



# Without a permanent address

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## More paint than any canvas

In a place  
Feel the draughts and winds

You are close; listen, hear  
The rate of your heartbeat, listen  
For there is only that, and time  
Elsewhere silence gathers in

Question why of this participation  
What it is that you want to know  
Or to experience more clearly  
Even more so than any self expression

Journey to a place, a time, a faded memory  
Walk once more by shores of lakes

In that affectation, listen, hear, feel  
The place of your own apprehension  
For there is only your tension, that and time  
Elsewhere angels, demons, other atmospheres

Ask why of repatriation  
Find what it is we do not know  
Must we dear be drawn so clear  
If so, more paint than any canvas

## **Crooked and bent**

Crooked and bent  
With delicate droops  
Hardly a tree

Sapling with blood  
A fairer description

A country boy might recognize  
What sentient or other being  
Passed the night this way

The fine pronged footprints  
A trail in the snow is its shadow

I once was a country boy  
But know not of these stains  
They leave me no clue

Neither bloodhound nor  
Sapling a fair description

Without a permanent address  
No place to call my own  
Hardly a rock

## Danger

Anglepoise of winter sun  
Fair in fine hair reflections  
Slats of light, on leaves of red and green  
Where danger lies unseen

Moss covered rooftops  
Growth upon inanimate slate  
Snowflakes scatter, winds silent fate  
Where shadows once did wait

Doorjambs set; doors open, ajar  
Sounds wander, room to room  
Trees sway less easy without leaf  
Rare danger beckons grief

Corridors of cream painted walls  
Hung above the carpeted floor  
Flattened thin with years of wear  
Above boards overlaid with care

The threshold to your room emblazoned  
Ancient's belief in mythology scribbled high  
Forsaken to enter, I turn I know not why  
Instead I lie on the floor  
Lie, & in an instant, cry

## Debt

Once before I had nothing  
But debt  
To my forefathers  
To my mother, my father

Once before I had nothing  
But debt  
To my children  
Their mothers, their fathers

Once before I had nothing  
But debt  
To my banker  
Their mortgages, their loans

Once before I had nothing  
But desire  
To my me  
To myself, my ambition

Once more I have nothing  
But desire  
To my objects  
To my own self satisfaction

Once before then nothing  
Once more then nothing  
Except desire, love  
And the winter sun

## The ghosts have gone

Creaking doors  
Bare telephone wires  
Stairs without stair-rods  
*Dusty old town*  
*Dusty old town*

Plays on the transistor radio  
Blood pumps a little more quickly  
In search of the soul from where  
The ghosts have gone

Bridges  
Airports with cobwebs  
Tarmacadam  
Trees without leaves

Still the sunshine  
Still the winter mourn of breeze

Back in calm time  
In some other place  
Claw  
Through bramble bushes  
Push on past the turnpike

Walk among graveyards  
Walk where sarcasm stood still  
The winter borne of sleaze  
Stairs without stair-rod disease

Free will; one soul to another  
Still the sunshine  
Still the cold creak of winters doors  
The telephone wires may stare wistfully

But the ghosts have for certain  
Cleared up their baggage and gone

## First

Early morning noises  
First to rise  
To catch the last  
Of the dying embers  
Before the frost  
Before the frosty conversation

Now the blinds are raised  
In sweeps the light  
Of cold lost summers  
Rooftops covered in snow  
Melted drops fall from the gutter  
I could still kiss you

I could still share your bed  
But only in my dreams  
In my lost imagination  
The fire-lighter stores  
Such little thermal energy  
Flames are its lifetimes deceit

Unlike the snowdrops  
A breakthrough of beauty  
Awakening those who sleep  
To share this quiet pleasure  
First to rise  
To catch the last of mourning

## **Invasion**

I have invaded your space  
But tomorrow will be gone  
I have placed your face  
So tomorrow I will be gone

I carry no grace  
Then tomorrow be gone  
I've cancelled the chase  
So tomorrow so long

I tasted the taste  
Of sorrowful song  
I've rested with haste  
But tomorrow be wrong

I wasted your waist  
To borrow belong  
I raced unplaced  
Tomorrow be gone

I carry no grace  
For tomorrow now strong  
I've cancelled the chase  
Tomorrow I'm gone

## **Lover in my cylinder head**

No more than a roof  
No more than four walls  
No more than central heating  
And duck down on the bed

No more than a set of wheels  
No more than metallic paint  
No more than six cylinders  
And overloads of lead

No more than pen and paper  
No more than books  
No more than evasion or inspiration  
No more than intellect persuasion  
And a lover; a lover in my head

## **Northern Soul**

Snowflakes  
Now a blizzard  
Faced in hat and coat  
Footsteps  
One and then the other  
Shoes with holes in soles

Deep breaths  
Rose red ruby cheeks  
Motion with indifference  
Footsteps  
One and then the other  
This is rock and roll

Eyebrows iced over  
Light fades after noon  
Then a shaft of sunshine  
Footsteps  
March  
One and then the other

No such word here  
Vainglorious  
A rubber ball  
A cigarette  
Footsteps shuffle  
Shuffle the northern soul

## **Rivers flow**

Rivers flow  
Sun beats down  
Children splash  
Ice  
Creams  
For half the town

Laughter  
By the parasol  
Rivers into oceans  
Night  
Times  
In satin silver gown

Trees grow  
Sun is overhead  
Children climb  
More  
Morphine

For the nearly dead

Cries

Of anguish

Death into despair

Night times

Her

Vanquished stare

Rivers flow

Sun beats down

Cries of anguish

Iced

Screams

Without a sound

## So far apart

So far apart, did we ever meet

So far away

The strains of overgrown weed

In emptiness there is no mirror

No soft reflection

No need

We fall with the grace of god

Into a cavern, an abyss

Without question

Nature holds us at play and in love

Then sold on, or given away

Apathetic democracy

So far away why those weary sailors

Down slipways to swollen seas

Salt stains on the knees

In desolation there is no figure  
No shadowed rejection  
No feed

So far apart, did we ever meet  
Tumbledown courtyards  
Broken stones leafless trees

In gentleness the flower breathes  
By the edge of the wood  
Spring seed

In tenderness the finger bleeds  
The new born child  
Without question

Life itself holds us at care and in love  
We develop, grow to endure  
With surety

So far away why those cheery civilisations  
Down split days to fallen pleas  
Tear stains on our dreams

So far apart did we ever meet  
So far apart how did we breed

## Spring and summer sun

Summer will rise again  
Spring will bring birdsong  
The frozen ground will thaw

Love  
That black hole of loneliness  
Will fade to a brighter light

Summer will rise again  
Long shadows will turn abroad  
The open ground will grow

Love  
That devil of times masquerade  
Laid at rest, or put aside, unblessed

In time sunrise will rise again; over water  
Over land, over time itself; rise through  
Sunsets, campfires, evensong, even itself

Love  
That flash of life like beauty  
Will rise again over frozen ground

Then time and yet more time  
To delve inside our self, our own self  
Into sunsets, moods, masquerades

Love  
That splash of toes in sea water  
Will rise again under summer sun

Time then, indeterminate yet more  
Time to rise again  
Sing like birdsong

Bring in  
Sing in  
The spring and summer sun

## Star

A space, in a separate space  
A Russian doll  
An astronaut

Space where footsteps do not enter  
Where minds wander  
Mischievously

Time to saunter, hear the skies roar above  
To another party  
To another beach

Faces; harlequins that mime  
Where make up, toe nail tints reflect  
Sensuality

The mass is more than body weight  
It carries a signified burden  
A heavier load

That time is gone, the pump heart slows  
Footsteps do not enter  
Memories fade

The charred tangled dress  
The star spangled banner  
A space; in a separate place

## Still, calm

Still  
The cap put on the pen  
Calm  
The noise dies down  
Outside; only nature  
For miles, and more miles

Still  
There I hear a tapping  
Calm  
The noise dies down  
Inside; only pipes and boilers  
For miles, and more miles

Still  
There I hear a scarecrow  
Calm  
The noise dies down  
Beside; only partitions  
For miles, and many more miles

## Woken

Is it better to have broken hearts  
Or to have yours broken  
I may as well have asked  
Is it better to sleep or be woken  
  
To choose grated cheddar, coarse and rare  
Or instead, deep fried camembert  
To have kissed lips under sheets  
Or waved hands together, held high in free air

*What becomes of the broken hearted*  
Or those that break hearts  
Separated by graveyards  
Stale cheese; mouldy; essence departed

Choose a view upon a meadow  
Or a cityscape with a sodium glow  
Muse anew those hidden sheets  
Skies of blue with love to keep

In other times, past the days of mourn  
Love life torn through taken tokens  
I have asked  
Is it better to sleep or be woken

What becomes of the spoken parted  
Or those who lose their voice  
Intestate departments  
Pale effigies, dulled not yet started

## **Into far off landscapes**

Sand flats  
Over rested beer mats  
Estuaries of thin legged birds  
Nature's finest scavengers

Boats wrapped up for winter  
Boats without a crew  
Derricks  
To make merry in the summer

In the crash of waves  
Into far off landscapes  
Past the crumble of sandstone  
Past the single pier

Carved into the cliff-side  
Perched up on the ledge  
A brighter light  
A familiar but new review

## Side by side

No melancholy of remembrance  
No repetition through  
Waves of salt water  
A ship without a crew

On the one side the sea  
On the other side  
The deer

On the one side the stevedore  
On the other side  
The reed

On the one side the cathedral  
On the other side  
The Jew

On the one side the cricket  
On the other side  
The few

## Mother, sister, daughter

They could be sisters  
If it was not for the nose  
A mother younger than her age  
From a foreign street  
On a foreign page

The permed hair  
The natural hair  
In papers deep engage  
News of protest  
News of rage

Plain in decoration  
Plain so deep distilled  
There in the theatre  
There on the stage  
There the two sopranos

Mother and child never spoke  
Neither indeed if they were sisters  
Moved now to separate seats  
As if across continents  
Never again to communicate

## Bristol Temple Meads

Only sadness remains  
Now that madness  
And badness have moved on  
Even gladness  
Shares the air with indifference

The steel arches  
The glazed panes  
The curve of the track  
It was a Friday night  
It was a charity gala  
Dressed in fine gowns  
Drowned in fine wine

Only sadness sounds refrain  
Restraint brought to order  
Set down to restrain  
Straight in line  
No orchestra or conductor or deliverance

The architect  
The foundry  
Sand turned into glass  
Time itself  
Time passed  
Dressed in fair moments  
Drowned in kindness sublime

## Waste the need

Stockyards  
Of desolate  
Vehicle carriers  
Vestiges of joy  
In piled up wine barrels

Vast terraces  
Of derelict  
Work shy houses  
Parks  
Of grown-over gravestones

Factories  
And incinerators  
Motorways and pylons  
Virgin cross-country voyager  
Cuts straight on through

Clouds  
Fall over the fast horizons  
Words stall in the philosopher's book  
Tired of tedious blouson blouses  
On the couch I lost the creed to look

