



Concave
Infinite
Disturbance

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Concave

Still
I see
Your reflection
Your small zeitgeist
Your schadenfreude
Your water lilies
Pampas grass
Pond life
I see
Still

Ever ready

The drugs don't hurt
Love won't work anymore
Even bliss, first kiss
All I miss and many more

Forget that ever ready score
Thugs don't work
Mistimed the hurt
From floor to floor

Break down doors
And break down lives
Seek out pores
Evil snores
The ever ready whore

Not a g string to be found

BBC Radio Three
Two twenty six
Friday afternoon
The twenty first of October
Two thousand and five

Air
Not a g string to be found
Love has run, amok
Around, aground
No bother

There are more radio stations
Other times
Mornings and evenings
Many more days and months
But only this year

Wear
Silk and lace
Flocks
Abound; unsound to race
Or hover

If I remember then how I feel now

This is a good time to write
On the edge of the event
The blood still runs warm
Memories young enough to capture

Unable to sleep
Unable to prevent thoughts

So it was best to leave quietly
Say goodbye without histrionics
Hold yourself together
For just a little while longer

There is now; not a lot left
Not a lot there to think about

You are on your way to the hairdresser
Your grandchildren will be with you tonight
Our son will play pool with his friends
I would have been alone

Alone where the welcome flame is burnt out
Alone, without any thoughts to think about

So I left quietly
You said to ring you
When I wanted to visit again
Why would I

If I remember then
How I feel now

One hour and one half

Why would I spend
One hour and one half
To decide whether or not
To send you a birthday card

If I do is it a lie to myself
Indeed
Is it in fact already all over

If I don't is it a smite to myself
Indeed
In fact then it is all over

Is this a dilemma
Or is it
Ironic

I want to send you a card
But I won't in case
Once more I fall head over

Instead
I'll steal a moment
At meditation class

To wish you ever well
You may not know of it
But I'll feel swell

That's the long and the short of it

The long and the short of it
Caught in the cortisone of it
Numb what pain you brought with it
That's the long and the short of it

Today is in the past

Today is in the past
The last serenade she has been sung
This anniversary causes cast
The renegade so certain is stung

Triumph of forgetfulness to the rescue
No warmed up beer or trips to Scarborough
No images received to deceive the view
Worn out shoes and low slung candelabra

The last chance saloon is closed
We rose and sang but sang too soon
Not possible to forget the regret she posed
Set square the accounts with math or tune

That scarred hump of fibrous flesh
A price to pay for hurt whatever the deceit
Favour rests between other breasts
Just price retreat deserves a safe receipt

Raindrops

It could have happened to anyone
Writer's everywhere have pens at hand
I'm told it happens to almost everyone
Ready with a self-fulfilled plan

To read or suffer on the tides of love
We bounced the ball, stood tall unsung
Clouds crash, raindrops fall from above
Your message came but death was hung

You take up too much time
I want to breathe some clear air
You have taken so much time
I need to feel the winter's summer sun

I take up my pure mind
Except there again
Once more every day I find
Another illusory intrusive delusion

You take up too much time
I want to breathe some clean air
You have taken so much time
I need to see raindrops rainbow's run

Windrush

The rainstorm showers
Power from electricity
Splash on face and finger
Linger winters son

The singer sings of volcanoes
The *Windrush* blew of all a might
Clay tiles return the serve so surely
But rain eventually finds the latent fault

The lemon grass and lullaby
Trinidad Tobago
This storm has travelled many miles
Not simply to *let it be* or to say *hello goodbye*

The leaf holds on
The willow sways, swells that dwell
The leaf holds on
Resilience is to nature tell

To think of villages of canvas
Streets of rivers and mud
To think of lives lost
While inside, beside the blue walls

Tropical birds and faraway summers
Haunt the melodies
Violin brushed skins of silken drummers
Some other place beneath another sky

To hear the cries of desperation
The cries of loss on loss
The cries of gone forever
The cries of...

The moment caught me still
Stopped the ink for a while
The music and introspection
Climbed the crooked stile

Now if you hold on

It is ten o'clock, nearly
It is rain, heavy
It is grey, clearly
It is now

Are you still, with me
Are you, listen
Are you still
Are you, near me

What then to become, surely
What then, ready
What then purely
What then how

Now if you hold on
Now if you hold me
Now if you
Are me

Platitude or pastiche

Between my wig and pun
Block press rests, bugs undone
The twigs lie as fallen grief
Almost said they tread relief

Helicopter flats are true in might
They tower over all of right
Diver dive master make it fun
Springboard way in midnight sun

Music of deaths disease
Lush deny the flight of geese
Highlights of the lead land fix
Mammary of desire she sticks

Stammered like a colt in sand
Horizontal across higher land
Your linger you gladly pout
Hold a similar stitch without

An exercise in distance

Cormorant or Mormon
Feel love lie dormant
The fair plains drifter
Sifter of flour
Sifter of sugar
Hour by hour
Dance with
The luger shifter
Africa calls
Over the Camargue
Still she says
Take me all a flop
The tabernacle
The seminary
Trips that drip
Whips don't stop
Feeding on
Weaker than
Seeing gone
Slayer man

Your daughter
Blood is on
Thicker water
Minds gone
Imaginary slaughter
Cyclamen or Campari
Feel lust lie gormless
The wide plains sister
Aeroflot, Captain Scott
Flower by flower
Forget me not mister
Canary Isle
A crafted smile
Spines alive, turn
The mile apace
Whispered transits
Disappear without trace
Silk Road
Amazing Grace
Laced with gin

The silver sound

Mortal sin
Come on in
Number five
Over the ocean
Over the sea
My Bonnie believe
I thrive for thee
In an instant
For eternity
Broaden the mind
Carry the load
Climb the tree
Look together
Strive for g

A patch of silver sky
Creeps along
The black stone wall horizon

A glimpse of silver sun
Peers through
The dull grey open day

A breath of silver song
Drifts over
The age old fern

This is now
Do not go
Anywhere else

The clatter of silver hoofs
Overtly snorts
But does not disturb

Workshop toolbox

Although the silver sound
Is now, it appears closer
Grown louder

Until I see the silver eye
So clear so true
Engaged

This is now
Do not go
Too far away

Three hundred and sixty five
Maybe more, in the after life
Besides, I could have told you
Any other or another story
She is after all just a calendar girl
Most certainly not a wife
Covered in clay
Sprinkled in dust
Work she must

Yet I could tell you a truer story
The squire and the beast
Not least the beat of lust

But in truth I do not know her
It was the first time I saw her name thus
I really know no more of her work
Than simply that it's a year of days, plus

And if I have not been there

If I have not seen her
In Hamburg or Paris or Spain
Do I then exaggerate
Flakily discolour
The Rio Tinto, Rhine or Seine

Afterwards we may have more to talk of
At least to carry it off elegant
Eloquent and gay
Copulate as stimulant

X rated thanks to
The experiment
That began
With sediment and clay

The workshop forged this day
Led more, to further still into the thrill
The fear
Of a longer, stronger bonded still

Such laughter brought tears
Surprise is such an unexpected thing

So here we sing
Sing as exercise, sing to moon
Sing as death delayed
Sing as poet, sing and swoon

Shadow

Saturday morning a long time ago
Or maybe yesterday for you
The crystal ball, the faraway gaze
The summer sun
Along the promenade beside the quay
A seat, a newspaper; the form of horses
Odds on each way bet

Coffee; that slow china cup of coffee
With a blueberry bun
Earlier the dew and the mist
A gentle swell
Boats bob, fishermen set out
Without you or I
Earlier, cold beds
And empty waders
Persuade to leave

The chambermaids and cleaners
Revolve the rotary doors

A last chance, before their last dance
A long slow cigarette
Shadows of youth catch on to
The welcome sounds of summer
Cafe, stainless table, contemporary chair,
Beachcomber beware

Roam through reams
Of magazines and supplements
Condiments for eggs over easy
Eggs on rye; easy beat, easy street
Cars named desire hip hop by
Base of bass, queen of soul
Yellow Cab, Aston Martin, Regina
Horns ablaze, concertina

The gallery opens at ten
Monet, Matisse, and Huysmans
On the flight path
Of so many journeys

Saturday morning
A lesson in sobriety
Life gathered in...

Life spread out
A long time ago
Or was it yesterday for you

Jazz

Life,
Or death
Larkin
On jazz

Critique
Pzazz
Life,
Or death

In the distance
With eyes closed tight
The ever present instance
Of guided light

Life,
Or death
We
On time

Face
In line
Life
Or death

Over the chords
Thoughts in sight
Neat torn chords
Fit too tight

Mind

It was difficult at first
To place the space
Inside the heart

Instead I begged
My head insane
To be apart

Along came love
Or
No sorry

I cannot name
An alternative
No similarity

Along came love
Love, lost clear
Plain

My heart
Insane
Apart untamed

Promenade

The butterfly
Flew so lightly
I hardly felt its
Touch, catatonic

The sun shone, so
Clear the haze
I touched skin
Eerie, embryonic

Marvellous distraction
My inner sanction
The sanctuary I
Staked, to be awake

To seek escape
From there or
Anywhere
With memory

Promenades attract
Early morning walk
Crisp clean air
To buy a paper

Settle on
A corporation chair
Time stands still
Thrilled by yesterday

Wine

This is a pleasure
As fine wine to pour
The sore pores are wide open
But no desire for points to score

Instead to let
Those past passions soak
In this steamy room of sentiment
Wave the dream to rebuild resentment

Thoughts alone
Beset your imaginary mirage
Further of realism, new defined construction
Beside myself, with fine wine to pour

Infinite disturbance

Today had been a good day
An autumn winter sun
Alongside the rail track
And the tram track
From Buxton to Salford Dock

Your memory had left my mind at rest
Until, and only then
In the foyer of the Lowry Gallery
A poster for the Knee-high Theatre
I knew I could never forget you

There it was an exhibition *in white*
Lowry, a seascape, a cemetery
His search for the infinite lost horizon
And there hung a Stanhope Forbes
Sheffield smokestacks beside the canal

Seurat along the Seine
Turner on Dover Beach

Horses gallop on the water edge
Almost in tears, I see Gabo's
A linear construction in space

An allegory of innocence & guile
The serpent and the dove
The head of a boy
Across the way from *The Carriage*
Painted in nineteen hundred and sixty two

I caught myself right on the edge of infinity
I began to realize once more I had a voice
No more crimes of ignominious anonymity
From now on like my words
I will, superficially at least
Make the first and final choice

I have to learn the skills of reason
To share my ideas around my mind
Participate from a thoughtful point of view

No more then the subject of complicity
From now on its more about me
Than it is of you

I would not have chosen to go there
I would not have wanted to go to war
My generation escaped the call to action
As if a joke they went on
Baby, I can't get no satisfaction

This though was an exhibition space
To betray the life of Salford Docks
“I saw a film once” I overheard
So close is all we've got
Remember Remembrance Day

Thirty years ago
I will say it again
For you too may be surprised
Thirty years ago

That's all, when
We were being advised
By our government
In Magazines and on the Television

I will say it again
For you too may be surprised
Lest we should ever forget
It is true, we were being advised
Told what preparations to make
Told what evasive actions to take
In the event
How mad that they could imagine
What to do in the event
Of a Nuclear War

That same year
LS Lowry died
He painted himself into infinity
He found his window

On the North Sea Coast
Away from the Rossetti women
Away from his Salford home
Away from his trilby
As we, as they
He was far away from his cloth cap

