

Window on a twenty mile view

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Feint touch

Before I spoke
Of clay and dust
And will; within, without

Of colour, relationship
Past, present; not yet future

Words
Once rehearsed
Became somewhat other

Lost, of depth
& feint touch

Beside me now
Skin, lead
Music nearly dead

Further than
I wish to say

Call of clay
Dust
Far away

Shutters
Close

Jagged edges

Skin with fairest hair
Beneath the illuminated lamp
Here; only in imagination

Earlier I had
Wandered past the tobacconist
Overlooked the dovecote
Walked down the farmers valley
To the snow covered
Hills in the distance

Hilltops
Slopes softened by glaciers
Hillsides
Without juxtaposition
Or jagged edges

Vastness
Beyond the twenty mile view

Left last night
For those behind me
On wooden floors
With curtained windows

The thinnest paper
Brings me
Multitudes of colour
And *Hallelujah*
Echoes all around me

In a chorus
With an overlay
Listen
Relations
Relationships
Far off
Slow to
Fade away

Coat-hanger

Coat-hanger
I gave you to that muse
The critic used
To name the blues of mourn

The dinner jacket lay crumpled
The merest hint of velvet
For imitation social gatherings
To name the use of scorn

The cufflinks too misplaced
In case to remember
To roll up your sleeves
To name the clues forlorn

The bow tie retained its shape
Formality bears no escape
Or humour in its nakedness
To name the shoes ill worn

The silk socks and fabricated hairpiece
Actors paint, playwrights grease
Or presentation for some honour
To name the cast you've shorn

Ah ah I hear

Would you want it any other way
An olive branch
To decipher

Some past coincidental clash
Another culture
To reference

A form, a repetition, a rhyme
Words embedded deep
To rediscover

So for all of that, and less
I choose no key
Ah ah I hear

It is escape you call
Or madness out
For an afternoon walk

No lady love
Or long goodbye
Shed the tears

Cliché you cry
Out-loud
No joke among the tumbleweed

Recede, I do believe
Of nought
Neither not of here

My cowboy ranch
Or out any other way
You my friend are nowhere - clear

Shoots of fine tobacco

No longer then alone
Red streaks in your hair
Raindrops in the sky
A smile and not a moan
No longer then alone

Winds are in the heavens
Lipstick on your lips
Your stride should never fail
A stile before a roam
No longer then alone

Friends their beside you
Dangerous time to hide
Days of attitude
Grey skies in the foam
No longer then alone

Coloured passion
Then your beauty
Scored with stains of loss
A cause to call your own
No longer then alone

The haversack is labelled:
Khmer rouge
Shoots of fine tobacco
Are warmly blown
No longer then alone

Manic parts

Snow flake pictures
Fall or float
Stoats, further up the country
In formaldehyde
Harlequin patterns
In mischief
Mischievous lanterns

Lakeside fractions
Calm of ripple
Badger sets, down the valley
In genocide
Manic parts
In disbelief
Previous Descartes

The difference quite small

The forgotten chapel
Where children once had roamed
Scrambled up the hillside
Roly-poly down
Pick the simplest of flowers
Place them on the pulpit

Press footprints
Like flowers in the book
Create a lifelong memory
For Saturdays and photographs
Midnights by the fire
With a glass of mellow wine

Last remnants of the snow
The dust is gathered deep
Over grass and other creed
The buds will flower soon
Another glorious spring
Walkers in midday light

Lay-bys on the lanes

Cragrats

Cling on for dear life

Fine supple fingers

Minds so sharp

Work the only route

A safer passage

No one really knows

Reds and blues and greens

Sheens of old antiquity

Bramble over gorse

Steady now she rumbles

Feel the virgin growth

Stumble before the fall

Race before the call

Motifs of all three peaks

Should we ever meet again

In winter gales

And autumn hail

Forgiveness to the both

Thereafter; for after all

The difference was quite small

Across the seven seas

I am here
In search of the twenty mile view

The foreground
To the middle distance
Over the horizon

Would you care to share

The farm cottage
The bramble covered peaks
The grey and silver sky

Remind me of your locale

A chair
A table
A kettle on the stove

All that lies between

My imagination
Your insight
The collective unconscious

We could go for a longer walk

Across the seven seas
Beyond the Arizona deserts
Beneath the skies of Spain

If we take the wider view

Far away we are here now

It would be passé
To call this the beginning
Or the end
Or the detail in between

The carriage door closes
Red flags fly
Along the straightest of lines
We once together move on

Or begin again

Gather our belongings
Bring our favourite views
And any quotations
That we feel may inspire

Grey skies
Grey skies
Grey skies

It took so very long
Ever so long
To padlock that final crate
To settle the label
With a taste of ticker tape

In the tunnel
Did you observe the entrance
Or the exit
Or the darkness in between

Rather then

Simply here for longing
To sing your savoured tunes
And any oration that you feel may slow retire

The gas turned off
You did turn off the gas
Did you turn off the gas

I thought (excuse me)
I thought you were in charge of that

Odd to see the surface
Yet know not of the bedrock
Or the reverential
Asleep here in between

Black water
Black water
Black water

The whitest clouds of steam
She spoke of incidental smoke
On the platform, by the clock

No more to meander
We scan the situation vacancies
Assistants, helpers, carers; choice

More here ever than nothing
More than my minimalist muse
Choose the choice forgotten

Gay meadows
Gay meadows
Gay meadows

Listen only
That they spoke of silent
Slopes so far away
Even they could not will it here, again

Within as without the battles rattle
Scatter every crumb of truth
Brings dystopia far nearer to home

For home is where the part is
Where lies the past and present tense
Of all the objects we call ours

The tree is as skeleton
The stream is as life
The sun is as reflection
Of the moon

Silver sand
Silver sand
Silver sand

For so long along
Meditations of a solitary walker
Even now you hold my hand

About to start the conversation
About to say goodbye
About to hear a far off voice

The carriage door opens
White flags of the welcome kind
We have been hardly anywhere at all

Fret

There
But for the grace of coincidence
Go I

Me my self
My Stratocaster
My gypsy love

Secure in my own insecurity
For we are safe now
Without of understanding

Fourteen holes
And an unknown number
Of slip knots

Worn thin
In straight eight time
The transference is all yours

Now and until nightfall

The harmonica
The yellow crested warbler
A finest shaft of sun
Will she break through

The finest grass
Supports the thinnest pegs
As you search
For what I do not know

I would guess
At that what gives you life
Now and until nightfall or tomorrow
But this is just circumspect

A long way from anywhere
Here to take the view
Of which of course
You form a perfect part

For rarest comparison
A good wine
A fine perfume
Pheromones

Of invincibility
A cake
Impeccably baked
For the market stall

Being smooth, or better read

Where else to begin
But on being me
If only
Cripes we've soon got to that

If only I had learnt to concentrate
If I had been a better father
Walked less of those darkened streets
Worried less of the rebuttal

Would I have coped in another city
Anywhere else in the world
With my sense of sensuality
And love of the sparkling sea

I came too close
To drug addicts and cheap TV
Slipping on the dog dirt
Will it end in an old folk's home

I avoided every pain
Fearful of being unable to cope
Instead I escaped
To a world of art; the gallery, the library

I wandered far from dangerous people
Not to feel
Their loss of limb
Or hear their manic laughter

OK you may say I should have listened
Joined in their conversation
Been more giving, helped more people
Tried to understand; rather than
To try and touch them with my words

Out there in the wilderness
Always with a woman in my mind
Hear now can you; there goes her music
The very perfume of her nature

Chosen clothes

No surprises I suppose
To end with decay
To end with the loss of my language
Among anger, lost in my own asylum

To know that I may drown
And for certain that death is imminent
You see; neither being smooth
Or better read could save me
From the fight in the empty restaurant

If beneath the fragrant breath
You caught the zephyrs son
There only for the moment, forever
To leave the dulllest duty of pain
And joy; to have gained from the beauty, your
Own cherub of the finest, wildest rose

Now, on lazy afternoons and summer days
And once, in a more austere autumn; the
Mind wanders among headstones, coronets
And evenings by the dying embers
Cherished by the resilience, the regeneration
Of mother nature's chosen clothes

Sprinkled and scattered; blown by the breeze
The undisputed truth, the softest of petals
Overlaid, overlapped, over wondrous seas of
Love and resurrection, all there out from
This favoured pen, amid the chaos of one
Mans untidy mind, science bound - it is time

Fly on contraband

Don't try to be so clever
Don't try to understand
Don't show so soon so easy
The dealer knows your hand

Though just once more to capture
The fullness of my fading heart
The last light of forgiveness
The end before we start

Those days in deep drawn valleys
Toes tempted to the stream
Laid out on the canvas
Glazed eyes to stare unseen

Won't fly to nay or never
Won't fly on contraband
Won't breathe the breath uneasy
My healer she foreshores my sand

Onwards and upwards

I read EM Forster; in the quiet
Of the night, blown away by cobwebs
Beneath the overarch of leaves

She talks too of to be published
Burdened by his worth of worth
Meanwhile; the breeze enters so softly

Would it be fair to ask the Greeks
So late in life to find a foundation
To steer a path of peace and recreation

I hear so many echoes
Even before; and once again the déjà vu
Even now some compulsion - do you hear it

Without of imagination; a vision to
Elude the make believe, in danger
To leave behind, forgetful of my passage

Reckless in the past, reckless more so
In this near present; uncertain, unsure
A feel that a past as quietly passed away

The past of a future not yet begun
Less a scramble; to step, trust the jumble
So what of judgement, or past decree

Some simple flight of fancy
Onwards and upwards; see
I even steal her words
...though I do believe
They were given quite freely

With sincerity and generosity, happy to
Pass on the shaft of light, happy to
Wear a common over-garment
With innocence

Wait; it is just on the turn of midnight
Outside softly falls the simple rain
Artificial light for my bedfellow

A friend for the washed and polished pebbles
Ballast for the plants referenced earlier
Your light, my ballast - ours to wonder why

Muslin and fine wine

I could have worn your muslin
Shorn your dress with sworn perfume
Stolen all the petals from your fine
Fair hand, to kiss you there once again

I would have danced around your
Garden, chased you to our secret
Hiding place, twisted ten daisy
Chains and sipped, ever so slowly
Sipped the still lemonade

I should at least have said
Hello; cast off my diffidence, opened
Up and bared my soul, for I
Know now that was why you waited

In this second chance
A decade of new music
A fresh interlude

Once more
To wrap the silk around your shoulder
To hold you by the hand
Walk together among theatres of dreams

Only now I give you a smile
When you least expect it
Or a kiss, with hand on heart
A set of keys
For wherever you want to take us

Across deserts and further landscapes
Day and night around galleries and
Wider vistas night and day
With separate social
Combinations day and night and day

**It only counts as seven – seventh
heaven**

From every angle
All remains the same
Caught by light
Always a fresh reflection
The softest of touch
Guides you to your destination
Yet forever the search
To move the last speck of dust

You've seen boys of all ages
Untied with drugs and drink
Or sought out for their solace
Ever hopeless courted their pain

Once in a lifetime
The true lover
The conquistador
With his simple sparkle
And finest caress

He stole your infinite kiss
On 140 a ricochet
A massive attack
Just when you thought
He'd miss
There he stood erect
& sunk the final black

Safely out of reach

In the end you told me nothing girl
Myself by chance I was left to tell
In the end you told me nothing girl
No surprise came from the deeper well

In search of prey
The snake writhes and wriggles
Or glides and giggles and sips
I forget - in this new found spring

The choice to say nothing
Now means nothing
However much hurt back then
Do I hear you say *it was for the best*

In search of prey
The falcon gyres and twists
And dips, or drips on lips
I forget - in this new found fling

Other than rediscovery

He walked backwards across past lands
In search of future growth
His mind was scorched by burning grass
In search of freedom, for their both

No compromise, no communication
No innocence or guilt
No more the words of no

Back over mountains and land laid sculptures
For the own found spiritual soul
Back over a sheltered vocabulary
For the own chose wrecking ball

No compromise, no communication
No innocence or guilt
No more the words of no

Another way other than rediscovery
For choice of tablets cast in stone

Brother the way of intransigent hope
The freedom of the slip field rope

Love her like no other one, love her like
No other one, love her like, love her like
Love her like no other one

In the café there they met
All covered in intellect and lace
All free from fret
Beside the arboretum
With fresh ground coffee
All wanting let
For the cakes and chase to set

No compromise, no communication
No innocence or guilt
No more the words of no

His wandering now all in front of him
Lament there laid aside
His stride fair caught the beauty there
Of his smile worn deep inside

Love him like no other one, love him like
No other one, love him like, love him like
Love him like no other one

In the meadow there by the blossom bare
Passion for the bride
Ride on carpets wild of hope
All wrapped up with the choice to cope

Last one to the slide is a sissy

No compromise
Love him like no other one

No communication
Love him like no other one

No innocence
Love her like no other one
No guilt
Love her like no other one

No more the words of no
Love each other
Love above her
Love each other like the other one

Love each other like the other one
Love no other
Love each other
Love the other
Above her each like the other one

