



Turn into not

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Embers

Fire will be the end of love
Burnt, cremated,
Settled for new flames above

Settle in the embers
Up against the wall
Arise though misty morn
Set off to debutantes ball

It is the afterglow
Under that clear star
Studded black night sky

Crackled sparkled cinders
She will surely re-appear
Lighten the dark
As darker souls walk by

Ravens nest

Rook
Grease lightened
Wings of black and black
Your day spent as a thief
Stolen slight diamonds
Pearls for your babes to play
Evil dyke raven
Blown out mill
Soar away in laughter
Laugh you two
Laughter on the wing
Rook roost
Fight and scream
Beat the habitual retreat
Return here
Crawl inside your fear
Congregate when flocks you ate

Astride this single tree
Your partner
Your lover
Your patron
Your muse
Because she's here
Or is she expected
Or are you
Or are you eternally free
Dusk light your wildest chorus
A thousand million mouths to feed
Call I prey
Plant your seed
Squabble
Squawk
The pain of your wrath
Shout
One gone right over the eight

Your song
Your song for your songs sake
Your song
For sex in the tree

No hidden depths, no hidden agenda

I don't do that real stuff
That starving, cutting, blinding pain stuff
I'm not comfortable by them wheelchairs
Don't sit easy watching paraplegic games

I'm not much into confrontation
Not ever looking for a scrap you see
I'm not one to go finding trouble
Don't hold any points of view

Don't seem to care outgoing
For them that's less well off than me
Don't seem to be moved towards reality
Except to avoid reality catching me

But then I'm watching the rugby
Not that there's any Welsh in me at all.
But before I know it the tears are flowing
Before I know it I'm no use to anyone at all.

The tears are freefall flowing
I'm laughing
Not knowing why
Not knowing bugger all

It sets me on thinking
There must be emotion buried somewhere
Buried in a cavern
A chasm beside my soul

My message is drifting
I'm losing the plot and the point
It is face value with me
That's it, that's all

There isn't anything any deeper
There's no conscientious objector to unveil
There and my words ever I touch
It is the same sail

Rhode Island

Rhode Island Red, blood red, down by
the Rhododendrons, Sunday bloody
Sunday, down by the riverside, down by
the dead head republican
Rhododendrons; those Irish gypsies, boys
they're the bad ones, those guys from
squatamo republic, those guys so bad
they forgot to get the plan

Yer it's easy for that early generation, mid
life crisis, hair with lice it's him the
immigrant, he that slides and glides,
divides and derides, slides the greasy pole;
lump it or leave it, that's his motto for
today, dunna care, but them boys from
the republic have, they have to leave

Bloods thicker than, slicker than, flows
quicker than the indigo ink of his words:
human rights, eating, sleeping, breathing,
talking, walking, smoking, out with of any
constitution; it's for the birds, they've made
no contribution, them that's breaking
resolution 2468 never too late

And why's it matter, and why talk to the
supporters, but hide and shame your way
away from the ones you're after hurting, like a
bully in the school yard, frightened you'll find
the hero, that he'll pulp you up to zero, if you
only let him out for air.

An yer tongues pokes fun at the rest of yer
face, an yer eyes squint to prevent any trace
of compassion, any trace of care,

any trace of the spitefulness that's there,
that's spit out on every council flat low
life tenant, like the worst of yer habits
spitting at the phlegm of yer own
decision, yer made yer own circumcision,
we laugh na with derision, we don't need
your permission, yer goin nowhere boy,
cept home, with those boys, back to your
republic.

*Following another load of diatribe from that
conservative party leader; how shite must they be
to let this be the cream that rises to the top. How
shite to bring the problems being caused by Irish
Republican gypsies to the forefront of a General
Election Campaign*

Torn, twisted, love blind and whispered

Dancer: Spanish,
Spanish, dancer
Just a chance
Bring romance her way

Cuban heels
Belt studded with steel
Just a dancer
Please bring chance her way

She packed her case in isolation
Insincere her lines
Of desertion and devastation
She packed her case in isolation

It could have been
The castanets

It could have been
The sangria

Cuban heels
He'd made her feel
Her troubadour
Her surreal real steal

She wiped a tear
Folded her cotton
Handkerchief just so
She was torn but she had to go

It could have been
Anytime

It just happened
To be that summer

Belt of steel
Alive to feel
Kiss
Whisper

Silver clouds
Above her
Blind to recover
Andalucía lover

Airport

Afternoon
Fall towards evening
Passengers' board
Lovers dream
Afternoon

Sit there
Gaze, stare
Wait for the call
Feel belief in
Sitting there

Fly away
Escape today
Horizons new
Seascape view
Fly away

Rambling rose
No one knows
Your crimson clothes
Disguise from foes
Rambling rose

Stories old
Dreams untold
Evening's cold
Sunset mould
Stories unsold

Turn into not

Boys I'm drowned
Drowned in the sea of love rush
Drowned as I try to be Robert Graves
I get crushed by this lush stuff
I've got to try and escape

I turn to street-side stomps
Prophetic eggs aimed at the pompous
Go on, in your faces, those pre-elective
races
Curdles, strangle gurgles from that glasses
bound gargoyles faces
Pour oil on rippled waters – he sure is
trouble, wherever he goes

But you know I would so rather be on
the beach
Sun burnt sand sifts easily through my
toes to reach

Reach your man Graves' with life long love
he burns
The sun burns, burns through my frizzled
mind turns
So is it to me, or you, or us that my unkind
mind shouts

Desperately I seek some cause to carry,
somewhat to cherish
Some baton to wield, some post-modern
poster to perish
But I don't give two hoots about foxes
hunted, or culled
And single mums, they cope better without
soft blokes lulled
As for a European constitution, what and get
another Bush

You see I really muddle
Much easier down on the boat-side
puddle
Sail slow, on into Sidney Harbour,
champagne and oysters
Or some rough – way away, way past
Oxfords cloisters
Much easier to pretend; pretend in you,
in me, in us

Today in history

Today it is your birthday
Arturo Toscanini
Or it would have been
If you had not gone and died

And less than
Seven hundred years ago
Robert the Bruce
Crowned King of Scotland

Then the slave trade
Well that was abolished, good heavens
In the English Houses of Parliament
Today in the year Eighteen Hundred and
Seven

Tonight we will sing and dance
Chase some salt soft romance

With that queen of soul and spanking
Your birthday - Aretha Franklin

It is not long ago
We colonised Maryland
What as gone on since, o lore
Since this day in 1634

I heard that Ricky Nelson
Cut his first record
Teenage Romance
Top of the pops, no chance

More musical stuff
For lovers of Debussy
You know what's coming next
In 1918 he kissed his pussy cat goodbye

Only be fair to finish
With a tribute, or a rant of sorts
Those US Customs boys
Obscene capture at the ports

No more than 50 years ago today
Seized copies of Ginsberg
Seized copies of *Howl*
Blighty's heritage – poetry on the prowl

Message for Mecca

We all want to write
Guess we all want to be read
An most of us want to be published
Better read than dead she said

Then there are those that have got to
write
Those that just cannot let it be left unsaid
The tortured twenty first century
troubadours
That feel it ringing, ringing inside their
head

It is those poets I have read
They that have inspired me
They that have let it be said:
“If it wasn’t for words that I write then
I’d be better off dead”

Now I am amongst you; thank you so kindly
Not able to withdraw, ever less stories to
hold
My words blow me all over the place
They blow me hot and they blow me cold

Christ knows why I do it
Heavens above if it is doing any good
But on nights and days when nothing
happens
Boy it feels like, it is like, it is like I am in
love.

*In response to seeing the poem 'Crisis of desperate
thought' by John Mecca and reading the kind and
moving reviews.*

I forget

Our love now departed
It lies there, life dead

I forget how it started
Was it said or left unsaid

Time to move on
It lies there, left to fester

I forget how to start
Is it a now or later on

Not a new beginning
It lies there, begun before

I forget the lines and time
Was it have you been here

Weird, just not to know
It lies there, untouched

I forget spontaneous smiles
Was it forged all for more

Float on grey clouds
It lies there, like the drizzle rain

I forget springtime and sunshine
Was it grey in evermore

Take your turn always
It lies there, wait on

I forget, I forgot
Move on

I'm out of here

My needs are clear
It's time to steer
A brand new course
Some fresh resource

I am on my way out of here
Where I go I have no fear
No desires are lurking
Just to keep on working

Keep on skirting
Around what's bound me dear
Surround myself with what's impressed
Forget, forgotten the rest

You can check and you can test
But I've finished with second best
It's time to be clear
About this path I steer

The lurking fear
Though that skirting's dear
Sounds around
I'm outward bound

Impressed and clear
No more words I fear
I'm out of here
I'm all gone, I'm out of here

