

They carry  
my pictures

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## Somewhere called home

My words tread carefully  
For fear to say love  
My mind skates warily  
For fear of some word from above

Or more coincidental confirmation  
For already I know it  
As the leaf strokes my face  
I know it to be true

But I dare not say so  
Should the truth disappear  
So easily as it did at first  
Appear

The careful tread  
Then not to be misread  
As any sign of caution  
Other than fair time for love to nurture

As one would give to any primrose  
Or petunia  
Or vacation  
To a concert or a tropical isle

Better we set ourselves  
To longer conversations  
Hand held conversations  
Somewhere called home

Still there our words  
To be chosen carefully  
Through laughter, smiles  
Soft tears & faint repose

For all of that to be natural  
Uplifted by nature  
It is of that love  
We tread carefully to propose

## What less use at all

I remember the last time  
I had four Satsuma's'  
As do those around at the time

Friend I tell you  
An overdose of vitamin C  
Is somewhat to be avoided

But what less use at all  
Than garlic  
Without the odour

Which only leaves Sanatogen  
And that's for old people  
I clearly don't qualify

So it's the Brandy and Babycham  
There you have it  
The Brandy and Babycham

That's what it is  
Tell me  
Would you care for a hand at whist

## Millennia Ridge

Take in all before the moonlight  
Walk with steady footsteps  
Walk over the people's ridge  
Walk over the Millennium bridge

Wake in piles of Egyptian cotton  
Talk with sensate satiate breath  
Talk over two peoples Bridge  
Talk of the ache over millennia ridge

Fake our own disappearance  
Down to a chancery garden  
Down beside the sea spray  
Down outside the zest of life

A summer afternoon  
A Monet or Picasso  
A faithful Cezanne  
Shake our own forbearance

Hazy swoon  
Hazy our own bare canvas  
Hazy our other  
Rake or Ayubowan

A skip  
A hand slid softly through  
A golden hair  
Slake beside the fountain

Sake of  
Splashed stone flags  
Splashed intimate surprise  
Splashed side by side in perfect fit

Make all points of the compass  
Touched all ways  
Touched on the curved surface of this  
Touched spherical sphere

## **A calm of love, a calm of purpose**

Lake by a maypole  
Streams of coloured string  
Streams of garlands and smiles  
Streams of chanced embrace

In love with innocence  
In love to carry with you  
In love no greater gift to share  
Blake himself said so

From here and from childhood  
From here and from everywhere  
From here and always  
Bake all the way to eternity

Two people on millennia bridge  
Two people outback  
Two people, in love on peoples ridge  
Shake the still world

It all became so clear  
Although I've watched you for a long while  
Watched you year on year  
Take pleasure in your own reflection  
A perception to be entirely insincere  
A construction, a camouflage

Surpassed disastrous consequences  
Your wrinkled skin, your golden hair  
Find light wherever the music falls  
Can you hear the music  
More so, could you hear its true cadence  
As it all became so clear

Somehow just to stand in the sunshine  
By the railway line  
By the overgrown viaducts  
By the canal sides of decay and restoration  
By the old thoughts that pass by  
Today there is no intoxication

Other than a calm  
A calm of love, a calm of purpose  
Indifferent to the cat on the hot tin roof  
On another occasion  
This would be sufficient  
Far enough of a gaze at ones navel

Today though the clarity  
A turn away from fear or desperation  
In place a settlement  
A circle of stones  
A plain of reddest sand  
Perhaps there too a cactus

Or an oasis with a wishing well  
A curtain raised under singular lights  
A child with mother  
A brother with sister  
A writer with words  
And someone to write for

## Witnessed conversation

Painted toe nails; purples, crimsons, or reds  
Ankles with bangles, bracelets of gold or rust  
Flecked hair, streaks of purple  
Or crimson or red or gold or just

An evocation  
Explanative with witness  
Conversation  
Witnessed conversation

Of our youth  
Thoughts of death  
And life  
And the many ways to live it

Of music  
Of theatre  
Of families  
And cats and dogs

**If Miss Honeychurch ever learns to live as  
she plays**

A first hello  
Wandered into  
With slight  
Unease

As a breeze  
Though not yet a summer  
Paint colours  
Richer ever than nature

Bone structure  
Amplified by  
The objects  
Of inanimate art

Hair  
A cover for all our body  
Even where  
We care to shave together

Hold on now  
Hold tight somehow  
We are so far together  
We are so far  
So far, so far  
We are so far together

Hold on now  
Hold tight somehow  
We are so far together  
So far, so far  
We are so far forever

It was a Saturday  
From far away  
A far away Saturday  
A Saturday  
From far away  
A latter day Saturday

The lady travelled  
The motorways  
The city streets  
The April lights  
The lady travelled  
The motorways  
The city streets  
And soft midnights  
The April lights  
And soft midnights  
The April lights  
And soft midnights  
The April lights  
Spring summer sights  
And soft midnights

The letters and  
The photographs  
In between the lines  
Soft pictures find

My sixpence  
None the richer  
The letters and  
The autographs  
In between the lines  
Soft pictures kind  
My sixpence  
So far fills the pitcher

A glass of wine  
A fine strung time  
A slice of lime  
A fine hung line  
The whiteness of  
The spotlight spire  
Her eyes on fire  
The whiteness of  
The spotlight spire  
Her eyes desire  
With fruits and gyre

They shared their MP3'S  
Like buzzing bees  
Down Summerleaze  
They softly breezed  
To wear their please  
In yellow sleeves  
& summer seize  
A care thought ease

Into the night  
On into the night  
On into the night and  
On into the morning

They talked of all  
They talked so small  
In for all and in for  
Fair weather

On the bed

Her soft laid head  
With fingers spread  
So tender led  
Their hair instead  
They combed together

And holding close  
This time she chose  
To tread with faith unfettered  
And holding close  
This time he chose  
To wait for days red lettered  
And holding close  
This time they chose

To wait for days not bettered  
And holding close  
This time they chose  
Why wait  
For days unfettered

## Lady My o my

And holding close  
This time they chose  
All their days red lettered  
And holding close  
This time they chose  
All their days fair weathered

And holding close  
This time they chose  
To tread with faith unfettered  
And holding close  
This time they chose  
To live  
With love not bettered

My o my lady identify  
My lady *My o my*  
Indemnify & sweetly sigh

My sigh to cry  
To identify and indemnify  
Lady *My o my* saunter by

My o my I hear  
You sigh & cry, I identify  
Slight to mystify why so sweetly die

Saunter by  
Lady *My o my* indemnify  
Sigh, o identify my cry

Sigh shall sweetly die  
Indemnify my lady *My o my*  
Identify me my lady *My o my*

## To have the other laugh

Why would you  
For any other than skin

For any other why would you  
Than skin, save your skin

For any other tobacco or another  
Ounce of justification why would you

Why feed  
On the need to feed on another

Indeed  
What recedes past deceptions

The skin deep correction  
Its own just infection

Without hope  
It's never more than that

Easier though  
To have the other laugh

To break down doors  
Of some other gaff

Crash behind the ventilation draught  
Cash some others luckless draft

Their uniforms too finely cut  
Sliced into immaculate straight lines

Refined with stiletto heels  
& the feel for a Cuban cigar

Hacienda  
Escape is easier by far

## **Before the faculties considered the new curriculum**

You wake  
It is morning  
The air is fresh  
The cold air that says you are alive  
That your faculties are with you  
That your toes  
And other extremities  
Have felt  
The iridescence of nature  
Outside  
Beyond the tress  
Over the railway track

Where the pixies and the piccolo's  
Where the gypsies and the gigolo's  
Where the wonderstuff  
And tickertape abound

You wake again  
Later now - before it was morning  
Later now - before it was freshness herself  
Before the cold air swept over  
Before the faculties considered  
The new curriculum  
Before your toes  
And other extreme deities  
Impressed with your prescience of nature  
Strode out  
From under canvas  
Into a clearing

On the run  
Always  
On the run  
From the wonderstuff

## One mile from everywhere

One mile from anywhere  
One mile from nowhere  
One mile to two houses  
Each with their own names

In a place also with a name  
A name and a lake  
And a children's  
A many children's

A happy children's  
A many  
Happy children's  
Play garden

One mile  
From anywhere  
One mile  
From everywhere

## The whole of Milan

I am going here you are going there  
A while ago this might not have mattered  
Or at any rate carried any gravitas  
For lovers lost ashore in separate states

This is simply the grandest fruit scone  
Ever placed on any triangular plate  
Trig points in a bowl of reddest raspberry jam  
And coffee served in only the way of galleries  
Cafés and art houses, and the whole of Milan

All of this of more than or less than  
Importance in comparison to other ways  
At any rate red letter days at Bureau Veritas  
Lovers washed once more in packing crates

## Of passion & pain

Juxtaposed  
The grotesque  
Between life and death  
Loss

Lost love  
Teardrops  
Teardrop bottles  
Uncollected lay beneath the Lilac tree

Stored unconscious finds  
Transitory minds; the last one out  
Turns off the lights  
More chance than coincidence

More fiction than fate  
The tradition is to be too late  
To open the unexpected box  
Ask the deeper question

Swing the fox  
By the sunlit fountain  
Fall  
As the clown

Out beyond the crown  
Mountains  
Of passion & pain  
Undone

By deed or gain  
Undone  
Between life and death  
By fame or shame

## **Kiss stops and lollipops**

It is  
That which we do not see  
Or don't take time  
To connect with

Unable, unstable  
My baby, my lady  
I cradle you in my arms  
I cradle you

Able to say love  
Equal to any coincidence  
By inference my  
Intentions open

Only the clearest  
Interpretation  
My sensations caught  
By shadows and sequins

Whispers  
Kiss stops by the bus stops  
Kiss stops and lollipops  
Kiss stops, lollipops, bus stops

Love  
Love & chance  
By France  
She came

## Juxtaposed proximities

I smile  
At your breath  
Your easy hand on  
Our juxtaposition

I woke earlier  
Not that to wake was any dare  
Other than to share your morning  
With the blackbird

And the fresh brewed  
English breakfast  
Earl Grey  
Tea

I lay warm on  
Plumped up pillows  
The steamy depth  
Of our juxtaposed proximities

## Before you have anything but you

All you are  
Is all you are  
All you have  
Is all you have  
All you have  
Is all you are  
All you are  
Is all you have

Without a stitch  
From the cherry and walnut inlaid wardrobe  
Without a smudge  
From the cherry and walnut inlaid dresser

Without a brush  
Without a touch  
Without a crush  
Of musk perfume

All you are, is all you have

Before you have anything  
But you  
Before you have anything but you

All you gave  
Is all you give  
All you give  
Is all you gave  
All you give  
For those who gave  
All you gave  
For those who give

Without some hitch  
From the foul  
Or fair weather umbrella  
Without some fudge  
From the fake  
Namesake storyteller

Without  
Some hush  
Without  
Even so much  
Without  
The lush  
Of husks presumed

All you are  
Is all you have  
Before you have anything  
But you

All you are is all you have  
Before you have anything  
But you

All you are is all you have  
Before you have anything but you

## **The old house with rectangular windows**

The old house with rectangular windows  
Is empty  
No one lives there now  
No one lived there for a very long time

Rectangular windows  
Inside and outside  
Of your long time  
Your long time of death and dying

The house is empty  
The long time is empty  
Death, the long time of death  
The long long time of death is empty

There are no chintz curtains  
Or modernist abstract paintings  
All that you have you take with you  
All that you have your friends give you

All that you have lives with you  
Inside and outside  
Your rectangular window  
Inside and outside your old house

## **A private house that used to be a public house**

If you should drive  
Past Cow Pasture Barns  
You will see a sign for - well  
Make your own mind on that

The sign says  
Potatoes £4-00  
Nothing more, nothing less, quite simply:  
Potatoes £4-00

Before the barns  
Before the private house  
The private house  
That used to be a public house

You may see the old man  
The old man in the big garden  
I don't expect, unlike the potato sign  
That he is always there

But he was there today  
In the big garden  
The big garden  
Before the corner

The corner with the private house  
A private house  
That used to be a public house  
A public house before the Cow Pasture Barns

The Cow Pasture Barns with a sign that says  
Potatoes £4-00  
No more, no less - ever so simple  
Potatoes £4-00

## They carry my pictures

Better in the morning  
Sunlight  
Fancy shoes, your hand upon  
My navel

Briefly you open your eyes  
Smile  
At my silent thank you  
And then

Right beside the birdsong  
Under the bluest of skies  
Where I gave you my  
Virginity

Told you more than ever I know  
More than ever  
The cooing bird  
Or the gentle breeze

Listen  
Do you hear  
They carry my pictures

Pictures  
Of and by  
The morning

