



Doubt no Choice

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Contents

England.....	3
Sat on the beach.....	4
Meditation.....	4
One roomed white house.....	6
Photographs at an exhibition.....	8
Saint-Malo.....	8
C'est la vie.....	9
Day turns into night.....	9
The trainers yachts.....	10
A lesson in perspective.....	11
Reflected in the glass.....	12
Fields of potatoes.....	13
All shapes and sizes.....	14
Across the village green.....	15
You are a long way from home.....	17
Aubergine.....	18
Listen to the wave's crash.....	19

England

Blood red sky
The war planes fly
Or once they flew nearby

Crimson across the horizon
Poppies on the cenotaph
Mornings when young girls cry

Black silhouettes
Shifts in etiquette
Widows wander by

Backgrounds brighten
Memories lighten
Only survivors die

Grey clouds drift in
Apathy begins
In a vapour free sky

Sat on the beach

Sat on the beach
Talk of swarms of fishes
Think about our dinner
What will be the dishes

Cotton swirls in the sunshine
Pretty girls in their own time
A scatter of seagulls fall in line
Chime up in their own crime

Sat on the beach
Amongst the poets and the titian's
Well wishers, soothsayers
Rock salt and magicians

Surrounded by the fishes
Painted on balustrade and swishes
Remember then the dishes
Dover sole, Cod Roe - Fish Quiches

Meditation

A meditation
And a sabbatical
Time to think
Away from the madrigal

Zen garden
And falling water
Rebuild the mind
Rebirth the daughter

A monastery
And faith retreat
Quiet time
Away from cities streets

Meditation in the
Zen garden
Monastic wetting
Of the feet

Proserpine
Your words I find
In the midnight mind
Searching for a peace of kind

A solitary recitation
Escape to meditation
Walk on sands of past hesitation
To the gallery of sweet sensation

Tortured heart
Broken soul
Bare upon the gallery wall
Pain stands, quite ten feet tall

Your sleep
Is my sleep
Your need to weep
Is what I keep

Silently we slip away
Fade, fade, fade away
The flowers loose their colour
The trees loose their leaves

Silently we slip away
The tortured heart
Broken apart
In the midnight mind

The insomnia is overtaken
We have been away
And non re-awaken
Our pain has been taken

Shake and shiver
For what forsaken
Lost what once was mine
Your garden of Proserpine

A meditation and a sabbatical
Time to think away from the madrigal

Zen garden and falling water
Rebuild the mind, rebirth the daughter

A monastery and faith retreat
Quiet time away from cities streets

Meditation in the Zen garden
Monastic wetting of the feet

A monastery and faith retreat,
quiet time away from cities streets

One roomed white house

One roomed white house your memories
unfold
Fisherman's tales told and told

A lonesome room on a windswept shore
Children listen, parents plead for more, please
more

Your crevices and cracks, your driftwood
smoker stack
Rhymes run long into the night, eyes burn as
splinters crack

Life alone inside your solitary stone
Not then painted white, still a virgin's flight -
soul flight

Was your life as simple as we surmise
Grilled fish - sunset to sunrise with no
surprise

A man of tasteful, worthwhile, simple
cloth
Not for you couture - *Cardin* or *Davidoff*

Did you smile along the whole *Five Mile
Road*?
Did you walk the shoreline before the
armies came?

Your stories unfold - your history is sold
You lie there cold, is their comfort in the
robes of gold

Was it ever the same after the armies came?
Was it ever the same after the armies came?

Photographs at an exhibition

St Lucian loaf; Silver birch walk
Kite surfing; Simple seats

Orange ribbon; Hurry on home
Towards the sand dunes; A ring; A ring

Dead tulips; Tolsta stack; Abandoned
Bambury Castle; The attic; White cottage

Pebbles; Sand tree; Harvest time
Fish catcher; Shoreline

Gronez Castle; St Ouens Manor;
St Catherine's Breakwater
Railway carriage; Full steam ahead

Mercury diesel going nowhere
Reflections; Plemont Bay; Smart view; A

Saint-Malo

Crepes and grill; sunshine warm on the yellow
table tops: Bonjour, Bonjour - Sir, Madam;
tea, coffee, ice cream, ice cold coke;

Robert Surcouf (*Roi des Corsaires*) left here in
seventeen eighty eight

Rock pools are frequented by seagulls, the
wooden walkway is a sculpture, ravaged by
the sea; old boats bobble across the shoreline

- would you care for a plate of salad
tomatoes? Perhaps your lady friend would
prefer a bottle of sparkle water

C'est la vie

C'est la vie
Scones and cream
English tea
Jersey streets
C'est la vie

C'est la vie
Thesaurus Bookshop
Past visits are dusted off;
Recycled for more studious studies
C'est la vie

C'est la vie
Mathew Arnold's hopes and fears
Divorce of the Teenage Years
Carry on throughout the tears
C'est la vie

Day turns into night

Ebb and flow
Of tides that turn

Sun sets light the palm fringe terraces
On book strewn balconies cocktails are
shaken

Children awoken from slumber for tea
beside the pool
Earlier old friends re-united; herb
gardens, lettuce leaf luncheons

Koi carp kept watch amongst the
manicured avenues
Morning turned into afternoon, days
turned into nights

Ebb and flow
Of tides that turn

The coastal path: Private property 'Beware
of the Dogs'
Rozel fort, a carbuncle in the style of good
old Prince Charles

A fort to keep out the natives, a coastal
path overtly trod by wealth: Who lives
there, who commissioned this monstrosity

How much privacy could or does anyone
want; would Mr Palomar have found
peace beyond the secured bricks and
mortar

The trainers yachts

The trainer's yachts are in the bay
Mirror dinghies from another day
On Golden Pond some would say
But just enough surf
For the sails to swirl, and sway
Learn to train for another day

Gulls circle in the sky waylaid
Pensioners promenade; o my fairway
Hold hands, happy chatter, still in love
Still in love, in love for another day
The hotel though; old fabrics fade away

Could it stay another day?
Only bricks and mortar I hear you say
The reinforcements not yet paid
Its only bricks and mortar
What really matters I hear you say
Is that together love lives another day

A lesson in perspective

A lesson in perspective
Antique furniture observation
Oak or walnut
With inlaid mosaic of beech

Curves, sweeps, rolls and pillars
Romanesque
Burton, burlesque or baroque
A timber tribute to ancient Greece

The mirror
A full length oval
Surely reflects out
More of what's inside

And in the bottom drawer
A blanket perhaps:
Form to follow function
Logic at so longed for last

But once more to the top
Why so ornate
What is to be hidden above the
Wardrobe's sorcerer full of secrets

A lesson in misdirection
An unusual missed correction
Oak or beech
With inlaid mosaic of walnut

Reflected in the glass

Reflected in the glass
The writer feels pleased
Sound waves the backdrop
Troubles settled, rhythms eased

Five feet beneath the surface
Bask in the tricks of light
Perceive the depth received
Infuse the subtle seventh sight

Percussive notes so gently bounce
Off the walls, in crevices and all around
Creep through the open windows
Fill the world with joyous sound

Light and depth set so well together
With silent steps move on into June
Shelter needs are all provided
Bodies well, minds refreshed, in tune

Beyond the glaziers fascia
The writer then released
Meadows are the backdrop
Sheep warm beneath the fleece

Fields of potatoes

Fields of potatoes

Fields of corn

Hedgerows and railway lines

This green and pleasant land

This damp, grey, overcast July

Green, not unpleasant land

Flatlands and uplands

Levels, plains and moors

Cut through railway cuttings

This overgrown overwhelmed land

This cold, tough, insecure unsure

Wasteful, waste of overwhelmed land

Trees on the pavements

Trees on the platforms

Sycamore, Oak, Electricity pylon

This new and synthetic land

This soft, white, imaginary modern

Stylish, most synthetic land

All shapes and sizes

All shapes and sizes
Wait, expectant, ventures abound

Young and old
Students and teachers

Wait, thoughtful
Thoughts of places to go

Wait, wait
Their stories to unfold:

Clothes that fit
Clothes that don't

Children who stay quiet
Children who won't

Hairstyles from the Caribbean
Or dressed from nowhere at all

The collective
Collected unconscious

Set out; short or stout
Set about to roam

Bus, train, boat, boat-plane
Timetabled to keep you sane

All shapes and sizes
Tall, called with wherewithal

All shapes and sizes
Thankful for life's surprises

Across the village green

Across the village green
Beneath the cloud capped hills
He waved his hand
So full of love
And tenderness
He smiled his smile
Years of calm
Contentedness

She returned his smile
Thought of wasted opportunities
Between the wars
She could have staked a claim
The life they lived
The stuff of dreams
Across the village green
Beneath the cloud capped hills

He swept back his hair
From his sun blessed brow
He held his head
Aloft - proud, not loud
She would have swept her fingers
Through his golden locks
She would have squeezed his hand
Beneath the old church clock

The life they lived
Or so it seems
Across the path of time
Was it the stuff of dreams?
He walked alone among the roses
Between the green and pub
He licked his lips in expectation:
Frothy beer, dominoes, a conversation club

She would have missed his company
Left at home alone
She would have tried not to nag
Or wasted Sunday dinners
He oft rolled out under the moonlight
Unsteady on his feet to part
He blessed his life
Forgot his lost sweet hearts

She thanked her lucky stars
She had not been subservient
She would have loved him dear
But to her it was so clear

The life they lived
Grew further apart
The stuff of dreams
Was in the head and not the heart

They walked, they talked
I wondered why
Began to cry
Their life to try
Some other way
Or so it seems
The scene observed
Across the village green

You are a long way from home

You are
A long way from home
Lost inside
Your sketchpad stone

Look back
Along the promenade
The turret
And tower your silhouettes

The clock
Commemorates the cross
Your foreground
Definition, defined in detail

The picture
Is framed to the East
The roll over bay's waves
Distanced towards the horizon

The Jurassic cliffs
Crumble but cloak
You, a long way from home
Escaped troubles of mankind

The stillness
Calm of your situation
Crippled by
Your wandered mind

Aubergine

The wars
Warriors test your patience
Stolen lives
Of those you've left behind

The light fades
You moved along
Your carbon pencil
Unable to capture

The chorus or the song
A long way from home
Lost inside
Where you belong

Aubergine, plum, pantaloons
Indian summer Raj's day's in June
Kashmir border, border of order
Summer, winter, snow topped mountain

Walk from water to water
River blessed, summer caressed
Search the stillness
Look inside the prayer

Place, space, time past
Jewels, pearls
Silks
Golden ochre

Rose floats around the fountain
Chases slow burn sunsets
Infused, she defuses constellations
Pre-eminence, she paints glorious visions

Listen to the wave's crash

Listen to the wave's crash
Down past the water splash
Underneath the blue sky
Hear the sounds of babes that cry

Corbiere to the shore of France
Occupation tower on the great skyline
Surfers rise to the oceans break dance
Fortress St Ouens - summer in sunshine

*Not too deep, a simple treat
Only to put down what's all around*

One white house with a single room
Toddlers talk as parents walk
Five mile road in the afternoon
Sand slip, tip toed soak

Fly the flags the lifeguard lads
Down past the water splash
Summers break, slake
Before the give and take, awake

*Not too deep, a simple treat
Only to put down what's all around*

