



Do not
under
estimate
your breath

Christopher
Sanderson

Contents

A more public paper	3
Any other	3
Nights into night	4
A room of one's own	4
For once I understood - feck	5
Belief	5
F words saying look	6
A poem inspired by Late Junction	7
Survival	9
Less more	10
A box of empty matches	10
Or even see	11
My Brechtian dilemma	12
A first goodbye	13
Unclear	15
We cannot know too many things	15
Down Pageantry Way	16
Inside another name	16
Poetry otherwise, poetry elsewhere	17
Clay	18
Where residents reside	20

A more public paper

Cleansed completely
Indifferent to generosity
Vacuous in emotion
A vase without a single flower

Insulation tape performs a similar task
Wires, alive with electricity
Kept apart
With plastic and glue separate construes

Sentenced to a monologue
Referenced by a pedagogue
On a bigger screen
With a more public paper

Perspiration from the familiar flask
Anxiety, alive with frigidity
Kept apart
With flesh that creeps separate weeps

Any other

On the one hand energy saps
On the other energy gives
Why would you choose
Any but the other

One for lifelong grapples
The other for lifelong maps
Why choose
Any but the other

Nights into night

Blue and silver sky
Wires of wonder why
The first flash of sunset
West winds on the reeds
Silhouettes of forests
Scope of heavens seeds

Children in the puddles
Pilots in the sky
Beauty trickles by
Zephyrs over the horizon
Stories once foretold of
Landscapes in settled sun

Dusk now; last lisps of light
Trees become skeletons
Day gives up
Night moves into night

A room of one's own

If I lived almost anywhere
I would up-sticks and move
Yes for certain if I owned my own place
I would up-sticks

No more to be the wanderer
Sat beside a beach
Simply to seek at my leisure
That distant place I reach

Hypnotic change of stanza
Word off way beyond word
Horizons over mountains
Theatres of the stored absurd

With a desk
A picture
A shuttered kindness viewed

For once I understood - feck

Now I hear your breath
Although you are to sleep
Now I hear you breath
Although late the feel is deep

Earlier the anger, loss of give and take
Christ it always is
Earlier I lost you to an imaginary fake
Christ it always is

Now I hear you breath
Before so clearly
Wished you death
Before so nearly

Words have inebriation on their side
Reside on the upper deck
You swirled the brandy glass; turn of tide
For once I understood - feck

Belief

To search for belief in an afterlife
Begin perhaps some contact with a past life
A signal from mother
Would seem most certain
She who gave life
To show that there is another life
But who
For the afterlife after the afterlife

Tonight they would look back
Look back two millennium
Look overseas
Over thousands of miles
With what sense
With what logic
Based on whose words
In search of whose belief

F words saying look

As I sit here
Without apparent fear
Neither trepidation
Open to be surprised
Two nights
A Christian
A Buddhist
A common thereafter belief

The question does not move me
I do not know that it should
But I do wonder
From where this calm
This peace
This serenity
From where - without belief
Does it appear

The corner seat by the window
The preferred classroom vista
You, your friend
And Billie Holiday's sister

Her signature on your satchel
Her drawing on your book
Angry at the Americans
And F words saying look

An obstinate smile
Unreasonable with a smile
Objectionable with a smile
Sincere with insincerity

You care for your sisters
You care for your mother
You care I think for everyone
When sun shines on the window

A poem inspired by Late Junction

Good Friday
Liaison de L'amour
The water falls
Spanish guitar slides and strums
Whispered words over
Whispered words over
Underscored songbirds in unison

Laying behind the violin
Bassoon behind the moon
Drawn in by the drone
Moments too soon, too soon
Sorrowful strings seep out and over
Sorrowful strings seep out and over
Timbre of stroking tapping canvas

Wandering back out of the forest
Falling into the fearful darkness
Bellows blazing and blowing
The screaming shrieking crow

Take us into Istanbul
Into Istanbul's
Saxophone summer mystery

Chords, carousels, bass trombone
Rhythm section in full blow
Constructing crescendos
Winding down, in and out
Ethiopia's singing superstar
Ethiopia's singing superstar
Behind Bertolt Brecht

Score, scrape, roughen up the surface
Introduce a smooth blues lead guitar
Crack around the dripping potholes
Stalactite to stalagmite
Steadily increase the heartbeat
Steadily increase the heartbeat
Feel for a following frequency
Drop on top of that single bleep

Repeated with mounts of irregularity
Going nowhere
Circling for a moment
Redirection fades in from faraway
Redirection fades in from faraway
Scatters out the waves and tones

Driving on at midnight
Finger tapping on the wheel

Windscreen wipers end the day
Windscreen wipers splash the spray
Loco motion fades to play
Windscreen wipers splash the spray
Loco motion fades the muse she sways
Loco motion fades the muse she sways

For Verity

Survival

Soldier boy find a tourniquet
So slow now wipe your tears away
Congealed blood
Becomes your concealment
To reveal is the pathway now
Through here and now and anyhow
Through thought and deed
And fallen reed
Breathe your breath so easily
Do not underestimate your breath
It is all that lies
Between the words of you and death

Pen and ink with primrose pink
Wander through your wild meadow
Subterranean horticulturalist
With a wistful kiss
Sensitise your oblique eyes; surprise
Lingers under your ever footprint
Beneath every shadow

That you perceive lies perception
And if not faith to resonate
If blind to any other passion
Without of ration
Of any other handrail to guide
Or steady, or mould
Born without vocal, or physical dexterity
Immobile, intellectually dysfunctional
Without palette, or canvas
Or illumination, or drama
To substitute for nothing
Bring something more of nothing
Of less than nothing
Much further away than nothing
Far more distant than nowhere
Lightning; only once have you to touch
Forever to be touched, a touchstone found
Then want, forever want
Much more than death want
Want to touch, to be touched again

Less more

You were less
Before I met you
You were less
More when I'd gone

A box of empty matches

It is a rare find indeed
No matter how far I look back
No matter
Where the tears come from

Wherever now
I will hear the sea
Wherever now I screw
And eject the pressed in cork

I do remember the
Writing of the card
In the opera house
Of new found treasures

In the smoke stacked half light
So unlike the diamante
The butterfly
On the mighty meadow

Or even see

Before I had
Opened the air sealed box
Before my intellect
Arrived at its point of departure

I forgot the pebble on the sand
The pebble on the still wet sand
Not to remember
To return to my open boat

The hammerhead
The box of empty matches
Objects of art
Objects of an empty presence

There is a stream
I know for I can hear it
But I'm buggered
Yes I'm buggered if I can paint it

Or even see

For I will not go
Any nearer the edge
Nowhere
Nearer the precipice

Just in case
I should learn how

My Brechtian dilemma

If in this search
If indeed search is what it is
And not just a pretension

To give it some kudos to my self
For me then to be
Pretentious with it outwith

First
Before I forget:

I do not want to be misunderstood
I want to be
Misunderstood

Anyway, how and why
Would I read Brecht if I did not study
Drama - Post 1900

I enjoy to read of Brecht's words
On theatre
If not Brecht's words in theatre

And why not
That the man with thought of idea more able

To write of thought with intellectuality
Rather than to be able to deliver
Thought with sensuality

Is to know of rhythm and rhyme
The very obstacle to the writing
Of rhythm and rhyme

I mean to write of it with pure innocence
With the touch that is the first of nature

A first goodbye

It started just with numbers
To keep the time
In the count of nine

It began quite easily
One, two
Three...

Though soon, at each step
Each number
A little more difficult to let go
Each number new
A little more difficult to move on

By the time it got to sixty nine
She the mother of time
She lingered forever
Like a first date
Like a first goodbye

I recalled your minimalist words
Your doubts about the authenticity
Of an alternative authoritative voice

I turned to my imaginary friends
Boy it is sure cold in here
I wish I had not taken off my shoes and socks

But they said
You wanted to feel, feel like we do
Though you think
We do not think
How to feel or how to force a change

Well yes that is true
That is what
I had convinced myself
That I can will it
Or so it seemed, before I began to count

Yes
You think here it is only black and white
Our existence pervaded without colour
That all we have is preordained
Or an automatic reaction
An instinct; no more, no less

Ok, ok, I hear you
Now give me some conviction
Tell me what you remember
Say of last winter
As I sailed the celebrity cruise
Beside the ice floats
Alongside the archipelago

Did you not see our lights
Hear the sounds of our decay
Did you wonder at our entertainment
At our choice of frozen locality
Were you jovial in your bemusement

Wait a moment please
Yes
We had been told of your rituals
Your passages of fertility
Your capture and storage of food
Your annual returns
All of that we had on our handout

So how dare I you ask
Answer a question with a question
Wrap doubt about your doubt
Lock insecurity into your lost security

It was time to return
The friends of imagination
Had told us all they could

One two
Three...
Time, to count again

Unclear

Nowhere near now
Or in some far off land
For tomorrow is clear

Nowhere can the sounds
Listen you know now
You cannot hear

We cannot know too many things

Your card on my doorstep
Our first physical consummation
Of words forged among the ether

Some while before the dust motes
Catch our smiles By the fireside
By the slippers, this is a new time
Conversation of childhood reflections

We have many more pasts
And many more futures
Than those old romantics

Education takes us into the third age
As we grasp with a rare desire
We cannot know too many things
Or be told them too slowly

Down Pageantry Way

How many times this comes about
With which will
Existentialist

Any face in any crowd could shout
With which skill
Decentralist

Words not rich in any pageantry way
My liege, my lief
In sans serif
What lies left are my beliefs

Inside another name

I grew
Inside another name
Somehow the same
Somehow indifferent

I walked
Among the wind and rain
Reclaimed
I gained fair maidens fame

In the wake of hours
With a smile
A desire to dance
To see the twinkled

Toed children
Populate
Among
The empty continents

Poetry otherwise, poetry elsewhere

From corduroy
To dressing down
I toyed
With the idea of fickle fashion

It is a while
Since I wore the gold cravat
Or the paisley shirt
The air of innocence

That recognises the fingernails
Strewn on the wooden floor
Among the dust fluff
Behind the open door

I write my poetry elsewhere now
With irreverence
With care; to love

My coincidental chancieries
When she grows up
Once more I'll smile

Mondrian, Giacometti
Togetherness
With other souls

Not to look there for philosophic
Or contemporaneous explanation
Simply be

Play in the sand
Let trickles of water
Slip through careful fingers

It was poetry otherwise
Midsummer's consummation
By chance

And coincidence
That led to
The sun smiles afterglow

Clay

I want you with me
But not sure how to make it benevolent
Christ! Watch out
Bloody hell that could have killed you
Without intent

I never heard
No for sure I never heard
I never heard the two minute warning
The blast warning
Time to clear out, we are about to blast

There
Hey
That's the
Introduction over
Today to talk about clay

What's that you say
Spiked wheels of steel

Clay at play
Crush boulders
Into smithereens

From mass to dust
From dust
To even finer dust
Ink dust
Dust on parchment paper

Dust on fire, liquid dust
Dust as volcanic lava
Molten motes of dust
Dust streams
Dust in calcification
To prevent explosions later

O those schooldays; soft clay
Squelches through your fingers

Its own mind, its own body, its own will
Bugged if I could get it into any shape at all
That's when I started
To be interested in abstract art

Dust; that's it
Calcified clay dust
Dust finer than water
Dust without a single grain of togetherness
Dust with no thought at all

No thought of the absolute whole
Dust free of all holistic thought
But boy; that Josephine
Fingers so tender, fingers so thin
She could turn a pot

As quick as she could turn your head
I loved to watch her float the slip

Where residents reside

Float the slip
Over her soon to be
Symbiotic ceramic creation

I never stood a chance
Dust and water
Mix it up, mix it up
From the auger to the extruder
A press of a thousand pounds
Of pressure
With or without to instil

My non dexterous fingers
Slopped about absent of congruity
Without aim my eye disengaged
My mind contracted
From the task at hand
I was distracted
By the female surge perfume

We turned off the high road
At the sign for
A friends meeting place
Chanced upon a worn track
Here for the first time
In spring summer sunshine

We drove down the grass & stony lane
Over the trickles of water
Beside the hedgerow of wild flowers
Where residents reside
A gradual steady decline
Away from the high road

We came upon a catchment
A hamlet no more, there
An old farm, a big house for the squire
And old workers cottages, one or two
Also the sign to a meeting room
With taller windows

Earlier we had been
Among many modern houses
Estates, crescents, groves
Terraces, manors
And roadside reclamations
Many other kinds of places

Without charm
Or simplicity
Or inspiration
Or hope
No hope from any one
No ambient hope for anyone

What made this atmosphere
So different
Was it the irregular
The organic, the calm
Or the phrase
A friends meeting place

For ten years or more
I had lived
Not two miles away
But I had never then ventured
From the high road
For no apparent reason

