

Before I set off Elsewhere

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A photograph of a long pier extending into the ocean under a cloudy sky. A few people are standing on the pier, and a white boat is visible in the distance.

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Mighty mosquito

Drinking Water
Smoking Cigarettes
Chasing midges
Forsaking rest

Camel cigarettes
Subtle flavour
Packed in blue
Duty free coughers chest

Pesky, pesky midges
Mosquito's cousins I guess
Here's hoping
Hope that I'm choking them to death

They've had three meals or more
Caught me unawares
Teetotal non-smoker

He is the one, it is 'he who dares'

The *Antisan* cream, the disinfectants
The thick spread *Germolene*
Plus this net of finest denier
A nylon stocking sheen

Simply inept answers
To the tireless, buzzing
Fighting beyond its weight
Awesome biting machine

So I've snapped it between
The pages of this here book
A fitting death
I hope you will think
He died
In a single scratch of ink

Presented unwound I'm bound

I've saved the last words for you my girl
Before I set off elsewhere
You've been good company for me this
week
Helped me through this time real swell

Should you ever see this distant reflection
One day browse this small collection
Presented for all unwound I'm bound
I hope you will have some self
satisfaction

Who knows where the futures
Who knows where the past
Who knows how far love is
Who knows why we sang along

I'm gone

Sensual scenery

How long we've been
Been being cruel

How long we've starved ourselves
Of love's burning fuel

How many wasted opportunities
To enjoy each others sensual sceneries

Your sweet voice has turned to sour
I hesitate more and more, by hour and hour

Winking and twinkling

Trinkets trickling, sprinkling
Winking and twinkling

Fascinated by:
Imaginary days
Supersonic rays
Polished teak
Roads to speak
Mandalay we seek
With imagination weak
Sunlight through the maize

Winkles, twinkle toes
Sprinkle with tinkle throes

Captivated by:
Golden rose
Clothes to pose
Cerebral
Cerebrovascular
Vernacular
Spatial spectacular
Sunlight through the days

Spiv's and drones

Spiv's and Drones
And semitones

Baronets and Earls
Nylons for the girls

Spiv's and Drones
Baronets and semitones

Communists and Squatters
Prefabs for the Potters

Spiv's and Drones
Communists and semitones

Veterans and Conscripts
Vouchers for the tit bits

Spiv's and Drones
Veterans and semi homes

Wobble

Wobble (you said wobbly)
Strong cigarettes
Extremely cold water
Stiff, stiff drink
Touch your hand
Tremble
In sunken sand
Wobble (you said wobbly)
One last time

No late night conversation

I don't know what your idea of friendship
means
I don't know if being your best friend is what
it seems
But I will try duly to dissect your words
Through my mind as remembered they
reverb
You don't want anything to do with being a
couple
Well that sound statement's fairly forward,
that's not too subtle
You've thought about counselling, but
decided you're too tired
You've worked through the options, except
the lad I've sired

You want for him to have a full parenting
picture to see
You think it's weak, not strong of me, to
let him be
You say; if we don't have some contact
with our boy
We'll lose what really matters & when it
matters there'll be no joy
So what exactly does it mean this best
friend status
Do we progress, or guess, with friends we
swirl in our own hiatus
I felt clearer, although the cost was dearer
When we parted, not started, to get
nearer

I can live with parting glimpses of anger
Recollecting and putting blame, lapsing into
languor
Right now I think it is best, to not, not
vocalise my thoughts
They may be off beam, because I am, I'm out
of sorts
Yet I don't want to look forward, too many
days away
Thinking our friendship means love and
bodies that sway
I don't want to waste any more years thinking
it's OK
There's real understanding, we understand
what we say

When clearly it is not so, for instance do
you know
How you intend to befriend, or turn to
love, or no
If we don't find out shortly, no use to
pretend
Our loving, and our friendship, will both
come to an end
No cards, no notes, no late night
conversation
It's a funny kind of friendship without of
communication
You see there is no time left for making
love
We're doing things that lovers aren't even
capable to be dreaming of

A last goodbye

Hands upon my shoulder
A clasp before we cry
Warmth flows
We part
A last goodbye

Hands around the waistline
Clench; to touch you try
Warmth flows
We part
A last goodbye

Hands stroke the neck nape
Massage; on nervous lobes I pry
Warmth flows
We part
A last fast goodbye

Pretty words and parting flowers

Then I rationalise it as jealousy
Make sense with no sense
There was I'm quite certain
There was a shaky feel

Could I have been misled
For certain
Or were you always ready to deal

Pretty words and parting flowers
Remember the movies
Remember *The Hours*

That's when the imbalance began

The curtain fell
On daylights hell

The red mist angers languor
The sense of loss
I sensed loss at any cost

Drive on to midnight, up country
Over a fault free line
Up country the simmer settles
Thought process fettled

The madness mellows
Swallows swim in the moonshine

Carpets of thorns and lilies

Other men's words
The kerbstones that I've misplaced
Searched their poetry, for rhyme or
reason
Stained seasons passed, it's now clearer
space

Gravestones and epitaphs
Inscriptions that defy description; they
are the words I'm after
Gathered spontaneity, picked pockets
grave to grave
A kaleidoscope of conversations,
generation's future saved

The lilacs and the bluebells, cards from
Mrs May
Carpets of thorns and lilies, long passed
away days
Of all the deaths you've told and listened

All the bouquets you've pondered and, yes,
well you know

You've read other men's poems
Looked into their pasts, into some unknown,
future place
Searched their races, for rhyme or reason
Stained seasons chased, it's now to begin
anew, nearer space

Footnote

*The first poem in trying to break away from the
poetry of the past, that morning I'd written a few
words of closure (however temporary) on a past
relationship, I'd read a little of Adrian Henry, and
halfway through typing up the poem Mr Morrison
came along, singing of Madame George.*

Feel sand through fingers flow

Sandals, step softly, sandals
Impressions in the sand
Seashells wash softly, seashells
Crustaceans in the sand
Lovers, walk softly
Lovers, footsteps in the sand

Brass bands, jazz quartets
Shakespeare's manoeuvres in the park
Wind sail, skateboard rail
Winter's tale over dune and dale
Sands and parks, lovers after dark
Hands held among the sunrise

Emotions seep softly
Emotions
Feel sand through fingers flow
Emotions flow to the sand

Memories, keep softly the memories
Feel sand, sparkle glints glow
Memories always glow, in the sand
Strangers, part softly, strangers feel sand
Washed up strangers
Washed up on the sand

Sandals leave softly, sandals
Depressions in the sand
Seashells crush softly, seashells
Crushed crustaceans in the sand
Lovers talk not so softly, steps
Backward in the sand

Brass lands, ports and quarts
Wind hail, broken rail
Frozen winter's tale
Over time and pail

Consigned to cognitive psychology

Slander and shark smothers
Shakespeare's sister
Dark hands held
Afraid of the final prize

Stare out over, over waves to ponder
No turning back, nowhere in the space
behind
Close eyes, but unable to close the
subconscious
Stare out over, out over the deep, sleep
depraved unconscious
Evade sleep, risks to keep, creep to keep,
keep a clear conscience
Consigned, resigned to cognitive psychology;
theory, practice, hypothesis, group therapy, o
please mind my mythology
Stare out over, over waves for to ponder,
over waves for longer

Consigned to reflective sociology

Brickyard stacks, fired by old coal slack,
cracks for thro' to wander
Chimney yards, prison guards, no way to
turn back
Closed doors, unable to close the
conscience
Over out over the courtyard, march in
line unconscious
Prepare to sleep, wardens keep, reap their
subconscious
Consigned, resigned to reflective
sociology
Rote, rote, together rote, rote on, into
doubt of dark mythology
Steal out over exercise yard; escape routes
for to ponder, longer

Arnold

Arnold
Pen strokes awoke to smoke drifts far away
Smoke over mountain passes
Stained plains bought with molasses
Awoke to stoke the boilers for to cruise

Arnold
Lose skilful classes, evening study
Lads and lasses
Turn their thoughts
From study days to discotheques
Biblioteques for the masses
Clues that cruise
Among the shuffled stiletto shoes

Arnold
Choose or to be chosen
Steal or to be broken into

Your words are my words spoken
Your solitudes the lines I've chosen

Arnold

Openness and closure
In between a depth of reason
A season of words
With love or muse to guide you
Under sun and moon
Your words survive you
Choke, poke
Coke the cinders in the breeze

Arnold

Before the dark side
Over away and swoon
Centuries apart

Loves lost lie there lonesome
Walking some solitary
Path from madness

Crazy diamond
Life giver island
Reflected moon

Arnold

On ships, across continents
For one last fire inside
Beside you

Stranded for the summer

An island in the summer
Sons of summer sun
Beaches way down
From my land
Down for the summer
An island in the summer
Your island downs
Astound throughout the summer
Your island, save for our son
It's your summers summer

You're my island
You are my island for the summer
My island is yours, your island
Island for the summer
Sand washed, sun dyed
Dried out island for the summer
Bleach blonde, beach bombs
Plundered summers summer
Blonde on blonde, beach bombs

Blondes for your summer
Your summers summer
Blonde beach bombs, blondes play on
In summer's summer

O my, our sweet not sour
Island summer, sun dried, bleach dyed
Blonde eyes, cry out for the summer
Blondes lied, beaches tried
Tied up for the summer, tie dyed, bleary eyed
Applied up, blinded for the summer
Island wide, eyelids slide
Cried up for the summer
Turn tides, island rides, all supplied
Sup up for the summer, ride away

We planned to stay, strayed away
For the summer dreams lingered longer
Stranded in the sand
Landed for another summer

Set simple preparations

Distraction
Rise early in the morning
Without outward conversation
Converse in silence, in prayer
Minds in meditative state, clean slate
Wash by our own meander
Centre, enter not emptiness, not loss

Make space for some other
Another one's, message
Make space for offering some other
Another, open invitation
Make space for ambiance
To surround you

A clear mind for to think
Think clear thoughts thought through
To think without to sink, without
To drink down the inner depths
Nor climb to false escalations

Or wieldy expectations
Set simple preparations
To rise a tide on an even keel
Not steal another's visualisation
Except for some that share the cross

It doesn't need to be a religion
It doesn't necessarily mean faith
What it is I'm after is not to be led
Not led, fed by distraction
But to derive salvation from discovery
Of an inner satisfied action

From doubt without all through
To an inner clarity of vision
A lucidity returns, thoughts thought
That I thought I'd lost
Brood for another's food to remove
Wood shed blessed
That I smoothly groove

Rothko at the Tate

And how
You know
Watch me
Watch me let my best friend grow

And how
Let my friend
Remember
She let go, to let me grow

Maroon and Grey
Meditation Way
Babes to Stay
Tantric Play

Destruction disruption

Vesuvius
Molten rocks
For swollen scars
Eruptions
Disruption for spoken calls

Madagascar
Fallen stocks
For open stars
Corruptions
Disruption for token tolls

Ayres rock
Risen shock
For shaman shahs
Expulsions
Disruption for woken souls

With gravitas, love, love, love

This poem should be read slowly
Slowly
More slowly now
Slow real down
For this single word
Surreal slow
Slow now
With gravitas
And concentration
Pursed lips
Rasp of throat
Breathe
Breathe again
Again breathe
Settle
Oxygenate the root canal
Feel the solar plexus
Begin to give birth
Give birth

Music of the spheres

Birth to a word	Sphere
A word from the tombs of time	Lyrical
Relax, o Frankie, relax	Satirical
Obliterate all other your thoughts	
Clear space, no space, anyplace	Lyrical
Slowly	Satirical
Slow	Sphere
Down low	
Lower	Satirical
With gravitas	Sphere
Conscious of the consequence	Whimsical
Memories of resonance	
Give	Sphere
Give birth	Whimsical
Birth to love	Political
Love	
Love, love, love	Sphere
Love	Political
	Miracle

No need to laugh

Pictures, paints and photographs

Still life, portrait, landscape, phonograph

Quiet, loud, stone deaf, no need to laugh

Canvas

Razor blade

Splash

Slash the gaff

Riff raff

Taffy

Open the door

Cut the chaff

Prescribe instead

No need to verbalise

Just no need...

Feel the faith

Hold it for yourself

Feel free

No need to describe

Or feel trapped

Without words to share

Stare in to your own blank space

Safe from eyes that pry

Clear the need

Critical of how you describe

Prescribe instead

Wider read, journey's wed

Sun steps to moon steps

Coronets to coronations

Within the abbey

Within...

Feel the faith

Hold it for yourself

