

Souls of pigeons Everywhere

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A sensitive rearrangement

I studied eleven plus
I filled my mind
With must

I studied matriculation
I filled my mind
With just

I studied engineering
I filled my mind
With rust

I studied mathematics
I filled my mind
With dust

I studied Psychology
I filled my mind
With trust

I study literature
I fill my mind
With wondrous lust

Alcohol
Ends up on the pavement
A sensitive rearrangement goes bust

Astride
The provocative smell of musk
Be alive at the dawn beyond the dust

Tend, befriend and blow

Eyes wide open colours bigger than blue
Smiles are woken in launderettes for two
Winceyette's token, warm - too da loo

Presently impress the spoken to be true
Affection I kiss with confectionary glue
Chocolate orange, spearmint chew

Flotilla Godzilla, internet software zoo
Implement by increment
Sedentary cement, phew

New day dawns
Dusk diminishes
The distant shade of you

Blades, young Turks, hooligans
Philosophers few; sentiment, meant to
Catch you, and your imaginary crew

The bigger blue
Instead the rapture
Captured in incandescent hue

No story, no character, no scene, no set
No regret, ok, boo
Solicit, implicit, paint by number

Steal my thunder, please o do
Blunder, backwards, steady, one step
Pastiche, me, who?

Lend the line to anyone, lend, bend
And ring straight through
Spend time, mime, magnificence

Zion, Pathos, Arab, even Jew
Tendency of repetition; tend so
Befriend this friend, or blow in lieu

Unzip along the edges

I move the picture to arms length
And take off my spectacles
Your image, like our love once fused
Is faded

In panic I draw you close
Almost lost you completely
Without my spectacles
My visionary jaded

I move the picture in a swirl
Even in the still you are
More than a two dimension
Thrill overlaid

In exultation I raise a smile
Or two
The picture instils
How outside my domiciles you stayed

Was it a delusion
Crinkled paper, waste basket
Image recovered
Soft, staid

Crazy with excitement
Climb above the parapets
Unzip along the edges
Fear less to be frayed

Blush those balmy days
Love somewhere between
There and now
We traded

Our houses and our histories
Sexuality and mystery
Style to smile
In whoever's bed we laid

Reflex reflux

Now it's paint by numbers
That is to be the way
Imagination so slumbers
There had to be a day

Oh yes imaginary numbers
Distil another fray

Consumed by recreation
That's become the wider play
Deadened by the lumber
There had to be, there is malady

Oh yes; imaginary numbers
Distil another stay

No I hope

Not a thing, that I hope
Causes you to write
You don't even bite
To say don't write

We never even spoke
Cause enough to fight
If you do not write
It is hard to say I might

We rarely lately joked
As cigarettes we lit
Without of you to write
It is on sacred paper that I flit

Sacred papers that I poke
Hope a cause to incite
Awake those unspoken rights
Simply to pass the time of night

Do we all always

Beyond distance
Further than that
Listen
There is no presence there

Perception tries to deceive
But we receive
Receive more than that
Listen, is anyone there

What is loss
Does loss a right endow
As with a touchstone
Does loss identify a trust

Is it though loss
When once you held
Does no one go away
From the soul within

The black cherries
And the orchards
Streams, rivulets
And butterflies

Do we all always
Keep all that
We, me, you, I
All we altogether had

Or is it like the shunter's yard
Some new discovery
Moves out the old, to cover
The new player's cards

Art galleries; artefacts and rye
Across the hotel reception, we
Smile eye to eye, today is for
Tomorrow not yesterday

Souls of pigeons everywhere

It could have been London Piccadilly
But it was Huddersfield
Not Trafalgar Square
Souls of pigeons everywhere

It is at least two generations
Those long lost separations
In between incantations
Of seekers everywhere

I wrote poetry when I found you
I wrote poetry when I lost you
Found and lost
I wrote poetry
At what a cost

Could have been anywhere
But it was here

Could
Have been there
Souls of strangers pigeons
Everywhere

It is at least
Two menstruations
Long lost exultations in between
Frustrated message keepers everywhere

I write poetry now mind you
I wrote
Poetry once
To find you

Mind and find, anyhow
I write the poetry
Of what it is I've
Lost, or what it is I've found

Built a carcass of chicken wire

If you had made a pigeon
Made a thing that flew
How clever would you think of you

If you had honed the bones so fine
Built a carcass of chicken wire
Your mind to think it need never retire

If you had delivered muscle, soft yet hard
Crafted shape all sculptors desire yet deny
Would your voice say my oh my

If you had the first feather hasped
Drafted a space for through air to glide
Would you know to turn, to stop the tide

If you had assembled the whole
Perched on legs, spindle crinkled skin
Would you now wonder where to begin

I write

I write
What I read
What I see
What I hear
What I smell

I wrote
What I read
What I saw
What I heard
What I smelt

Write
Read
See
Hear
Smell

Wrote
Read

Glassblower

Saw
Heard
Smelt

How it
Felt
To read aloud
To be seen
To be heard

They
Heard you
Saw you
Smelt you
Applauded your success

Glassblower
Mervyn Peake
Mr Pye

David Hockney
Peter
A crush - my eye

Sickert or Valette
Bacon or Moore
Pre Raphaelite

George Melly
Song-smith or poet
On tour

Zephaniah
Benjamin
Your skin

Diké Omeje
Your second skin
Skin on skin

Arse pouches
Sucre lips
Bellybuttons, squeeze of pips

Kids meals for the poets, not the nips
The precious money is for alcohol
And cigarettes to stop the kip

In Manchester
Fancy hat, inclement rain
Wellingtons too, o golly gosh

Jesus Christ
A superstar shows
At the midnight mosh

Cathedral in the peak

The winter of discontent
The autumn of merriment
We built you over these 50 years
Or maybe more, or maybe less

Cathedral in the peak
Reach
For crevices, cracks, and folk
Weak

The smell of nourishment
A feature of firmament
We farmed you the centuries years
Or maybe more, or maybe less

Cathedral in the peak
With old bones
Hear
The hollow creak

Glaciers, ages past
Ages of ice and thaw
Formed by the untouchable
Passage of time, timeless

Cathedral in the peak
Speak
Through your hills
Through your vales of drones

Spirits, spires, goblets
Featured embellishments
Laughter, conversation
Minor's mayhem, praise

Cathedral in the peak
Seek
The prayer
To rise above the fall

Cathedral in the peak
You reek
Of other more ancient stuff
But I wish there forever to meet

Over these next
Millennia years
Or maybe more
Or maybe less

For its Fridays that we keep

(Written to the strain of: *The drugs don't work*)

The chip shops full
The fish to sleep
They fry them deep
We are here again

Now I know I said
We'd never need
Like others do
This foolish thing
But it is
For true lovers true

From schoolboy larks
We hoped in parks
We moved
We found out
After dark

Now we are gone

From soulless sharks
We have
Travelled on
We have not lost
The spark
We are here again

The chip shops full
The fish asleep
They fry
Them deep
Our parents weep
We are here again

The towpath
Was a dream
I am out of work
It was a scheme

But that is no irk
Together my love

We may shirk
Those moments
In between of love
Somewhat serene
We are here again

From labour force
To slave trade bourse
The revolution
Ran its course

The industry scheme
It was not mine
I am not mean

The chip shops full
The fish asleep

For Fridays that we keep

O Babe
Don't you weep
We are here again

The chip shops full
We have no fear again

The chip
Shops full
We are in the beer again

The chip
Shops full
We must revere again

The chip
Shops full
We have to disappear again

Farmers boy

Some boys had the Anglia
Some boys the Cortina
Some boys love the Everly brothers
Some are somewhat meaner

Some boys
Worked all day
As labourer or apprentice
In a council house they had no say

Education the revolution
Comprehensives in tears
Farmer's boys to Eton
Roll on back the years

Some boys
Played all night
The accountants articled clerk
With a pushy mothers ambitious spark

Alcohol was the substitution
Unable to match one's peers
Lonely boys once beaten
Fall down and no one hears

Some boys had Ben Sherman
Some boys suits of Mohair blue
Some boys kept the Jive alive
Some tired, they wanted life anew

Open nights before the dawn in

Public bars and public baths
Saunas, steam; have a laugh
The Caribbean's are in the spa
Later on they will pump the Ska

Motown nights
Pill popped mornings
Call it dope
Call it yawning

Steam can't change the pigment
Girls can't change the line
Open nights before the dawning
Call it hope, call it sublime

Hair cut short, jeans cut tight
Broken night's, knock the door in
Disenfranchised, where's the fight
Call it misanthrope, call it boring

Tie dyed the misapplied intuition
We've been lied to, with suspicion
Contemporaneous injected Maureen
Call it progress, call it *Soreen*

If only

It is not
So lonely
As

Being
At home
When love has gone

No
It is lonelier than that
If only

The telephone
Was
Testosterone

No
Not
Even that

With your bassoon

Mister Moon
In your lagoon
For you I swoon

Lugubriously
Tenderly
Forgetfully

Sister soon
With your bassoon
Play the guards dragon

Letch
Fetch
Wretch

Svelte platoon
Afore the noon
Sorrows tune

Goyt Valley

Broken cloud
Behind your shroud
I cry out loud

Mysteriously
Gingerly
Fearfully

Madame Dowd
Society's crowd
Daughters wowed

Kept
Leapt
Stepped

Covers cowed
Mothers vowed
Furrows ploughed

Roll your own
And rainbow trout
Rivers flow
To reservoirs hereabout

Off the moors
Up by the cat and fiddle
Beneath the waters
The village dead deny the riddle

Undertake

Horse led velodrome
Or Victorian hospital
Your domes use is superseded

A university now
A place to study
Home for students
From far and wide

Here to read
To undertake
To experiment
One day maybe

In a stadium as the
Piscine Georges-Vallerey
To play, arrive
As Voltaire said

Beseech
The bleached hair
Receded;
It is for the best

Count the beats

He's not a poet
He's an accountant
He counts the beats
Supplants the stanzas
He is feared of me
He suggests I write
Stylish propaganda

Ok so when he puts
His pent
To paper
Plays down lines
Lays down chances
No fear he be
To think of me
He writes well
With languish
Caught up in anger

Blow in that there wind

The flag is torn and tattered
Longevity if it ever mattered
Just a symbol
A wish to stake a claim

The dreams we held now shattered
All and one we're scattered
Just a lottery number
A kiss to a staked claim

The piece produced is battered
The calf it has been fatted
Just a wasted, wasted bet
A missed mistake all the same

