

To be is not
Alone
Enough

Christopher
Sanderson



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Too many times of parting

Void, devoid of direction
Not a misconstrued sharpening
Vacuous, various universes
Too many times of parting

Laying in the churchyard
Summer Sunday butterflies darting
Read the countless headstones
Too many times of parting

Spent it all and then some more
Started over and over again, restarting
Worn away carpets to the rescue
Too many times of parting

Zoo zombie

Just avoid hurt
Pain held at bay

Day
Night
Day again

A zombie for a day

Hollow score

All that went before
Has gone
Gone before

Creation crept along
Slipped the sand
From underneath the shoes

Familiarity swept along
A carpet ride
On an hollow floor

Mother and Father
All that went before
Gone, have gone before

Chapel and church
All that went before
No score, all has gone before

Glide

Swell
Over golden pond
Into the mist covered mountains
Footprints feel out for sanctuary

Glide over water
Gulls wings opened with pride
Slip slide away
Their gold waves ebb and flow

Cosmos

There's a thousand million
Sparkling tinkling waltzing illuminations

There's a never ending chorus
Of pebbles and waves

The zephyr's blown in over the Dolomites
Travelled with some softness and certainty

The migration has begun
Freshwater havens and lakes are forsaken

Cotton wool clouds are surrounded
There is a silver tint around the sure blue sky,

Above, a thousand million, maybe a billion
Sparkling tinkling star bright communications

Alone is not enough

White board
Wipe away; move on
Go on through some deep synapses
Erase, erasure, lose, loss
The loss of saviour
Quarantine, quarantine or delete
Loosen links and linkages
Open wounds

Bind; bound, sealed, slowly healed
Turn to find a sense
Find a purpose
To be is not alone enough
Buy some time
Rebuild some memories
Work out why
Go wherever

Lava Java

All what was once forgotten
Used as fuel to fan the flames
Fictitious, fortuitous
Furniture in frames

Ladles of molten metal
Burn the streams of lava

All what was once forgotten
Tear apart the troubled mind
Fanciful sweet cure memories
Rose tinted bespectacled, kind

Species cast in cold, cold iron
Trapped inside froze past times

Eon Ion

Engaged inside empty space
Place - a space, space without place
Nearby, nearby to nothingness
Nothing, not anything

Anything but nothing
Mesmerised an unusual surmise
Surrealist space
Around inside nothing

Orb, shelter from the storm
Look back eon
Glass flecks
Arouse imperfect persona ion

Cut words
Best friend
Descend
Extend

The contradiction
With diction
Cruel tongues
Empty, empty souls

Mindful to remind - a rise before a fall
Decorous: emblazoned with medals
Medals of honour upon her
Upon her brazened tourniquet

Root slip

Rootless
Reason for ground
Faithless
Search out and sound
Doubtless
No to doubt, no to there be unsound
Careless
Let her, slip clean through, I'll be bound

Steam Gallery

Electric blue
Surf on true
Singles night reflection
Circumspect introspection
Electric blue
Shine on dew

Never seen your light before
Transmitted at the shore
Winters night
Transparent light
Never seen you so bright
Before

Eclectic hue
Dance hall shoe
Painter from the peak
Horizon seek
Shine on through
Electric crew

Rill

Taw Head, River Erme
Cascades
Ritual, sacrificial passage
Swirl ponds
Cold water, cold as ice
River, river, rill, rivulet
Cascades
Ritual, sacrificial passage

Streams, consciousness
Trout and stickleback
Splash about
Game by the river
Game by the rill
Game by the rivulet
Game by the stream
Of consciousness...

Mall today

Dear diary
Went to the mall today
Me and Molly Flanders
Suspicion surrounded - swept over our
every move

All as gone before
That's gone before
All as gone
Gone that's gone before
All as gone before
Gone that's gone before

Masquerade and minuet
Pickpockets at the mall today
Johnny and Jenny, take the nickels and
dimes
The punters never notice - they even
stand in line

Dear diary
Drew my dole today
Me and Francis of Assisi
Desperation descended - she deepened our
every mood

All as gone before
That's all gone before
Gone, all gone
All as gone
All as gone before
Gone that's gone before

Spices and dyes, crimson from Aspen
Old market stalls at the mall today
Saffron and Shanty, man made atmospheric
chime
The silent just folk wander - they while away
the time

Mapping is fun

Dear diary
Bought some coal today
Me and Mrs Thatcher and that scary Mr
Scargill
Confrontation tensioned - threatened by
their every altercation

All that's gone before
That's all that's gone before
All gone before
Gone, all gone before
All as gone before
Gone that's gone before

Knot, rope, intertwine; we will meet you later
on
Somewhere round the blowing house
Over Norsworthy Plantation way

Dwell, swell, continue; we will rest awhile
Beside the pixies house
Together on Yellowmead Down

Rustle, steal, acquire; we will heed and herd
our way
Through Woodtown and Furzetor pass
Twixt here and Sampford Spinney

Dam, earth, buttress; we will construct and
confine
From the cattle grid to the homesteads
Under the shade of Combestone Tor

Steady

Quarry, rock, excavate; we will extricate
information, find
A way up Rugglestone Rock, through
Seven Lords lands
To rendezvous at Widecombe in the
Moor

Drink, blue funk, libation; we will soon be
there for prayer
Nearby the weir of Higher Coombe
Fall upon Scorrison, upon Scorrison
Chapel

Mill, alcohol still, Benedictine of Buckfast;
we will make our way
Into your Cistercian monastic order
Beside the Butterfly Farm and the Railway
Museum

Rush
Without rapture
Straight in to
Unravel

Another sort of touch

I try to remember
What it was like to fall in love
I lie here - look
Ogle at that turquoise top
Stare at that flash of flesh, Gilgamesh
Confused
Did I abuse lust
Entrusted with love

And then I remember
Remember that Sunday morning
Flight lands, arrival, landed with nowhere
to go
I was just in place, some place, anyplace
A wanderer in love, with a great innocent
big beam

OK so we'd made love some time earlier
And though that was some –
Boy that was some intoxication

Still, even with the glorification
This was some other sort of touch
Another sort of touch
Touch that caught
Caught, captured in rapture
One rapturous Sunday morning

The purple haze descended
My mended mind remembered
Every touch, every stroke
Every word we spoke
Spoke throughout the night
Spoke way on into the morning
Way on into the morning

When we rose for the sunrise
To skip along the sands
In no more than our bare feet
No more than our love
Our kiss
Kiss, kiss, sweet kissing sunrise

Sunrise that burnt off the hazy night
descended
My mended mind remembered
Sat by the ebb tide
Feel for toes, toes that toast in the
sunlight
Feel another sort of touch
Another sort of touch

To touch
To touch love
Or is my memory fed
Bled
Bled dry
Dry with lust -
It was not love just
Touch

Preoccupation

It would be so easy
To paint, oil paint the picture sad old red
But that won't do anything
For these red eyed dues

That won't do anything
Won't do nothing
That won't do anything
Not a thing at all

It would be so easy
To drown, in smoke stained melancholy
But that won't do anything
For these preoccupied blues

That won't do anything
Won't do nothing
That won't do anything
Not a thing at all

Eye Candy

Red stilettos
Right up to her thighs
My o my, it sure is nice
To climb so high

Leather boots
Ermine for the firm
By the by it sure is nice
To climb so high

Foam at the lips
Kiss her on the pips
My o my, it sure is nice
To climb so high

Champagne and Cabernet
Sauvignon; wet T shirt totty
By the by it sure is nice
To climb so high

Denim jeans fit and mean
Squeeze on back to seventeen
My o my, it sure is nice
To climb so high

My o my
By the by
Why it sure is nice
To climb so high

Red stilettos
Right up to her thighs
Leather boots
Ermine for the firm
Foam at the lips

Kiss her on the pips
Champagne and cabernet
Sauvignon; wet T shirt totty

Away for winter

Denim jeans fit and mean
Squeeze on back to seventeen

My o my
By the by
Why it sure is nice
To climb so high

My o my
By the by
Why it sure is nice
To climb so high

Closed hotel
Who sleeps in your bedrooms
Who walks through your entrance halls
Who last closed your revolving door

So you've gone to the Costa Brava
Gone from your service
Gone from - wait on
Who called your last orders

Would you mind if we stayed a while
We will sleep quietly in your bedrooms
Hold hands along your hallways
Pick up the post twirled through your door

We will send cards to Costa Brava
Be always at your service
Not keep you to wait on
On those nights without last orders

Another town

Back down Derby road
Granddad would have
Turned in his grave
Red brick
Red brick
Then some more red brick

Down again behind the Tower
Grandma would have
Cried in her gin
Poundsaver
Poundsaver
Then another *Poundsaver*

Smoulder

Northern soul
North West wind blown laughter
Promenade along the golden mile
Holding hands; kiss and smile all the while
Northern
Northern soul

Northern soul
Accentuate that oral tradition
Talk in bars teem with conversation
Holding words; smoulder slowly, then mould
Northern
Northern soul

