

But

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A walk in the park

A place to convalesce
Take the waters
Less the wine

A place for more than rest
Take the quarters
Less the line

Broad walk in the fall
Autumnal colour
Peace remain

Soft talk in the hall
La Femme Pressée
Romance refrain

A place to recreate
Hesitate or wait
Less is fine

A place to infiltrate
Through ages of lime
Less steep incline

Market place they call
Fruits of the land
Body maintain

Landscapes on the wall
Mingling with Ringling Art
Sensuality sustain

A place
Appropriate
Please may I, stay

Before the book before the thought

Admirers of abstract painting

Always, from as long ago as I can remember, before the book, before the thought

Free verse

No, that's a new concept, or was until a few weeks ago, now I find it is what I've always done, before the book, before the thought

Corbusier Armchairs

Was it Conran, or Habitat, anyway it was a good while before IKEA, before the book, before the thought

Houses with plain walls

It began with *Anaglypta*, after the flock; but pretty soon it was painted plaster, before the book, before the thought

No ceiling Roses

We had to wait for technology, even now, sunken spots, not easy, not before the book, nor before the thought

Admirers of abstract painting, free verse, Corbusier armchairs and houses with plain walls and no ceiling roses

Linda Grant

Sexing the Millenium 1993

P36

Lover of the great outdoors

Sway
Lay a prayer mat
Down beside
To guide you

This tree
Will surely fall
Who but man
Would here insist

A counter balance
A bench
To sit upon
So near the precipice

Stay
Lay your coat
Down
To unhide you

In memory of John Jones
Lover
Of the great outdoors
Nineteen twenty five

Unto
The millennium
Often
Words alone are sufficient

Dwell
Settle
Rest
Be blessed

In this
The final place of rest

You push me further

You pushed me out
And now you push me further

Today I thought I'd figured out
But now I wonder
What had I done
To so securely hurt her

Back in my calmness
I expect it really is of no consequence
Not worthy of much communication
No thought that she might hurt me

And I guess the word would be sorry
If I should care once more to point it out
Her tendency to be tactless
She deals it straight not roundabout

Vanishing point

I thought I'd reached equilibrium
A balance
A full stop
Such that I could begin anew

Now I see
It was just a vanishing point
A pale horizon blue

A pit stop
For you to let me know
Just how much I'm screwed

What in truth you never stole

You sing
Another tune to me
Through years of carers work
You've built around immunity

I am
Outside the you of me
After years of tyre tread to work
I've replaced me in the community

Credit a last line of mine
You have given me my soul
Given me my time
Given, what in truth you never stole

Perhaps money, or favoured possessions
On occasion others apparent doubt
And distance too, so far from my pension
But with a voice I will work that out

So what is left for you
Where do you seek your surety
Your space so full of reason
Where do you go for purity

With your cancer cross
With your poverty band
With your counsellors hat
With your helpers hand

Now I see it is not me
That's trapped at all
Despite
My lack of confidence

Compared
To your lost romance
No it is not mine
That tap on Duchamp's wall

Who goes there goes there

It is not so dark now
Even in the darkest hours
That dark despair of despondency
That death of nights and empty gestures

The sun on my shoulders
The frost on the trees
It is not so dark now
Whosoever goes by

Who goes there goes there
I stand in my own place
The warmth through the blue sky
The peace of patience to share

But

You could have been...
But what about your brother

Yes you could have been...
But what about your mother

Oh yes you could have been...
But what about the others

Such a shame, surely you could have been...
But what about our band of brothers

Well perhaps instead, maybe you could have been...
But what about those fucker mothers

See you've seen what you could have...

Town folk

The platform straight and true
The locomotive there to take me to
Causeways of red and white and blue

The tickertape
The Shangri la
A countryside stream for my weeping jar

Railway porter ought your trade to pass
Not along the lines to slaughter
Away from wind lost lass

The tickertape, the home come welcome
I've missed you so much Ma
My town folk, my northern star

Side stage

The darkness
That lonely room
Useless space, frustration
No more to achieve
No other voices

The musicians
The orchestra
The magicians
The harlequins
Still and noiseless
Covered in dust

Despair enters
From the dark side
Of the stage
The lights low
The gods out of sight

Stories stay untold

Sail down-along
The river of sadness
With crutches and charms
To tilt the candles
At one another's madness

If not used

Tonight, not quite
More late this afternoon
As darkness falls
The frost not thawed
Or if thawed
The frost re-frosted

The bronze
The marble
The tin and tambourine
Land of winter's
Silver screen
The thoughts
Not thawed
Or if thawed
Thoughts re-thought

Soldiers
Statues
Fields

Of fallen clay

Tomorrow

Not quite

More any

Other day

As darkness falls

Ammunition

Unused

If not used

At least you tried

Or did you lie

The iron

The stone

The crimson

Lost canteen

Land of winter's

Mist on mean

Chords of electric

Wire

Unused

If not used

At least

You lied

Or did you try

Sunshine before one

Lilac
Sunshine strikes before
And after one

Photographs
Memories of pikes
And picked persimmon

Poppies
Haze that raised
The shade of vermillion

Candles
Skies lit by the grace
Of readers plied by Gideon

Places to be sacred

The words said no reminders
And you send none
To remind me

But I enjoy
Do I not
To think of you; remember

You send me
Spaces
To remind me

The words said
To burn
A sacrificial letter

I sent to
You the dust
Super sacrificial

But did you leave
Did you not
Leave me; remember

You lent me traces
Sent me places
To be sacred

Clay ball

Ball
Of moulded clay
Grey as the squirrel
As the elephants skin

Don't
Forget my impression
Pressed as I rested
As I contemplated

How
A clay ball
Could cast the
Memories of ages

In the cold days after summer

It is almost not a moment more a capture
Less time
Than the evening primrose takes to open
Less time
Than to run for that last late night bus
Less time
Than to wait for midnight to call

*Where are you now
Still of flight, in your bed
Where are you now
Was it untrue indeed I said*

For words to envelope this play or plight
More phrases than metaphors incline
More dandelions than summer wine
More cadence than incandescent light

*Where are you now
Settled, set in your flowerbed*

*Where are you now
Was it undue, that I misled*

Leaves fall from the trees
On pavements and fields
In the cold days after summer
Layers of past decay

*Where are we now
Are we lonely instead
Where are we now
Alive, although misread*

No defence

Sunlight, stained glass
Interned upstairs
Shadow, artificial light
Infirmed down below

Country lanes
And thistle fences
No defence for
Crept in thoughts

Trees out of leaf
Clung with ivy
No rung for jackboots
Daddy brought

Children or spiders
Snug inside
No bug for elementary
Liquorice all sorts

Parcels, presents
Delivered on time, by then
To open, to close
To return, to intend her

Impending desperation
Only hesitation cares
And words, to open
To close, to intern beware

Corporate clothes

Heartbeat in your cosmos lee
Take me
To your meditation retreat
Take me in all innocence

Heartbeat across the sea
If you have cared
To read along join together
Sing a simple sensitive song

Heartbeat across the oceans
Take me
To your ceremony defeat
Let your silk swathes set me free

Heartbeat in the stars and streams
If you have cared
To read along join together
Sing our simple sensitive song

Heartbeat across the oceans
Heartbeat across the sea
Take me
In all innocence

Let your silk swathes
Set me free

Fuchsias or Freesia (Scream not heard)

*Now can I get you to smell this stuff
And if so how*

Burnt Skin
Roast on human spits
Smoked over oil flamed leaves

Diesel or Gas
Exhausted
Float off before the fall

Thin return
In early winter
Eerie atmosphere

*How can I get you to smell this stuff
Would it be easier if it were your mother*

Kick, crunch underfoot

Stand erect, breathe slow
Remember

No more white berries
Edwardian friend
Down Broadway's broad walks

Each different house
Today expect the bay
Front room the dead to lay

*How can I get you to smell this stuff
Would it be easier if it were your failure*

Missed it
Must not able to afford
Explain to them

The aroma

That extra metre
Nearer to touch, nearer to scent

Nearer to burnt leaves
Nearer to the sodden smell
Explained in past years dispensed

*Have you got it, have you smelt this stuff
If you did, say so how*

I hear you breed

Aloof from my own self
Erect in my mistaken identity
A panic attack of supremacy
More than merely alive

A catch for any maiden
A soldier to make you cry
A latch to open for the laden
Boulders that stall to stratify

Proof if it were ever proven
Detect; I hear you breed
A panic attack of supremacy
More thoroughbred than steed

A match for any haven
A shoulder there to amplify
A patch to blind the cursed raven
Rocks that crave, with need to pacify

Take either

It is then
Is it not
All the same

So
Given choice
Take either

For
At the end
As along the way

It is then
Is it not
All the same

Distillation

Serially
Insidious
Walk on
Fastidious

From
Individual
Through
Indivisible

On into the hardly visual
Merely meander, in mystery

Now
Quite inconspicuous
Yet eerily for books
A vortex voracious

Totally

Willable
See for all
Hopelessly indivisible

