

# Archangel Michael

Christopher  
Sanderson



## Contents

<b>Glow at the attention.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Being tougher might have been kinder .....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Archangel Michael .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Nigh on caught the writers eye.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Sweet memories mended.....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Truly there is no fever crazy .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Singer.....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Surety of love .....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Strummer .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Silver threads upon the Rockies .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Forlorn four leaf clover .....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Bridge across the sky.....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Leave gaps to wander through.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Not lonely, moments .....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Our dreams to longer ponder .....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>It's coring though, not screaming.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>It's a tightrope life I've lived .....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>It always turns into a poem.....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>More frightened still to ask.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Joris Karl Huysmans (1894-1907).....</b>	<b>21</b>

## **Glow at the attention**

A little sad reflection  
On the island of Mr Pye  
Fifteen years ago this day  
We built our castles in the sky

The horse drawn carriage beckoned  
Bonnets, buckets, sun cream  
Protection needed you had reckoned  
On this island free to dream

Wander towards the headland station  
Gaze the azure blue to France  
Our first pretend vacation  
A consolidation of romance

Laid in the meadow I dozed  
Jasmine beneath the peregrine by chance

Laid beside my headland Rose  
Children and sparrows join a flutter dance

The hydro-foil rode waves fair stronger  
On the deck in Channel Island sunshine  
The light of lightness stays there longer  
Hands held in a crazed expectation sign

We had the corner table extension  
The restaurant was first class  
The girls glowed at the attention  
Your words flowed about their sass

We played some games a little later  
Was it Twist or was it Fish  
Happy before our consummation  
We felt our love, we had our wish

When we returned  
The photographs they cannot lie  
I was caught adrift and snoozing  
You as ever, were camera shy

Now it's another May Day holiday  
An island by the name of Kos  
We are no longer at one together  
Remember what on earth we've lost

We are no longer at one together  
Who knows what on earth the cost

## **Being tougher might have been kinder**

Being tougher might have been kinder  
Maybe I could have been kinder on myself

I could have seen the end before it happened  
But being suspended I gave myself too much rope

Was it the rough ride that life had led for you  
Or did my relentless chase eventually embrace you

Being tougher might have been kinder  
We could have been kinder to ourselves

We could have seen the end before it happened  
But suspended we kept on giving just too much rope

## Archangel Michael

Was it the tough life that I had read for  
you  
Or did my relentless waste eventually  
misplace you

Being tougher might have been kinder  
Could we have been kinder to ourselves

Could we have seen the end before it  
happened  
Or being suspended did we let out too  
much hope

On board  
On board the Archangel Michael  
On the island of Kos  
A present from the English  
Our help to win their freedom war  
Took from 45 to 58 to get the papers sorted

On board  
On board the Archangel Michael  
Anchor slip for wooden ship  
Island sun, nun forsakes nun  
The purple sage has read you  
The sprigs and twigs tread in blue

On board  
On board the Archangel Michael  
A boat that floats on hope  
With worry beads & poppy seeds  
And pictures of the Pope  
It's Greek Orthodoxy

## Nigh on caught the writers eye

For the crew  
On board  
The Archangel Michael  
A slip of sand  
A welcome hand  
The island blade  
Has read you

The boats  
And summer coats  
We're all just floating thro'

The purple pink ink  
Was sprinkled  
Words deeper than  
The page could print

The deep red sun  
In the sky did sink  
Skies hues, bluer than  
The blackest ink

The vermouth gin  
Was free for all to drink  
Crazed, laced, deeper than  
Aniseed, menthe and mint

The blue black sky had  
Summers stars that twinkle  
Skies light, whiter than the  
Whitest snowball cocktail wink

## Sweet memories mended

The drink distilled  
The pink blue sky  
The multicoloured blinks  
Nigh on caught the writers eye

The instinct was to close  
The amber nectar rose  
The painter shaped his pose  
The writer had another drink

My befriended mind  
Descended  
Lent itself a favour  
Or was it two

The bitterness is ended  
It could not  
Could not be defended

My censored mind  
Once again is centred  
It is scented with summer hue

It was meant for long to labour  
Except that now  
It is all but spent through

The bitterness  
Is indeed

**Truly there is no fever crazy**

Near on ended

Now it is  
The sweet memories  
Sweet memories

To be mended  
Mended  
For the love of you

And still I go on  
Still afloat  
Can't explain the feel  
You might tell as I write  
It's not easy to let go

But truly there's no fever crazy  
No anger drives me  
Neither live nor lazy  
No absence makes me feel fonder  
Loss is in the absent minded wanderer

It's a most unusual face, to face  
As I rise in the morning  
I just get on with what I've got to do  
There's no remorse or hope to rekindle  
Hurts not there to break on through

But I know it's not me

It is the sanctity of life  
That's what I hold  
This lack of scolded feel  
Is not of conscious made

There is some else  
Some unknown that goes on  
For how long  
How long  
How...long

## Singer

Singer  
Sing your sweet songs  
Your hallelujahs  
Your California dreams  
Singer  
Sing your sweet songs

O Spanish guitar  
Strum your tune away  
Your footsteps in the sand  
Your castles and diamonds  
O Spanish guitar  
Strum your tune away

Mocking bird  
Fly your wings away  
I'm here to stay  
Here till Saturday  
Mocking bird  
Fly your wings away

## Surety of love

It's the surety love  
That's what she's surest of  
He is home to stay  
Not any more to go away  
Her sad refrain  
He'll soon be back again

And surest love  
What are those words you say  
You were in that song yesterday  
Never any more to go away  
Then came that railway train  
Will he ever be back again

Hear that mellow blow  
From the horn and the piccolo  
Surely, she's lost her surest love

Downtown he's a gigolo  
With her bereft of his stain  
If forever, will he be back again

She mourns the loss  
On this isle of Kos  
She will paint again  
From love's love she will abstain  
She will though feel the pain  
Ever will, he be back again

The boats have sailed  
He's left no mail  
His muse and his minder  
He's off across the seas to find her  
Remind her of the heroes slain  
The surety of love in time does wane

## Strummer

O Cyprus summer  
Began with  
That Joe Strummer  
His Spanish ways  
O Spanish days  
Clash boys clashed  
From London  
To Andalucía  
Now he's  
Passed away  
His Mescalero's  
Have had their day  
He's moved right on  
But left his back  
Catalogue strong  
Joe Strummer; a  
Music lovers song

## Silver threads upon the Rockies

Jumbled civilisation  
Crumbled stone  
Lemon grass among the poppies  
Sandstone, slate and marble  
  
Image, vision, thoughtless sparkle  
Silver threads upon the Rockies  
Nervous weeds, unknown creeds  
Idea, gift, wrath, bless, path  
  
Worry beads, windblown seeds  
Fish, bird, goat, hashish  
Crumbled tome  
Jumbled imagination

## **Forlorn four leaf clover**

Daisy chain, one more refrain  
From your forlorn four leaf clover

Buttercup, someone has cropped up  
In your sojourn among the pampas

Remember the herb garden  
In Cardigan Bay

We mourned that a summers  
Love had passed

Down in the cabbage patch  
The locks were off the latch

The storm brewed, news  
Of crow clouds in the sky

In the potato fields  
Without his torch she yields

No more a warm autumn's  
Moonlit harvest festival

## Bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away  
Across so many seas  
Where are your thoughts  
At this very moment

Please stop  
Just now  
Think of this place  
Across so many seas

Take a moment  
A small mobile meditation  
Close your eyes  
Bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away  
Your muse, your love  
Your forbidden tree waits  
Across so many seas

Did you feel his fleet  
Thought; grasp the  
Passionate visualisation flash  
Across so many seas

Less thin in separate minds  
In split seconds we bind  
Touch skins together  
O my a bridge across the sky

Thousands of miles away  
My friend, my lost love  
She's free, forbid of me  
Across so many seas

Caught in that synapse strobe  
Mind depths that you probe  
Together fair weather  
Across so many seas

## Leave gaps to wander through

Without the intermingle  
Souls engaged stay single  
Lattice leaves no more do tingle  
Open your eyes

Realize  
It was only a dream  
Without you it did not mean  
A bridge across the sky

Without you it  
Does not mean  
Bridges  
Across the skies

Your mind searched  
For your favourite song  
But you needed peace and quiet  
Or some divine intervention

Those days you tripped  
Your memory slipped  
Turned down a gear or two  
Left gaps to wander through

Your mind searched  
It's a fashion thing to lose  
You do it with a passion  
Like a fever not to choose

Those days you dipped  
Those drinks you sipped  
Slowed down the inner you  
Left gaps to wander through

## Not lonely, moments

These only, not lonely  
My own  
Only  
Not lonely, moments

Only my own  
Once lonely  
Now only  
My own, not lonely

Moments  
My own  
Only my  
My moment

Only, only  
My only  
My own  
Moments only

## Our dreams to longer ponder

Those who are boys  
No longer but lonely  
The boys and girls  
Only left to dream

Boy she brings  
Dreams on more closely  
Close and mean  
She brings along  
The quiet  
But longer scream

For days and daze  
In summer sun she wanders  
Days to see and dream  
Our old forgotten dreams

A skin of silk  
Bosom without blemish  
A thongs embrace

A place for our dreams  
Upon to longer ponder

O yellow frock  
Your smock  
Does not shock  
Or mock me

My feelings peel  
I steal away  
To my dreams reveal

A cappuccino  
A turn of wrist  
A hand upon my shoulder

Boys I may grow old  
But please  
Don't fold away my dreams

## **It's coring though, not screaming**

I core away my evening  
I core away  
To try to find a feeling  
Revealing evening's dealings  
Coring through the old grey ceiling

Sealing old but not forgotten stealing  
Without today they surely have no meaning  
Just before the daytime and the dreaming  
Coring, and rocking, and reeling

It's coring though, not screaming  
It's welcoming, not scheming  
It's open and it's leaving  
Leaving you, to bring you in my dreaming

## **It's a tightrope life I've lived**

It's a funny path to tread  
Trode with boots of lead  
We never really said  
Goodbye

We simply do not talk  
Lift the telephone but choke  
Dark nights alone chain smoke  
Goodbye

Fearful for and of the future  
Careless with the lucre  
Time turns sour not Sucre  
Goodbye

My words thro' mind are sieved  
It's a tightrope life I've lived  
Hope though, odd to say forgive  
Goodbye

## **It always turns into a poem**

It always turns into a poem  
It must mean  
Mustn't it  
That there is some other  
Force, some other else within

Anyway  
I try to write about  
The strangeness  
Some far from known before  
Not even half understood  
Some stranger air to feel

It is not anger  
It is not loss  
There is a deal of non-reality  
There is a deal of  
To keep your image alive  
But it is not yet

At least I hope  
Not yet an infatuation

And that scares me  
In this  
Almost calm serenity  
Do I risk a roll over  
To hungry infatuation  
Do I risk all sensibility  
If I try  
To keep your image alive

I use you for my poetry  
A force to write down  
Fondness to remember  
I see you each evening  
Take you to my dreams

Do I risk  
A hungry infatuation

Will the force then eat me  
Eat me half alive  
Or is this path  
Truly more cathartic  
Is it a passage  
Towards a closure

Will this calm feel  
Grow  
Into an ambience stronger

Bring me, give me  
Without you forever  
Leave me  
With new hope

## More frightened still to ask

I'm writing this in Kos  
For you it would have been another  
Fuerteventura

For me it's time with my eldest son  
And a little time with me

I don't know what you're feeling  
I'm scared now to know

I'm frightened to see a closure  
More frightened still to ask

Far away warm feelings are easy  
To blank out the bad times  
Is not a tricky task

It's not dealing with reality  
It's living in the past

But I do want to say some things for clarity  
Some things past you  
That I'd like to pass

My poetry and my reading  
Thanks for that and more

The list of introductions endless  
You've learnt me all and evermore

The paintings and the painting  
The galleries and the exhibitions

You bought me pastels, paints and board  
You showed me shade and depth  
And the wisdom to record

You may think I already knew sculpture  
True I'd been to see serene old Mr Moore

But you opened up the vista  
Showing you opened up my view

Then there's education  
I guess that's where we met

You sometimes unkindly scoffed  
At my methods

But by example you led  
Standards to aspire, you set

On this last night  
I'm writing this in Kos

The flights delayed  
We're losing wasted days

Now I know  
Or think I do

What it was like for you  
In your horror of Fuerteventura

I didn't know then  
What you were feeling

I'd forgotten, so rotten  
I'd forgotten how to ask

## Joris Karl Huysmans (1894-1907)

This is a strange old time to write  
Gone well past midnight  
Waiting  
For the early morning late night flight

There are free drinks and smokes  
And artichokes for the well at heel  
For me it is in the writing  
Dark hours how I steal

I've read Mr Bukowski  
And the Hippocrates oath  
They've both travelled well  
The truth to tell

But this new book I've bought  
I was caught  
By the slip notes and the cover  
Well my, by my mother

That Huysmans  
*A Rebour (Against Nature)*  
Boy that's a book  
That truly is something other

Huysmans worldly ways  
Lead me, knead me  
I'll start with Edgar Allen Poe  
Or Paul Verlaine, then  
Flaubert and Baudelaire

O he's stolen my every picture  
Has he passed this way  
Before he passed away

But Joris Karl Huysmans  
He has not gone  
No not forever is he gone  
He has only gone  
And put me in the clear

