

A misty landscape with a body of water, trees, and a fence. The scene is hazy and atmospheric, with a soft light source in the sky. The water reflects the surrounding elements, and a wooden fence runs across the foreground. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Invitation **to** Open Words

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Invitation

Where are you now
Write to me more often
Where are we now
Softly so spoken

Where I am
Fairly often
There you are then
Not a thing is broken

Written invitation
Simulate tactile sensation
Coffee's black
In Massarella's café

Light is bright
Behind the lens
Smile awhile
In moments magic

Where are you now
Write to me more often
Where are we now
Excited so spoken

Knock on the head
Some say I still suffer
Knock on the head, awoken
Unbroken with beauty

Concentrate
Imagine a transparent mind
Postulate
Disordered thought interim

Motivate
Drive me madly
Introvert
Heard extrovertly

Where are you now
Write to me more often
Where I am now
Patience so slowly

Birth more special
Than yet I contemplate
Life more special
Than yet I admit

Release
Unwise ineffectual pressures
Retain, explain
Love, compassion, learn

Where are you now
Write to me more often
Slow me
Slow so slowly

Exude high expectation
Received, perceived, undue
Seem able
Stable, of invent

Thoughtful, true, you, you...

Support or disrupt
Challenge or cajole
Balance or bias
Me, or you, or all

Energy flows
Pictures grow
Smiles return
Doubts burnt

Where are you now
Speak to me
O speak to me
More so often

Kick me
Metaphorically
Engage me
Excessively, sensually

Draw me
Repeatedly
Tell me:
You should
I would
We give

Demand of me
Reach you
Command, perhaps
Or so reflect

The flow should meander a little
Where are you now
Still with me
With me so more often

Distract
Extract self satisfaction
Self suffocation
Unaware, it is a fair reaction

People need people
Communicate
Complement
Consume

Interaction is
The second oxygen of life
Where are you now
Will you...

...we part

Rivulet

Wave crash
Whiplash, onward Unknown Soldier
Wave crash
Sea splash; ocean parts, she grows colder

Salt water drains over bitumen tarmac
By starlight and streetlight wild rover
Rain water drains over bitumen tarmac
Hides moss, hair gloss, stroll over

Wave crash
Pebbledash, inward, homeward boulder
Wave crash
Car smash; society parts, she grows colder

Revealed

Knocked about
Tough edges smoothed over
Rough diamond
A touch too smooth

Shaped
By all that society could muster
Trust in too many pamphlets
Thrust into too many books

To strip bare, begin again
There is though no alternative
For the kingmaker
He is already without his clothes

Jo

Get on
Get along
Get on along Jo-Jo

Nothing on
Nothing going on
Nothing going on along
Get on, going on along Jo-Jo

Going away
Going away today
Going away today along
Get on along, going away today Jo-Jo

Get on along
Get on Jo-Jo
I am going away along
Another day Jo-Jo

Masthead

Flags in the park
Bring light to dark
Reflect
On stark realisations

Miles of orange cloth
Unveiled without curtail
Sails for a city's sold salvation
Creation; a core declaration

Stores for ideas and enthusiasm
Make some thing solid of
Plastic, or clay, or vision
One more monumental decision

Open
Open to derision, but
Else wise to abound in joy
Abound else wise, and flutter in joy

C'est la vie

C'est la vie
Scones and cream
English tea
St Helier's streets
C'est la vie

C'est la vie
Bookshop's deep
In past visits dust
These are more serious 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

Days turn into nights

Ebb and flow
Of tides that turn

Sunsets that 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
Day turned into night

Clear Water

Bhagavad Gita
Same as it is
Same
As it ever was

Behind Proust and Waugh
Behind *Pennies from Heaven*
Drinks tout suite
From five, all through to eleven

Just too many coincidences
My sixth
And seventh senses yell
Tell me to listen to the shells

Meanwhile back then
Think on
To harden up the will
Forge some strata

Put some clear water
Clearer water
Between the you
And the other you

Je t'aime

There were good times
Excited by raised expectations
To have a tilt at the thrill of the chase
Slick and grace, brassiere the base of silk
and lace

Then there were better times
Desirous deep and down deliverance
Spilt over, tasted twice the taste, laced
before losing the case
Bedecked with liquorice and space, dare to
mention duty displaced

Then, well then there was exultation
Screamed out loud, proud of crowds
ejaculation
Christ don't stop, don't stop, don't stop this
race

Je t'aime...
Je t'aime...
Je...o yes, lead and bass
Lead and bloody-well
Bloody well
Body beautiful bass

Crescent Moon

I don't know when I lost you
Or when I lost myself

Beneath the crescent moon
Bathed by clear night scars

I don't know when I lost you
Or when you lost yourself

Gentry Folk

Fractal
Sparkle spangle
Wash board shirts
Twisted, turned through the mangle

Tin tub by the fire
Outside the outside lavatory
Was a paper hung story
A chance for peace or glory

Granddad kept
Speckled hens and tiny pullets
Some fair time
Before we saw the rubber bullets

Terraces, brick rows of terraces
Chimney stacks that blow back
Blow back smoke and soot and scale
Tales of sweat and salt and sups of ale

Those were the days
You've heard it said before
Days we thought would never end
Thoughts that they'd never bend

In the brickworks yard
He was a kiln firing barrow man
In her textile mills you can hear the muffle
Her once loud shuttles silently shuffle

He went on the wagons
She cleaned for the gentry – just as
He went on the buses
She washed and dried the dusters

Then what happened; o what ever happened
To the days we thought were those
Days we thought would never end
Thoughts that they'd never bend

Miners strike; we lost the fight
From a manufacturers economy
We concentrated on astronomy
Sent men to the moon

Seattleite
Hollywood Hills
Beverley Bill
Not on your Millicent Martin

In joined up cyber space
We have free-time to waste
We have oodles of disposable
Disposable Income

Laughing Gas

These are those days
Intended
Let's hope these times sent
Are forever ever not ever to end

He went off to another family
She called it a day – as near as
Until she met her companion
She settled for a pink wedding

And those blessed late years of
contentment

Now then lad
Things have got to change
We've got to make 'em laugh
Blow off their little cotton socks

How do wi do that then?

Good
Good question
Good question that lad

Blow off their little cotton socks
Blow off
Blow off
Blow off their little cotton socks

That will be the wind then?
Yes lad that will do it

No
No
No, they deserve more than that

What lad, more wind
Are you sure
Surely not

Make 'em laugh
Make 'em laugh
Hit them with that laughing gas
They love it

Their knickers are wringing
Flop it out, flop it out
Shake it about
Make 'em laugh

Lad
Eh lad
They're loving it

Loving it
Finger, thumb and rusty...
Loving it

Hang on dad
Hang on a minute
There's no one there
They've all gone home

Shovin' it
Shovin' it

See, it is belief

Darkness
Real Darkness
Black lines on black skies
Inside the womb
Inside the tomb
Darkness

Shaft of light
White light
White lines on a white sky
Outside the womb
Beyond the tomb
Lightness

Troubadour in motion

Sock
Built block
Foundation for the day

Shave
Behave
You never know who might look

Bathe
As you wave
To the wind blown passers by

Porcelain tub,
Rub a dub dub
Clay to clay, dust to dust & all that

Electric kettle
Engage your mettle
Refresh with a cup of tea

Sport the briefs
From the Barrier reef
Or was it Totnes Plains

Aramis Life
From someone's wife
Splash it on, splash it all over

Polo shirt by Ralph Lauren
Graham and Yvonne will be
Married before they've gone

Made in Morocco
Blown in by the Sirocco
Marks and Spencer's strides

Kurt Geiger's boots
Armani suit, pockets of loot
Spittle, spit and polish

Glasses by Guess
You can picture the rest
A very private affair

Odourless Garlic from the rack
Sanatogen Gold for the older man
Chewable vitamin C – in a family pack

Stack the traveller's bag
Rediscover re-entry jet lag
Another day, another dollar

Holler at the Mind Gym book
One more sincere insincere look
One more how to do it your way

Laptops away
End of stay
Remember, somewhere in Dorset

Plath

Fill the spaces, leave no traces
Leave only a Plath behind
In case someone kind
Some kind soul
Wants to rock and roll
Or write poetry again

Open Words

The light is on
I want no more darkness
The music plays
I want not for ambient sound
The ring sings resolute around my head
I want not for the sounds of silence

The wave, the wave ebb's again
I am in seek of stiller waters
The storm clouds gather over the hills
I am in seek of fairer weather

The sunken sands are shifted
I am in seek of a loftier landscape
The newsprint scatters on the street
I am in seek of wayward and wiser words

The spiritual leaders
They are bare and broken
My open words aim
True
In truth
To be more softly spoken

