



# Godrevy Water

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## Down at Godrevy

Sea cold *Coca Cola*  
Salt and *Asti Spumante*  
Champagne supernova  
Big blue  
Atlantic sea

Burgers and onions  
Barbecues for free  
Away from  
Mother Meavy  
Down at Godrevy

Six tailed kites  
Girls with ladders  
In their tights  
Its natures might  
Big blue  
Atlantic Sea

Sheltered rocks for  
Kids who swim in socks  
Away from  
Mother Meavy  
Down at Godrevy

Sun's been up for hours  
But it is the setting  
That I have come to see  
Captured by the wonder  
Of Godrevy  
And big blue  
Atlantic sea

## Grilled and roasted corn

June bronze in the bay  
Big boy's toys  
Chevrolets and corduroys  
June bronze in the bay

Mercury vest  
Speedboat zest  
You can guess the rest  
A little summer test

See the seals  
And see the islands  
Shelter from the storm  
Incandescent incidental form

Jellied eels  
The seagull's steel  
Grilled and roasted corn  
Promenade on wind-sail torn

Skinny dip  
Dive in off the slip  
Boys will be boys, while the  
Girl's eye up their bigger boy's toys

## Enjoy the fruits of summer

Avocado prawn  
Avogadro's norm  
Enjoy the fruits of summer

Forget the beef and grizzle  
Say goodbye to the turkey twizzle  
Instead enjoy the fruits of summer

Let the vegetarian herb oils drizzle  
Gargle as the peppers and sweet corn  
sizzle  
Enjoy the fruits of summer

## Endless stew

It's been four months of poems  
Since she asked me to be going

That's long enough  
For other stuff  
To take me off  
And set on oats a sowing

So what stops you lad  
What drives you mad  
What holds you back  
From on your sea a rowing

Well if that I knew  
This endless stew  
I'd have ended  
Instead I keep on crowing

Instead I keep on crowing

## Refurbished gate

The night of the rolling thunder  
The day of the lemon tea  
Raindrops and sunspots  
Nature immersed with me

Stay awhile  
Lean on this refurbished gate  
Feel the sun, feel the rain  
Their love for each and every other  
Replenish my faith in fate

They roared in the pubs with laughter  
They cried their tears alone  
Work again on mornings after  
They had wracked the crackers stone

I digress, I want to return  
If I may to the refurbished gate  
I did not feel to do the scene  
Full justice so I go there once again

Believe me  
It's true  
I was bathed in warm sunlight  
Felt the splash of drops of rain

The hedgerows and the sparrows  
Paths of pretty country flowers  
Bathed in warm sunlight  
To sip the spots of rain

Their masters were the gentry  
They had to doff their caps  
Minds never more than addled,  
Bodies worn, chained and saddled

The paths are open now  
The gardens awash with shrubs and trees  
Daisies, foxgloves, buttercups  
And lots I cannot name

Carrot juice with Mango  
Cheers to you Caribbean's  
So glad that to Lopwell  
In 1864 you came

Now  
Take a moment with me  
Feel the sunshine  
Bathe for free

By the refurbished gate  
Trust to your own self  
Thank the world  
For fate

## What was that all about

Out over South West water  
Remember the anger risen of late  
What was all that about  
Started from nowhere  
Stirred silent in my mind  
Reminded  
Bind  
Stride  
Climb  
Into such a suffocate

The reservoir surface ripples  
Re-engages the date  
What was all that about  
Some apprehension  
Or missed intention  
Rewind  
Find  
Mind

## Away again

Turned  
Into such a state

The birdsong whistles  
I wait and hesitate  
What was all that about  
Felt forgotten  
Spoilt rotten  
I walked on  
Walked into  
Open  
Real  
Fresh  
Life  
Thankful  
For such a  
River spate

Walt and Mathew  
That's Whitman and Arnold  
Not Walter Matthau  
Though it was a close call

On Dover Beach  
No leaves of grass  
Or sunshine boys  
Just odd couples

The original  
Self published  
Lyrical  
Self publicist

Son of a reformer  
Reformed himself  
Tales to tell

Of love and wealth

There was a purpose

In triplicate

They nit picked

It was a close call

### **It's a dancer's thing**

Your feet, your hips

Your movement kissed

The Harlequin floor

From an age before

A night you'd scored

To slide ashore

Your fingertips

Wave dips that missed

The Harlequin door

From somewhere store

A night you'd roared

To glide afore

Your rose red lips

You expected this

The harlequin floor

From your inner core  
A night you'd whored  
To strut some more

*That's when  
I added  
Another addiction  
To my list*

*Of personality  
Bleakness  
Tricks in fiction*

*If you  
Had kissed the floor  
You would not  
Have said  
"I love you"  
Any more*

## **Tears have never flowed so easily (Revised)**

The bullet has been bitten  
The cloth is about to be cut  
Cakes and candles at the ready  
Tears have never flowed so easily

In a world of to do good  
To be good is hardly just enough  
Breathe slow and move on  
Tears have never flowed so easily

In a world that to lose is tough  
To be tough is now too much  
Draw breath and bow out  
Tears have never flowed so easily

The bullet has been bitten  
The goodness it is risen  
Seek out stars and mothers scars  
Tears have never flowed so easily

For you ancients and you moderns  
For both parents and those stayed barren  
Lay your weapons, blind your conscience  
Tears have never flowed so easily

For love of lovers lost  
For love of lovers found  
Weigh depths and death beside you  
Tears have never flowed so easily

The bullet has been bitten  
Greatness is upon you  
Carelessness behind you  
Tears have never flowed so easily

*Within hours, of posting the poem above, came  
the atrocious malicious criminal bombing of  
London. An indiscriminate attack on defenceless  
people of all ages, all races and all religions.*

Those air raid shelters  
Those dark deep pits  
Our tube way army  
Our steep spirits lift  
We'll fight those terrorists

This city of freedom  
This city of flair  
This city of justice  
Where democracy sits  
We'll fight those terrorists

In London's week of celebration  
Poverty to re-site  
Olympic dream to kiss  
Satan came without invitation  
We'll fight those terrorists

## Clear air

The stoicism and the hero  
We remember that day  
Of ground zero  
Our friends from all the nations  
We'll fight those terrorists

Once again true greatness  
Once again  
Hands together grow  
Once again  
Emotions that overwhelm

We will fight those terrorists  
Tears have never flowed  
So fearlessly

Clean blue jeans  
Clean white shirt  
Clear bright mind  
Not a lot is hurt

The butterfly and the dandelion  
The church bell and the service  
This is village life  
This is village green

National trust  
*Biddulph Grange* is such  
Children play  
Water lilies sway

Into the clear  
Into the cool near place  
Clear to reappear  
In a Chinese space

The bridge across the water  
Reflected just below  
Chiffon and children  
Families, so happy so

The brothers from the Danube  
The cheques to be next  
Cameras at the ready  
Steady England steady

Each thought before another  
To think clear  
Nemesis near  
Not a lot is hurt

The goldfish and the daisy  
Babes in arms  
Fathers in the navy  
Sunday's fair that ladies may be lazy

Egypt and the tomb of adventure  
Red light lends an atmosphere  
Return from centuries before  
Getty or Saatchi or Baudelaire

Next week's down to paint  
Landscapes without fear  
Space the place for clear  
A simple link of sphere

The tea room and the lantern  
Cake and Yorkshire brew  
It's magic by the fountain  
With mountain air he drew

Clean blue jeans  
Clean white shirt  
Clear bright mind  
Not a lot is hurt

## Water

This is the stream  
This is the rainbow trout  
This is the stickleback  
This is  
A new way out

This is the pan for gold  
This is cold flow over peat  
This is the rush of water  
Cool water  
Poured over tired feet

This is on the moor  
Land of rivulet and stream  
This is the top of the tide  
Salt dried on  
Soft sand to dream

The water trickles  
The trout survive

Through tickled fingers  
It seems we are all  
This way alive

No mystique  
No mistaken ochre  
Cool clear words  
Settled on  
Nature's daughter

This is the spring  
To dip well swung  
Swell to feel  
On the tip  
Of the tongue

To slake a thirst  
From Pennines burst  
Over the great white peak  
Iced water tear's

## Fall over landscapes

O weeps my purse

To the seashore  
For to bathe and wave  
This is the water  
No complex  
Concave

This is the water  
Trickle and flood  
This is the water  
Cool clear water  
Water is good

I wait for the day  
Meanwhile I ponder  
At your picture  
Painted under ground  
Or recall four thousand days  
Around your thorn

Today it was  
The railway sleepers  
Carved into serpents keepers  
And prayer sticks, 57, 58, 59  
Fallen over landscapes  
Inspiration  
For sometime past

Scars of  
Gordale steady  
Beneath  
Enlightened gloom  
Skies of doom

Dartmoor heavy  
Filled rooms  
Voids of closure

Sheep-space  
And snakes path  
Snakes pass  
And broken glass  
And

*Maggi Hambling*  
Who paints  
In my mind  
She covers all  
With flirtatious  
Crimson and pink

## **Feint return**

Every time I turn  
Some feint return  
A faintest, returned  
Reminder

An afterglow  
Go slow  
Feint return  
Away to blame her

Skies of blue  
Faded clues  
Evaded truths  
Remain sane invader

I've paid my dues  
I've read the news  
I will not go away

These heavenly shoes  
And bang on blues  
I will not go away

Think on how  
In here and now  
Courtesy to bow  
& then name her

Away from shame  
Escape the blame  
Play the game, tame  
The lame pervader

I've paid my dues  
I've read the news  
I will not go away

Those heavenly shoes  
And bang on blues

I will not go away

Invented slips remain  
Well past refrain  
Writhe out pain  
Stain the same evader

Curse the dame  
Crash the frame  
Waste that came  
Slain; the night  
Darth Vader

## It's a gas the book I've read

The tea's gone cold  
The cigarettes smoked to imperfection  
The washers on  
The post, the post made no mention

This is the last of the coffee  
And the milk is on the blink  
Someday Saturday morning  
Time and space to slink and think

No more avocados  
No salmon laced on rye  
Use nicotine numbness  
Hide here on the sly

Camera at the ready  
Click at sculptures in the park  
Look for the wonder  
Dancers in the dark

Work on want  
Want not to work  
Faint lies fee and fiefdom  
Words of worth to shirk

Criticism critiques my path  
Wait for the silent laugh  
It a gas the book I read  
It is my literary staff

Obsessed with words obsession  
Search out oblique the lesson  
It is a gas the book I read  
Press less a writer's session

Thanks to those that's read  
Thanks to those that write  
Blanks are where it's lead  
Scraped on through the night

## Now there is no horizon

The waves roll over and roll over  
Roll across the curve of the shoreline  
Stereophonic splashes wash over  
Wash over

Silently the sodium lights glaze the ripples  
Incidentally highlight the ebb and flow  
All the while, buoys and marker lights  
Bobble and flicker

Through the blown open  
Bathroom door  
Hockney  
After Yentob on Freud  
Only for pretence

I want to remember this time  
I wish to describe the space  
I aim at the deeper feel  
Sodium along the seafront

At midnight  
No other sounds

Sea moves, air flows  
*Painting is the real thing*  
*Painting is the real thing*

*A photograph could not capture*  
Do you know - he is almost right  
But behind me is the sink

And down below the window  
A solitary moment  
A stranger passes out of sight

Not able to be captured  
By the flashbulb or the painter  
Both incapable, at fault  
Unable to synthesise the view  
Although with these words

Words scribbled down  
Beside the corroded, cracked  
Glass, single glazed window

Cream windowsill inside  
My words your picture  
Cream windowsill outside  
My words your emotion

Sky blue mottled paint  
Interior to exterior  
My words your history

I can see out into the blackness  
Say that now there is no horizon  
Write “Now there is no horizon”

Tell of an infinite dimension space  
Black space  
A completely starless night sky

How could the painter paint this nothing  
Without depth  
Without perspective

How would the photographer  
In his darkroom  
Touch up a thousand miles of nothingness

And between here and the next continent  
My auditory senses enable me  
To remember, to note down  
The background sounds  
Of beach bound pebbles, that crash

Crash like a sack of marbles  
Meanwhile with my pen  
I realise the roar  
Of the last motorbike  
Alone he serenades the seafront  
I imagine a smile...

Now, together again you and I  
And a support cast of thousands  
We leave the shoreline promenade

*Now there is no horizon*  
No doubt, to chill or feel  
With air to breathe  
I write what I see as real

