

A large, abstract sculpture made of dark, curved metal bands, set in a lush garden with green foliage and white flowers. The sculpture consists of several thick, dark metal bands that curve and overlap, creating a sense of movement and depth. The background is filled with vibrant green plants, including what appears to be a rose bush with white flowers in the lower left corner. The overall scene is bright and natural, with sunlight filtering through the leaves.

Rolled by a wayward strand

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Point and click

Eden
Uplift
Sennen
Upload

Imagery
Uplift
Words
Upload

Preventative
Medication

Distractions
Creations
Point
And click

Reactions
Implementations
The thin
Lead stick

Inventoried
Edification

Record
Uplift
Reward
Upload

The store is bare

Tell me a joke
No
Why not
There are no jokes left
The joke board is bare

No jokes, you joke
Sing me a song
No, why not
There are no songs
The song store is bare

A story
A poem perhaps
Talk to me of miracles
Of mischief, just
The bare necessities

The pen is dry
The paper is blank
The recorder out of tape
Memory corrupted
Storage inaccessible

It will
Have to be
New
Made up
From base

Emptiness
Mist
Loneliness
Kissed
Love
And all that

Rolled by

Eight thirty came and went
Was that the seven o'clock that rolled by

Half past nine stayed and sent
Another dream to magnify

Ten past ten the postman meant
Sign here please, I said goodbye

Elevenes, a break, a magic moment lent
Seconds, bunched in garlands lie

Melancholic for a while
Hopeful is more my style

The only other man

You went to walk away
I walked that way too
You closed the openness of love
I broke the outbound spell you threw

I am here in my capsule
I wander in and out of clouds
You I hear; I hear you too
Loneliness at peace in truth

I walk today
With the only other man
Distracted but intact
By the pact of a shorter span

I cried at the funeral
Tears to the tune of song
I cried at the eulogy
Fears that wander on

Now I want not to

I cried at the poetry
Arrears in the name
Of the unknown
Poets near refrain

Back from quite a journey
I wander in and out of rooms
And you I hear; I hear you too
Peacefulness alone with proof

It is not that
I don't want to
It has moved on
From that

Now
It is that
I want
Not to

Simply
It is
Almost now
Sworn in fact

Stones carry the stories
Lives that dead men leave
Bones outlast the mourn of glory
Wives that dead men freed

Pipes and bubbles

It is not that
I do not want to
But the mood
Is more signified

Now
It is
I want not to
The message simplified

Can you hear the bubble
In the heated pipes
Can you touch the trouble
In the dark of night

Bubbles scrape corroded interns
Pipes with a feathered furry core
Wrestle around the corner valves
Angled with a tangled bore

Hear the mischief
In the blown out smoke
Touch the disbelief
In the rolled up
Rancid talk

1-4-7-1 gave me a number

The telephone broke my sleep
Four thirty or five past four
I did on purpose look
But I don't remember

1-4-7-1 gave me a number
Zero seven it began
A mobile from away maybe
But a voice of familiarity

Five messages on the machine
But what had you asked
While you were away
For they are your words I fear

There is a time difference
How can it possibly be
Hours away yet at the same time
Still here with me

Newspapers have no news
Politicians only yawn
Nine days have elapsed
Since that unanswered phone

Stornaway is flashed on screen
Alcatraz and Iraq
But in my mind I deduce
That you confused
Are at home

Would the words be colder

If this was a bigger book
Would they be longer poems
If this was a slower fuck
Would you lose your lusted loins

If this was a railway platform
Would the words be colder
If this was by the ladies dorm
Would your lips be bolder

If this was beyond right now
Would there be no further
If this was outside of how
Would there be no murder

If this then all came good
Would I have to end myself
If this we truly understood
Would the story tend to delve

If this, not for me
Then for anyone
Would this then, that
You could be the one

The Oasis of escape

There's a turn up for the book:
That monasteries began
As an oasis; an escape from the
Submission to the solitude of
The desert

And now
In search of peace
Drawn to the solitude
Drawn to the monastery
From the oasis of escape
That is life

Why leaf
Where riot
Why peace
Where quiet

Is it fair to thank you

Fair
To say thank you
For this broken heart
Without such pain
I may have forgotten
The passion
The exceptional
Gifts of love

Of sensual sensation
Moved by words
By pictures
By place
By time
By the moment
Of images
Imagined

Splash of water
Autumn leaf

Winter's morning

Snow

Ice

Frost

Sun

Into recovery

To lose hold

Of the intensity

Inarticulate insensitivity

Of bruise

Of tear

Of rip

Scratch

Torment

Gouge

Bully

Betray

Pray

If

To be bold

Be so soon

Time

For more to life

Yet let

Alone discover

Fair it is

In fact I insist

Thank you

For

My broken heart

Without pavements

The piano played
The sun rose
Frost covered
The forest
And the moor

Down
Into the shade
Slowly up the hill
Congested
Single roads
Without pavements

Around the corner
Into the vista
The whole world
Before we go
Over the horizon

On the edge of dreams

Cereals and hallucinations
On the edge of dreams
And dangerous situations

As the rainbow skies grieve
The piano plays a soft sonata
Blue is up and now I leave

Woken moments
Stolen time of long ago
Celebration that's the word I'm after

Broken binds
Wheel the lines of sorrow
Footprints in sand, clay, silica, snow

Sat on the veranda
Down in the Savannah
Prints of indelible flowers

A golden daffodil and a fluorescent raspberry

Insoluble
Earth mother
Surely to show

Snow melts on the photograph
Steam comes to life down the wall
Words on wires, a message to laugh

Frigid frustration
Madness in isolation
Hallucination
On the edge of dreams

I want to talk of light
Light on the field
Northern Light
Cold light
Light to cut through
On its way from the west
Across the clear blue sky
Deep on into the green field
Up the valley side
Over the five bar gate
Entrance for the light
The light underfoot
Stage light
Stage fright and spotlight
Hold tight now
Light, be light
Light of a golden daffodil
And a fluorescent raspberry
For the northern midnight plight

Sway and wave a last goodbye

One by one the songbirds sing their
Long and last good morrows
As heads of corn they sway
And wave their last goodbye
Acid laughter sings a little longer
No more, no, no more sorrows
New born generation
Endless tears of parted love they cry

One by one

The songbirds sing

As heads of corn

They sway and wave a last goodbye

Neon lights fall back
Into welcome warm dark shadows
Moments torn, but always they had to try
Once more inside that anguish
One more night deep inside
Born again rebirth

No less painful
The gift of life a worthy fight

One by one

The songbirds sing

Their long and last good morrow

One by one

The songbirds sing

Where now our matron; our only stone
The true soul mother
Where is she to calm the madness
Lay down beds, give homage
The polished tiles glimmer
The gold oak doors are opened
We see the children deep inside
Safe in far away full night's sleep

One by one

The country in city clothes

*The songbirds sing
One by one
The songbirds sing*

Walk away
With hands inside our pockets
Walk away
Under the silver middle night moon

*One by one
The songbirds sing
Their long and last good morrow*

*One by one
The songbirds sing
Like heads of corn
They sway and wave a last goodbye*

*And one by one
They sway and wave a last goodbye*

There were forty two
Sheep in the field
Forty two
Or forty three

Should it matter -
You could count
Them in a photograph
If it is of importance

If you wish
Pull on your Wellingtons
Plunge into the flooded mud
At the bog end bit of the field

By the stream
If that helps
I just wondered
If you would enjoy to sink

Cars drive by
Every morning
In sun, in rain
Or as today

The field before the fallen tree
A few years ago now
The flowers too, surely
They will in turn die

A lonely walk this
The country in city clothes
Black on green, red on brown
The flowered lapel

It is the final story
That and the tears

Later

The piano played
The sun rose
Frost covered the forest
And the moor

Down into the shade
Slowly up the hill
Congested single road
Outwith of pavement

Around the corner
Into the vista
The whole world is before
And the end

So swift

The painter paints
Lays oil upon his canvas
Sees further than the sky
His aim never wanes

His picture only to be
For life, for lively
To have a new edge
Such that you and I

Can wonder more
At the world about us
My words though to stay
Are by compare

So swift; here then away
No pause to escape delay
In sands of time perhaps
But for now; a poet for today

The national game of men insane

Out of the box, falls on the floor it owns
A photograph – black & white football stripe
A sight to see forty years odd and ripe
Before the scars, the tissue
The cortisone injection

A time of legends and football unshackled
Cindered covered parkland in skilful sin
Sticking the boot in
Cut tight skin on padded shin
The premeditated, berated
Serrated sliding tackle

Youths prepared for battle
Marsden wreck on Monday night
Little love lost local league, a game, a fight
Soccer; it's like this from Stockport to Seattle

Later; time for pints in the bar

On every Sunday of the year

The bus to town, remember to score
Chasing starts; toes touch the dance floor
Foes in frolic and fellowship
Infamous football star

Back home
All over for another season
They visit, we visit
Won't need much reason
Keeps us to the bone

We've kicked and spit; breathed our last
Put our arms around each other, inane
The national game of men insane
Caught up as the red mist
Falls on our past

Tick tock, drip drop
Birdsong in the garden
Chitter chatter
Bach plays a cantata
Newly scribed
Fairly scattered

On every
Sunday of the year
Be dur a dub
Per dup
Ber dub
A dup, purr dup
Mathematician
Of the counterpoint

On every
Sunday of the year
Lah la de la
Di lad

E la, lad
A la de dee
Introvert
Invert of controversy

For me my stem it said so

Again then
My stem
Stated not to name

Tension climbs the spine
Pulls right across the shoulder
Brought on by being of the bold
In the middle of nowhere

The water
Runs slowly into
The drain below

Below the wisteria
Below the bamboo cane
The clay and slate rotate
In some forbade rectangle

Emigrate
It's not too late

You and Mr Bo Jangles

A corner light, a mistook sight
Mistletoes of Spanish rain
Temeraire from County Clare
The swollen peace sustain

The clock ticks
The room is cold
Olden days
Are over

Silence is the pastime
Write once more the last rhyme
Onward the beach wise drover
At loss of heather and clover

Carriages and crucibles
Rubies and cubicles
Statuettes of liberation

The siren and the seagull
Drift through shores of evil
From wave to wave
They crave
Until the neaps
Fare full

Carved wood
Fallen leaf
Compost
By the blackbird

It is no shame
Then not to name
For me
My stem
It said so

Steal what else there is to steal

The wretched pace of saving face
No more than a single drink
What I've become by staying schtum
Does not stand to rhyme or reason

The hamster wheel and electric eel
Steal what else there is to steal
Seal the casket with neoprene gasket
It is mornings are the worst

My own collusion brings self delusion
I would be better somewhere safe
The solitary walker, the midnight stalker
My life from reel to reel

The magic numbers midnight slumbers
My mind can make a ready meal
As you walk away, just another day
For my insides out to feel

My own fair hand a wayward strand

Limpet rocks and lifetime stock
Shock the sense to deal
Without compassion, absolute of ration
Crock a wound to heal

One day at a time, a find sublime
A mantra as I calmly kneel
Sho vee hum, sho vee hum, sho vee hum
Under my breath, the breath I steal

How long I've tried, how close I've cried
Hopeless in past gestations peel
Another bell, the ringers tell
Scope to wreck my land of zeal

My own fair hand, a wayward strand
I came across unreal
My golden voice, my freedom choice
Ponderous before eventually I yield

