



fORM

Christopher
Sanderson

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Aspiring form

Aspiring form
Magic numbers
I could not find a rhyme
I searched my mind
To stumble upon a rumba
Or was it
A rhombus parallelogram

An imaginary rabbit
Occurred through some simulation
The magic words
I'd heard
They caught my imagination
Misfired
I aspired
Once again to slumber

Cusp of sea

Cobalt blue
Cusp of sea
Remember
Remember
Remember me

Wave tops screw
Flops to be
Rescue
Rescue
Rescue me

Plumb aplomb and sweet bon-bon

Lunch today
Was rocket and rye
Try if I might
Salami and fries

We're an international audience
The figs didn't stand a chance
The square rigger sailed, wind full on
Plumb, aplomb, and sweet bon-bon

Wild Ocean
Sea spray, dive bomber
What's that between your teeth
Wild Ocean's barrier reef

Cormorant and cockatiel
Peking duck for three
Old grey seal, who do you feel
Across the splash of salty sea

Safe shores in between

Deep
Deep Ocean
Deep black
Deep blue
Deep green
Deep
Deep Ocean

Samurai
Viking
Safe shores
In between

Was it
A mirage
Or
A marriage

Were you
Married

Single form

To
The sea

Or the
Safe shores
In between

Single Form
Dormitory norm
Fags in all the pictures
You chiselled stone
Made broken homes
Sculptures first lady

Your workshop
And your garden
For fans of Elizabeth Arden
Became
In summer sun
An annual congregation

Exercised with a moulders touch
Your work was such
Draw on friends of art & culture
Their dreams to clutch
Yorkshire girl, your strings and swirls
Your a captivator more than a vulture

Higher ground

I came to catch
The light of summer
I came
From higher ground

I caught the Cape
In early summer
I caught the sunlight
Standing down

This is Sennen Cove

It is June the 22nd
The sky is blue
The sea is green
This is
Sennen Cove

A coffee cup
A cigarette
A pretty girl walks by
Erotic glands exotic plants
This is Sennen Cove

Whites and blues
Sun gold hues
Atlantic muse
It's all good news
This is Sennen Cove

Surfboard suits

On the beach at Sennen

Rubber boots
De la mer fruits
Dolphin loops
This is Sennen Cove

Sennen
O Sennen
Imagine
Mr. Lennon
On the beach
At Sennen

Or even Mr. Rea
Words to disappear
Driving home for Christmas
Driving on to Sennen
Seven stairways to heaven
On the beach at Sennen

June, July or December
In passing times remember
That god's earth let you lend her
Return once more here to send her
Spend your lent, heaven sent
On the beach at Sennen

It is the ever after

On the beach at Sennen
As close on earth to heaven
Sunlight smiles and laughter
It is the ever after

Breeze blue jay

Carbis Bay
Fortunes far away
A place to stay
For rejuvenation

Midsummer's day
Breeze blue jay
Walk and play
For recuperation

Crimson skin of Lincoln

Granite Boulder
Strapless shoulder
Ultramarine
Are you

Mother of pearl
Countess, King and Earl
Carbon blue it's true
You're diamonds thro' and thro'

Crimson skin of Lincoln
Your friends to whom you think on
Though only the amethyst new
Who or why the seagull slew

Move swift

The Nokia's new
I drive on through
I leave no time
For reason

The Lexus boy
Air conditioned toy
Feels like I've
Committed treason

Through this place
Called Drift
Move swift
Through the gears I shift

I am here alone
To turn a stone
I roam easily, it is
Out of season

Not a pixel richer

Do the Japanese
No time to please
Just point and click
And move on quick

Megabytes of memory
Seminar and plenary
Twenty first, third century
Move on past sensory

Cease the moment
Not the picture
Photographic truth
Not a pixel richer

Or what to trot

Time to dwell
My words to tell
Caught in the spell
Of lines that rhyme for linking

Or don't
Or won't

Pubic roots
And pheasant shoots
You can see
Just to where my mind is sinking

Or can't
Or shan't

Baby belle
And pelvic swell
It's the lust not the love

Inclination

That I'm thinking

Or what

To trot

Endless complications
Wordless conversations
Forgotten combinations
Splendid isolation

Removed from all temptation
Distance dulled sensation
No communiqué or revelation
Dependant preparation

Crave for re-creation
Return on base to station
A paired off incantation
A wasteful separation

End of congregation
Words for compensation
Forget the sanctification
To be in splendid isolation

It's more than just a breeze

We're here to deal with wonderment
It's more than just a breeze
This rock face shorn
By waves of scorn
It's more than just a breeze

This last cigarette, a simple bet
It's more than just a breeze
This habit worn
For years forlorn
It's more than just a wheeze

Judge you

The landscape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a farmer, it does a bit
No the landscape does not judge you
It sits there lays steady
Ready for your eyes to flit

The seascape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a fisherman, it does a bit
No the seascape does not judge you
It plays there steady
Ready for your mind to knit

The townscape does not judge you
Well maybe if you're a shopper, it does a bit
No the townscape does not judge you
It stays there steady
Ready for you to buy the kit

The mindscape does not judge you

Well maybe if you're a thinker
It does a little bit
No the mindscape does not judge you
It sways there unsteady
Ready for your mind to flip

The love-scape though does judge you
And maybe if you're a fallen lover
It gives you seismic fits
Yes the love-scape is there to judge you
It flays there predatory
Ready for your heart to take a hit

I said we

I
Said We
Back there
At the bed and breakfast
Where it was obvious to
All around that
There was
Only
Me

Then
I set to think
About the nature of it all
And the start of my poems
And the dances in the halls
I set right down to think
About that simple we
About it now means
Yes now it means
Just me

Soon
In mind
I had my thesis
My poetic dissertation
My Master of Arts Sensation
It's like the origin of the species
What it is I seek to lock up
And keep is the very
Very beginning
The first, first
Thought

That ran
Through my head
The first thought of that
First word that for a while
Stayed without hope
Still, quiet, unsaid
So in the
Future

No words
Of love to ramble
Or forages in the bramble
No dictionary to unscramble
I'm here to take a gamble
Yes in my future amble
What I'm about
To say, words
That are here
To stay

Are
My very
First thoughts
Start again at nought
My origin of the
Species, not an
Imaginary
Woeful
We

Unfamiliar sorts

It's a solitary sport
The poetry
The photography

Takes unfamiliar sorts

To pose
Write prose
For the oratory

Is this how it is to be

I saw a flower today
You have one in your garden
I chose not to take the photograph

Is this how it is to be
Is this the missed stitch
Not once more shall I kiss her

I swam at your club today
You go there later, to shape and tone
I went at noon, I left soon thereafter

Is this how it is to be
Is this the missed glitch
Not once more shall I kiss her

Behind me

I've closed doors behind me
Soft
But definitely behind me

I've settled scores behind me
Quiet
But definitely behind me

I've crossed floors behind me
Light
But definitely behind me

I've packed stores behind me
Tight
But definitely behind me

I've left shores behind me
With hindsight
But definitely behind me

I've opened sores behind me
Sore for sure
But definitely behind me

Handkerchiefs and crackpots

Oh mighty Ocean
Oh mighty wave
Wave mighty ocean
Wave again wave

Photographs and snapshots
Handkerchiefs and crackpots
Lemonade and ginger
Wander by my minstrel singer

How deep is your basin
Your subterranean shoe
How deep is your coral
For blue to green renew

The chiffon and the candy
Mother nature's brandy
Mast and sail with Mandy
On mother nature's blue

Great hue of an Ocean
You bring me your swell
Great blue of an Ocean
With your wondrous spell

Lapped waves clap

Ripples in the sand
Ageless land
Fisherman weaves his hand
Ageless, ageless land

Motor boats, seagull croaks
Cappuccino with cakes to soak
Summer coats, wheels of hope
Ageless, timeless land

Lapped waves clap
Splash atop the sea
A pink champagne bikini
My ageless mind recedes

Celtic summer frock

I'll think more of her than I can thank her
My minds been like a canker
I've walked along the water's edge
Trode odd footsteps in the sand
Umpteen times made my pledge

But please stay awhile bequeathed
By this wayward summer wreath
Observe the soar of cliffs beneath
Of which I sit and sift

Soliloquies or fast passed places
Neither nor either turns the faces
Of the moss or luxurious lichen
That salts the waters for the kitchen

Their fibred growth turns grumble rocks
Into the colour of Celtic summer frocks
And sand, and sand, and sand
Sand through twisted toes does tumble

Grains to maintain
Retain this odd refrain
Once again sustained
By the water's edge
The early summers sun

I'll think of her
More than I can thank her

Crampons for security

You're galvanised with energy
I'm corroded, turned from rust to dust

Your stainless sheen is shiny
My pitted mind is blind

You climb the cliff-tops surely
I use crampons for security

Your certainty is re-wound
In yourself you're swiftly found

My fallen shafts of light bear no laughs
These words, they're just gas

