

All for five shillings worth

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I want to change the me

I want to change the me
I don't want to be
The me
You fly away from

You came to me
To be
With the one
You fly away from

If you see
That other me
Across the bridge
We played on

I am me
No way to get
Away from

It's me you see
However far
Away from

And being me
The change I see
Will some reflection be

Will it be
A further me
To stay away from

Or changed be
Will you see
Some place to stay on

I stayed away
Waited on

Your wave
From way on

Played and waved
I stayed
And dazed the baize
I played on

You came to be
And seeing me
You stayed on

Songs of sway
We carried on
The land
We laid on

We laid
And played

Carried on
The same song

We carried on
The same song
Held on
The piece of me we laid on

I want to change the me
I don't want to be
The stain
You are now plaid on

I am going to be
You'll see
A different type
Of me

However deep
Inside you see

I'll recreate
Another me

Beyond the me
That now you see
There'll be
Some more of me

A me that floats
A me that flies
A me that climbs
Ten times higher

A me that reads
A me that bleeds
A me that feeds
You evermore

Set fair to see
Of that you'll be

Sure and free
Aside of me

Reside in me
The be
That's me
For all to see

Alive with me
Created be
Invite in me
Polite to see

Be free
Inside of me
Delightfully
Astride with me

Finally
Your love to be

With splash of sea
Beside this free
Decidedly
Somewhat milder me

Or I'm moving on

And I am laughing
And I am ironing
And I am smiling eye to eye

And Mr Morrison's singing
The lord of the dance
And I am dancing
Barefoot in the clouds

You've gone
I have burnt the sacrificial letter
This smiling is either madness
Or I am really moving on

Blue sky
September sun
Gentle breeze
This smiling is either madness
Or I am really moving on

Untitled

I am mindful of the miracles
But no
I am not about to praise the lord
Not just yet, not here anyhow

No it is just me
Mindful of the miracles
The smiling is either madness
Or I am really moving on

Cotton irons so easily
Butterflies blow on the breeze
Seize the moment
Sit calm by the sweet fire-light

The smiling is either madness
Or truly, I am moving on

I walk to the water
I drink of your truth

Live with you
Through your dark moments
Laugh at the sadness
Of our misspent youth

The mist is lifted
The white light shines
Still I would kill to be your lover
I would kill to set you free

Now there is lightness
And a surety, a certainty for you
Tonight I respect that
I wish it a kindness

I will take the kernel of it away
To find my new found freedom

Justify the breath

Lay to rest
The frenzied mind of malady

Shoo
Go away
Go away
Let us be

I will take you from my pedestal
Put you back
Among more mortal men

Move my feet
From fields of clay
In the moment
Of ever, when

Perplexed reflection of the suggestion
Exercised breath vexes life
Justify the breath, take a long
Walk from death
Destruct and reconstruct the
Feel to reveal, that concealed
With some space, some place
Not recently visited, spirit of
The flame, with some different
Game, not more of the same
Since we went away, went astray
Faint hearted, footloose, toes open
To the air, release the care
The pent up stare, share with
All, in the round, the sound of
Breath, the sound of life not
Dreams, the presence of a
Sense of some kind of
Achievement, derailed bereavement
Separate words, mixed up frown

Unobserved, collected thoughts
Offer nought but fair
Reflection, confection for
The lunch, missed out on
Brunch, and breakfast
Without bacon, taken back to
That other time; that flow, that
Rhyme, that line without thought
Smothered in hope, & conviction
Stiction, or friction, listen to the
Singer, jingle jangle speckled
Spangle, rings around the
Fingers, sing loud, proud
Without edge, loud with
Clarity, to pledge, no
Cricket wicket sledge, stick
To what you know

*Janis "you may come back to this, or you may
never read it again"*

Or maybe death

She covers the virgin, on her passage
To womanhood, desire
Or maybe death

Allowing her a storage of days
To plan and think of times ahead
Eventually

For a brief moment to dream
Replaced by another
Charming, Prince charming

The year over
Womanhood, desire
Or maybe death

*Thanks to Jules for helping make this and for Mimi
for giving us the tools, and for approving it as
'coherent'*

Black cherries

We picked potatoes
Soaked wet through
All for five shillings worth
Of fireworks Standard blue

We climbed our tree
See, only were boys in our village
We climbed our tree
And swung amongst it's branches

Then Christmas came
Snow on the field
A brand new football
Sheffield Wednesday I was
And Colin Tinker; he was
Huddersfield Town
And my dad played that day
It's the only one I remember
Frost and snow, 25th December

In the spring we dammed the stream
Seems like yesterday we swam
And ran, ran for all our lives

We had an old Austin A5
A cast off
For the children to play
No one expected we would, could
Get it going
But we did

Driving round the football field
Everyone had a go
But it was mine
And drive it I did

Then at night
Street lights not very bright
We crept about the gardens

Swiping, stealing; call it what you will
Strawberries
Apples
Pears
Peas in pods
And goose uh!
Gooseberries

Then to the big house
Over the six foot wall
For the real deal:
Luscious black cherries

Going back
Remembering now
Back,

A long way back
To warm nights, fast sex
And luscious, loose black cherries

Most

With trepidation, expectation, excitement
most, I enter another new car park, would I
feel it *Coast*

The chain pulled taught, we were in our
carriage to climb so slow, about to fall, gravity
that thrilled mine host

Rodin you let me stroke your thighs so high
Emmanuelle your horse was hung but heavy
low, I felt its ghost

Silk and velvet, lipstick cigarettes, your
boudoir, your bedroom, would that I could
be there, most

The lichen gate and the gathered moss, wake
me soon; your energy, your stillness, you hold
me forever by the post

Two people one language

Guns blaze, by heathen's throats are slit;
you raise a resolution, for me it is anger
that we roast

Take off your shoes, hold my hand, pave
along the shore, I have to say it is your
waters tear that I boast

Some would say it's hedonistic, but for
me, because I'm *Coast* it is joy, pleasure,
sensuality and hope; joy that I crave, to
feel you close

I think it was a Buick 45

A Buick 1945 eh?

Well it could have been 45, but I thought it
was after the war when they started making
them

Which war was that then?

I don't remember wars too well, but this was
not a war with me and Judy, this was a world
war

And what caused it?

Well, the war with me and Judy had
something to do with all the girls liking Buick
45's

All which girls?

Now, I don't want to get too close here, I
might say something that I might regret

You? Regret something!

When did you ever regret anything?

It was a long time ago
Nobody needs to get hurt now

*You know how your memory is unreliable; you
always forget people's birthdays, particularly mine*

Now I'm confused, I thought your
birthday was October, was that Mary?
Of course now you are probing my
memory, but there are some things of
which I'm certain

*No, my birthday is in October, but don't bother to
start a guessing game*

Well that's what it was, people second
guessing

If I tell you, will you buy me a Buick 45?

That would be confessing

An exercise in sensual scenery

The observation

The area is newly rediscovered perhaps? It has the ugliness of hacked down grass and bare earth. The bridge must be quite old, a sycamore or something similar grows at one end and already it is ten feet tall. The full sun does not reach the bridge, but comes through the trees leaves to give a dappled shadow. Blades of grass flutter on the bridge in a slight breeze. The bridge can hear the birdsong; clearer human voices are further away, into the distance. They have the sound of movement, the bridge hears them rise and fade. The roar of the aeroplane can be picked out; sometimes alone, sometimes two together. The builders work on the bridge is clumsy, this is no stonemasons work, no sculpture.

It seems that it was a family thing; without pretension. It appears to have been lost, cast off and forgotten, even by its creator. There is no sense of planned mystery; there is no obvious hidden distant vanishing point.

I imagine fun, I imagine disappointment, and I imagine loss. The silver birch overhangs at thirty degrees to the vertical. There must have been wind or shade, or a gardener without a gardeners skill or trade, I imagine amateurs with enthusiasm. As I leave I pass through the large wrought iron garden gates, they are at least the height of more than two people.

The poem

I lie here, covered in moss and seeds
Please will you bring new life to decay
I brought such joy, you splashed so loudly

Caught tadpoles in your tiny fingers

I don't know why you built me
I didn't take you anywhere
Except beside yourself

My hearing is not so good now
The birdsong and conversation
Drowned by the roar of noises
That I did not hear before

I never had the sense of smell
Tone deaf nostril neutrality, that's me
But today I sense the nettle is ready
The aroma is on the cusp of maturity

It is nice that you visit me, and
That your friends have made the
Clearing; they are friends, aren't they?

I know I'm not much to look at
No image from Giverny
My artist was a good trowel short
Of being a master builder

Where is everyone now?
Where are their memories
You do remember
Don't you
Water splashing, and the tears

The tears that turned into wine
In those happy
Happy
Afternoons of summer

Thanks for all that

Thanks
It's a bit late
I know

On the moors in the snow
Slide on toboggans
Dogs in tow

Thanks
It's time for celebration
As separate paths we go

In the flat
With the pastels and acrylics
Make music, make love slow

Thanks
No more recriminations
Smiles of letting go

On the beach
In the air
Taking care everywhere

Thanks
For where I am now
For all I have become

In my mind
In my body
You've helped me be the one

Thanks
To softness and sensitivity
Abundant creativity

Art and craft
And acting daft
Laughing as you say goodbye
Thanks for all of that

Rhetoric

To read a work so clear
Concise with universal truth
A book of goodness
Ever last of youth

For the writer paints
A picture of wondrous white
Without malice
Without fight

Brings history to today
Hope for tomorrow
Forgiveness in spades
Buckets of love less sorrow

No preaching
Ok slight persuasion
But without dogma
Wishes perhaps, not evasion

A path
A journey
Go forward
Carry our past with care

Words
Concise and clear
A simple book
A pamphlet dear

Should I aspire
To repeat this trick
To convey my message
Without a brick

No you see
Already it fails
Use of the metaphor
Wind in sails

Missed simplicity
Implied duplicity
Blinded by rigidity
Rhyme, timeless rhetoric

No more I try

I can't make you write
I can't make you talk
So I've given up
And that's the joke

You're silent
You're mute
But it's me that's given up
Seems you don't give a hoot

Your pen is empty
Your phone is dry
Remember it's me that's given up
No more I try

Yet you see another me
You see pain and distress
Yes it's me that's given up
I defer now, to hurt you less

You distrust the inner me
Rust not chrome is what you see
Though it's me that's given up
It's you that has to be

It is much further

Rooftops and raindrops
Sat beside the window box
Beyond there, the laburnum
It is much further to the poison

Slate and tile
Across the country mile
Beyond there they burn them
It is much further to hell

Gutters and drains
Sprinkled window panes
Beyond there they restrain then
It is much further to contentment

Pitched and dormer
Freehold, tenant and homer
Beyond there the new world
It is much further across the water

Lace and grace
Pointed finger wicked face
Beyond there they talk then
It is much further to conversation

Lovers now

I kiss your lips
I kiss you on your finger tips
I stroke your brow
I am your lover now

I wax you
Together the shave
We bathe
Before we misbehave

I paint your toes
Purple pink
And ruby rose
Painted toes now who knows

I pour the massage oil
Trickle to the test
A kind of retreat and rest
Before the kingdom and the crest

I turn the lights down low
Fold back the sheets just so
Wait for your entrance
Engaged, aglow

I find the midnight hour
Was it for our passion
Or a poem by Keats
The words we rationed

I caress your ankles
I massage your thighs
Rest on the balustrade
Bless our sighs

I touch your lips
I kiss them slow
I open your love
More than you will ever know

I light a cigarette
And brew a mash of tea
Remember you
Remember me

