

Carbon flecks and sulphur specks

Christopher
Sanderson



Contents

Vanish under varnish	3
Slight craves	4
Don't get angry, don't get even	4
The wonder of rebuff dismissed	5
Shuffle the raffle	6
Autograph you dichotic dicrotic past	7
Sunk, I'm fallen out with love	8
Ken	9
Works in progress	9
Stir it up	11
Yep that glitterati literati stuff	11
Dreamy lair	12
The devil levels	13
Gave, given in return	14
Read by Delacroix	15
These are only my words	16
Burn no delphinium	18

Vanish under varnish

Lillie pond
Eyes wide open
Petals that lay
On waters that sway
Stems proud
Slice the shiny surface
Wander by
Catch the eye
Canvas
Vanish under varnish
Tarnished impression

Suggested liaisons
Woken
Eyes wide open
And see
And be
See movement
Be moved

Moved by petals
Petals that lay
On waters
That sway

Slight craves

Ah
Clear thought

White waves
Blue sky

Message in a bottle

Hip
Twist top

Slight craves
Addicts lie

Message in a bottle

Don't get angry, don't get even

Don't get angry
Don't get even
Don't get down

Try to fly

No

Wait on

Work through anger
Work towards even
Back up from down

Wait on

Yes

Now you'll fly

The wonder of rebuff dismissed

You want to communicate
That is
You want to say words
To cause some reactions

You want to communicate a closure
That is
You want to say words
To close birth contractions

Now then here is the dilemma
By saying no words
Do you communicate more
Than words can ever say

Or
By saying no words
Do you precursor
And so prevent reaction

If your words are spoken
Can what you mean be more taken
Than if the written word was read

If your words are laid
On finest parchment paper
Is the all of spontaneity lost

The wonder of rebuff dismissed
Or redirection kissed goodbye
Pointed out by no one other

Do you have the craft or guile
With words to smile or cry
Or look through sly eyes wily

With style to climb on high
While still say
Play fey, say neigh meanwhile

Shuffle the raffle

Like a sparrows wing
You were broken
Whilst I was
To feast on Baudelaire
Hustle and harrow

Among dust bowls
Find soft words
Spoken
Never near
Once more
We kept clear

The midnight hour
Crescent moon
For you the only token
Whilst I immersed in Poe
And Mr. Arnold dear

Shuffle the raffle
Audits amongst
The dawn's chorus woken
Ever steer the path
Rudder less through
The outer hemisphere

Autograph you dichotic dicrotic past

Yond rook and yond fair raven
Over the sea from Milford Haven
Cigarettes stamped 'A'
By company named Craven

Ashberry and yew
Years spent with misbehaviour
Words untrue, lines that slew
Croons that sail on saviours
Crows and thought yo-yo's
Leavers under wavers

The hour glass tipped
And turned to yesterday
The wayward path
Tripped to Everglade

The Sunshine orchestra
Is ready for the stage
Yond rook and yond fair raven
Grass and dales

Pail with ships that sailed
Rails into the distance
On cow folk's trails

Leaves of glass
On shattered brass
Diamonds and grass

From rusty pasts
Lust and laugh
Autograph your dichotic
Dicrotic cast

Sunk, I'm fallen out with love

My demented mind descended
Pretended it had been
To do some good

My times past lamented
Cemented dams
Opened to the flood

Past promises are commended
Crescendo's re-centred
To the sound of sodden rough

Flights of fancy are contended
They are packed off; ended
With the candle that I snuff

No missed invitations extended
One too many defended
Becalmed unfriendly stuff

The happy times farmed
And easily befriended
In ways to stay tough

You've cut me deep
Was it truly as intended
With your indifferent bluff

Cut so deep, I've fended
I've sunk so far as one extended
That I'm fallen out with love

Ken

Then it's a new life
Do you ken
Stride for, from strife to strike
Do you ken
Blow away the smokescreen
Do you ken
A new day, a new persona
Are you Ken

Works in progress

Opening lines feel free to adopt them

Midnight train from Scriabin
Ivories wiped beside the caravan

.....

I was once in love
So much I'll say
I was once in love
But that was yesterday

.....

Nowadays I sleep
Deep and easy
Morning breaks I wake
Bright and breezy

Nowadays deep sleep
Catches me quite easy

.....

Thanks for the post
Not a single word
Black or red
Thanks for the post
That says more
By staying unsaid

.....

Raging burning furnace
Facing turning madness
Sadness cursing giving
Troubled crying living

.....

The red moon was rising
Eastern son
Carbon flecks and sulphur specks
From earth undone

Stir it up

Stir it up
Don't stir it up
Again

Trip up
Tripped up
Once before

Slip cup
Slip of satin silk
Skip

Strap
Fond shoulder
Trapped

Yep that glitterati literati stuff

Lavender hung by Russian vine
By it spreads like wine
That Prussian swine

Garden gate and summer fete
By ain't England great
At that washed up plate

Shower and brush, I come up lush
Oh that teenage crush
Rash it up, listen, throng and thrush

Library books and surfers touch
Yep that glitterati literati stuff
Ledbury's found all bound and butch

Jazz and soul and rock and roll
Dwell upon that summer ball
Lift up frocks
At crippled cockle bottle stall

Dreamy lair

Your essence waved
My wafted air
I'd taken time
And crafted
Serenity to share
Then the blue sky
Turned to gold

Your effervescence
Duly staffed
My dreamy lair
I'd waited less
Than wandered
In incandescent prayer
Then the clouds
Lined with silver
Softly rolled

Your presence presents
A tremble bare

I'd opened, once again
This strange affair
Then the red moon rose
By the settled sun

Your lessons in love
Lent in a gentle stare
I'd been carefree
Lest care made me
Too beware
Then the sky opened
All the way to heaven

Your defence
Immense at first
Wavered, there
I'd shown relentless
Perseverance
Fired off
A scattered flare

The devil levels

Then you said
Take my hand
Our thighs to fondle

We wandered
Amongst
The wonder stuff

We wondered
How we'd share
Then the night
Turned scared
Into a day dull grey

Decorated cakes
and victory medals
Elephants up the stairs
push bike pedals
Crushed dust brushes
rush the pebbles
Footprints on hot coals
the devil levels
Expected wakes
thirst slaked revellers
Bedevilled brakes
Turin meddles dwell

Gave, given in return

I gave up all I had
I almost gave up alcohol
I gave up friends and family
I almost gave up rock and roll
I gave up any expectation
I almost gave up sexual strolls

I gave up dare and doing
I almost gave up blues and soul
I gave up thought and conversation
I almost gave up waves that rise and fall
I gave up more than this and all
The day my love you stole
Haste turned from maybe to bold

You have given up on friendly pretence
You almost had me sold
You have given up on futures intent
You almost turned me cold
You have given up on dreams to extend
You almost cast me in your mould

You have given up on pleasures lent
You dried my love juice polled
You have given up on letters sent
You stole the words I scrawled
You have given up more than this and all
The day your love wasted
Haste turned from bold to maybe not

Read by Delacroix

But you got no reaction
Not a single missed beat
In fact the breath was less
Than a distant tantric bless

It's time to stop the reason
The seasons past and full
Her emotions have been gathered
Gathered for the cull

The breath was not held
Ever less so seldom welled
The conversation was lukewarm
Lukewarm to dull

In between the spaces
Where once lay hope and joy
In between the spaces, less
Hope than read by Delacroix

Break the bond
That binds and blinds
Empty sounds to shatter
Splatter the scattered minds

A silent chord to carve
To cut some umbilical weave
Deceive more time to waste
Receipt of wasted hope belief

These are only my words

Wherever you are now
Whatever your circumstance
Please read my words
You only have my words

This sound I hear
This inclination dear
Into ether disappears
Into only my words

I could try to pace
Run at such a race
This space embrace
But still you only have my words

I could remind you of a picture
Dedicate colours richer
Embroider with stitch and pitcher
Only for you to only have my words

Recreate a journey
Pray up to eternity
Praise God's gift maternity
But still you only have my words

Seems your help is needed
Adoption and adaptation pleaded
Between the lines re-seeded
Make of me more than only my words

Turn this into meditation
Find your cross, your station
Deliver to your inner nation
Stay, say only with my words

Slow down now
Introduce your own sounds around
Hear that distant bell
Foretell your shell around my words

Slow down, restrain
Listen to the raindrops
Splash your playful puddles
Wash your water over my words

Slow down to a whisper
Kiss the touch that missed her
Remember her mother, her sister
Her family fall, stall into my words

Now calm and serene
Feel goodness in between
Soul and body clean
Sheen, sparkle on my words

Tomorrow we'll do the jazz
The rock and the razzamatazz
Nights out with the lads
Blast my words, loud into the night

We'll pour the wine and whisky
Move up close, get frisky
Forget who takes the biscuit
Recall my illicit words

In front of the magistrate with remorse
Your honour sorry of course, of course
We pretend it is not the bourse
Recite of course only my words

In prison cell and courtyard
Dwell on what is, what might have been
You thought it was the truth you'd seen
But it was only, only my words

Back as we began
A chorus chord we sang
In your ears you can hear my gang
No big bang; they are only my words

Burn no delphinium

That's thinned it down to jealousy
For one
To someone's
Daughters husband
For another
An old colleague
Or school governor

Perhaps some
Artistic friends at theatre
Even more
There might have been
Someone's brothers
Never though my neighbour
The father of our dreams
Your words never ever led me
Said to me to think him so

Then really it's about possession
This crazy daft obsession

Don't ever learn the lesson
The crescent moon
Turns sharp too soon
As we cut the cloth with silence
Man of words
Condemned by hesitance
Blown away
And up in smoke by reticence

It's a madness
Bordered on delirium
Scrawls this elemental
Cold prescription cerium
For you to read
It's more than tedium

Extremes no grounds
For to seek the medium
Crazed and senseless
Past insincere theorem

One more cigarette

Grow no more

Black Knight delphinium

A glass of rye

Right here

Back among delirium

