



I pretend
that instead

Christopher
Sanderson

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Petula

You took all thirteen and three quarter inches, your four slits allowed the juices to flow through, hung by your singular circular ring, fried, basted, but never, not ever sated

A fine grain, the years of use has stained your tips, stained that which touches, which really touches all that you prepare

A split is beginning, a fine crack in your defences. And when I stroke you, you are almost in need of a shave, a final sand, or wax, to make you silky smooth once again

Lay there now, lie still, flat on the black slate slab, let me see your spine, your smooth uplift, upwards to who knows where, that is when viewed in elevation

But from above, a face, a smile, a long, long body, all the way back to your ring, your support, your suspension kit

Yet its time I'm afraid, for you once more to enter the fray, the food of love awaits, your master chef he cannot be delayed

I forgot to mention your lightness, your delicate curves, your openness to touch and caress

Back now, beside the hob he lobs in another breast, for he and the fat to fry; please be gentle, let him turn you over slowly, lest the breasts are awakened

Petula; my spatula

Set out, setback

The dovecote and the stone walls
The grey clouds and blue sky
The open dales

Up and down
The sky now with white
Blue, white, and grey cloud

It was the dove's wing that I saw
The dove's wing
That reminded me of JLS

This could be spring or early summer
But it is January
January, at the start of a new year

The sides of the gorge are straight
Straight down they plunge, to the habitat
To the habitual floor below

The cyclist is clad in purple and red
Astride his fair maiden of alloy
And chrome, he puffs and he pulls

He pulls and he puffs
All the way
Through dales and ale

The stony little hamlet
Covered in soot and dust
There at the crossroads

As in any poem:
A lonely old tramp
His eyes look lost

Lost in soot and dust
The youngster waves
As the car passes

A sure sign
Of affection
Not pleasantries from afar

Out back into the country
Past the remote controlled
Helicopters and aeroplanes

Sons play with their fathers
Together they play
At big boys games

Hikers in a hurry
Set their sticks straight
Sure with every step

Turn left at the Marquis of Granby
Remember those Friday nights
It is all nailed up and forgotten

Remember those Friday nights
Remember the coach trips
From the club

Remember to go so far
You can see the cliff top
It is almost like Utah

Or
Ayers Rock
In silhouette

The reservoir lies flat as ice
The motor bike rider
Clad in leather

Gazes at the flowers
And cards
For some ghost of explanation

The green gorse
Is golden brown
The red robin turned to rust

While we splashed
Slid down the ravines and
In the moon light we climbed the hill

Walkers in the wild
Walk there
Walk as if they must

The road winds more now
We're way on down the valley
Past the white house for the elderly

There stands a new bungalow
With a clay tiled roof
Architects obviously care

On another day
You went to the big house
For a picnic all alone

Ten 37

10.37

Christopher:

Drifting Stone

Ben Christopher's

Taken from the album

Viewfinder

Rocketeer RRCDL001

10.42

Leslie:

The Stranger's Quest

(The Day The Sky Fell In)

Desmond Leslie

Taken from the album

Music of the Future

Trunk JBH014

It is too soon for you to know her name

Both sides now

A cost we bear

In close comparison

For awhile now you'll be

My best friend

My chosen companion

Listen it is Mr Cave

Nick, of the new-man

Antipodeans

He echoes my words

I'm still in love

I'm still in love with you

You'll become used to my muse

For it is she mostly

What I choose

To scribe about

Though sometime

Good things come in threes

I'm sure
Love will out
Our love will out

It's too soon
To know her name
We've plenty
Games to play
Before we reach
That treasured time

When sure as
Yesterday we arrive
As soon, no doubt
Her likeness
Goes away

At the old house I read *The Razor's Edge*
From a collection of books given by one long
lost friend; it may be Conrad next - the
mighty Joseph

At home on the radio; a book at bedtime, the
one and the same *Razors Edge*; is this a plot by
the BBC or are there other connections

They say good things come in threes
A photograph, an outing to visit Mrs Alan
Bennett's mother in his book *Untold Stories*
It is W. Somerset Maugham

Before sleep even

It was before dreams
Before sleep even

Yellow blocks
Dozens
Maybe even hundreds

The little rectangular
Builder's bricks
At junior school

Not cubes, flatter than that
Although they were
Multi-coloured

Of infinite length
Flower stems
Back into my mind

And forwards
Reach
Reach for the stars

Go beyond
Beyond where
The eye could see

Then the train
Down in the valley
The steep wooded valley

And the train
Steam train rushes to the tunnel
Was it

A place to disappear
Or face up
To the toucan

The Pelican
The Penguin
A sculpture by Mr Henry Moore

But in motion
Curved, and triangular
At one and the same time

Motion described
By Rodin, stillness and movement
At one and the same time

This is the poorest paper

One wonders why
Ever it was invented
For poets perhaps that pretended
To be painters not writers

For full strength cigarettes
And blues by tombs to lay
Dreams from ashes now in embers
This poet sends his love away

At least for one Semester
More than that he cannot say
If her light should ever falter
Come the *Darling buds of May*

There's more in preparation
Words to catch the fears
Of yesterdays move-less moments
In the snow fall still of tears

Where resides desire

The non drinker tells the gin
Sinkers how to best abstain
The non thinker tells the mind
Tinker how to measure pain

Inside, outside; decide, deride

The non junkie tells the heroin
Monkey how to kick the habit
The non abuser tells the
Violence chooser how to walk away

Where resides desire
The non & then the
The

The non claimant tells the dole
Payment how to forge a role
The non believer tells the faith
Achiever how to miss out on religion

Inside, outside; decide, deride

The non desire tells the love
Aspired how to break the spell
The non retired tells the funeral
Pyre how to flee the flame

Where resides desire
The non & then the non
& then the
The

Sleep was your other lover

Our love
Came at different times of day
In the morning
While I was yawning

You were on your way

Yet at night
I was stiff with delight
And expectation
You though settled under cover

Sleep was your other lover

Not twice in case they're sorted

Am I a stalker too
Is it me to come through
In this crime of passion
To have fallen for femmé fatale

In any event fair or foul
The swollen egoist; banal

Domestic violence
Worse than silence
This crime of harassment
Send my words my muse

In any event, life or misuse
To lend the term; self abuse

The letter not to be posted
Not twice in case they're sorted
In this crime of repeated fashion
I do fall

Hope and providence

Your picture in my
Conscious sub conscious call

In any event, my all
Is where I stroll
No less in my imagination
Or that realm of imagined self control

If you would wait an eternity
What then to wait

Another moment

If you would walk on shattered glass
What then to tread

So singularly gingerly

On foot soles
Of open blood, and broken beauty

It may take quite a while
For eggshells to turn

Once again to sand

If they ever will
Let's then let

We've lied since first we met

Hope & Providence

Meanwhile

Carry our flowered waters

Let it be their miracle

To bring love back

Close from death

Would it be too tough

To read, too much

Into so few single words

My coat

Is your coat

Please don't get it wet

My hope

Is your hope

Please don't let it set

My lies

Are your lies

Are our lies

We've lied

Since the first we met

My thoughts

Are your thoughts

Lest the ones we beget

My rope

Is your

Rope

I Jest

Less to

Escape the net

My cries

Are your cries

Are our cries

We've cried

Since the truth we kept

Maybe it is now

When should I question

If I ought to keep you alive

To keep my words alive

More than to keep me alive

Maybe it is now

Be it that the question is exposed

My thought of you or life exposed

Of you and words exposed

And you, would you question

Why you are to keep me alive

To keep you alive

More than to keep your love alive

Maybe it is now

Be it that the love and the words are out

Our thoughts of why and my are out

Of you and I out; out and roundabout

Poor English

In so many ways
I am not
Mr Alan Bennett

He writes
And I might

Loins of lust
Bring just
Poor English

The movies
Similar
Far too groovy

He nibbles at the fruits
I scribble uncouth

We might enjoy a drink
He is a Yorkshire man
After all

Become a man

The girl
She will become a woman
Grow her confidants
On occasion be diffident
Wallow into culture
Expose her sexuality
The girl
She will one day become a woman

The boy
He may become a man
Though his soul may remain
At play or lost in thought
There may be moments
Lapses into reality
But the boy
He may not necessarily become a man

Of course
The roles may be reversed

The artists
The physical
The rendition
The craftsmen
The woodcutters
The more fully alive
The intellectual decision
The no longer them and us
The not now worker vs. slave
The no more the fear of inequality
The now ineffectual disabled, unstable

Of course
The roles may be reversed

**I didn't say; I would rather have
stayed**

You sensed the trend becoming
You'd seen it all before
Maybe once
Maybe twice or more

And said to go away
You sensed the trend become
Maybe it's better
Maybe its best to be undone

I didn't once
I didn't twice I'd say
You sensed the trend becoming
I didn't have the sense to pray

Quickly
As sure of moment of the day
Insufficient hesitation
Without fight, in flee I went away

That's what I do
That is exactly what I do
I didn't have the sense becoming
But I would have preferred to stay

Muggletonian – 10th January 2006

Last night I read
Alan Bennett *Untold Stories*
And watched Jonathon
Stamp's *The Greatest Pyramid*

He reached out
For the untouchables

This morning
It is Bywater's *Lost Worlds*
I feel gentleness
And mellowness

Come over
All of my life

I think of you
You as someone
A person
An individual

You it is I hope for
You to be at one with you

Both now
And as you grow older
I aim, at the moment
Always to be there

But many things are lost
You are my Muggletonian

But when my letters stop
When my words stop
That is the time when
You will finally be lost to me

Share

Tonight I watch Elizabeth David
Read the Oxford book of English verse

I think how fine it would be
For you to find someone
To bring you happiness
Share your tastes
Share your humour
And I guess
But it's hard to say
Share your bed

Is it because I read love poetry
Or just that life moves on

Sea no more

I pretend that instead
It is the sea
The railway train
That runs over me
The crash of the wave
The grind of the wheel
The windblown graves
The lives we chose to steal

Pretend to hear
Out of this window
Wheel-tappers and shunter's
Might they become the sound of the sea
What sort of sentence could bring close
To life the ebb and the flow
Of past times perceived

Once more pretend of times
At the cottage by the bay
Midnight waves, moonlight

I'd be across how many oceans
For hollow calls of the wildness child
Gathering shingle from that faraway sea

O I pretend
When the wild wind settles
When the night breeze mourns

The lady is for a waltzing; so fair so free
With the orchestra she rises
The crescendo is born
The girl of quiet surprises
Weathers the storm, measures the sea

It borders on manic to pretend
To write so free yet capture complete
The fall of weed and flotsam debris
It seems half crazy to just go on and on
In raptures as raindrops waves stop
On the crest of the sea

Please let's pretend
There are
Aircraft overhead
There are lives we lived
And lives long dead
Buried beneath the sea
Of foreshore conspiracy

It is, pretend, just a lament
A late night pour with no score
To settle; no more,
No more, no more words
No more intimate times
Talk is out of time
Out of step
You see for no more
Do we see
Or even imagine
To be
Beside the sea

