



Each breeze
its own
velocity

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To share this float full breeze

I can hear
The flush full spring
And smell the breeze
Through bracken and fern
Through reeds
And minds awoken

Each waterfall
Each cascade
Each a separate rhythm
Each breeze its own velocity
Its own shape
Its own direction

And there a warbler
Or some other vocalist
A bird here to share
This late afternoon
To share this
Float full breeze

That carries
Lead into paper
That carries words
From here and now
And all the way
Onto forever

The countenance

As a mathematician
Perhaps to count
The greens and browns
Would be no disservice
To Mother Nature

Or to measure the length
Of every new grown fern
Or shoot of grass

But I have no ruler
Or tripod or eyeglass
Even

To measure
The countenance
Of being

And when I go
When everybody goes
The stream will still plunder
Deep into the night
To eat down into the valley

That the sheep said goodbye

Would it matter
That the sheep said goodbye
Would it scatter my sleep
To say; o my - bye bye

Should there be some richness
Some other ought to share
Should it say no matter
That to weep
Is the more to care

Are we to learn so still

Are we still without water
In this land so plentiful
Do you worry still your daughter
Could be burnt yet beautiful

Have we learnt any lessons
Are we to learn so still
The beauty of enrichment
On both sides of the hill

Rare treasures

By fair endeavours
Set square to dare
Rare treasures
Will indeed be found

Half a pound

He disfigured them all
Swarmed them with his praise
Those lazy days in presence
All adept at annotated phrase
Exceptional only by exception

Far from each other's navel
A two line poem
To feast the beast of Babel
And a thousand word essay
To capture the uncaught essence

**With wind we live and with her
breezes**

Outside of your vernacular
That is to say
The spacious place
Of faith embraced
Within and without
Of the particular

Articulated by all and anon
That is the day
Of all the famous writers
And those as yet unfound
Unbound; their voice all but gone

Choice remained
Our prerogative
That is to play
With words to live
Of thoughts to give
Unsound to be pejorative

With wind we live
And with her breezes
That is to stay
With leave to ease
Of hopes to please

Without and within
Of the seldom leafy trees

On the shores of Kinross

I hold her
She told me
My shoulder
Her crutch to be

How far to far off islands
My lands insensitivity
A longing craving need...
A comfort...just to be held

There by deeper sands
And further fallacies
In the shallows and depths
By the lakes by the sea

Belonging neap tide leads
A comfort close withheld
By a pair of deep eyes
Where tears are deep welled

Hidden pleasures

Bay tree
You hold the nest so freely
The eggs speckled with blue
On everyday grey clay

Bay tree
You told me rest so neatly
The fragrance threw
On shoulders older than youth

You breathe me don't leave me

You give me
You live me
You're with me
I love you

You breathe me
Don't leave me
I love you

You feed me
Don't deceive me
I love you

You seed me
Don't grieve me
I love you

You saw me
You tore me
You led me
I love you

Just below the brow

Some places are quite tidy
Some places more have life

Books on shelves
Or words on lips

At a distance
Or close to fingertips

Some places are quite tidy
But hey mishaps hit

Me right between the eyelids
Just below the brow

Right on Lincoln Central
Right on here and now

Instantaneous attraction

First; the front paws

O bother; bother, bother, bother
I've pulled it off the window sill

My leisure, my life
I had better now make it worth my while

You see there he is, writing
Writing at my table

What do you think his words say
What is in his book of words

Does he not know the simpler life
The life of instantaneous attachment

Anything given for a stroke
A gaze, a reflection...

Turnip & Turbot

Even more for a bowl of Whiskas

Or just to stretch in the sun
To lie here on the first of May

To contemplate infinity
Or play with the ball of wool

Lincoln Central
Your shadow, your skip
Your fallen lip
Your photographic youth
Truth in your straight roads
Under blue skies and craggy gardens
Soothe in your memory, your ale
Your gingerbread & scones
Fields of agriculture's labours
Fingernails scuffed
Packed tight under with your clay
With your lifeblood
Combined on hayracks and smokestacks
Sea-fish and ground round vegetables
Turnip & turbot
Or cod and chips
With lashings of balsamic vinegar
The edges of your meadows
Evenings of your civilisations
For the blue sky & the birdsong

Softest paints and pastels

Whenever before
Was it three in the afternoon
The first catch of the clock
The first knock on unopened doors

To say that
This was the first time
First time for so many
Things to say

Lovers midway
After moonlight
And
Samuel Smiles

Reveries
Eyes glazed
Ears awakened
Copulated by Mr. Jefferies

His mixed up views
Of town & country
Dues paid
In softest paints and pastels

And countless
Simple words
With countless
Simple words

Meadows, haylofts
Butterflies
Labours of land
& pastures of love

Hey o
Whenever before my sun so soon
Have days begun
At three in the afternoon

Where

Where?
O, down the A1 then
Yes it's always busy on a Friday
But worth it
Don't you think

If only for the children
Look at them
Little lambs
Gaiety, and May Day's dawning
Have you...
Come far

Oh God
Can you believe it
My father was stationed there
During the war
It's where he met mum
Oh God
Good God

Oh dear, that was a long time ago
Yes we always try and catch
The Kinema
I think
I think that's why Harry makes the trip
That
And the drink
The drink; with his mates in the club
Well
They work hard for it
They deserve a break
And here
The kids are a lot easier to look after
A lot easier than at home
And last year our Jimmy met a girl
Claire I think her name
So he said it had to be May Day

Lovely isn't it
To see them...
Growing up

With breath & tongue

You are on fire
A brassiere of white heat burning
A thunderbolt of boldest burnished blue

Your desire
Every moment wake I ache for you
For your mind, your body
The even deeper you

Do what you will
Where and whenever
The thrill to share the dew
Phew, awake anew

With breath and tongue
A poem, a dance, a song as sung
To belong
To be clung so close by you

You are on fire

A carrier of bright light turning
An oscillation in transitory trance of truth

Your gyre
Turns me inside over
To pay the funk mans dues
Thereafter to spill all over you

Of softer clay

That great big
Balloon in the sky
My basket full of fruit
Bobs way on by
With a wave
A sprinkle of dust
In flight she flies
As ever high she must

Delacroix and corduroy
In hand-made goggles
She toggles at the levers
As disbelievers sigh
The conceived inception
Cleared perception why
Nearby resurrection
Full coloured balloons
Float on by

With picnic hamper &

Pink champagne
Romance by the bucket full
Trucks of festival geezers
Stand between the lull

Of Verlaine and
Jacobs Landing troubled
They chatter like lovers do
But double
Of shiny chrome & else
Which their mind boggles
Ogle at the flared skirts &
Straight six valve stroke lines
As the received pension
Steals their woggles
The burnish burnt coloured
Exhaust she warmly whines

Excitement and dereliction
Of dutiful function
Stuck to the beautiful
Dreams of days away
Days at prayer for to say
O compunction
Those great big old hands
Of softer clay

Tumbled Thistle

There is a crawl
Some say there always has been
Public houses, ale houses, imitation
Decorous tributes to past times seen

Last night was no different
Except a Sunday
Before bank holiday Monday
With falling rain

The cortege picks up stragglers
And well wishers as it weaves its way
Around and over and then back again
Behind the ever turning river grey

Delivered like forecourt flowers
Or as pastures down deep my garden
On summer nights she showers
And on days of celebration

The nation forsakes the indecisive fog
For sake of impropriety nay sobriety
It joins the proposition with imprecision
Flowing with garlands and songs of clogs

Rattles its tambourines by its fine fair whistle
Later, after much more *Tumbled Thistle*
Fitter now; full service mind
And body overhauled
The old pubs crawled

Daytona dry way

Would that I was with you
Would you be near me too
Would that I could kiss you
Would you kiss me too

Then into the dragster
Blue smoke
Fantastic acceleration
Straight down the strip

Instantaneously
Over the line
Into the time for
The open parachute

Twenty three seconds
For the plimsolls
To hit
The bitumen & tarmac

Once again
Dry way, my way
To be back
On terra firma

Would that I be with you
Would that thrill you too
Would that I could kiss you
Could you kiss me too

Decant your deep desires

Tread
Go lightly
On threads of silk and lace

If you wish
Spread eagle, with grace over
Your canyons, your troubled thought

Wait
Take space
Slightly you take, or if needs we make

If so you wish
Be legal, medieval with taste
Laced lily of the valley that you brought

Scrape
Away the sleep
Hope of neck napes awake tides deep

If wish you so wish
Squeal with surprise go haste
Turn those soft torn, turn-away fingers

Fled
Just before dawn
In fawned invited imaginations

If wish you so so wish
Just before waking
Decant reunited, decant your deep desires

Discord dyslexia

I sing way out of tune
& dance far out of time
I write a lot of poems
With words that just don't rhyme

Lincoln Central
Sleaford Potatoes
Stuffed Aubergines
Baked
Friday nights
Slaked with
Bottles of chilled
White wine

The Guardian
The Telegraph
The Weekend Magazine
Mornings with Egyptian sheets
Shaken
Friday nights
Awakened
With throttles of thrilled life lines

I wing way out of runes
& prance far out of line
I write a lot of poems
With words that aren't even mine

Bobble

Round raven step stop crossing
Haven of the drawbridge heady
Your cobbles shine with April showers
Here the wobble now is steady

Absobloomingblinkinglutely

Absobloomingblinkinglutely
Absoblinkingbloominglutely

Love wanders here among
Her voice as the vespers song

Absoblinkingbloominglutely
Absobloomingblinkinglutely

Love wanders here once gone
Her air as if the ether shone

Absoblinking
Absoblooming
Absoblinking
Bloominglutely

Now I've asked her
Will she ever be the one

