



Frying  
inside

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## Contents

<b>Abreast the Iron Radiator</b> .....	3
<b>Propose</b> .....	4
<b>Propose some more</b> .....	4
<b>The vase will not be broken</b> .....	5
<b>Flesh and Rye</b> .....	6
<b>Blind the Philistines</b> .....	7
<b>Fingers folded the clay that moulded</b> .....	8
<b>Together alone</b> .....	9
<b>Sussed not sassy</b> .....	9
<b>Pass by</b> .....	10
<b>Exponential Form</b> .....	11
<b>Sixteen's the word</b> .....	13
<b>Royal Wedding</b> .....	14
<b>Escape away</b> .....	14
<b>See through to pray</b> .....	17
<b>Shimoda</b> .....	20

## Abreast the Iron Radiator

I lay there sideways, frying inside, lying  
on the floor  
You were there, lying somewhere, beyond  
the wall  
Candles in the window, silk, silk sheets,  
sunken satin bed  
We lay apart, together miles away, you lie,  
lie next door

And maybe that is all  
All you ever wanted  
To sleep alone, sleep for sure  
Beyond that crazy midnight call

And then the curse moved in the treasure  
Was it alcohol  
Or was it rock and roll  
Or was it just, just for sexual pleasure

Then in that museum place, a shelter, a rest  
Away from London's pouring roaring rain,  
Alongside the dinosaur, abreast the iron  
radiator  
You fondled my balls, my fondled balls put to  
the test

Before long we were lovers  
Restaurant tables  
Vomiting at the seashore  
Caught up completely, we were little mother-  
fuckers

Now it's over, it's gone, it's over  
Our stations cold, our dreamscapes strolled  
We've created bronze from gold  
Yet still the physical goes on  
Last rites -the physical goes on, even after it's  
over

## Propose

Now I'm used up can I use you  
Can I write all sorts of stuff  
White skirt, tight around the thighs  
Heels only just holding on  
Flying to every party  
Catching up on all you've missed

Old men can't help but be enchanted  
You blow smoke right through their eyes  
Young men once besotted can't ever let it  
lie  
And the old guys help you pretend  
That life's about something more  
Then blow you

They go and propose  
I suppose  
Suppose, no  
Nothing's new

## Propose some more

And can I go back even further  
To my first ever misdemeanour  
One hundred percent adultery  
Fuelled by being thrust together  
Fuelled by having some competition  
Care, compassion, curiosity, comedy,  
champagne, and Chanel 69

I used them all to make the score  
Took her to a cathedral, held open the door  
Two wet students holding hands in the vestry  
Fucking in the dorms, night and morn  
Her ankle bracelet, her stiletto heel, her slow  
undressing peel

She took me every-way, took me every-day,  
every-day she made me feel  
We drank ourselves sober, and chased up and  
down the stairs  
We screwed before rising, in the shower and

again before breakfast

We ran laughing - holding hands, running  
in to class

We played squash, then we showered  
Then we screwed and showered some  
more

And we ran laughing, teasing all we could

And the fever was on us

Fever ran deep inside our blood

We rode the rides; we had the valkyries  
held at bay until the week-end

Week's end, when we had to go, no more  
to propose, we had to propose, no, no  
more

Suppose, no, nothings new

## **The vase will not be broken**

Old smoke stacks are burning

Their last coals of the day

The fires will be allowed to die overnight

In the morning the kiln doors will be broken  
open

The class will express wonderment

And congratulate each other on their various  
works of art

The art teacher will ache for the student  
teacher's vase

She is here on placement, to teach history  
History will show he, he will have his way

The class of 67 will tease her

She will break down in tears

Some of the students will join forever friends

Build some languid internet community

The more lustful liaison though will bear

richer fruit  
Miss will push Sir  
In his wheelchair along Brighton  
Promenade,  
He will have a hand-made rug on his lap;  
a sensitive placement  
The vase, like history, the vase will not be  
broken

## Flesh and Rye

Around the maypole  
Purple, blue, orange, yellow, multifarious  
garlands  
Dance the dance of May, skipping in,  
skipping out  
Dance the maypole dance, skipping, sipping  
innocence

Or did you even then  
Have your eye on Yvonne's tie dye

Around the rounder's base  
White, white, white, serge blue knickers,  
plimsolls and tee shirts  
Pitch, swing, run, run on, catch, throw, run,  
gasp, grasp  
Run the rounder, running round the son's of  
innocence

Or did you even then

Have your eye on Hazel's breast and  
thigh

Around the fields of canvas  
Purple, blue, orange, yellow; beads and  
bandanas  
Strum, chord, drum, strum, chord again  
Strum the summer sun; summer sun of  
innocence

Even then it did you  
Filled your eye  
That festival  
Of flesh and rye

## **Blind the Philistines**

Better lines than words  
Better blind than absurd

Cuckold to this life that passes by  
Walk the bridle path  
While the slow boats whistle high

Beside the fields of rye  
Beside the towpath  
Dreamboats and dream hopes lie

Agent provocateur stimulates diffusion  
In the smoke filled rooms collusion  
Of dominoes and draught bitter  
Bitter delusion

Brighter lights and busy times  
Brighter whites to blind the philistines

## Fingers folded the clay that moulded

The clay:  
Moulded, sculpted, warmed, slipped,  
caressed  
Kissed, blessed  
Tendered without distress

The fingers folded  
Detail's scolded  
In frustration  
*Hands*  
They are the artist's enigma  
To build them in a way to reflect a life

To show compassion  
To show desire  
Hands in motion

Yet still  
Hands that work  
*Hands* that kill

Though for today they are art  
Art for the gallery visitor  
Art  
For the register of culture in miniature

Today it is Modigliani and Epstein  
*The Pillars of Tenderness*  
Less fragile perhaps than Alberto Giacometti  
But tender all the same

## **Together alone**

You are here  
But I am alone  
We are together here  
Together alone

The spaces between the faces  
Further apart than they've ever been  
We are to be here to be  
To be together alone

The words climb  
Over the cliffs of our lips  
Fall to the canyon floor below  
Separate sentences, words alone

You are here  
But I am alone  
We are together here  
Forever together here alone

## **Sussed not sassy**

Recently presented resentment  
Resent intended descent  
Pretence suspended, no doubt depended

Wait, wait while I say  
Wait, while I say, say  
I'm at a loss, at a loss  
I don't know what to say

Recently, in the not too distant past  
Presents were passed, cards were marked  
Resentment if at large, was held at bay

Wait, wait awhile, wait, stay  
Stay, wait, while I say  
I'm at a loss  
I don't know what to say

Re-sent, the message not received

Intended for you found another  
Descent delayed, laid upon the ledgers  
edge

Wait; stay, say, stay awhile  
Say, wait awhile, stay  
I'm at a loss  
I don't know what to say

Present this as not for real  
Suspended in disbelief we leant  
Doubtful that there is a way to stay

Stay, wait, stay, wait say awhile  
Say, say, wait awhile, stay, stay  
I'm at a loss  
I don't know what to say

## Pass by

The stars pop, skip hop  
Into the blood blue, blue night sky  
The show is a further station of the cross  
Mop up the blessed Pope John Paul

The shooting stars fly east to west  
Fade aureole carried by the borealis  
Boy I'm blest  
I am no longer second best

Freed from among the rest  
The night time test is to go west  
Boy I'm blest  
I've flown the nest

Pop eyes  
Stop lies  
Drop why's  
And hints of evermore

## Exponential Form

The blue night sky  
She'll show me where to lie  
Hang my hat beyond the fallen star  
I've travelled far

To lift this lowered bar  
Back up beside the Byzantine Czar  
Up into the ether  
With John Paul to meet Peter

Colour; gold or silver or invisible white, I  
guess the truth is the colour was not seen

But for arguments sake, and by the way there  
is no one here with which to argue, so there  
we have it, the colour was invisible bright  
white.

The weight was between weightlessness and  
an immovable load, the burden though was  
fleet of foot and moving, moving to all parts  
of the physical being, seen through some *in  
body* out of body experience.

So to give some basis for further thought, if  
that's ok, we'll give it the weight of the  
pulsating sheep's heart, pulsating in free  
gravitational space.

Mass I guess, and force or distance travelled,

combine to give some measure of energy  
or interpersonal magnetic dynamic pull.

Well it was here, there, took no time at all  
in flight, yet it consumed all around, and  
filled every void, it was the size of a  
cloudburst, a cloud that fills the soul.

In this case to add to the algorithm, or  
the proposition, call it if you will, we will  
give it the dimension of a round cornered  
trapezoid, in elemental five dimensional  
space

In these modern times communication  
engulfs nation over nation, this creation  
held the communication platform by its  
own choice, for its own time, without  
duplex or duplicity, no modem held it  
bound

For its power of thought transmission we  
will, I'm sure you'll agree then give it a level  
of an infinite skill

There we have it; we've got some  
components to consider, all that's left is the  
combination,

But unfortunately, as fast as we can create  
and combine, we must be aware that there is  
a strong destructive force not far away.

The next bit though is for you boys and girls  
to take on and complete.

All I will do for now is give, give; me being a  
generous sort, I will give you one of many  
possible endings:

*Pulsating at the pace of the dying heart, pulsating  
and fading like a decayed amplitude modulation,  
slowly arising, slowly declining, slowly  
disappearing, slowly reappearing, peering in  
decaying exponential form, in that one moment;  
here, and gone*

## **Sixteen's the word**

It has been sixteen years I'd say  
Sixteen years  
To lose my way  
Sixteen years  
To the very day

And sixteen years  
Before that score  
Then some more  
Another sixteen years  
Sixteen years led  
Again to the door

Then sixteen years  
More decay  
Sixteen years I'd stayed  
Before the wave  
My mother  
Her lover of sixteen years  
Unconditional love she gave

## Royal Wedding

Life, death, wife, forget

Died, live, marry, forgive

## Escape away

It has been a busy day  
I have escaped a long way

Early on I was talking to Mr. Masefield  
Resplendent in his business black suit

The cut was fine, lined with finest silk  
The hair was brave, not a Locke did  
misbehave

He was with Elisabeth, is it Mrs. Stanhope  
Forbes  
By the edge of the woods, turkey crop and  
scythe

They were at wonder with the Moonlit View  
Of Mr. Francis Danby's Eastern city

As they dared to forsake, partake  
In Mr. Geoffrey Hill's grinning cake

In the background, surround sound  
around  
Beside you, beside you, sang Mr  
Morrison, oh Astral Weeks

It has been a very busy day  
I have escaped ever such a long way

Journeyed almost as far as Camilla  
Who married again, this day, today

I did not go to the service  
I spilt my tears among the radio  
congregation

Tears of joy, or emotion, or but for the  
grace of god go I  
Or is it the North Wind

Blowing alongside the dust ball, by the canal  
side basin  
Which perhaps I am to engage with, in  
regeneration

A long term plan you say: I retort  
As if Capability Brown ever saw

His landscapes as any more than nature  
In full sway, in full public awe

Here in Weston Park, under the mid-day,  
noon time dark  
Clouds, clouds with Eastern rain and  
Southern comfort

It has, as I say, been a long day  
I've escaped, escaped in a very busy way

Before meeting Mr. Masfield  
I'd scribed a few words of my own

Memories of yesterday's funeral  
Polish youth, in Polish dress, the Pope  
was thus blest

Memories of yesterday's other funeral  
The receivers set the works to rest

Oh and lest I forget  
I'd imagined and spoken, words under  
my breath

I'd spoken, under my breath  
"Another day; escaping death"

It has been such a long day  
Escaping in many a different way

Unlike the child dying in St. James Hospital  
By the Poet's hand in the library compilation

'Out of Fashion' I recall the cover rolled  
Although I did not study the small print

I did though take the flyer  
To hire a china dragon, a dragon that blows  
fire

And I bought some books, go on, take a look  
Yes it is John Stammer's *Stolen Love Behaviours*

And Jackie Kay – *Life Mask*, although I  
thought  
The cover was an Eduardo Palozzi creation, it  
was in fact clay

And finally *Scenes from Comus* by Geoffrey Hill  
Recommended by the Archbishop of

Canterbury no less

It has been, as once again I say; it has  
been a long day

It is not yet noon, evening soon, beneath  
the midnight moon, except today, today,  
today I'm to escape away

## See through to pray

Mist  
Mourn around sip  
Waters edge nip  
Moorhens dip  
Swans neck flip  
Nature ramble trip  
Before the mourning tippie  
Missed

Mist  
Silver grey  
Early day  
Fields of hay  
Curds and whey  
Missed

Mist  
Mourning night  
Dawn around daylight  
Shafts of sight

Lover's flight  
Loss of right  
Ever might  
A little tight  
Drizzle another tippie  
Missed

Mist  
Smoky haze  
Early days  
Funny ways  
Window bays  
Missed

Mist  
Waters lout  
Tickled trout  
Vivacious pout  
Staves about  
Echoes shout

Ale and stout  
Cast a clout  
Undress and pour another tippie  
Missed

Mist  
White noise  
Play with poise  
Slick Latin boys  
Big girl's toys  
Missed

Mist  
Under and above,  
Below as love  
Preen of dove  
Push and shove  
Again with love  
Form a queue  
Queue for another tippie

Missed

Mist

Sea frets

Sun cloud sets

Place your bets

Take the lets

Missed

Mist

Souls feed off salvation

Wonderment creation

The cross' station

Exceed expectation

Tingle with sensation

Tip a toe at *Temptation Lake*

Ache for

Another tippie

Missed

Mist

Fuddled mind

Blinded

From behind

Faded

Forgotten kind

Clocks time to un-wind

Missed

Mist

Wasted way

Forgotten day

Job gone astray

No more pay

House lost in clay

No where to stay

Except for

Another tippie

Missed

## Shimoda

An early morning drive  
First light  
Ripe to be surprised

Inner self or outer self  
Collective unconscious  
Or something deeper

Daffodils in bloom  
Deep within  
The sunken soul

Like a ghost  
Or a drowned man  
That floats to the surface

The movement  
Was a continuum  
Without jar or jolt

The rise of  
OM, OM, OM  
OM for a lost love

Later  
In peace  
Quiet, calm, tranquillity

OM  
Cannot  
Resurrect

From the pit of the body  
To the tip of the mind  
Traffic free to carry the urn

The ashes have flown on the wind  
Unable to rekindle  
The cindered lingered candle

A flicker of a sickened failure to glow  
Extinguished, dimmed and vanquished  
Decayed; a to die for, atmospheric orb

But it did happen  
And for that I thank  
More than I can ever know

Therefore I write these words  
To tell you  
Of what I do not know

That it is how the flower feels  
In pollination,  
Some union with an Albion of kind

Received or reciprocated  
Bounded  
Bandaged in unrequited love

Like the kite blown along the breeze  
Of Shimoda in timeless flight  
It is a Messiah's handbook discovery

Recover to greet the souls  
Souls meet, together deep below  
Below as above, below as in love

