



The flux of tide and wane of moon

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So my Vivaldi

I've had hold of this canvas
For quite a while
I've thought quite deep
About a phrase, a line, a style
Watched the cigarette smoke
Blow across the piano keys
I've wondered where to begin
Or if to begin at all

To talk of empty cans or summer balls
Or maybe when we met
I understand in paint that layer
Builds upon layer
But what of a life
Of discontinuations
Of change, of flight
Nights stood out in the rain

Well let me tell you
Invoke at a stroke

The mood at which I aim
Is not reclamation
Or a phrase for fallow fields
Not even the deserted railway station
Although that image is quite real

The smoke floats dreamlessly
Aside the wall of glass
In wind and rain; listen
Can you hear the Oboe
And the pheromones restrained
Under the Greenwood Tree
Miss Fancy Day I see you
In your Jersey Home

Pirouettes and letters
Searches for our betters
O the turn of page
The silhouette and the set of sun
The flux of tide and wane of moon

We did not dance to Liszt
Or meander
Among the chapels of Venice

And neither Bridget's score
Nor true loves store
Will catch the morning glory
Of our waking, to take the water
From the flowers
Or see the film of *Hours*
But by then the mischief
Had awoken, spoken at first so soft

With sound vibration, the resonance
The tuning fork, the taps
Violin cases in the loft
The crofter's son
Run free in your fields of corn
Your maid, who laid so close
Beside you still resides

In your canvas, your memory
Your chosen phrase, your line

Mothers smile, father lost in temper
Meek, mild, mid to late December
Sent to bring us on our way
I'll then stay before my passage
Enquire once more of marriage
As the cello fades away
As the cello fades away

The abbey was my sanctuary
The moorland walks my fancy
Out stepped feet, time I could not reach
Or match; even with bravado
And this last time our lips
They did not meet
Instead
We parted with accommodation

Once more to the station
Of carriages, clocks and packing cases
We've exchanged books
At which we will not look back in anger
The pangs strange in session
Will refrain in our regression

Learn again the lesson
Of love to have had
More than love never told
With storm clouds and Loretta
I'm slowly getting better
The picture or photograph
That will surely show

So my Vivaldi, don't scold me
For to set out, some devout words
Of where, or when, or how
Or be; your calmness will reside

As you provide
The soul of recollection
The gift of past perfection

Your symbolic gesture
Of the altar and the cross

So many turns of phrase

A year of long reflections
I've passed on sound advice
Undone the sordid suggestive

Cold that's been within me
Amongst the tears so warm
Bold moves not regretted

Take me; shake me all the way home

There have been
So many writers
So many turns of phrase

Daffodils and scatterbrains
Steps taken sideways
Spaced between the rain

Wake me; take me when I'm home

There have been
So many writers
So many turns of phrase

Freesias and explanations
Water flows as life
In volumes stays the same

Make me; fake to feel at home

The fallout is in limbo
Ashes pour down the valley side
The woods are here and now

There have been
So many writers
So many turns of phrase

Wake me; shake me, make me feel at home

Summer boats sail by

The driftwood stalls along the shore
The winter snow
Copse on the horizon
Music on the floor

The dreams and magic moments
White grey skies
Rustic tiles on tilted rafters
The twisted crown of thorns

Cornfields and Yorkshire stone
Dance the dance of May
And skip away
Skip away

Not Nineveh not kestrel
Nor plectrum for guitar
Words of past reflections
Collections for the car

The missed word now in embers
Night skies in sub marine
The glory and the ghetto
With pavements stepped unseen

Stride out with some purpose
Some overridden shy
Shade beneath the willow
Stained; the summer boats sail by

That light upon the crescent
The soft curve of the hill
Search out some expectance
Hunt on, nights are for the thrill

For now it seems so obvious

The margins slope
Thoughts of yesterday
A transfer of past passions
Scope for evermore

Some may call it sickness
Some may call it wealth

For now I will try
To keep the margins straight
Lapse into correction
Perhaps the word to spare

Some may call it madness
Some may call it stealth

With geometry
And trigonometry
Mathematics for the fair
Like a rarefied wine

Some may say it was mishap
Some say much dafter than that

For now it seems so obvious
To try with care
To recollect
The spaces in between

Some may say to leave alone
Some may say that grief is as stone

But for now it seems so obvious
To let you share the page
For now it seems so obvious
To thank you; deep in love engage

Sail away forever

One time, anytime, sometime, today
My time, your time, our time, anytime
Hours, hours of before, hours of beyond
Your hours, my hours, our ours, anyway

Poet, poem, poems
Poems, poems, poems
Your poet, my poet, our poet
Words we weigh

Sky, tree, stream, scream
Anywhere, anywhere
Your sky, my tree, our stream
Scream, stray

Sway, pray, say good day, stay
Say, sail away forever
Your prayer, my prayer, our prayer
Ever lay

Clay, stone, beach, bone, reach, tone
More never
My clay, your stone
Our beach, tremulous, fey

Skin in, skin deep
Skin sleep; hesitate
Your skin, my in
Our deep manifested fate

The final salvation

The twist in the tail on us so soon
Blood on the tracks
Of some Mexican melodrama
The good, the bad and the ugly
Your own Ennio Morricone

All our yesterdays, all our tomorrows
Life and death
And the love we borrow

The story began so slowly
Characters, places, emotive context
Many nations, religions, all mankind
Desperate for identity
More often hidden in cliché
My guess you loved someone
Other than I
And they another still
All our mischief, all our treasures

Time and tide and life's light pleasure

Lion king, tiger within
Lost love motor mechanic
Daydreams and obsessions
Careless cost of stolen possession
Supermarkets, social worker, waitress, fakir
Smiles and stolen glances, happiness
And half way chances
In the midst of time, their time, our time

All our illnesses, all our bondage kit
Twigs broke, bespoke in wasted ditches

On the precipice, the final salivation
From a call to arms, from a tour of duty
Returns of wayward battles
The visionary soldier
Separate, yet in half light
A mirage, the twist in the tale; snow falls

Vermouth grin

Its nought degrees
I don't care what they say
That's cold in any language

So cold you can't shiver
But you can see
Right through your fingers

Icicles on your nose
Chilblains for the toes
Cold in any mothers tongue

Cold in breath
Cold in death
Cold in all the corridors

There's nought to be
Afraid yet pleased to see
Plymouth gin

A vermouth grin

Yes who would forgo
A drop of sloe
To put a flame within

To stem the tide we froze
The emblem and the rose
In Picardy and Monterrey

O move on Santa's sleigh
To the dark end of the day
It is cold

As any mother's sin

Fire pits of foreplay

Through quartered windows
By coal coke fires
At one down to the seaside
Crumpets, butter, child to sire

A shared shave in the bathroom
The vulva up on high
Arrivals and departures
Bicycles in the sky

Loose handles on imagination
Antiquarian bookshop doors
The joker and the fixer
Warm water on the floor

Ferry boats between the islands
Presents with thought sublime
Muscle shoals and seals with foals
Stay just to say; be mine

The last hotel reception
Library of a world at bar
Champagne for another party
Lost, in one long last cigar

The shifty suburbia of Paris
Down to court house way
Worked ever to a plateau
The forlorn bank of clay

A view created for the chair
We knew we couldn't stay
Dead wood burns and smoulders
Smoke filled fire-pits of foreplay

Delacroix and old Fitzroy

Back in stack
A seaside shack
Books cast in
Concrete formation
South Americans rejoice
Your writer with a voice
Your library
And your congress
For perpetuity
Indexed in security
Line by line
So fine
Almost an obsession
No Robert Graves
Or Aladdin's caves
But almost

Every other writer
There's Delacroix
And old Fitzroy
James and Conrad's
Words a plenty
I've read it twice
Cos twice is nice
And yet I know
I'm far from done
So thank you girl
For one last twirl
One last shoulder
For your soldier
To lean upon,
In these days of
More and plenty

Only taken down to dust

I could paint your picture
In the richness and the ruby
I could throw you pearls
Like dukes and earls
I could dress you
In all your fairest beauty

Build some rooms
With gold from looms
Of Caribbean's finer leaf
Paste words on walls
From old Egyptian scrolls
Stoles of the kindest thief

Plumes and preens by summers queens
Intensified imaginary dreams
Streamed themes of a world of Wagner
The chandelier lights, the inlaid veneer
All is marble and Vermeer
In chaise lounge we laid back to languor

Wrapped in silk
And bathed in milk
Chardonnay for dessert
The harp plays solo
Plucked by Marco Polo
And Caesar still alert

These schemes I fold
To reach a time untold
To reach a you much further
Placed back on the pedestal
You were only taken down
To dust off the cobwebs of fervour

You gave me the ether

One more cigarette
Some place else to get
Reach out for the ether

In the frosts of eternity
The ash glow burns slow
On nicotine fingers

I'm almost there now
Somehow I've crossed
Along the valley

Rode with the Valkyries
Strolled in Constables
Imprecise garden parklands

I've seen the Mona Lisa
Prayed with Rothko's
Mindful meditations

The self help books
Psychological hubs
Awoke my distemper

The coffees cold
We all grow old
But don't let go so easy

I've wished you well
And truth to say
I fear I really meant it

You gave me the ether
I smoked in clouds unseen
With love I was somewhat meaner

Than ever before

The horse drawn carriage
Baggage from the boat
It was the first of May
Springtime

On another occasion
The island and the mainland
Separated by a causeway
Cup Final Saturday Afternoon

Alone among the parents
Waves around the bay
Watch for your girl
Out at sail with school

The alcohol I understand
Less than ever before

The bramble was in bloom
Headland in the breeze
It was the kindest day
Springtime

The kingdom and the castle
A boat with rubber wheels
Isolated from the past reality
Cup Final Saturday Afternoon

I made polite conversation
Said you were at work
Lovely all your daughters
Out at sail with school

That night we made
More love than ever before

Of cobwebs in the corner

Are you sat
Without
Or at rest within
Does
The armchair
Collide with the mirror
Is the tapestry
All at home
Home sweet home

You spoke
Of dust and debris
Of cobwebs in the corner
But
With a surreal touch
You said much more
Words
More as nails
In a coffin

Signals
Sent not read
Down-trod torment
The pain passed
Lacerated
Without amplification
Cut deep
Deeper

Coated with salty seas
Deprived of sleep
In the lost night hours
It is not so neat
Yet nowhere
Near defeat

I love you

I could simply say I love you
In fact
To begin with
That is just what I will

I love you

I could try to reach you
You know
Close my eyes
Think of you

I love you

Pictures
Maybe later
For now
Keep it simple

I love you

I could think it mad
To carry on
Like this
Yet all the time

I love you

And then
Your smile returns
Quite simply
No more

I loved you

Letter

I want to write and say thank you for the love we had, for the happy times; on the beaches, at the theatre, in Jersey and in Kingsbridge. For the love we made wherever we were; for how you made me laugh, and got me to draw and read and write.

I do not know what it is that love is, or what makes it; but from that first day that I saw you in Sussex, right through to today you have raised in me a feeling that I can't get close to with words. And that, is I guess, what love is.

