



I will
buy the
flowers

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Onwards still I stutter

These are the words of loss
The words I cannot name
A feel I wish to claim
Of thoughts on the path of pain
Outside the appearance appears the same
And no one knows any other

I will write them up
They say sticks and stones...
But I will tidy away the clutter
Though with my every breath
My doubtful inner death
I will slowly mutter, you...

And that is no crime
It is only a matter of time
It is now only mine
Onwards still I stutter
Write from line to line
Believe me; deep sublime

You'll b the dearth in me

It is the devils coupe
This two-seater
Man eater
Takes each
Our separate ways
Smothered in testosterone
Three men, one boat
Jerome K Jerome
Fishing trips, idyllic dips
Sips of clear champagne
Pull over
To the hard shoulder
I could have a bit of fun
You're having a laugh
Was his first gaff
Before the guffaw

Now my lad
It is time you showed

As you carry on

A bit of sympathy and respect
I expect next
Will be the notebook
But this time
Mines out first
A wordsmith burst
A story of my grandmother
Oh lover be
Said he
When did she give birth?

This time of year
For Christmas cheer
Two tickets for the ball
It was my first and final call
Be off with you
Said he
You'll be the dearth in me

And now you've gone
Completely
The deceits begun
Believe me

The early call
That tells it all
Taken
So sweetly

It's why I came
So there's no blame
Except your game
Indiscreetly

Cold as ice
Lost paradise
My sun will rise
Once more freely

Iguana's tears

So sing your song
As you carry on
I'm out of your life
Never made you
To my wife
All that's left are
Pieces
Of almost nearly

He was my son
But maybe not
You took him too
So sweetly

You've got what's left
Don't take second best
Live your life
Fly again, completely

You've caught what's lost
Now to count the spots
I will be in another place

A crazy game
Time stays the same
Same as it ever was, unstable

Iguana's tears
For souvenirs
Sail on down the Rhine

My straight lines never quite met
The curved course that you set
My imagination found at want, unable

I've lost what's lost
Now in countless spots
I fill in some other space

A funny kind of year

A smile in turn
Some safe return
From wherever it is
I have been

I am easy now
Safe somehow
From the demons
I have seen

My skin is clean
In between
The outside
And within

My head is clear
I hope sincere
Though I have had cause
Of that to doubt

The epigram
Then just a scam
Still
A funny kind of year

For those I've hurt
Through kind and curt
I thank you please
To endear

I will buy the flowers

Friday night, not another one like it
Not another one
One another not

*I will buy the flowers
But should I*

There have been days before, similar
Days before
Before days

You find yourself, yet not quite sure
Yourself yet
Yet yourself

By my side, a tide, a sky, a leaf
Mischief I cry
I cry mischievously

Gadfly and bergamot, a solo halo
Solo halo
Halo solo

Sentimentality

Glory be
Sentimentality
Floats over me
And my cigarette

My head is full of words
Absurd
How they tie the knot
Slip not noose

All of stealth

Lemon grass and shandy bass
And snowflakes by the score
All of wealth and inner health
And wild roses round the door

It is no good to
Look for me when I'm gone
For you to prey another day
Do it while I'm here

Summertime and crimson eyes
And droplets more and more
All of stealth and thinner felt
And file closures on the floor

It is no good to
Look for me once I've gone
You need to say don't go away
Do it while still I'm near

Save half a crown

So come on down
Save half a crown
We'll share another pitcher

Wait awhile
Before you smile
You'll make the moment richer

The pantaloons
And rising moons
Swing it soulful sister

In far off's far fair city
You're way fair and you're so witty
They'll wish the house they kissed her

While I maraud and meander
You'll bring in something grander
Your spotlight sure will shine

My auburn hair is grey now
Still I look to wonder, how
You seem to disappear so fine

Just some souvenir

You've no care for what I'm doing
On this the road from ruin
On my way to another shambles ball

I was your engineer
Now just some souvenir
Lost behind your drawer and your wall

Though I walk now more upright
I've still the care to fight
Or move mountains that you never call

The words have stopped
Wasted words are cropped
Now I'll leave you alone with wherewithal

From the clay-pits and the brickyards

There's little left to say
I've been there anyway
And so for sure for you,
You've surely been there too

I read Somerset Maugham
Is it just coincidence I roam

Did that Greenwood dance
By some off-chance
Cast Larry in the thinkers role
To work stop in *On the Dole*

I read for my own sake
Take pleasure from the intake

Tree plantations and tin mine cargoes

Smoulder on tobacco
I know I never had her,
Without her romance
I stood not half a chance

Send all my regards
From the clay-pits and the brickyards

Live to sight another brighter day
The stillborn strange life we replayed
No more to feel our blue untrue
Sure you would want that too

It was on a Christmas kind of night
In an hotel reception you set your light
I would have given anything
To see you wear my ring
But it was not meant to be
For now that's a certainty

The marsh grass grows above the tide
The love we've lost we cannot hide
That's the way you led for me
And that's the way you said for me
Tree plantations and tin mine cargo
Swoop my swan my last Wells Fargo

The love traps that I remember
Naps in May and old September
I'll carry you with me all the while
I will carry you with a smile
Love gathered, caught eventually
Passion bound we have to flee

It was on a Christmas kind of night
I would have given anything
But it was not meant to be
The love we've lost we cannot hide
And that's the way you said for me
I will carry you with a smile

I have a past but that was previous

Alacrity seems ridiculous
A novel read invidious
A story carved insidious
To give me to myself

A winter's tale conspicuous
A copse of trees deciduous
A choice of word imperious
A swan, a carp, a lark

Thoughts seem not now so serious
I have a past but that was previous
It was my nemesis then my delirious
Among the chaff of life

All I want is to play

One more winters leaf
One more fall of snow
One more summers rain
A poem without a pain

No need to delve too deep
Or tread with ware discreet
On a bench I sum quite neat
All I want, is to play and peep

Lay the life-book open
The slumber dark is woken
Songbird sung not spoken
Blue skies smile unbroken

A poem without a pain
Love without the loss and gain
All I want is to play and peep
No need my love to delve too deep

Urge brought me to reappear

The telegraph pole has nine wires
For jungle drums and forest fires
And voices from abroad

One thicker wire
Is staked into the ground
By the outward bound youth hostel
The sun breaks through behind me

Shortly I will return
The runaways tide has turned
Urge brought me to reappear
Away from my thunderous drum

It feels ok I have to say
In fact it feels more than fine
The single swan and still set water
Wade my love, my devils fairest daughter

Virgins moss

Glory be
You're telling me
Now he wants you for his wife

Well we'll see
What goods that to me
For its independence that I'm after

Or at least
Some tender words
Before the lust and the hanky-panky

With my arms folded
And past times shouldered
He's long since seen the last of me

The Southern Cross
And vast virgins moss
It's for best or worst to let it be

Perfume and pretence

Take a bath
A winter's splash
Perfumed decorously

A bra less top
A frump and flop
I stop short of victoriously

Go for a walk
A solitary talk
I smoke, invoke, porously

Now he's off
Door closed strop
The tears I cry fall slowly over me

The radio's on
I'll sing a song
Hide myself indoors queer to see

The crash that came

The book is at an end
Words not ever to send
But print and perform you see

The year is also closed
The one red nose
Is visited for perpetuity

Pull up the socks
Sell the stocks
They are the one impurity

The crash that came
For all the same
Except if guided by the deity

With blackened eyes
And silken thighs
One for the road is not for me

To remember or forget

Golden morning
Your cold is warming
Your silence
Lays like a formless shadow

Breeze blown free
Your drift I'll be
Your essence
Loves me like the sparrow

Moorland gossamer
Your blanket tossed
A shroud
Of simple serene serenity

If this words found
Over or underground
Your sound
Will have lived with me

So Delacroix
And old Fitzroy
Turn the page
Of unity

One more cigarette
To remember or forget
The past
You lay before to see

Like a walk in the lane
To move the mane
Objective
Insane insularity

A Christmas card
And old backyard
Tin bath
And temerity

Tears I've lied
And truths I've cried
A search
Deplored to need

Wake yourself

The cold is high
Don't sigh another sigh
Wake yourself

Shake the bloodstream
Until it and your life
Reawaken

I'm going to be a writer

I'm going to be a writer
I'll fight her
Almost all the way
I'm going to be a writer
She gave me no reason
Its time
I had my say

I'm going to be a writer
I'll cite her
Almost night and day
I'm going to be a writer
She gave me words
What's more
I cannot stay

Fall some other way

Your promises inspired me
From near and far away

Your illumination
Is what fired me

The tears
Have to fall some other way

Car journey

Tear the skin away from me
For that's what's between me
And my almighty
Tear the skin away from me
To let my blood be thinner see
I confess
To words that lie
Between life and death

You can wear it with a smile
Or you can wear it with a frown
You can look on life as up
Or you can look on life as down
And if you've truly got a choice
And you've truly got a voice
Then it's more than truth
To lay the music down

More than some
Magnificent jewel

This lifetime in renewal
This faith you gave
To poor souls that you saved
You are an angel of my passion
You live your life compassion
You bring me smiles
Each mile and mile I drive

The mist is pulling in
Its mist and smiles I'm driving in
There's no anger now
And that's my choice
The angers gone to another voice
I'll read your book with a second look
But no backward glances
Or halfway chances
I've paid my fare
Now move on to aftercare

To the tune of Jennifer Eccles

I love you my lover
I know that she loved me
I love you my lover
I know that she loved me

I'm back to sleep

You wore the coat of life's consultant
Trod the board
Topped with wig and gown

But with your hard and cold
You will in return
Feel cold and hard

A last minute card
With a last minute message
Still somehow you wake my dreams

The person who had replaced me
Said that someone said
That I was warm and gentle

In return
I said,
Of that person

*It was they:
With their enquiring sincerity
They found out my generosity*

Their coat
Their own consultant
Aloft of wig and gown

Now
I'm going back,
Back to my stolen sleep

