

The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly metal, with embossed text. The text is arranged in diagonal lines and includes phrases like 'WEEK IN', 'THICK YOU OUT OF', 'OLD YOU HERE, ROT A', 'THE FLOWER - BUT IF', and 'WHAT YOU ARE, ROT A'. The main title 'The glass of greater means' is overlaid in white serif font.

# The glass of greater means

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## Contents

<b>Soft galores.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>So less discrete, so... ..</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Overgrown and overblown.....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Turn the lights as you leave.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>All over your eyelids.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Dream leavers.....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Plums in the undergrowth.....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Stationary words.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>So close to me.....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>We round the new found corner.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>The big wheel this year just got bigger.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Dust specked pillions.....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Hand round some ale.....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>The non return of all the same.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>A little piece of which I will bring you.....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>The edge of greater means.....</b>	<b>21</b>

## Soft galores

Beside you  
Inside you  
Soft murmurings  
Soft pebbles splash  
On soft seashores

Driftwood  
My coincidental collision  
Out of harbour  
Free of ropes and chains  
The loop slid over my capstans

Beside you  
Inside you  
Soft memories  
Soft times passed  
On soft sand galores

An indiscriminate  
Toe  
A faint hello  
Beside you  
Inside you

## So less discrete, so...

You do remember  
You do recall  
The glass with its own serviette  
The drink with its own scoop  
The sun with its own friend  
Upon which to fall

It seems so long ago  
But you brought me  
Right back here  
Opened up a wider view  
Opened up my youth  
O youth & truth

Of you  
& confidence  
Of you  
& wisdom  
Of you  
& joy

Of you  
And 47 The Street  
Of you  
Next time we meet  
Of you  
So less discrete, so...

Do you remember  
Do you recall  
You  
Throwing in your all  
In all for all  
Freefall

The glass  
With a four inch stem  
The glass  
With connected patterns  
The glass  
Of the reflected sun

## Overgrown and overblown

Your breath  
Falls  
Cartwheels even

Dances upon the  
Entrances  
Through my skin

The rivers and fjords  
Of my sentient being  
Covered, why

My being covered  
With overblown hair  
For how else would

I feel  
Your breath  
Your breath of touch

That which  
Improves my health  
Away from consumption

Yet still suppose  
On occasion I bring  
Without warning, a wet wet nose

## Turn the lights as you leave

Honeysuckle  
Or hornbeam  
Or other  
Couples close  
From far away

Of couples  
Close to stay  
Hey there  
From far away  
Enjoy your stay

Couples close  
From far away  
Turn the  
Lights out  
With leave to play

## All over your eyelids

Time for afternoon tea  
Sat at my studious desk  
To hone and construct  
A persuasive presentation  
About collaboration and  
Collaborative work therein

The telephone  
Chimes into life  
Hello we love you  
Well hello  
And good afternoon to you

Your post had just arrived  
My disk  
Slid into your ROM drive drawer  
My juice  
Spilt all over your memory  
Hello we love you

We talked of futures together  
Of where  
To share some time  
Some joyful conversation  
You thanked me  
I thanked you  
Hello we love you

We talked of futures pressed together  
Of where  
To care for our consummations  
Some joyful elongations  
You thanked me  
I thanked you  
Hello we love you

It was time for supper  
Sat still  
At my studios desk  
To hone and construct

More to try to recapture  
Alive again and breathing

My truth  
Spilt all over your eyelids  
You thank me  
I thank you  
Hello  
We love you

Hello  
We love you

Hello  
We love you

## **Dream leavers**

The receptors are out and about  
The receivers cast a clout on  
Those deceivers that deliver the doubt  
The misbelievers  
With blackness they shout

It is they say a fine line  
One of a million  
And one quotations  
Until the person split in  
Two is you

The other side of the abyss  
Either side of the other side  
Sunlight and flowers

In the meadow  
Or black swans  
On black mill ponds

The preceptors are out and about  
The perceivers flaunt to flout on Those  
conceivers that conceive without  
The dream leavers  
With loss they lout and loiter

On the fine line  
Days of almost nights  
Until more  
Ever never  
More mornings

## Plums in the undergrowth

I used to do; this and that  
For instance  
I passed my eleven plus  
To smuggle beside you, inside your head

I climbed the walls of big houses  
For instance  
I ate goose berries in the undergrowth  
To struggle inside, not said instead

I became a success in flight  
For instance  
I bought 4 rooms & an executive sedan  
To wait for countless dark nights

I ran off to deepest Devon's Tor  
For instance  
I sought my own space  
To find who it was I was to look for

I sailed the sea to Jersey light  
For instance  
I fathered another fatherless child  
To light the likeness light

I came and then I went  
For instance  
I followed lonely trades  
To fight the fear I'd spent

I fumbled as solid walls crumbled  
For instance  
I dug the yard in spades  
To gain some self restraint unbundled

I saw the sunflower open dust  
For instance  
I caught it just at dusk  
To shape the turn I trust

## Stationary words

I watched those all around me  
For instance  
I wrote the words to share  
To care for this rarefied air

I read of EM Forster  
For instance  
I saw beyond the twenty mile view  
To share my life with you

I used to do; this and do that  
For instance  
I passed my eleventh heaven plus  
To snuggle inside you, in our bed

I climbed the walls of past times houses  
For instance  
I peeled plums in your undergrowth  
Woke beside you in our heavenly bed

With less than two hundred pieces  
Of foolscap vellum paper  
I want to find the words

Dash  
To start so soon again  
After such an auspicious beginning

A little delicate bin  
For rolled up thoughts  
On scraps of crumpled paper

Journeys and visitations  
Of lovers legs entwined  
As of Albertine roses

Before they stole the scent  
Such that flowers would fit  
Into rectangular boxes

Such that flowers  
Would flit  
Into regular lives

Stop, less repetition  
Let me begin again  
This time more slowly

In fact; wait awhile  
I will brew some English tea  
On the stove by the alabaster

Would you like a custard cream  
I know it's supposed to be slow  
But all that rhymes is faster

Or plaster  
But that's for later, please  
I won't be long now, please... you go on

For we have a germ of an idea  
Not yet a full on pox  
But at least we are blessed with...

Well I thought I had the essence  
You know  
Like butterflies in jam jars

But not so it seems  
The gypsum dust as Mr Dylan would say  
Is blowing in the wind

The ink well is dry  
The tin nib is plated and twisted  
I'm all wrapped up

Crumpled in scraps of vellum paper  
And the sprinkled dust  
Of other magicians

## So close to me

Do you want me  
So say you want me  
Say you want to be  
You want to be the one that wants me  
So say you want me  
So say you want me  
Say you want to be  
The one who wants to be  
The one who wants for me  
The one who wants to be  
The one who wants for me

I want to be  
The one who sets you free  
Sets you free  
So free to be  
Free to be  
The one who wants to be  
I want to be  
The one who sets you free

Free for me  
I want to be  
The one who sets you free  
So free for me  
I want for you to be  
So free for me

In meadow grass  
My lady lass  
She wants to be  
I'll set him free  
My lady lass  
In meadow grass  
She sets me free  
To want to be

Do you want for me  
So say that you want me  
You want me free  
Free as hazes pass

My wavy lady lass  
Lady lass in soft soft grass

So say that you want me  
Say that you want me  
Say that  
One day that  
We'll play that  
Song together  
So clever, forever  
To play that  
That Ry Cooder  
Song again  
Forever together  
To play  
That Ry Cooder song  
Again

Oh yes I so want to be  
I want to be the one

So close to me  
So close to me  
I want for you to be  
The one you want to be  
So close to me

Oh yes I so want to be  
I want to be the one  
So close to me  
So close to me  
I want to be  
The one you want to be  
So free  
So close to me  
So free  
So close to me  
So free  
So close to me

## **We round the new found corner**

If it is a letter that I write  
Does that somehow say more  
Than if I try to condense my words  
Somehow to find some simple essence  
To bathe deeper our thoughts our skin

In then this letter  
A notelet of thanks  
For the times  
We have already shared  
With a smile of anticipation  
For the times  
We are yet to spend together  
And another smile  
This one for the closeness  
That we have entered  
In our minds, in our bodies

We talked of past memories  
We joked away half the night

In sunlight we soaked away most the morning  
As we walked by captured waters falling

We dressed down for the theatre  
We pressed away the rest of days  
We danced on wooden dance floors  
As we blessed our best of ways

You took me to your place of work  
We found a cappuccino  
And a floating boat  
You took me to your cathedral  
We sounded an  
Evensong caring note  
You took me to your gallery  
We round and round  
More than half amazed we walked  
To your café restaurant alehouse bar  
We found our horoscopes  
Of which we talked

You took me to Tennyson  
We sought out the crannies flowers wrote  
We round the new found corner  
Of love and deeper smote

This by the way is a letter  
To say thanks  
For the morning toast  
In your big warm bed

Thanks for lighting  
The fire and saying

To stay instead  
On your rearranged furniture

Thank you for showing me  
Your photographs  
And laying  
Down their meaning

Thank you for this Easter uprising  
For wherever that we have the will  
For life to take the two of us  
And all of those that we treasure

## The big wheel this year just got bigger

*Age merely shows what children we remain  
(Goethe)*

The flat sands  
Ribbed by washing tides  
Worn back into the country  
Worn out by the falling sea

Undulation as if in seek of separation  
With destination no turn un-stoned

The invasion of the Humber  
Wooden boats and smelly coats  
And chalets by ten thousands  
Innocent first wakes weeks earned to stay

Speculation as if too meek to copulate  
With populations all anew  
From London and Prestatyn's wild rover  
From Glasgow by car from Dover

And all ports in a storm delouses  
In all sorts of tweeds and turned up trousers  
Generations time the lost in line to venerate  
With invertebrates and anything that moves

She with thee blond curls and glory eyes  
Her story in the papers  
You know they never lie  
The tears he made her cry

Meditations persuasive persuasions surprise  
Belies the fears of ties and forbearance  
The dodgers bounce from bumper to bump  
The big wheel this year just got bigger  
It's the Golden mile; kiss me quick  
My handsome figure  
Explanations of gyres generated sensations  
To throw you inside outside of that other you

## Dust specked pillions

Undulation the crust of un-stoned turns  
Copulation anew too meek  
Venerate anything that moves  
Mediate forbears forbearance  
Inside some father  
Outside fair mother

Undulate  
Copulate  
Venerate  
Meditate  
Inside  
Outside

UCVMIO

The big deal  
This year the kids just got bigger

Out towards oblivion  
After choosing the slowest horses  
And abusing the quicker liquor

Out towards fair fields and  
White painted pavilions  
After choosing middle or leg

And abusing games instead of  
Studying  
Latin and Mathematics

To string together a  
Collection of loose change  
And lost words

To bring wherever a  
Detection of bruised blame  
And frosted verbs

Out towards oblivious oblivion  
After losing on the queerest courses  
And abusing the quicker *Wicker S3*

Out towards plains and  
Dust specked pillions  
After choosing noose or lead  
And abusing  
Life the thread  
Of rhyme or didactics

To sing forever a  
Rejection of whose name  
And of who herds  
To sing then never of  
The protection of the fruits of shame  
Neither hear again  
The songs of fair crested birds

## Hand round some ale

Always the response  
Carried fair chosen  
To carry a smile  
On paper & parchment  
To carry a dream  
On sails & escarpments  
To carry above  
Of love and enlargement

Twenty five hilltop triples  
Fall down to deeper waters

Where once with lesser ripples  
Gypsy caravans carried

Past lives; over their tipples  
Over the less quiet valleys

Always the response  
Played fair well chosen

## **The non return of all the same**

To sing a song  
Or dance a jig  
Or tell a tale  
Or hand round some ale  
To the sound of gaiety &  
Love fires crackling

One day  
Of  
One whole summer  
No new caravans  
No new establishments  
No one to carry on the traditions  
This then is how change begins  
It is not the non-return of all the same  
But the lack  
Of  
Arrival of replenishments  
For food and life alone  
Will not give continuum  
For to cherish  
Is always for some new  
Explained regeneration  
In this life  
Of  
All we see and all beyond

## A little piece of which I will bring you

Overhead  
The sound of a fighter plane  
Over vast moorlands

With paths of past centuries  
And path posts  
For today's lost walkers

A landscape for photographs  
And artists drafts  
And poets frosted wallpaper

The music is Vangelis  
An odyssey  
Like any other odyssey

A search of the past  
To find some semblance  
Of the present

It is spring  
And yesterday was sunshine  
A little piece of which I will bring you

As you look on the petals  
And listen  
To the birdsong

Think of the wild meadows  
And ancient flowers  
Lavished on these moorlands

## The edge of greater means

Always when it hits you  
You know there to be...  
Omnipresence is a word  
But you can touch that  
And for what I have in mind  
We need to go further  
Back beyond the birdsong  
Back beyond the morning light  
There to the edge of dreams  
To the edge of semi-conscious

The edge of greater means  
If only for an instant  
For that is all you have  
Much as it may live with you for ever  
It is only ever a sideways glance  
Though you should be so fortunate  
For it falls only to those who care  
So the response ought to be  
Reasonable & proportionate  
Yet with all the writers flair to share

