

One quick chop

A monochromatic, misty landscape of a grassy hillside. The grass is dense and textured, with a soft, ethereal light filtering through the fog. The overall tone is dark and atmospheric.

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Contents

Pejorative	3
Calculate the cost	4
Only me of only my	6
Down again; deep	7
Where am I; what time is it	8
Footsteps over toes	9
Hats tossed in the air	10
Amplify	11
Avoidance	11
Inconsistency	12
In return for love	13
Investigation	14
Necklace	14
Remember	15
Shepherd	16
Translation	17
Apprehension	18
Arrive	20
Aspidistra	21
Born before delirium	21

Pejorative

One quick chop
See all the fingers drop off the block
The stumps left in regimental salute

Or a slow slice
With a longer knife
One finger off, followed by one finger off

If, if only, if only for the big screen
If only for the instant replay

One quick chop, one slow slice
One more fascist dictator
With an audience of artists and writers

Descendants of decadents and despots
Infiltrate ideas into resistance
Scribe
Their pejorative words more quickly

More quickly ever
Than books can be burned
Or flamenco notes upended

Calculate the cost

Old iron grates, ashes fall through, ashes
glow red
The tender cinders in the mothers fingers
Firewood, forests of wrapped up paper,
nutty slack, heaps of slag

Pit props stop, the wringers squeeze out
the last drops of water
Children by fire, in the care of
grandmothers
Generations all, at work

*Between then and now a thousand love affairs
A thousand kisses hid behind the curtain*

Old iron grates, crashed ranges once cast,
now broke through
Veterans, vegetarians; returned from war; be
now someone other
The trigger fingers stand back, now to tend
the cinders

Flip flops atop the surfers on the waves of
water
Children aspire; mother, father, who won't let
them their turn
Generations all, at play

*Between then and now a thousand love affairs
A thousand kisses hid behind the curtain
She missed him on his journey
Wished he'd never gone to war*

Old iron grates, cast in dusty foundries;
noise on fire
The rivers of pig iron, the rivers of; pig
iron
Coke, coal, furnaces of gas and sulphur;
cracking

Bus stop, props the future generations,
council, estate
Cast aside perambulators; calculate the
cost on life
Generations all, blown away

*She missed him on his journey
Wished he'd never gone to war*

Old iron grates, stateside coffins, public
collaborations
The waves of flags, the waves of; half mast
flags
Stone, grass, water, tree, gardens of lives;
wracking

The windows on time slip on through, the
cinders linger
Firewood, lifeblood, forests of wrapped up
papers
Troubles back, tell the leaps of lads

*Between then and now a thousand love affairs
A thousand kisses hid behind the curtain
She missed him on his journey
Wished he'd never gone to war*

Only me of only my

The words in translation
Become another language
Free from the constraints
Of any mothers tongue

The search for sonic rhyme
Falls beside the wayside
Freed for all and for eternity
Leaves now just the meaning

*I weep
in the midst
of what is invaded
amid the uncertain*

It took me quite a while of mourning
My eyes for to focus
Simple ink spots
Fractals of dots, on the papers page
Was much the same until in the story
I came upon:

*And she submitted
after a short
and fierce struggle
of her old self against
the new principle of her life*

Neruda and Conrad
Here to tell me
Only me of only my
Structure
And punctuation

Down again; deep

Of shadows and ghosts
And words without meaning
Of clothes and posts
And scarecrows screaming

Down again
Go on down again
Deep into the dungeons
Down again
Deep

Of landlords and coasts
And pathways for dreaming
Of thoughts and ghosts
And tumblers teeming

Down again
Go on down again
Down into the dungeon
Down, go on down; deep

Of painters and ghosts
And hope in seeming
Of boats and boasts
And tremulous leaning

Down again
Go on down again
Down again
Go on down again
Deep into the dungeon

Of shadows and ghosts
Of scarecrows screaming
Of thoughts and ghosts
Of pathways for dreaming

Down again
Down again
Down again
Deep

Where am I, what time is it

I stand here but wish to talk of over there
To fully explore for you, the feeling of
being over there

Then why not go over there, and tell us
how it feels

He walks over there

Now I am here
It feels, in my mind, not like it did before
Before, in my body, I moved over here
To tell you, how it feels

He walks back to here from over there

How did it feel?

What?

How did it feel, over there?

That was an earlier time
I cannot now tell you in this time
How it felt in a past time
Unless I could return

He looks at his watch

Footsteps over toes

It is true we walked on wet sands
Footsteps over toes
True love, wet sands, who only knows

Our offspring, my seed, your capture
Footsteps over our toes
True love, my seed, who only knows

The foreshore and the fairground
Beside the paddling pools
The foreshore and the fairground
Beside our ship of fools

It is true we walked on wet sand
Footsteps over toes
True love, set sands, who now knows

Our issue, your juices, my rapture
Footsteps over our toes
True love issued to who only knows

The dunes and the surf shack
Beside the five mile road
The dunes and the dirt track
Beside unsteady loads

It is true we walked on wet sands
Footsteps over toes
True love; let sands of time foreclose

It is true we walked on wet sands
Footsteps over our toes
True was love, let sands of time foreclose

Hats tossed in the air

The saddest letter
The longest time
I forget you or forget
The words you give me

All this before another
Takes your place
If another ever will
If another ever will

It is true
I sure feel
In these words
Some loss of doubt

Faint loss of despair
I don't believe that it's
The overload of reading
Or diversionary laughter

Nor the cigarettes
And low cost alcohol
Or the excess of energy
Needed to sustain worry

There is it seems a new horizon
Another dream to follow
If I ever can
If I ever can

Yes true its time
And I for you sure feel it
Truth echoed true
In these words

Hats
Tossed in the air
We arrive
At loves roundabout

Amplify

Amplify uneasily
Amplify; unease

Feel cringe of skin with a cobras twist
The cacti, the desert, the sandstorm mist
Dry tongues, a smoker coughs
Fear abroad; in troughs and troughs

Amplify unsatisfied hurt; heartache
Amplify; unsatisfied heartache

Feel a voice, without a sound, shriek
The gadfly, the city, the streetlight bleak
Dust lungs, chokers doff their caps
Caps strode; foxes, bats, lifetimes traps

Amplify wearily
Amplify; to wheeze

Avoidance

Is it avoidance or inability
Is it annoyance or resistivity
Have you faced your demons, faced
The invalidity that denies you care

The engine blew
In mid air
Scared the crew
You stood fair
Spared the news
You stood bare

I quite simply, did not understand
My logic locked I simply did not understand
Is it annoyance or civility
Is it avoidance or disability

You of course
Had some other will

Inconsistency

Your resource
Inbuilt; distil
You, true courage
With care to chill

My first words
Are of translation
Interpretation though
May be a better choice

Do you ache
Or are you sorrow
O Dolores
Where are you

Either way
I've been caught
In celebration
Of unauthentic words

More than celebration
I now have disquiet
Appreciation
Bound with apprehension

In return for love

Does night follow day
Or day follow night
Lines or verses
Los Versos where are you

Either way I'm caught
I thought I met beauty
I celebrated
With innocence

I talk on beauty and
Thought that tonight
I'd found her; though true
It was, an inconsistent reign

*What Neruda tells me is that I have mourned of love,
but that I have asked for love without the celebration,
or recognition of what I would give; of what I would
give, in return for love*

I love you
I give you
And all that you want of me

I love you
I give you
And all of the wild horses
On seashores and trains

I love you
I give you
And all that we hide
Of past times & plains

Investigation

Didn't quite get there
Not able to say useless
Or accept whatever that conveys
Not able to say hopeless
Drown not wave some days
Between the people
Books full of regulation
Implicit to implicate
States of stated procedures

We never got near
Any kind of conversation
Or anticipated
Any need or purpose
Unkind of investigation
Wanted yet wasted days
Undertook to
Look for hesitation
Between two people
Useless, hopeless person

Necklace

We danced all night
And stood beside clear blue waters
We danced all night
Teenage lads; lock up your daughters

We drove all night
To stand beside the sand slide waters
We drove all night
Yorkshire lads; lambs as to the slaughter

We danced, we drove
We stayed in bed and breakfast
We changed I suppose
We swayed with things so reckless

Sticks of rock
For girls in frocks
Kiss me quick
For luscious lips

We danced, we drove
So just suppose
It only was
Last summer

Remember

For a moments anger
Danger, to have care of myself
Or to take a step too far
Or say a word out of place

The jackboots of authority linger
Explain your wrongs and rights
Unable to understand or even listen
To all, or any, impassioned pleas

There is no alternative put quite simply
Stump up for another fare
For a passage, a journey, a perambulation
Despair, the step away, for a long departure

You too stood on the brink
Questioned your very capability
Silly to forget such a simple thing
How can you expect to remember

Shepherd

Names of a thousand boats
Timetables of a full flush sky
Names of a thousand dames
And a single girl with a single cry

Cost of beer doesn't matter
On the boat & the band plays
The Dutch tobacco blows
Girls turn a trick or two

The cost of fear gets fitter fatter
The land sways
The balance shows

Who goes here, there, anywhere

Lost in years of bitter batter
Throat cut stoats
Of crutches crow
Boys turn a trick or two

Lost in tears of useless chatter
Land locked moat
The shepherd shows

Translation

Tonight to myself
And all other else we capture
The fight is not with translation
Or passable imitation; even
Of a faster slower line
In flight, or with missed
Space animation

Tonight
To myself
A fleet of thought
There she goes again
Annoyance at theoretical words
Form, content, line, rhyme, structure
But leave rhythm out of this, for now

In the smoke
And mirrors
A conception
Of someone else's words
Some other else's language
Set in font by those other else's
But still able to move me

Susceptible
Vulnerable
Open to interpretation
Settled already into acceptance
Love or beauty, or somewhat similar
Thrown at me as confetti
I caught all those words

Apprehension

It seems improbable

To comment on how I write the poetry

Whilst I write the poetry

The mood is one of apprehension
On a visit to a (ex) lover and our son
That's the first rule then broken
Taken the words from the general
Straight back to the personal
With punctuation for dramatic effect

Anyway

It will be of apprehension that I write
And to be on a train; without a cigarette
I may well want to talk of delay
Deprivation, or is it depravation; anyway
Remember times with my lover (ex)
Also to talk of desire

The carriage is cold; the day is cold

Perhaps to talk of the cold winds
Of apprehension
And for emphasis
To reflect the white snow
Of the earlier morning
I will then talk of
The slow, cold, arctic winds, of apprehension

It seems to me two processes are in collision
The commentator
Interlaced, or interfaced with the poet
Both affect each other
Neither sincere to their original
Neither sincere to...
Here I use Neruda's words
Their *original obligation*

Apprehension brought on by
Guided or misguided obligation
The fallout is from many collisions

The words flow too speedily
The creep of fear upon apprehension
Is to be lost
In search of the commentators words
The feel is too far away
Lost in the darkness
Lost in the trains beat
Of steel on steel

I stop
Look into the poppy flower
See the seed
And wonder
On the seeds of apprehension
The seeds of doubt
The seeds of guilt
The seeds of jealousy
Recoil

Apprehension is less than that

And more than all of that combined
The fear to take another step
For fear to be greeted
With disdain or love
Either would be difficult
Stones unturned
Doors safer closed than open
Absolutely safer
Not left to swing

The Mexican lime juice bottle is empty
The Spanish poetry unread
Except for *Only Death*
Way beyond apprehension
The tension gone
Some closure; some finality
No more doubt does not sound
Too, too difficult

Arrive

A sense now of knowing
A sense now to strive
A place now for showing
A place to arrive

With pictures and books
And music and film
Of stews on slow cookers
Of dust under feet

The dense mist is lifting
Long goodbyes long said

Some would call it responsibility
No more than that
Some would say insensitivity
A door without a mat

With heart and soul
And pure magic moments

Of extremes of conditions
Of more than that

The lens to lift is blown
Hello life, hello

Aspidistra

I could call it Christmas
See the garden in a winter light
With snowflakes falling
It need not be May or June at all
Though still there is silence
It could be summer, or even fall

Honeysuckle breathes in blusters
Makes no sense I know
With snowflakes falling
And aspidistras up against the wall
Artefacts and cabaret jacks
The show was all she stole

I could tell of pictures & mountains
I could ask to search out cacti
Beside a snowflake fall
Time passes so slow
Fruit dishes; soft and mouldy specimens
And aspidistras up against the wall

Born before delirium

I read of too many madmen
Too many wounded institutions
Words of which I am fond
And wander softly among

The snow melts
Ink settles slow to the page
Another short story
Gentle, tender for evermore

Seeds of poppies scattered
Sands of time regained
Bodies and souls in favour
Empathy for another age

I read of words born before madness
Born before delirium
Of scatter guns and their courtiers
The muse at one to be their slave
Coins flipped, balanced on the page

