



Hardly a vibration

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Of dead men and cowboys

I once was a cowboy
A downtown country maverick
I broke in wild horses
With a psychologists flick
I strode sage pantaloon heavens
Canyons came ever so grand

I spoke such tall treetop stories
With a dichotomists travel band
I held up arrested stage coaches
Bag saddles fully so stuffed
I joked of dead men and sheriffs
With lavender
And Cherokees headgear ruffed

I rattled beans; over twigs of fire and smoke
A blanket with thorns
And stories of a southerly hick
I woke to the sound of mad warriors
Beside me, a high plains
Drifter's favourite chick

I guessed it was time
To once again pick up my gun
Down the road so far from where I am
I stroked the steel
Blew away the emerge of smoke
Then choked
With all the doubt of a Camberley man

Stationary II

No; it is different
It is a loss of faith
The disappearance of a dream
A bubble burst

For without the imaginary to hold onto
In truth there is little left
Only habits and inclinations to cherish
Toenails and nasal hair to despair

I think then this is nearer
Almost in the zone
Where my vague description
Catches the faded lights
And reclaims the fussiness
Of pomegranates

I contrast
This dark half pureness of life
Where my pupils
Now strain to see gold on white

I contrast this loss
That swallows the every breath
With the first
The first and only

The only
The one truthful kiss

That of cafés

More each day I feel to be a writer
Artist; wayward, carefree, reckless

In love with a picture of life
That of cafés, cigarettes, impropriety

Forget for now the lonely hours
The escape to no one else's world

The possibilities of incomplete arousal
Closed closeted decadence of your pubic

Just enjoy all that I read or imagine
And write again unconditional on love

Wellness is upon

This brings to life all the time at the end of the day, the time of now that we write. In the company of eclectic music, a Scottish harp, a Spanish conquistador, or his soprano. A time of night; to turn to contemplation, even to write, this is when the words flow; when we feel that we can't yet capture, we use the word of love or loss or grief or joy; but the words are unable to touch this ethereal cloud that our minds wander among, sometimes colours, sometimes black, but cleansed, some fall of energetic rebirth onto our shoulders, a feel of light, of freedom, away from jealousy or spite, or any negativity; just a bright light in the meditation, the meditation to wish well for all others, for after all wellness is upon

Apart from mere mortals

*Two poets bring me to you
Mr Coleridge and Mr Swinburne*

What I feel
Here
Just now
At will

Is that you
Or another mother
With her child
With time to reflect

In a wondrous moment
A feel of omniscience
Omnipotent and apart
Apart from mere mortals

By your fire grate
Impregnable and safe
Safe in safe's contentment
The umbilical cord of attachment
Still unbroken

Aromatic rumours

On the verge
Of some new acquaintance
I tremble at your frame
And wonder how I will say goodbye

Without exercise, sake outside
Of my mind; the heartbeat races
Acceleration of the peristaltic pump
For all of romance to see

I will come back later; from a
Wilderness of silence, of quietude
Recall junior school dinners or at least
The odour of their kitchens

I was lost, on that first day, of first school
Now, many years on and about to leap
To a new cycle saddle of love
I am lost again, but feel here to belong

The ballad of a long now

Where beyond earth are we to go
How long will it all take
Where watches are all slow
What is this time we make

Please board my monumental clock
If only for a while
The slowness is no literary smock
Only; yours only, only your smile

So then social psychologists
Of what do we then make
This gem more than geologists
Slow skate on the iced over lake

Dare you then to take the next step
To outer deeper space
In the magic realism toyshop
Silk or velvet or timeless pace

The ballad of theoretical thought

Steady now, slow down once again
Passion moves time too quick
We want more than one blood stain
For the ten thousand year clock to tick

It might have been better
To have no words at all
It might have made more sense
To not have made the call

It might have been better
To say what had been said
It might make for easy or no
To not so wide have read

It might have been better
But not I feel for me
It might be so far less easy
For life is a harsh reality

The ballad of Daytona Byway

I want to be misunderstood
For all the right reasons
To break the bonds of brotherhood
In all she slight seasons

I won't aim to feign a false persona
For all I give to you
Not on the beach or in deep Daytona
Will my gifts of love belong to blue

I don't know how you will react
Without a card or invitation
Please don't invade the stage I lacked
My dear Moll on frosts plantation

The ballad of short and long

No word shall be so long I said
OK conversation
No phrase, with swift turn of head
OK dedication

No thought that ought to stay in place
OK levitation
No book bought, that wrote out of depth
OK meditation

No line or break for hope or love
OK synthesised relation
No hook or call for wing or dove
OK optimised sensation

No time or space for time or space
OK for manipulation
No right or wrong for now or then
OK simply by implication

Not yet read enough

Beneath the night sky
By the campfire
Under the square
Shadow of the pyramids

I showed you the *Moko*
By Michael Donaghy
Of why, not I knew
As few others possibly
Would also wonder
It was though a touchstone
A star became alight

Earlier I had wrote
On *Frost at midnight*
Coleridge's secret ministry
More this time than simply a list
Nearer to a zone
In some atmospheric sphere

In return, as waves turn
Or disappear, it seems austere
To believe that the Red Sea is not red at all
Not yet read enough

From Mandalay
The Meerschaum perfume
Is the underlay

Words like wine, *vainglorious*
The blue blood of your savage
Sensitive stare of seas

There in any other lesson
May have been
More than sufficient
Today though balladeer
My comrades
You are near

Remember that II

I told him of the mardy arse
He asked how old was my tutor
He told me of hard rock café
How old I wonder, his suitor

We drank a glass or two
With filter cigarettes
Listened to the five up band
More than alive our guest

He caught me counting lyrics
Told me all music mathematical
That he liked my taste indeed
But straight, not theatrical

Now he is asleep
And soon so I
A happy day; stop
Before I cry

Or even more complete

That ethereal place
Where golden slippers tread
The invisible race
When white whispers lead

If perhaps one day
You walk out into your garden
Alone; or even more complete

You walk across grass and clay
Through meadows into your shadow
Alone; or even more discrete

That balmy soft sensation
Message from my silver sky
That each such evocation
A message to reply

The Feel

You see
This self realisation
This feel that we seek to describe

In the square
By the canal
Alongside the finest houses

Saturday
Before noon
Birthday's under a blue sky

We recognise
We want you there
To embellish our space

With no more than
An aroma
A presence

The satisfaction
Of to be, even more than
Simply at one

But what we wonder
Do we give in return
For you

Deeper space

I have read thus far
A number of dead poets
Their essays of what is poetry
Where it lies, whence forth it comes

Some say to say out loud
Some look for three dimension space
Some are pejorative
Without a touch of grace

Bugger them
And bugger all what's left
Seems a reasonable motto
Or modus operandi

Look for your own sun
Look into deeper space
Look, and yes, listen, for
Ice on the canal only once was broken

Soft persuasion

You may not have the intellect
Or even be keen on observation
With the keys and constructs of dialect
You believe in soft persuasion

But if the door is only slightly open
So fine, so finely ajar
With the time to rise and write
Words nearby, never by bipolar

The crass and crap abounds you
Or even disquietude
The brass of trumpets astound you
More than the still of solitude

You may not have the intellect
Or even be keen on observation
With the keys and constructs of dialect
You believe in soft persuasion

Embarrassed

Back to the poets
Back to the strong words
Back to everyman's steal

We walked behind Hare Krishna
To be honest
Most people were embarrassed

You see it is still out of the ordinary
In Saturdays European city streets
The drum of life to peel

And the poets to be literate
This to find
Some method, some rule

They were equally embarrassed
Of the words
The words they chose to reveal

A good light

That feel; that I am unable to capture
It hit me
At the check in desk
Of the out of town Amsterdam Hotel

This was a short break escape
For a birthday
So not to think too deep
In any other than a good light

I wonder was it a connection to
Dutch descendants or forebears
In this land of Canals
And 17th century artists

Expectation was nowhere to be seen
Or heard, yet at that check in desk
A moment ago, for an instant
Once more togetherness

Jazz bar overlooks nowhere

It seems
Yes so it seems
Ever so it seems
It's raining girl
It could be raining
Yes it could be raining girl
Out here in, this other world

But it seems
Now it seems
Sure so it seems
For sure it's true
Sunshine's shining through
Yes so sure it's true
Sunshine shines on through

Sunshine and rain
Rain and shine
Seems time
Goes on by

It could be raining
Could be raining
Sunshine raining shining through

It could be raining
With sunshine shining through
Could be raining
Sunshine shining through
Could be
Could be raining
Sunshine shine on through

Out here in, this other world
Dancing girl
Sunshine shines on you
Out here in, this other world
Heaven girl
It could be raining
But your sunshine shines on through

Shine and rain
Shine and rain
Then again
Shine and rain
Could be raining
Could be raining
Raining sunshine shining through

Seems again sunshine then
Sunshine shining
Sunshine shining through
Could be raining
Out here in, this other world
Could be raining
Out here in this other world

Dancing girl
Heaven girl
Dancing girl
Heaven girl

Sunshine girl
Sunshine's shining
Sunshine's shining through

Sunshine's shining through
Sunshine's shining through
Sunshine's shining through
Yes it's true
Yes it's true
Sunshine's shining through
Sunshine shines on you

In memoriam

If they had been on this boat
This ten thousand ton hull
With hardly a vibration
Except music and alcohol

If they had passed the lights
Of that fucking
Great oil terminal
That is Rotterdam
That is Netherland

What would they say
Would Rembrandt
Still be destitute
Insolvent at his death
Unlikely prostitute
Sat among the apostles

Instead of
Was he able to
Take a mortgage
From those bastards
Who only four hundred
Years later would
Carve such wealth
From his memory

In whose memory
Would he now be
What words tonight
What brush strokes
With free will
For all disobedience
For the common man
In memoriam

Then no choice

Yesterday was my birthday
It was
Twenty four hours
Mostly alive

With my son
Some sort of soul lost
A delinquent
With a heart of gold

Yesterday as on many days
He showed no restraint
No self restraint
At all

Is that my encouragement
My care for *feel* over all
Passed on
In blood lines

No choice, either he or me
Yesterday was my birthday
God look after
He

Snob

I am a snob
A seeker of the shallowness
Of suave sophistication

And for a while
In my life
Gave rise to such pretension

Not even to know the meaning
I turn to the internet
For a word of snobs intentions

It may be from without nobility
Or the privilege
To dine at the captain's table

In Scotland
A shoemaker or his
Apprentice

The real secret though is later
A student
Who patronizes or ignores

Dismiss

For my downfall
To think less
Or worse

To think
I think more
Bliss

Actuary

So nice to be
The beneficiary
Of your
Self assured delivery

So set me free
Set me free
Free of
This stipendiary

Sense you see
Elementary
For you; my lost
Loved Actuary

It's nice to be
Sure with chancery
More so, self
Determined be

Surveyor

I wondered last night
As I sat on the pavement
Outside the hotel by the canal

How it would have been for you
To have grown up in this city
To have been a child of this place

Of youth and vibrancy
Where I read
The strong words

Of modern poets
Most of them
Dead

But their ideas
With life for me
Life to give

To
Everyone
And you

Now
Inside *Rookies*
Marijuana coffee shop

I read the results
Of a pleasure survey
To find, no surprise

The Dutch
Come tops
Enjoy life

The most,
Feel less guilty
Of its pleasures

No guilt then
In having known you
First among my treasures

If only
Those surveyors
Those master builders

If only
They had asked
For my erstwhile opinion

