

We haven't yet met

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## Somehow love

There are no moonbeams  
Just streetlights through the hedgerow  
That's the city  
Someway over there

Chopin on the piano  
A midweek evening  
Catch  
Some country air, some atmosphere

Chew gum, drink the summer fruits  
Smoke a Marlboro cigarette  
I've surfed the web for somehow love  
Intestate relationships for sale or to let

Off a country lane  
On a muddy track  
Darkness; Bartok  
Some country air, some atmosphere

My mobile phone  
No late call home  
Someone's petty grievance  
To dismiss

## Far from modern times

Andrew Marvell:  
He paints your picture  
He cries my love  
His parallel lines,  
Far from modern times

He takes me to your garden  
And sways  
My wasted breath  
He talks of love  
But never death

For you I will dedicate  
*My fair singer*  
To relate; restate  
*She having chained*  
*Both wind and sun*

## Kiss the three day lovers

Last night I read  
Anaïs Nin; Artists and models  
Her three day wonder lover

Now sir; I offer  
One Sir John Suckling  
I kid you not; 1609–1642

*Out upon it, I have loved*  
*Three whole days together*  
*...such a constant lover*

And of all three days  
We kissed and kept  
In cloisters and corridors

On sand dunes  
And headland heath  
Hands and smiles in triplicate

*We'll kiss and be free  
...for we shall be past it  
A hundred years hence*

A curates egg  
From *The epicure*  
By one Thomas Jordan

## **The woman with child**

Back in the old vicarage  
The deep pile carpets  
A bedside lamp  
And a photograph over the fireplace

A canal; barges, fishing boats  
With a triple arch stonework bridge  
Bound on either side by roundhouses  
To the horizon, church steeples; Gothic

An industrial town  
A European town  
Dutch perhaps; or Flemish  
Who, but the dead painter knows

Pen and ink and watercolour  
A blue wash  
For the green pine trees  
The drayman delivers, also in blue

## **The lightest touch**

The woman with child  
Out of proportion

But no one  
Not a soul, not anyone  
No one, absolutely no one  
In the middle distance

The warm sun  
Before begun  
The maiden's contemplation  
Any other than another day

Oil for the olive body  
Cool water  
For the sprinkled mind  
Away from any other play

Silk chiffon for the angel's lace  
The lightest touch  
Of cover up  
In place of waves of May

Enter your lover  
With champagne tray  
And turns of phrase  
Afterwards the fades of love

## Just beyond the shoulder

The imaginary garden  
Re-discovered  
Uncovered china  
Marks indelibly  
The favoured chosen plot

Hidden from all,  
But those who know  
The friendship  
Of make believe  
And wonder

The last forgotten friend  
Just beyond the shoulder  
She whispers sweet words  
To carry smiles  
It seems as though forever

## Maiden voyage

From the western isles of France  
By chance you chose to travel  
To this land of uncertainty

Unravelling by your gaiety  
I chose in sense behind the curtain  
To train my eye your way

And love it was will conquer  
With sunshine for escape to your nape  
On my maiden voyage wish good fortune

And love it was found shelter the west wind  
Of our temptation approaches  
Love blows; she blew upon our sensibilities

Carried no incense or myrrh  
Far from a sailor on the flattest windless sea  
The helter-skelter stride strode inside of me

## The relationship is too painful

Love you've cast your painful stain  
Love at last  
At last sung  
Your cast refrains

Church bells past your languor lain  
Church at last  
At last rung  
Your past remains

Grass; Günter vast your labour's pain  
Grass at last  
At last hung  
Your vast domains

Mind move subconscious short term aim  
Mind at last  
At last Jung  
Your subconscious slain

## Verdant perfume

I've not mentioned your name  
And if you recall I said before  
That it was far too soon  
And even now  
Even after so many entrances  
And departures  
It is still too soon  
For me to show  
Your name

The softest flower  
With verdant perfume  
The gold vermilion  
Of love undone  
Assumed  
Your body, your garden  
All on full display  
Yet today for your name  
It is still too soon

## **We haven't yet met**

I know nothing of you  
You know nothing of me  
We know nothing;  
Of each other

We have not yet  
Met  
That in itself  
Seems

Seems some way  
Some way of love  
Arrivals, together  
A rose lapel rendezvous

Your eye colour  
Indiscriminate  
For me  
As mine for you

## **Our children's children**

This is not Paris  
No parade beside the Seine  
Nor is this  
The seaside promenade

The Saturday  
Morning breakfast  
Blow smoke on into the wind

The inquisitive faces question  
Our future generations  
Stroke the imitation flowers  
This is not Paris

A promenade nonetheless  
Of our children's children  
And their dreams

## Stationary

The word I seek  
Is along the line of deceit  
Self to creep or otherwise

If we have hurt each other  
Too deep to recuperate or recover  
Is it sleep, or sleep stolen that gives a clue

Turn this from abstract  
To pictorial  
From sweet grapes to sour apples

From a fine wine  
On a summers day  
To the misty motorway in driven rain

Stationary  
Betrayed by the prospect  
Of the wide open road

You plant the seeds of doubt  
I race to pull weeds out  
Together our caravan  
Can it ever tow

## Vast within

The fantasy draws my breath  
Blows love out on the breeze  
The fantasy takes away from death  
Show lights flicker on the leaves

From here to there without movement  
Still extremities are vast within

Lakeside, mountain, fair companion  
Still serenity; vast within

The shape; shapeless, levitates  
Carries love over faraway seas  
The nape; faithless, meditates  
Marries light, whispers deep

## Corridors of limes

I listen to Sanctuary  
By Arvo Pärt  
Think back towards  
A gentler life

I work on photographs  
Of flowers in nature  
Or mould some words,  
To move in waves

Waves of lavender  
Wave down  
The corridors of limes  
Afterwards or before

In any event  
In preparation  
I'll shave the sideboards  
Trim away the years

## Of studied stature

I trust to read  
The words of Duffy's Rapture  
To stray over the formidable stile  
Of love and camomile

I pray to seed  
The worth of way along  
To date the Hepworth domicile  
Of St. Ives favoured capture

I, or my shadow  
In the early late of night  
To clothe my pavement  
Of Moore's studied stature

My dust recedes  
The birds indeed by Zephaniah  
To state the Caribbean isle  
Of ancient, ancient laughter

## Ounce

*Something to do with justice and balance*

A round disk  
Not more than a penny  
It weighs in at one ounce

A bigger disk  
More of a hockey puck  
It weighs a pound; or two

Thirty two minor gestures  
No more  
Than one big bluff

*How to describe that moment when the fleeting  
thought of love enters your mind; happens to me all  
over the place*

## Parachute

The pace  
Like lace  
Races on and on  
After a fashion

Stacy said  
Rather be dead  
Than the height  
Of passion

Corrosion blows of winter snows  
Sullied shopper's trolley  
In the back of Macy's garden  
No; stop, stop, and forever stop

Passion garden, Elizabeth Arden  
Have you got no taste at all  
Your words, your wired expression  
Fall for all, out-with of fashion

Suggestions you did or did not learn  
You awkward stonewall scholar  
You must; Germaine  
Begin again

Cardigan Bay caravan stay  
Breakfast of camping gas and bacon  
Rainbow trout and Guinness stout  
Far beyond our capon

Whoa, whoa there, where is all this to  
Have you missed  
Forgot the lips you kissed,  
Forgot the touch of hope; of love

By the crispy bacon  
The fat fried beans  
The awning gold  
Of crisp cold sub marines

Parachutes from the moss top  
Your father in the war; a tree  
A bullet, a lifetime no compensation  
Worn always; with a smile

For a while he did  
All that his country wanted  
Or so was thought  
Or so was taught

With loss of grace  
The pace, picks up again  
Today is less than two degrees  
A parachutist plain

Sees all before way lain, plain  
Gainful treasure  
Also yours, also mine  
Yes mine; mine, mine, mine

The pilot  
Ponders over take off  
With tears before his cold  
Yes; before his cold; cold eyes

## Probed for certainty

There are so few  
Photographs  
Even less  
Autographs

Video or voice  
Exist not at all  
Redundant pasts last  
Pass the needle  
For the record player

For someone  
Who took so long  
In preparation  
Anticipation of every day

The hairdresser  
Tactile makeover  
A long warm soak  
Before the voice

And body coach

For you perhaps  
Some skin deep  
Confidence trick  
Confident in

The passing glance  
Or casual conversation  
But not  
For posterity  
Where you could be

Probed for eternity

## Compare

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  
No pause, escape delay  
In sands of time, perhaps  
But for now a wayward poet

