



The sphere, ellipsoidal now,
collides with air currents

Christopher
Sanderson

Contents

The ones not able to be given form	3
Stolen from myself	4
Is the score now steady	5
Luscious juice of love (The Bubble)	6
Death is no delphinium	8
Mountain	9
Church steeple	11
All naked and bare	12
In the quiet early morning	13
Thank you for reminding me	14
I've seen your words, nearly	15
Rendezvous – Secret Rendezvous (Poem)	16
Heaven knows what they meant	17
More than any answer	18
Found spaces in between	19
Voice of a child	19
How little do I show	20
To separate places of learning	20
Likewise the laughter from the other boys	21
Need to hear it first	22

The ones not able to be given form

And when the darkness came, those last few songs of summer, your lightness had all but disappeared; the end to the decay, the fleeting glance of faces passed, what memories do they carry; the shoulder bags, diamonds and pearls, are they gay dressed for the summer

The stream wanders from the mountain, the evening primrose opens just once more, the geese move onwards in formation, but they too return without hope, their final cull is the last the call of summer

Statues and figurines, ballet dancers too, the meditative poets and the painters, they brush us with their danger; sadness in their eyes, seen through, without breath

Farther than the rest of us, bleaker than, enriched by the nothingness of summer

For direction the simple questions are asked without thought; the way to the station, the cost of the fare; but the more difficult queries need to be elaborated - the ones not able to be given form; the loss of love, the wonder why, the darker side of the summer

Expressions of mood, worked through, with some sort of reason; it is in the mind, the thought, our one alone, a place to move on from or to, our free escape, from the heavier weight of the summer

Stolen from myself

I thought I saw your son today
But then again
It could have been anyone

You said I read so well
When again, to frame my mind
I climb into another one

Don't take the easy route
Avoid you say the clear
Keep compartments locked

Re-gain confidence after fear
Somewhere away from near
Helps you become the stronger one

Tears are the souvenirs I've taken
Fears I've stolen from myself
Sensitive ears you scold

My words choked, your tears
Release me into the landscape
Into the steel and glass

In the past I quit here
Glib, quick to let go
Revert to type

Relationships deserve more
The care you shared is bliss to return
Remiss to squander
This chance to wander, the further on

Let words now take me
Free flow sounds re-verb
Ironic or absurd I should fall laconic
Love of mother earth, at one

Lemon tea, snatched kiss on lips lingers
The juice song sung by the zeppelin

Floats so soft above

Look back, away from derision
Seek or bring precision
The word I find
Is circumcision
Am I the circumcised one

I thought I saw our son today
But then again
Yes then again you know
How could it have been
Anyone

Is the score now steady

Seventeen years
Faithful
In mind, in body

Not so for you
When did flirt turn to floss
When did the candy
Turn to hard core

Mindful of the madness
That lurks
Is the score now steady
Or have you
An ever open door

And in your masturbation
For your quiet dreams to see
Is it me or some other one
That binds you, or ties
Then sets you free to score

Luscious juice of love (The Bubble)

The bubble is a space
Which may later become clear
For now please, have vision
Visualise if you will: *The bubble*
Wonderful translucent creation
Hand held globe, a perfect sphere
With a skin so thin
It may be pierced by the smallest
Sharpened point
Yet it as strength
See it blow on the breeze
Feel for the flexes

The sphere, ellipsoidal now
Collides with air currents
Floats off and away
Free on its loose passage

The pictures in the bubble
Suspended in the luscious juice of love

They are memories
That smile out of all sides
Sparkle for your realisation

The plastic bag
The woollen overcoat
Your smile
My deference
Our early walks
Along the fresh washed beach
We held hands
Laid down for love
Interwove our bodies
Minds elsewhere

That is how it is today
Even though we have parted
Even though I have not yet read the poem
That you sent me earlier
Even though nothing physical or

Circumstantial has changed

But now I have lightness
It was not there before
Before there was nothing, no purpose
But now I've pictured the bubble
And considered what happens if it breaks

Because of course
A symbol of fragility
The thin skin being
So easily broken

Then instead of lovingly suspended
The photographs will fall
Clatter to the floor
Frames and glasses shattered
Scattered to all four corners

On a separate note, I thought

*For now you are free
Indefinitely
Although
If I bear your cry
I will return immediate*

*But in a while
We may have to say goodbye
Complete*

I will read your words
In full this evening
My mood may swing again
Who knows what drives it
But for now
Pictures in a bubble
A metaphor
For a later poem

Later

Death is no delphinium

You know now, don't you
Death is no delphinium

Stand tall, however small
Barely in your kingdom
Ancient days of ancient men
Wisdom speckled summers

Spiked and spooked
Passed by rook
Towards condo minimum

Sane to be glad
Less happy so mad
Eat on apple pie

The stars are your sequins
The glitter our hesitation

Your you is yours
Who for you to give it
Lest though you grow
Forlorn miss of freedom

For you know now
Don't you
Death is no delphinium

Mountain

There's a mountain of distrust
Which you could move
With the softest of touch
Meanwhile a heap of stone
Has become your home
Which I dare not enter

I have to grieve
I'll take my leave
A poet's words are not the answer

You said I could stay there forever
Now you've asked me to go
What have I done
But follow the sun
And forgotten the snow

I'd like to play
But play goes away
Into the cupboard

Under the stairs
Play is put away
For others to wear

How you show
With such wild abandon
Your gay interest in other men
So bright your eyes
So light your laughter
I have to turn my gaze

You would have been
One among many
I was one of the few
You and your seraphim
Me my little boy blue

I was one among many
You would have been one of the few
I was suspended

You could have aimed true

I see the concrete clearly
We could not stay together
Not nearly
My esteem for your perfection
Prevents our minds erection

Robes, gowns
Thoughtful frowns exude
Caught by your erudition
Your play for today
Would take everyone
As easy you could say

This is the gift I have given you
Your own place
Your own space
The grace
To rebuild your pace

Invite yourself
To the inner you

It was not given free of rage
I had a determination
To remain caged

Though not the first engaged
I am now a more foregoing
Although still somewhat imitation sage

Church steeple

Motorway
Fairground ride
Church steeple

Flight of geese
Wayward dove
Simple feeble people

Let me explain
But hope for no more
Than embellishment

The time was nine
The place was mine
At least for the moment

It was dusk
The sky was closed down for the day
The lights of night were now my vision

There truly was a crescent moon
And a single solitary star
Geese in V formation, and the flight of doves

But, between the trees, what could I see
Those lights in the infinite distance
Was it the sodium illuminated motorway

Or a fairground ride from yesteryear
All lit with joy; or was it God's fluorescence
The lightly lit church steeple

All naked and bare

This broken veil
This crescent rail
This stairway down from heaven

Some hidden truth
Some far off youth
Some parchment pen now leaden

Words hung and caught
Words short of thought
Words tread the bed I'm fed on

In the modernity of eternity
I'm here all naked and bare
Toenails not painted

Ankles not braced
I'm here
All naked and bare

The cucumber sandwich
The finely mown lawn
The place where truth never dawned

Some forgotten youth
Some chipped broken tooth
Some lips sealed from whenever

Broken veil, twisted rail
Broken sail, poor toenail
Not painted – plainly all naked and bare

In the quiet early morning

Nature's adornments
Borne
In my mind

How can I
Capture thus
The ochre and the dust

The swirl of bee
The apricot tree
The elm that reaches to see

The engines roar
The highways soar
Into faraway distant lands

Honeysuckle
Birch and bramble
You unscramble

My mind
In the quiet
Early morning

In tune now
Roses of Picardy
By tulips bloom

While I assume
The Acer's earned the right
To make me swoon

This garden
This morning
This moment to time discover

In Forest Row
Again I grow
To be some other mothers lover

Thank you for reminding me

Tell your friends
When they come around
Thank you for reminding me
It is safer when I'm not there

They can fill my spaces
Replace my dust with musk
Thank you for reminding me
It is safer when I'm not there

Turn off
Turning off is what you do
Learned for your profession
To become another you

But I'm not some reluctant client
Not some disorientated youth

I'm from all of seventeen years
In a search of some truth

Yet it's me that is the bully
Me that's in the wrong
Turn off
Turning off your latest song

First we took everything
Then came back for more
Thanks for reminding me
My words are now at what you gnaw

It is made clearly irresponsible
The only thing to which I cling
Thank you for reminding me
The pierce of song you sing

I've seen your words, nearly

I'm so glad you're here
I would have been so lonely without you

I've grown
I've been
I've seen your words, nearly

I will go on
From concrete thro' consumption

I am so glad that you were here
It would have been so lonely without you

I overheard the first two lines from children playing in the garden at Emerson College, where I was on the Poetry Otherwise course (which I would thoroughly recommend).

The words seemed so magical that I wanted to use them in a poem, but when I came to write it there was so little to add, other than to say thanks to everyone for the week.

**Rendezvous – Secret Rendezvous
(Poem)**

I tripped you
You slipped so easily
In the dark early morning
A long way before seven
In the dark early morning
Mid way from eleven
I slipped
You tripped so easily

Is this how we are to meet
This treat I bring
To greet you
In between the anger
A place for past denial
In between the anger
On trial
Loves laboured smile

Is this how to treat
To greet
The bleat that meets you

Leaver's lines say let go
Griever's times feel so slow
Is the time for acceptance
Time to say goodbye, to you

Is the time for acceptance
No more secret rendezvous
Disbeliever's times go on slow
Feel so low another blow

The glass topped table
A reminder of the fable
Now a sacrificial letter
Words in flames
Words in ashes

Heaven knows what they meant

Now a sacrificial letter
Words in flames
Paint-pot splashes
Remains
Of the unable fable
Labelled beside
The glass topped table

I ripped you
You skipped
So easily
Into the dark
Early morning

Now nearly seven
A long way
From eleven
I nipped
You sipped
We bled uneasily

Birdsong, sunlight, blue sky
Letters written, poems sent
Heaven knows what they meant

Smiles, knees tap to the music
Blesses bitten, prayers lent
Heaven knows what they meant

To write the un-writeable myth
To start, begin, before reaching the fifth
To write so clear and so true
To start, begin, before feeling blue

Trials, tribulations
Garlands and celebrations
Words chosen, feelings vent
Heaven knows what they meant

Stacks of books and piles of paper
Sort out later

More than any answer

That is my bent
Heaven knows what they meant

You wanted to write writeable myths
To start, begin, before reaching the fifth
You wanted to write so clear, so true
To start, begin, before saying you

The mountain top, beside the stream,
All in God's creation, from ice age sent
Heaven knows what they meant

Myths, magicians and pathos too
Scattered on Lesbos; girl's boys rent
Heaven knows what they meant

To start, begin, before reaching the fifth
To write so clear, so true
To start, begin, before times due

Clear cloud sky
Taken high
By
Surrealist investigations

A word
A touch
A question much
More than any answer

From in deep trepidation
To glows of expectation
Laughter with long sensation
Words of magnificent joy

*I wake before 5, with words being my first thought,
then I think I could meditate in this place, I soak in
some positivism that's been missing for a while; I am
a soft touch*

Found spaces in between

In nineteen hundred and sixty seven
A place near on here to heaven
A boy of just on seventeen
Found spaces in between

The words

He lifted from his chair
Pitter-patter
To observe
Resplendently scattered

The words

Of occupations and thoughts
That matter
Flattered over these green
And pleasant lands

Voice of a child

Combine harvester, bales of hay
Stay up late, until the sun goes away
Bonfire night, the chumping's done
The big boys all have stood it tall

Mrs. Kitson will be there
But she won't stay long
Play the piano, sing a song
Then, away into the night, be gone

The bangers and the rockets
Fireworks in the pockets
The shortest of nights splinters
The earliest of morning cinders

The days of bare feet
Golden hair, silver locket

Chumping: Yorkshire word for collecting bonfire wood

How little do I show

There is so much I know
There is, I know, little so
Set in concrete, more
Feigned with abstraction

There is a public me
I prefer you to see
How little
I do show

Clothes I wear
The words I bear
Activities that deceive
The deceit inside of me

To separate places of learning

Now it seems that he will eat anything
But there was a time
Blessed perhaps for his mother
That his diet was confined
To chips and tomato ketchup

Now I see him, no longer beneath the car
But by the door, fitting his shoes
The last steps before they both go
To separate places of learning
He to pontificate, she to pick up the pieces

Cigarettes were always a part; among the
Scrimping, scraping, saving for that week
In Scarborough, watching Bonanza
To blow up in smoke
Was their shared extravaganza

Now in the new house
A place for everything

Likewise the laughter from the other boys

Boxes no longer under stairs
But in wardrobes, with mothballs
Sprayed with the garlands of May

You see he was always the tidy one
He was Cliff Richard
I was Jethro Tull
I know he must have looked in the mirror
But my guess, by chance
He never needed a second glance

Riding home up the valley, from
The Christian Fellowship Coffee shop
I see him through the bus window
A wave, a smile; it is easy
He was always there, he always is there

At last we came to the stream
To see the glisten of the stickleback
To tickle the rainbow trout
Which although it had a colourful name
Was from the surface, just plain brown

However the delight it gave
The little fright
As it slivered through fingers
From underneath the stone
Such that hands, covered in soft mud
From the riverbed, came to life

In some light and flash
Likewise
The laughter from the other boys
Brought a smile
Under the spring sun sky

Need to hear it first

More than anything
Go back to this place
River, stream or rivulet

Where you built your first dam
The course of nature changed by man
Albeit in the guise of a child

In a field, in the actual air
The curved air
The music of the spheres

Your mown grass is no stranger
The danger to begin with
No longer there