

A coastal scene featuring several fishing boats beached on a sandy shore. The boats are of various colors, including blue, green, and white, and are adorned with red and yellow buoys. In the background, a hillside is covered with numerous white houses, suggesting a coastal town. The sky is a clear, bright blue. The overall scene is peaceful and captures a typical day in a fishing community.

He's very clever, his  
name is John

Christopher  
Sanderson

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## Feign

I sit  
In this January mist  
I missed your kiss  
In this

I say  
On this February day  
I weighed your feign  
On this

I cannot see you  
But I know you are  
For I can hear you  
Hear this

The mist is cleared  
Sky now blue  
I am feared  
And; so of you

## Here otherwise

By way of escape  
I wander along the railroad track  
Past the ivy and the willow  
Past the time for turning back  
By the way of escape  
Or otherwise adventure

By way of the sunrise  
In the shadow of the lake  
Past the snowdrops and the bluebells  
Past the care for caring sake  
By the way of the sunrise  
Or otherwise indenture

By way of time immortal  
In the slow times of yesterday  
Past the hours and the moments  
Past the days we used to play  
By the time of time immortal  
Or otherwise dementia

## Without gravitas

The words fall so easily  
Without the care  
For rhyme or line

The words fall o so easily  
They feel  
Feel like mine

Without reverence  
Or debauchery  
Even colour evades my page

When and where are here though  
Always they stand by  
Ready ever to conquer

Ready to march on streets of civilians  
About to shout out loud  
Or whisper, so slow

Without gravitas  
Or import  
Even stress my page erased

## The clay together moulds

The old man  
Long forgotten man  
Buried underground  
In the cold wet windy  
Churchyard many years ago  
No flowers, no visitors, no memory

Imagine  
If you can  
Six feet under  
Two bodies  
Once in love  
Still once in love

The clay together moulds  
Wish once upon a star  
The cold together holds  
The bodies  
Once in love  
Together fold

The flowers so fragrant  
Carried on their way  
The scent forever told  
The bodies  
Once in love  
Together good as gold

The bones made of dust  
Always will regress  
The bodies  
The bones  
Beneath the pretty dress  
Once in love

More now  
Impressed

## Dead poets

Do you prefer your poets alive or dead?

1. Dead
2. Alive
3. Dead
4. Alive
5. Dead
6. Alive

Cried the student, the archivist, the editor, the philosopher, the publisher, the poet (old so and so)

## Dead crowds

Do you want their words read or unsaid?

1. Read
2. Unsaid
3. Read
4. Unsaid
5. Read
6. Unsaid

Cried the crowd, the crowd, the crowd, the crowd, the crowd, the crowd; as if only they should know

## But myself

I fear no one  
But myself  
Or those that educate me

I know no one  
But myself  
Or those that fascinate me

I chose no one  
But myself  
Or those that fornicate me

I froze no one  
But myself  
Or those that mitigate me

## Grass

All I want to talk of today is  
Grass, simply grass  
Grass and moss  
White grass  
Green grass  
Günter Grass  
Tin Drum grass

For it is the grass I see today, from this bench  
Grass to bench  
Bench to grass  
Willow grass  
Stumpy grass  
Leaves of grass

There is grass aside of me  
And grass in the distance, over the water  
Grass beyond water  
Water before grass  
Deep grass

Shallow grass  
Reflections of grass

My feet are covered in grass  
Drowned in grass  
Grass falls over  
Fall over grass  
Meadow grass  
Pampas grass  
Fields of grass

It was the grasslands; where you took me,  
Grasslands where, I too took you  
Grasslands  
The past lands of our youth  
Neap grass  
Asleep grass  
Grass in love so true

I turn the page on grass

For another view  
Grass at the stump of trees  
Tree root grass  
Slow grass  
Fast grass  
Grass of music blue

I use this grass for meditation  
Separation grass  
Grass in a slow wind  
A zephyr over grass  
See the grass  
Seas of grass  
Grass of ever be

Now I rise above the grass to wander,  
Wandering grass

You may join me; walk on cushions  
Cushions of grass

Grass underfoot  
Underfoot grass  
Lazy day grass  
Hazy day grass

My back is straight in grass  
Upright in grass  
Grass for posture  
Posterity grass  
Disturbed by conversation grass  
Conservation grass  
I open my flask  
Flask grass  
Coffee grass

Draw on a cigarette, tobacco grass  
Draft grass  
Waft grass  
Grass burnt to resurrection  
Fallen ash grass

On this winters day; in my long coat  
I lay on the grass  
Fine grass  
Mine grass  
Sublime grass  
Grass down  
Down grass  
Grass down wonder way

For a while I lost you; lost grass  
Found grass  
Grass with you beside me  
Beside myself grass  
Grass where I heard songbirds  
Birdsong grass

Should I walk this hillside  
Hillside grass

Grass in swathes

## Softly, slowly, then have said

Waves of grass  
Grass I crave  
Rave the staves of grass

Today all I wanted was to talk of grass  
Grass and loss  
Black grass  
Scorched grass  
Broken grass

But instead  
The sun shone on grass  
Sunshine grass  
Fun time grass  
Bumps in the lumps  
Of grass  
Grass to pass  
Not the last  
Of grass

Would I dare  
In deep wide water  
So soft to tread

Would I fair  
In neap tide water  
So slow be lead

Would I there  
Beneath the Mounts of Mourn  
Then to have said

I would share  
Some other life  
If thee I wed

## I did not see their going

The walker taps his stick  
The gull wing crows and crows  
Bracken blows; the rackets thick

The talker talks, too quick  
*It don't get much better than this*  
Blackened snow melts in Candlewick

Here, the flat water ripples, explicit  
Asks only that you be  
As you walk in beauty, implicit

They passed me by  
I did not see their going  
I wondered why; never ever knowing

## Summerleaze

Will I ever be so near to timbre  
Or millpond or reed  
To the mountain ash, or seed

Will I ever feel so close to Milton  
Or Meredith or Mead  
To the sunlight splash, or weed

Will this breeze ever turn into a bellow  
For my fellow traveller  
In deed

Will this Leaze turn in time chrome yellow  
My mellow time  
Recede

## Turn again

The shadow then my symbol  
To turn  
And turn again

My overcoat strewn nimble  
To learn  
And learn again

The water ride so simple  
To stern  
And stern again

Nature dappled with her dimple  
To earn  
And earn again

## By winters water I sit

I will rest a while  
Though to write is more than rest  
I will climb the stile  
Though meanwhile is more than blessed

I did not bring a compass  
For chance to orienteer  
I did not cause a rumpus  
For chance to disappear

I will climb the stile  
Though meanwhile is more than blessed

## **My life became again**

I wandered without aim  
Aimless  
Research free

Cobbled city courtyards  
Coffee bars  
Gardens, fountains, art galleries

There I stumbled  
Upon Pablo  
And Charles Pierre

Wetter days  
Turn  
To better days

In an instant I fell  
Deep  
Into their worldly spell

Inside their covers  
I recovered  
My love; once lost

My life became again  
More than mere memory  
Or meditations stain

The solitary walker  
Who papered emery  
My life became again

Upon Freedom Lane  
Neruda, Baudelaire  
In soft but sure refrain

In an instant I fell  
Deep  
Into their worldly spell

## Where do you go to, where are you

I saw an old man today  
His hair and beard all over the place  
Madness itself appeared  
Then  
He stopped  
Stroked the raindrops off the leaves

He stroked the raindrops  
Touched so tenderly the leaves  
Beside a busy city highway  
Then  
He smiled  
And became a treasure

Acceleration - the lights change  
Mirrors reflections show him turn  
And turn again  
Then  
Turns in all directions  
Where is the care now

For it is he alone this day  
He is the only one who touches nature  
Nature lost in the metropolis  
But then  
Where do you go to  
Where are you

## In the shadow of the morning light

Tap, tap  
I hear the almost silent approach  
To my neighbour's door  
Whispered words welcome her arrival  
While in my half sleep  
I wake again the often broken dream

I rehearse my poetic words  
Meanwhile  
Out there in the middle distance  
The young voices  
Use laughter for survival  
As I try once again to sleep

*She arrives always in the hours of darkness  
Soon so gone, in the shadow of the morning light*

In failure I rise to take a writers break  
The freight train climbs the faraway hill

Fallen words fall out of dorms and windows  
As I try once again to sleep

Songbirds whistle on the late night lintels  
Revivals of the ancient, historic mating call  
Songbirds in fact are steel wheels colliding  
Is this madness that's upon me  
At four in the morning

*She arrives always in the hours of darkness  
Soon so gone, in the shadow of the morning light*

Am I truly past awake now  
Safe in someone others arms  
Once again  
To seek my sleep

## Valentine's Day Vernacular

I saw another old man today  
He got off the bus  
With a stick and a smile

Then turned to help his companion  
Maybe his friend or his wife  
I don't know their relationship

She then; also with a stick  
Also with a smile  
I wondered later, in class

Before these words:  
When did I last help  
Anyone off a bus

With or without a stick  
Or a smile; perhaps the smile  
Of a whole lifetime

## He's very clever, his name is John

Please be quiet  
My friend is building sand castles  
And I don't want them to fall down

*Children it is time for the picnic*

He learnt to make bridges  
And carries water in his bucket  
He's very clever, his name is John

*Quickly children, take a towel and get dried*

You can come and play, John won't mind  
He likes my friends  
He likes me

*Children; bring the buckets and spades*

No splashing, John doesn't like splashing  
It hurts his eyes

*Children, children; we have to move, the tide is  
coming in*

Please be quiet  
My friend has to go

*Children it is time for the picnic  
Quickly children, take a towel and get dried*

Please be quiet  
My friend has to go  
And I don't want him to drown

*Children; bring the buckets and spades  
Children, children; we have to move, the tide is  
coming in*

## Sundance Beach

Timber sodden with salt  
Not always so  
Timber first landed  
On Sundance beach  
Oak, cedar, fig  
Decorated with filigree

Timber bedecked  
With rigger mortise  
Clung seaweed, snails  
Far from candy floss

Timber first asleep  
Bleached on  
Sundance beach  
Blonde on blonde  
Straight or cross

Timber beset a  
Regimental line

## Buckets and Spades

Latitude  
Longitude  
Set to face the sea  
Timber  
First branded  
Breached on  
Sundance beach

Bob or blow  
From ebb to lea  
Wood she wore  
Decorated  
With filigree

Only a chrysalis  
Seems out of place  
Only a wish list  
Just in case

Don't forget the camera  
To capture the gondolier  
You did turn of the gas  
You do remember; last year

There are bucket and spades  
There are mums and dads  
There are soldiers and sailors  
And a good few likely lads

Ice cream and tea  
And flotsam debris  
You did bring the sunscreen  
Tan oil factor thirty three

## Slipper Lake

Doors open  
Doors close

The door opens  
Surprise  
Footsteps simply  
Pass on by

The door closes  
Awake  
I hear footsteps  
Near on Slipper Lake

Doors close  
Doors open

## Footsteps slip through

The door opens  
Listen, footsteps new  
Or the usual suspects slip through

Doors open, doors close  
Overheard conversations  
Hours of darkness, half past two

The chocolate box  
Was the lost surprise  
Listen; hear those taste buds stew

Box lids open, box lids close  
Confectioners contestations  
Showers of darkness, you know you do

## However small

My final words  
Were not my words

With the book  
I sent no words  
Of my own  
At all

Previously I'd said  
With dead words

The book  
My only words  
Not fair words  
After all

See now  
How I struggle

To find a word  
Or two  
Not now new  
Except for you

I can't find words  
However small

**It's an epic in preparation**

I too await  
The unexpected guest

