rainbow afternoon  
Meadows and grasslands  
Smothered in flowers and seed

Ploughing competitions  
Hop picking by the broads  
Might have happened different  
Under another Eastern sky

Climbing restoration  
Hill walking morning to night  
Three peaks in the dales  
Visible from coast to coast

Sheep on their way to market  
Farmers breaking sweat profusely  
Might have happened different  
Under another Western sky

Shifting sands of silence  
Sombre souls beside the seaside  
Pier stumps are all that smoulder  
Fire and flames have been and gone

Commuters at the station  
City suits reflect their failing  
It might have happened different  
Under another Southern sky

## Peel away

Peel plums -  
Sparkle streams,  
ripe under sun

Plum sun - water

Steal stories -  
Purple mountains,  
burn under starry sky

Stories sky - comets

Reveal feel -

Everglade marshes  
warm under the rains  
Feel rains - washed

Reel ragas

## **Pimps and tarts, poets and writers**

Animal instinct  
hot under zephyrs

Ragas zephyrs – campfire

Zeal; make love -  
Thin cotton  
torn under passion

Love passion - glory

Black stockings, spotted skirt, engaging smile,  
pretty flirt, dealing dirt; dollars or dope, just  
enough rope, to bring her home, she's never  
alone

Violence in love, her presence she moves, the  
crescent moon, it can't rise too soon; black in  
black coffee cafe, jukebox jive, he's so alive  
it's killing him

His girl works, he shows her the door, he has  
to score, it's killing him; shining silver and  
gold, everything he holds, he has sold, sold his  
soul

She is escaping from within, mescaline  
frightens, her skin, her nerves, quieten;  
stronger, the fool took her time, nearly took  
her total, she's longing to be strong again

Singing songs, clean and confident,  
freedom yet still on the edge, a need to  
perform, limited reform, don't want to get  
at it again; he's doing time, paying his fine,  
corrupting society, importing exploitation,  
prostituting the situation

In a year, she's still clear, but now he's out,  
he's roundabout, nothings change, still the  
strange satisfaction of manipulation; of  
course she falls, no one to call, he holds  
her tight, says it's alright, you know he  
cares, he smiles and stares

Fear or love, god above, god only knows,  
having been before, why the need to score,  
why go on the game again; a passion for  
crime, even doing time, learning new tricks,  
corrupting young hicks, building reputations,  
avoiding situations-vacant, the new black  
economy

Talk about arts; sculptors and fighters, poets  
and tarts, pimps and writers

## Poetry you giver

Poetry  
You giver  
You deliver  
You make me consider

You receiver of debt  
Receiver of doubt  
Receiver of despair

You care  
You stare  
You make me compare

More than a maiden's prayer  
More than in a heavenly lair  
Poetry, my soothsayer

## Preamble

Preamble  
The bramble is in bloom  
The yellow gorse there's yards and yards of it  
The rain speckled Rambler  
Walks with a smile, he ambles on through

Pathway's followed by monks of old  
Today's story told  
From our most modern abbey, from among  
The twisted vines and the waves of lavender

In the bookshop - read of retreats  
Buy Aristotle's thoughts on happiness  
The gentle people congregate  
Smiles in their eyes, softly spoken voices

## Remember

Back on the moors  
Back among magnificent vista's  
A thousand years  
A million miles

The beauty brings alive the eyes and ears  
The traveller thanks his lucky stars  
Nature has many more surprises  
The river rises in a flash spring spate

Meditation in stained glass surrounds  
Bound to a backdrop of gift and glory  
Be your brother's keeper  
Contribute towards his seeker

Sunshine and showers, photographs of  
Flowers, reach peace, touch love  
Be there, just be  
Immersed in adsorption – alive; preamble

There it goes again  
That fleet of a moment

*Sat in the schoolroom  
Kissed in the corridor*

Not really a memory  
More a montage

*Sunshine goes on forever  
Walked in the warm evening wind*

Something stored away  
Deeper than subconscious

*Made love  
Or was it only dancing*

Picture frames  
References stretch reality

*Laughter, we laughed didn't we  
Sat there lost for words*

Time lord  
Time and place recollection

*I remember clearly  
Isle of Wight, but was it 1969 or 1970?*

Sense of sensation  
Warmth, love, together

*Was it Christmas Eve  
When you said you had to leave*

Immortal  
Strong and clear

*Growth pains, football strains  
Hangovers between examinations*

Moments for ever last  
Bright, true light

*Were you there, did you wait?  
I couldn't make it, I should have said*

Friendship  
Gangs of mates

*Party, your party  
Oh, but we've made different plans*

Knowledge  
So much no need to explain

*You've done what  
Don't you understand a single word I say?*

Back to that fleet of a moment  
What was it about

*Candy floss and cowboy hats  
Blackpool pleasure beach*

Girls walk on by  
Walk on and wave goodbye

*Should we laugh  
Or should we cry*

## Retreat

Repeat retreat, repetitive resolution  
Remove rare fusion  
Retreat to Reclusion

Beat, bereft, become to believe  
Belong; be rarely beaten  
Braid away abrasive backstops

Indeterminate, iterative itinerary  
Incisive, inductive delivery  
Inclusive of all your imagery

Seep, soak awhile, shapely smile  
Sensitive style; stay along here  
Stay beyond fear, stay you beautiful sear

## Saturday

Read the brochure for Tottleigh Barton  
Would I ever work again? Would that I  
would never work again

Creating characters, defining space and  
time, let's let Laura Ashley and William  
Morris et al decorate the view

Communal and communion, reaching into  
the ether, thinking in tongues; bacon  
breakfast at a retreat that serves body  
before soul

Swiss family Robinson - down from the  
smoke, marvel at the frost blue sky; waitresses  
offer them to smoke or not

A cafe indivisibly divided in two, screened for  
your health and mine; it's time for tea, time to  
take a break - see you again soon

## Snowstorm

Particles: shafts of frozen dry vapours, a thousand million flow tied wisps of white particles. Could have been the billion grains of sand, washed by yesterdays today's winters waves

She wore chiffon and silk, countless sequins sprinkled like gold dust amongst the shiny silver threads. Could have been the Mayday princess, blessed by the spring to summer sunshine

Principles: beliefs bound in where we've been, observations transformed in relief, shadows of a negative past. Could have been the circuit judge, becalmed by peace and trust or peace and trout

Mountain: hewn from eruptions along glacial shores, energy storms beyond man alones most glorious imagination. Could have been the beginning of time, awakened from a deep dark sleep

Film stars: bring a mood, bring a mirage, and bring stillness, give a life to life, colour the spaces between each place. Could they be the medicine men, the new mystics of modernity?

Parochial piranha in apolitical desert: that's me in the corner, working out, moving the words about, just to touch some part of your existence - as if it matters, does it, and did it, matter?

## Someone's five stories

Someone once told me there are only five stories - was it a reference to Shakespeare? It may have been; I read Candide and am reminded of a certain phrase, a similar familiarity; walk around a continent, through passages, take in the winds, wander over the seas, whatever be the intent:

It's for the best

The words tumble together, symbolise doubt forever; I love you, believe me, deliver from deceit freedom to receive, hatred feeds hunger, fear recedes into the night, evil lies around, waits asunder

It's for the best

The alchemists modern meditations, storyteller's line their nest into the ether, faith another presence, convictions courage of breath; to the victor the spoils, the vanquished endeavour; the daily toil, the daily toil

It's for the best

Riches to ribbons, mind free of money time to invest; someone once told me how lucky you are, let those less fortunate be seven steps to spirituality, on their stairways to heaven, whole world's from reality

It's for the best

Act under the stars, cinema citizen's  
arrest; the desert sand was in abundance,  
the shade from the poison berry tree; wait  
for that crazy kid Sundance, your  
spaghetti western movies, the magnificent  
seven, the continuum of cowboy stories

It's for the best

Strive as ever you must, forget intruder's  
thoughts of rest: young man makes good  
through grit and determination, or blue,  
blue blood; clog to clog in three  
generations - bog to cathedral to bog

It's for the best

The future theirs to enjoy, past endurance  
suppressed; sod the commitment, bugger the  
resolution, send me sordid entertainment;  
only four more stories to go - leave me be,  
god let me rest, seven steps to spirituality, a  
stairway to heaven, my whole world's far from  
reality, I'm not heavy, I'm leaven

It's for the best

## Summer not in the city

Caravan and charabanc, roach and spliff  
and weed and stuff, we're all going to the  
seaside, in a jiff, in a jam, surf a bit of  
rough

Claudia, Raymond, Pfeiffer et al; revues to  
peruse – bars to breeze in, friends to  
breeze through: Sand and random,  
Goddam those beautiful girls in blue, cars  
cruise on by

Stereo and Jerry, flotsam and jetsam fly -  
make a young man nary cry, hand-lock  
and wedlock, sex from suburbia, sky high  
at the seaside

Flagrant and fragrant, musk into just one  
more time, rampant with roughage,  
promenade the colonnade, soaked in the oak  
aged wine - sunstroke and alcohol

Thunder thighs and caramel, no man put  
asunder, retreat - cautious of defeat -  
lithesome and luxurious, a million dollar girl  
whose expectations outside are for all to  
compare

Walk on by, style in soliloquy, babes in  
biographies; candy floss, sticks of joss, purple  
pink and pretty, sunsets to settle down by  
campfires; sleep bags, rumble in the rags;  
orgasm by organism

Eyes wide open - loves light in the  
moonbeam, seamstress turns in to  
mistress, toes in the water's edge, trousers  
rolled below the splash height, all caught  
up in the salt and the sirocco

She magazine and Racing Post -  
distractions from the distance, memories  
of imagination scrolled; the money  
markets become senseless toys,  
troubadours abound, together tomorrow  
no more

Crying at the dancehall, misunderstood  
misunderstand messages; one more  
chance, save the last dance, some kind of  
forfeit, simple happy joy, free as the early  
night air

Care for the daylight, hold each other tight,  
hope springs maternal, off to the other place,  
return to unreality, bags packed and bollocks;  
another day you'll see her, another year you'll  
be there

Another life promised together, seaside and  
forever; only till the tide turns- you are forever  
safe in the time and place that shifts on sandy  
lands and fairgrounds... bon voyage...kiss me  
...kiss me quick

## *Temeraire*

Horizon, sunset on the horizon  
Light falls - scattered from the sky  
Reflected ships on the water  
Shorelines fade to cityscapes on high

Flames flare from her chimney  
Orange, yellow, ochre and rust accrue  
She tugs the majestic sail ship  
Beneath a sun and a full moon blue

Did he ponder on the galley?  
Wonder why not a soul in sight  
The sea so many colours  
Would that imagination beamed so bright

From across the oceans sailors gather  
Line the decks, they reach the shore  
Yesterday was the flags and bunting  
Today is calm, good men quietly store

Storm clouds behind the night  
Brightness to the fore  
Light, a likeness to your image  
Your sun drenched early mid-day whore

Mandolin wind, you have the weight  
Strings whisper, you to nearly keep  
Drum skins smooth, your brushstroke wavers  
The bass guitar you play, we so gently weep

Promenader's right behind you  
Wait and watch your vision unfold  
Your story painted on the canvas  
Eight score years ago was told

The flags flicker atop the mast  
Red, grey, silver, white and golden  
Ropes and riggers, tidier than nature  
Close up, close I spy a crew beholden

## Spark

A sea of two reflections  
Mirror sun and mirror moon  
Painted pixels thousands of projections  
The nation ever more consume

You say you were to go nowhere  
No more the sea to a rove  
The last voyage has floated  
Settle back in Lime House Grove

We should have seen the sadness  
The colour was without your joy  
The smokestack racks our guilt  
Cracks upon our overloaded ploy

Bonfire night; I see the fireworks from the  
motorway, some place between here and there  
- forty years ago, at my village inn, where I  
was a child, we built our own bonfire

Two days ago the school bonfire was  
witnessed from behind a fence; a fence of  
rope for safety. At the Crown we rushed out  
in the morning mist, to catch the dying  
embers, to bring our fire back to life

On Saturday you asked me did I want to  
volunteer to be a trained pyrotechnic; inside  
the car at ninety miles an hour it is of more  
import to train to keep my eyes on the road

Our boy talked about Playstation, he wanted to go home to try the new fire fighters game, a present from his sister's boyfriend; I told him "we roasted our own potatoes, chopped down our own trees; we made our own guy and the smoke was allowed to make me cry"

The school fireworks painted the sky - above, beyond and behind the horizon, the man beside me moved, from ever so slightly behind me, it was a cordial crowd

We had my childhood fire in my own field; twice as big as a football pitch - no street sodium, no torchlight, only the beautiful light of the bonfire, the wondrous light of the stars

Saturday was chicken noodle soup, sons and brothers had burgers, I had the most disgusting drink and someone had marshmallow kebab.

The moon shone in the homeward car window, I heard it said it was as big as a balloon; I could have said a pretty big balloon in a not very big room

## Virginia in the Cinema

The poet rolled right out of the window,  
the writers rolled right along the riverbed,  
the flowers forgot that they had been  
given and the cake could not remember  
being iced twice

Virginia in the half empty cinema, you  
mesmerised with your surprise, you kissed  
her on the lips; we never knew how much  
you missed her

We drive home across the moor, under  
starlit skies we surmise, who was the  
begotten bard that understood the never-  
end of love

Virginia in Sussex and Surrey craved for the  
faster life, in New York she became only the  
lonely organiser; friends and lovers and  
husbands, torn hair and worn thin

Unable to enable or to establish sense or  
source of equilibrium; your fingers and fags,  
ink stain and nicotine, in between the glory  
and the glamour the nerves and the never  
know

Wanted to be more than normal, wanted to  
walk out and down along, wanted to wear  
whatever young girls wear along

In the cafe windows, on the railway  
platforms real people disappear in fear,  
you wonder at their stare

Another century, another era, paperbacks  
and plays are all to show, though silver  
screen gathers you near we, you, no one  
will ever never know

The credits roll, our arms unfold, we  
scatter your flowers, pour your nectar  
deeply

## **Intimidate**

Walk around the platform  
Try to change a two pound coin  
Where did he appear  
Why wait for the 21.05

How did he get there  
Who supplies his medication  
Where for meditation  
Why wait for the 21.05

Is their hint of desperation  
Beneath days of perspiration  
Try understand his situation  
Why wait for the 21.05

## Warmington Cottage

Beneath further complication  
Describe deeper degeneration  
Lost confused, confounded  
Why wait for the 21.05

Maybe he wanted coffee  
Nought more sinister than that  
One else's duplication  
Wait for the 21.05

Sunshine, clear blue sky  
Woken by the silence

Shower splashes upright bodies  
Together to become so squeaky clean

Birdsong hovers above, also below  
Swallows glide, faultless over the escarpments

Bacon sizzles, dew rises  
“A perfect day” greets our gentle host

## Where is energy

Imagine one gene from where their is energy

Imagine more than one; imagine a cellar-full of cells

Where is energy

Meditation calms, relaxes, releases minds energy

Where is eased energy

Lucozade gives glucose, gives body energy

Where is positive energy

Alcohol stimulates, inebriates, eventually suffocates

Where is negative energy

Nicotine infiltrates to create headache energy

Where is interference energy

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

Wow!

Where, right there is sexual sensitive energy

## Wherever, whenever, whoever, whatsoever, and why's

Wherever,  
whenever, whoever,  
whatsoever, and why's

This is the moment of thought  
the time, the expression,  
listen - Verdi cries

Meanwhile to know  
that the reason is behind us, in the  
distance we welcome the outsider to try

We welcome the outsider to try  
wherever, whatsoever,  
whoever and why

Happen upon;  
linger, wonder, wander by  
Pretend to surrender, pretty blue sky

The outsider welcomes your story  
you have caressed her dress,  
caressed her thigh

However,  
wherever outsider  
recalls, once you didn't even try

Verdi enquired  
Presented a further presence  
Shrieked deeper than cry of crows,

in gunshot scattered flight;  
wondrously engaged above  
the deftly darkened sky

## Wistful

Whistle,  
walk on at the wave's edge  
caress, choral,  
crawl through fields of corn  
majestic, meditation,  
move by the mountain side  
suggestive song  
in the silent sensuous  
sexual sultry summer

Angelic, orchestral  
amongst evangelical  
ethereal skies  
mantra, chant,  
immortalise Gregorian  
pastures  
bass wind, bassoon  
wind your way through  
wind and wind

strum, vibrate  
resonate in season  
postulate

Vibrant good vibrations  
surround sounds  
bounce around  
awakened, woken, voices  
softly spoken  
larks rise, ears open  
nature, nurture  
grow by feel, listen  
ragas reel; Celtic, Irish  
romance fiddles fast  
fiddles slow  
today as years ago

Tenors, troubadours –  
walk in heaven,

talk with the god's  
lutes, flutes  
be safe from scary fairies  
dare to enter other worlds  
operatic, soprano  
oh, oh, can the beauty  
be imagined so,  
Ave Maria - Ave Maria  
xylophone, flügelhorn  
bass trombone, saxophone,

Jeroboam, of champagne  
not the same  
in this campaign  
of music's reign  
one last refrain  
I can't sustain  
this purple rain  
this love and pain

this Virginia plain

Ever last the love

One last song  
one last goodbye  
I could cry  
cry if I try  
cry if you want me to  
cry, tears of happiness  
tears of joy

One last hit single  
let's make them tingle  
look for Linda  
look for love  
look for work  
look for shipbuilders  
not changed

words re-arranged  
one last hit single.

Guitar, from afar,  
you gently weep  
blues, bluegrass,  
chew tobacco,  
work the fields  
soothe our pain,  
slide, steeled  
dazed and confused

Gospel, possession –  
need no property  
possess our own self  
with amaze of grace  
Soul, black and white  
girl and boy  
love never knew such

time to yearn  
turn, torment  
such soulful can you imagine  
nights and heights of passion

Singer songwriter,  
weave your wondrous words  
leave your blood on the tracks,  
stand by your man,  
remember your caravan,  
Vincent - your  
rhythm and blues,  
your rhythm and rock,  
your rhythm and rhyme,  
heavens - even your Dali rhythm

Stones and Gaye  
how could you not fade away  
no, not fade away

Gypsies and Kings  
and Richards and Sting  
everybody sings  
its all dances and romances

Lovers do  
they save the last dance  
they caress and chance  
undressed sun-blessed,  
believe to conceive,  
that it's forever  
before the morn

Samba, mamba  
Kid Creole,  
that old rock and roll  
Jives alive brothel creepers  
skin tight sneakers  
canaries and calypso

you never saw such life  
absolutely new life  
not the same  
nobodies to stop us now

the romantic refrain  
emotions strain  
lipstick stain  
in love again  
one more night  
it'll be all right  
another daybreak  
my mistake  
where I shouldn't be  
but I couldn't see  
blinded by someone  
deep inside of me

Ever last the love

linger, ravish  
soul singer  
PP, PP Arnold  
engage again  
first cut  
it is the deepest  
first cut is the deepest

Linger  
crave  
soul singer  
Aretha - one more time  
six three four five  
seven eight nine  
linger  
infuse  
soul singer  
Otis -take us again  
to the dock of the bay

Mandolin wind,  
piano string,  
violin and viola  
summer sunsets,  
even the regrets  
concerts, city halls,  
country balls, waterfalls

Bass guitar, Indian sitar,  
near and far, sounds surround  
round the world,  
around the country,  
round the home,  
around and funky  
around and more beside;  
around and more beside

## Yugoslavian nights

Neanderthal, Byzantine, Cistercian,  
Church, Chapel, Mosque, white walls  
mirror blue green sea, shifting sands in  
shifting times

For all we know they have already pulled  
the trigger, rigorously wading through the  
waters of the wishy-washy words

Back then in Yugoslavia, negotiating  
through the in house interpreter -  
forgetting to tell you that he was stationed  
in Glossop in that other war

Visiting - no more, no less, learn the double  
bluffers art, start low, aim high, settle  
somewhere between, be seen to win - win for  
all to share

Staring into oblivion, papers rolled up ready,  
steady steadily gain head; walk away, take  
time, remember take time she said

Seashells, crunch under jackboots tread,  
remember take time she said, no currency at  
the airport, Dinar turns to dust; those aircraft  
engines you sold them, they turn, turn to rust

All this before the wall came down,  
around that ever ending never lasting  
revolution - we all had our own singular  
senseless solution, senseless in singular  
isolation, bereft in national procrastination

Since then sincerity abounds, surround  
ourselves in spin, even before we begin,  
before any thought of substance;  
belligerent, malignant, indignant,

insufficient, circumstantial evidence  
Semblance of generalisation, keep cards close  
to the chest, talk in riddles, try it on, set a  
meaningless test, spin, spin, spinning wheel,  
spinning top

Spinning  
Spinning at the top  
Spinning: we called it lying  
Spinning so hard you cannot stop

