

The image shows a two-page spread of an abstract artwork. The background is a light blue color with a textured, slightly grainy appearance. A vertical gold-colored line runs down the center, separating the two pages. The artwork is composed of dense, overlapping scribbles and lines in red and black. The red lines are more prominent and form larger, more chaotic shapes, while the black lines are thinner and more intricate, often appearing as fine, hair-like strokes. The overall effect is one of complex, layered patterns that change as the viewer's perspective shifts.

With Echo and Delay

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Reaping Rake

Your lips were shielded
My attempted kiss was fielded
I was at mid-on, you were in the deep

Have you lost the ache
Or did I make a mistake
Had another sown be known to reap

Your lips were dry
My finger tips did try
I was in a spot, you played a sideways
shot

Have you lost the ache
Or did you make, on purpose take
A solemn off-side chastity vow

Your body wandered
My advances squandered
I was seeping, you were wicket keeping

Have you lost the ache
Or were you at play in the long game
No time to drift, one swift flame

Your last defence was tested
Heads and hands engaged, redemption rested
Your lips moist to wet, tongue tips set and
nested

Was it lust, or just more of a mistake
Afterwards, hey did you ache
One more to the beholden reaping rake

Watercombe revisited

*And today in my mind I am revisiting, just for
you, o yes and for me*

I came to this place
Almost twenty three months ago
Then, as now, the sky was blue
And the river tumbled and splashed

*Like a poet planted
Some time before the snow
Blue, blue, big blue Friday afternoon
Beside the lonely only one; River Erme*

In between the then and now
Turbulence has been maintained
Turbulent mind, turbulent body
Turbulent health, turbulent wealth

*From landing to leaving
Things were fluid and rolling
My head was full of love and stuff
My body was tired or alive
I was ill, I was well, I was poor, I was paid*

The sheep graze these windswept moors
Lambs born amongst the driving rain
Alongside the gorse and reed
A crop cut grass pleads to grow

*Those crazy beasts keep mowing
There love-stock dropped and fawned
Where it's rough it's ready
Why should ever we misconceive*

And the bleat breaks that

Waterfall of springtime silence
Alone amongst a thousand acres
Chasing after mother
Mother Nature

*No more whingeing or whining
Springtime, springs once again
In a world beyond the shoulder
Whatever we can believe, she can give*

Talking and walking

It used to be so easy
To make the unexpected call
So easy to start the talking

*Space here for several years
Of falling in and out of love*

But now talking of what
Small talk not even to walk

Wasted place, sometime

Somewhere on the M5
Around Taunton way I'd say
The morning after nothing had happened

The blue, clear blue sky
Matched the mood of release
Relief from those scattered sheets

That drip of tap
Shrunk threads and wasted washers
Now I remember

Around about Bristol for sure
The afternoon before
The night when nothing happened

The grey sea mist
From the estuary
Matched the mood of doubt

Unknown quarry
Set up for the fall
Recall the previous dishes.

That silken strap
Sunken beds and tummy squashes
Now I remember

Down among the Chilterns
The evening
The actual evening, the surreal non event

If it meant anything
It meant nothing to me
The wind drifted, the rainbow lifted

On moor and gorse
No recourse, no negotiation
A stated situation,

inclined inclination

I'm listening to Bukowski
You watch colour TV
Now I remember

Some place obscure
Wasted time for sure
Sex, whore, wife, life

How would it feel
To think your wife a whore
Lore would life suffice such a trice

Would the expectation
Stride in tight
At the fleeting site
Of gossamer light

Wobbly

Wobbly
Sleep together
Keep your distance
Close your eyes
Realize
The futile situation
A brutal station
Mutual pain
Acrid Rain

Wobbly
Singles dance
Lost romance
Do not touch
Do not chance
Ever so kind
Cool of mind
Calm emotions
Steady nerves

Wobbly
Stir it up
So tired
Little time
Left to sleep
Anxieties awaken
Temperance shaken
Fake
Wake together

Oddly
Still
Without will
I'm wobbly

Smothered lovers

Naked
Never
Except forever
When we were lovers

Together
We discovered
We smothered
Our bodies
With love and lust

Naked
Cleverly
We revealed
Our
Concealed others

Together
We stroked and smoked

Hoped without talk
To recover
Our lust and love

Naked
Together
Under natures covers
We were
Smothered lovers

Pose Nude

She more than made an effort, her figure
creator
Every morning not a yawn, but to slip on the
tummy vibrator

Melba toast was the most that passed those
sweet red lips
Palates, yoga, stretch, sways; wages of war on
those swingeing hips

The artists and the painters, they did not
restrain her mood
Posing nude for her life class, and for her
figure friend dude

Running on the moors; treading timeless
lineless steps the same
Pump iron; swim on down, the full length,
marked fast lane

More gold than tin

Fully spread under summer sun, tan,
figure slam, never bland
Cram in the cranberry juice, spruce up the
fat free yoghurt canned

All of this to manage the refrain
somewhere to aim at between
A clothes size of twelve and heaven
forbid, (*whispered*) fourteen

Skin supplements, perpetual moisture
implantation, strive
Conscientiously to keep the beauty, keep
her beauty alive

The hairdressers also kept up on their
toes, no style stayed around too long
A trim, a bob, but nothing permanent, for
my blond brunette mah-jong

There had been more gold than tin
Coasting in the Doldrums
Dancing at the Dolce Vita
The wedding finger was wearing thin

That third digit
Wedding finger indicator
Play the game, pay for the privilege pain
Amazon rain catches up sooner or later

Come to terms

I'd forgot to grieve
Got up to leave
Mumbled a stumbled goodbye

Not taken the time to cry
Too busy to ask you why
Caught by my insensitivity

Read some other folks words
Looked at nature, studied birds
Wallowed in the fallow furrow

Now it's time to come to terms
Wash out those wicked germs
Wish you all the best, with sincerity

I go to the country and I visit the city
Write and read, words full of self pity
Drink coffee, smoke endless cigarettes

The world has become my oyster
That's a tricky one
Choices can loiter and be foisted

So I'll catch them in the spoken word
Hoping that
The thought of it
Is not too damned absurd

At the dogs again

The steam room and the sauna
They are my racetrack, my whore, my
sweet fleet fauna

The swimming pool and the meditation
star
They are my cigarette, my whisky, my
pimp, my bar

Now this simple phraseology, this simple
word psychology
This is my style, not yours, for that I
make no apology

The tidy quiet room, with laid back jazz
and soulful blues
This is my non hovel, I've no desire to
grovel, it is what I choose

Yet I read your works and marvel at your
imaginative creation
With your escapades, your words, your touch,
I bear no relation

But just to put your mind at rest, in you I did
invest
In the Jacuzzi I must tell you, the plumes
dress the nest

The vodka and the vulva is caressed by
volcanic water vests
Tattoos around the thighs open your eyes,
stirred feelings blest

And there are girls there with their mothers
And ladies, going on girls, to be unseen there
with their lovers

Thought transference

The lecher stretch don't take much to
fetch the thought of sin
When there's so much skin, skin that
craves, misbehaves within

So for inspiration and amusement, when
the whore's in lent
The spa's the place to rent, for
ejaculations misspent

You thought your way
Into my thoughts
And you fought your way
Right out again

It was your thinking
Not your drinking
That propped me
Stopped me from sinking

Your critical cryptic
Crossword completion
Revealed your subtle
Sense of reason

And your letters
Although sparse and thin
Sold me; fever rising
Derived the muse within

Low flow the high blow

Your turn of phrase
With unnerving staring gaze
Was razor sharp and cutting
May I say the tension raised

The gifts you gathered
The detail mattered
Your thoughtful choice
Soft and carefully scattered

Even now on leaving
Misbelieving there is no deceit
Your thoughts I'm holding high
In my sinking, slinking
Unthinking sigh

Low blow the high flow
Trip the tease that strips to please
Low flow the high blow

Waters edge the bather's pledge
Strip to please the tease that trips
Waters pledge, the bather's edge

Low flow the high blow
Trip the tease that strips to please
Strip to please the tease that trips
Low blow the high flow

Low blow the high flow
Waters edge the bather's pledge
Waters pledge, the bather's edge
Low flow the high blow

Void

Words without ideas

Words without love

Ideas without love

Without words

Mute

Brute

Scout

Shoot

Thoughts without thinking

Thoughts with drink

Thinking with drinking

Without thought

Dupe

Sloop

Troop

Stoop

Sight without seeing

Sight with be

Seeing with being

Without sight

Blind

Mind

Find

Behind

O sweet gentle morning

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
Cross pastures and meadows
Sweet breezes blow

Sunlight so bright
Clear sunlight does shine
Blue big sky
Fresh breaths steady align

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
Along by the seashore
Mackerel on toast with Rye

Over blue misty mountains
By cool wispy fountains
From Arizona to Egypt
The rock face and the delta

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
The air that we breathe
The clothes that we weave

In London town
On Wordsworth's bridge
The tourists they flock
Morning cafés juke-boxes rock

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
Sculptures are fondled
Galleries slowly wandered

Expressions of beauty
Of love and desire
We will take tea
With oat cakes by the fire

Sacred events and sacraments

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
Open the paper
Enjoy to fumble the lead

O sweet gentle morning
O sweet water flow
Open the paper
Enjoy what you have read

The load described
Less travelled
Ode caressed
Journey Hesse

As it is
As it
Ever
Was

Coals
Burnt and scorched
No more
Imaginary goals

It is
Sacred events

Wireless spokes

And
Sacraments

It is
Is it as?
It is as
Evermore

Eye
See eye
Eye, see
Be, by

Be by
By
Cry
Me, why

Lightness after loss
Hope after dark
Life after all

Unchained; freed
From inert confusion
Delusion dispersed

Lightness before daybreak
Sleep with dreams
Sleep in peace

Unchained; restrained
From created capture
Rapture re-engaged

Lightness dawn and dusk
Walk without shadows

Walk with the angel's breath

Unchained; clasps recycled
From twisted thoughts
And wireless spokes

Light under the sun
Light under the moon
Lightness
Not a moment too soon

A quiet conversation

A quiet conversation
A silent contemplation

A quiet conversation
Morning light morning

Wind chimes, slow days
Passages in time

Wind blows sweet softly
Sage, rosemary and thyme

A quiet conversation
Morning light, morning

A silent contemplation
Morning light, morning

Hold hands
For a walk with giants

Footprints wander
This way and that

Footsteps
Sunk in the sand

A silent contemplation
Morning light morning

A quiet conversation
Morning light morning

Trickle stream falls
Over boulder and rock

Poppy, hemlock
Nature grazes over the meadow

A quiet conversation
A silent contemplation

A quiet conversation
Morning light morning

Stuttering staccato

She wrote me a letter
Talked of garlands and May
Walk with me thro' the meadow
Tread with me softly, she'd say

I replied in stuttering staccato
Struck a strangers chord
With echo and delay

Your kindness, gentle
Finds and swamps me
I'm sinking fast, I'd say

She wrote such words that turned me
Talked of where and when, we'd play
Talked with me so full of passion
She'd twist the vine with me, she'd say

I replied most
Almost rolled over
Searched deep for every word

Your passion, fever
Finds and haunts me
My writing's past, I'd say

