



A piece of me
Aditi

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A piece of me

There's a piece of me that wanders
Wonders where you are
There's a piece of me that squanders
The label on the jar

There's a piece of me that floats
Sorts light through dappled leaves
There's a piece of me that mopes
Slopes from warps to weaves

There's a part of me that glows
Blows smiles in iron clad mischief
There's a part of me that sows
Bestows gladness after grief

Maybe it was the fish and chips
Maybe the lady by the lake
I saw her face, I did not see you
No mistake - I did not take another take

My face is etched with smiles
Smiles that came from nowhere
For the sword of Damocles
Has cut a pathway through to share

Days like this for keeps

Church bells rhythm ring
Wild flowers gently swing
Weep of willow sweeps
Days like this for keeps
Days with smiles to gaze
Brows on views to raise
Play on the keyboard
Play in the mind
Play together
Ever so kind

Hay down on the meadow
Sorrow soft in shadow
The path to full recovery
Autograph to new discovery
To let go was oh so painful
A void no teacher fills
However far from dull

To live and love again
Days filled with joy and laughter
A journey to begin
Before the almost
Ever after

Bludgeon with belligerence

Could have been the horses hoofs
Or the tin top clattered roofs
Could have been some other spoof
Contrived for me to write

Aloof from all around
Gardens without a sound
Clear in vision unbound
The price of why I write

Would you have fared
Or stopped and cared
The words we shared
Beside by on the downs

Bludgeon on with belligerence
Wide awake with ignorance
Split the shared indifference
Wave to the passers by

Not a clue where this shall go
The vanity though for show
And to others carrion crow
Of days like yesterday

Bugger the pain and the dip
Crack the casks of rosehip
Steal flowers for friendship
Cut quick, quip and quill

It's a race now that I ride
Off work that I skive
Sunsets and deep sea dives
Flip the other pip

Tossed about and scattered
Roars and shouts that mattered
Feel bruised and feel battered
But smile in the bath

It's a poem for the me
It's a poem for all to see
It's a poem to let it be
Days are to move on

Into midnight masses
Fine wine and jarred molasses
Girls choose to make their passes
Days it seems move on

Library

Architect
Of intelligent spaces
Places link places
With spaces in between

Depository
Towers and gardens
Repositories positioned
Within the seams

Reception
Opaque with light
Perception without exception
Words come clean

Elevation
Along oval walls
Nation with a station
Courage by the dean

Tomorrow we will dust

Glass
Hangs in mid air
Classroom to zoom
Rooms to read the reams

Metalwork
Wood and fixtures too
At home in simple construction
Sartre and his schemes

Parkland
Garden gaze to longer
Stronger from beyond
Arise with the cream

Seamless
Dreams and daylight blue
Wonder and the wander
Library; leave, feel clean

I don't want to do any more
Don't mind to do a little less

I don't want to go any faster
Don't mind to miss out
On that brand new dress

Not that I want to get off the merry-go-round
I'm not yet ready to look for a burial ground

I am here and I function without any lapse
I am here at a junction
The whole world in my grasp

I don't want to spin any quicker
Or be kissed any deeper than just

No I'm right with the pace that I've set
Settle back
For tomorrow we will dust

Bounce back, fall down

The zephyrs
& the tidal winds

The lonesome guitar
& sound of strings
Introspection; shrill
The songbird sings

Mourn of frost
On ice cracked pond
Skaters slide
O cold backside
Bounce back, fall down
Familiar crack, ample sound

Drowned memories
Of a bridal frown

Happiness squelches

Lately there's been a plethora of peace
Equilibrium of time and space and place

Golden leaves and older trees in tune
Elder wisdom, crests afloat on breeze

Lime groves and treasure troves
Memories gathered among tears of smiles

Stately days and grander ways
Art of youth in bright light celebration

Bereft of angst of anticipation
Waterways of wind grass shimmer and sway

Tranquillity swaddled in rain clouds
Happiness squelches in warm wet sweatshirts

Return of the urge to create
The urge to do more than to be

Lately there's been a different feel
Delirium of thought, lost without trace

Ambivalent right

Cast in granite
Chiselled in stone
Shuttle eye colliery
Capped black gold

A freeze breeze north wind
A black and silver skyline
A plateau on the treetop
A sculpture in the park

Yorkshire for reflection
Yorkshire with time not to talk
Walk, watch skylines
Thoughts from moods provoked

OK so you were right about the poems
OK so you were right about the past
I maybe transparent and predictable
But still have the will to last

As you read this novelette
As you scan the text
Feel the anger and the anguished
Feel for; whatever next

Always live to remember
Remember black and white
Decide in gold and colour
Decide ambivalent right

Words in stone and granite
Miners underground
Half the world life travelled
Stand on crests of rested mound

Some things work
And some things don't
Sit outside in sunshine
Smoke long slow cigarettes

Some things are right
And some things aren't
Technologies concrete pinnacle
Broadcasts visions and light

Some people feel perception
Some people actively do
Windmills harness energy
Sculptured souls harmonise you

Some ways are words misquoted
Nature gathered her season
Some deeds left undone
Leaf, life, liege; escape reason

Noriah Mobasa
Waiting to argue
Peoples and couples in tension
Talk back to back

Noriah Mombasa

Woman stretching in the morning

Wake together

Be as one

Reinata Sadhimba

Half a man, large head and the massage

Pleasure, joy, pain & action

Walk downhill to friendship passage

Sensual solid stone marble

Carved and honed, blended & bronzed

Stroke, caress, forget

Reminisce, bond with bodies beyond

Cracks and faults, purposefully disjointed

Injections and particle explosions

Disfigurement of natural flight

Wandered hands and warmth

Memories; of just one more night

Breasts hidden behind the second dimension

Crests pointed and tight

Hooks and sharp edges jut

Strut as heroes, lifelike

Warm with Gio Pomodora

Bronze to layer over within

Inside all darkness and coldness

No light, no sun, nowhere to begin

Sunburnt and bronzed on the surface

But vacuous, between inner and out

So sunburnt only on one side done

Cold and dim from the north wind

On the face, fearful of the sun

The Acer leafs blow and fall

The Elm is all crooked and bare

The Maple and Fir, able strong and stable

The seasons shake their soul with care

Reds and gold's and cherry
Yellows and greens and limes
Browns and bronze and beauty
Blues and whites and dimes

Sit amongst Paladino
Arms reach
Never far enough
Not ever quite far enough

Fondle Robert Wierick's testicles
And torso
Feel cold hard thighs, open ground
Seek the warmth anywhere
None, none to be found

The majesty and honour of Bourdelle
Emile's horse, all upright and proud
Honour and majesty and long life
Shout, proclaim out loud

Innocence or 'who me' expression
Auguste Rodin is rife
A bronze, a nude
An 1886 image, with sexual life

The desperation and the wear
Tedium, torture of possession
Keeper of keys, tear torn
Loser of hope in session

Eyes no more than sockets
Clothes no more than hangings
Fingers shaped and size distorted
Knuckles, muscles loudly banging

Ankles knees and feet
Shaped by sight
Auguste Rodin;
Power, emotion, might

Ten feet tall

I walk into the shop and begin to ask...
The face she say's
"No it's been gone a while you see"
Miffed that I almost asked the question
Like a thousand more, before me

Laughter from perceptive communication
Smiles and brightness
In two sets of eyes soft as clay
Lightness and warmth
Brought together on a cold winters day

The magic of human compassion
The tenderness of the evolutionary knife
The absolute kindness of people
Wonderment of a feel for life

The story of the rose
The story of any growth at all
The story of the petal and the thorn
Pour scorn on love dreams ten feet tall

Careful of the white dress
Careful of the summer ball
Careful of the suntan and the slipper
Walk on lawns in love dreams ten feet tall

Into the gondolier
Into the waters fall
Into the expectant expectation
Press fawns with love dreams ten feet tall

Around the museum
Around the mall
Trips of teenage tourists
Bless dawns of love dreams ten feet tall

Slip off to a solitary room

Down by the old quay
Sailor's diner, rock and roll
Sip, slip, tip tulips, forsake
Home for love dreams ten feet tall

Sell your soul
Find your sailor man
Live your love dreams
Live them ten feet tall

Sell your soul
Boat or caravan
Live your love dreams
Give them ten feet tall

Words selected carefully
To avoid thought
Thought of why
Why don't I cry

Why don't I try
Why am I unable
To know what to do
What to say

How to stay away
There's been no word
No communication
No thanks

No
No presence at all
So there are no grains left
Not a hope or weft

I dare not ask
No love to share my fear
What good
Would my return do

How do
They suffocate
How they do blossom
Without me

So then it's jealousy
Is that why
I want for you
Or is it to know

That now you are gone
Afraid that you
Ever shared the depth
Of love that I

OK
If so; yes we
Can be pleasant
But it is a mask, before

I slip off
To a solitary room
In a frenzy
In a stupor

How daft is that
How crazy
To be calm
It's not true

And true
Is who
I must be
True to you

Slow streams the video

Burnt fires
Of polished pretensions
Extended wires
And shock of lost retentions

Flames of burnt out paper
Floated words urns of dust
Lava java; on the edge of craters
Tears and stains, turn the good to rust

I write of: *to let go*
I dream of: *to hang on*
The scream of the violin
Slow streams the video

Bay of Plenty

Say, say, say what you think man
Say, say, say what's in your dreams

Wave your scarf so gaily lady
Wave, wave, wave the silk that's underneath

Say, say, say what you think man
Say, say, say what's there in your dreams

Ride out to the Bay of Plenty lady
Ride, ride, ride across the beach & heath

Say, say, say what you're think man
Say, say, stay forever, wherever ever seems

Toast to the champagne carousel my lady
Toast, toast, toast my lady to liege and leaf

Off the rails at the races

So close to tears
Shake with missed belief
The suddenness
Of your small response
All the right words
In all the wrong places

The bodily functions react
Reflex brings aboard
The sweaty palm
The bead sweat forehead
All the right connections
But all the wrong typefaces

Caffeine
And lack of sleep
Thoughts of past
Interventions

The gambler mad
Makes the telephone call
All the right entries
To all the wrong races

So close to tears
Shake and lose belief
The closure is upon us
A weekend away
All the right voices
In all the wrong spaces

All the right voices
Off the rails
At the races

Minimal masculinity

My words are of love
Yours are of conflict
I talk of building
You're more secure in breaking

My edge is dulled
You're razors are sharpening
Crimson eyes reflecting glasses
Seen through sideways glances

Blank expression
Sarcastic stances
Emasculated minimal masculinity
Forgotten love, forgotten femininity

Aditi

You stepped from the bath
Glazed under my gaze
Curves in all the right places
Smiles all over our faces

Tenderness in the stroke
Walk at just the right pace
Ran to run
In so many races

Trace, untie
Untwist laces
And just now
Slow with grace
Serene; style, space

Hope
See sand swept traces
Polished personal cobwebs
Blown away on the breeze

Willows waft, lilacs in full bloom
All over the wander of wisteria
Mystery and mirth, rebirth
We ride the glide of geese

You stepped from the bath
I stopped and I started
Happy
Thoughts of places
Smiles on faces
Winners of races
Help with the traces

Now to find Aditi
For the girl of Abydos
Lead her also, to
The northern lights

