

In such a shabby Crabby way

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Beside her past is more

Out in the country
Distant houses
Cared for families
Shared with cost cut
Health authorities
Carers wear their hearts
Upon their sleeves
Or hide under stairways
& stare beyond
The endless sleep

Without maps or categories
They fall beside the wayside
Blindside to the right side
The right wrong
Way to carry on
From here to eternity
The pills & the potions
The calamine lotion

& intravenous injections
Introspection a line too far
She came by car
And tomorrow no fear
She will be here, unclear
For tomorrow
She will be here again

Wait for further information
In case of changed direction
The connection to the ministry
Only just got through
Rate your chances at best subliminal
To become the criminal justice advisor
Besides her past is more
Reflection on the collection
Of the care she's shown
On the collection
Of the care she's known

What to rehearse

I've escaped from revision
Walked right into your text - go to it boy
Eck your timing is somewhat more
An immaculate conception

Earlier
Eliot, Owen, Mew and oh dear
I've forgot his name
Though he wrote a poem about departure
Or was it about leaving, anyhow
No matter, don't fret
It's all the same, it's just a game

Here the sunroof is wide open
The raindrops are infrequent
Though often seem to be without end
No bother whatsoever, and the breeze
Well the tall grass bends

This is a Tuesday; I hope

For the examination is on Wednesday
Still time to recall old what's is name
Thomas that's it, Edward Thomas

We, or to be clear I
I need to name drop a couple of critics
Baldick and Wolowski should do the trick
But her first name, Shira isn't it

Up at seven to record my notes
Compile a short video of quotations
Tomorrow this pencil may come in handy
Do you believe in the memory of lead
Or is it the thermal memory
Of copper bottomed frying pans

Anyhow I've thought about male
And female transference
About young Charlotte Mew
& her farmer's boy

Fades to nothing, or eternity

About persona
To be clear it is an imaginative
Not an autobiographical work

How could I forget the cups
The marmalade, the tea
What was Mr Eliot thinking of
To let the candle fail
Not to see his greatness flickering

Unlike that Dulce et Decorum Est
Staring into the green drowning eyes
O bugger it
Now I know what to rehearse

It's the bloody poetry
That I can't remember
& it's raining
(hailstones actually)

My eyes dance about
Dance behind my eyelids
I have just awoke
From a late afternoon power nap
Fell asleep to my own voice
Reading the words
Of Mew & Eliot & Owen & Thomas
Of farmers & soldiers & intellectuals
And death

Poets
Why do they
Write their poetry
Surely not in order
That almost a century later
We would dissect their words
In such a shabby
Crabby way

Or for the sake

Of some
Leftist wayward
Leaning or learning
Without a tear
Or cheer
In sight or sound

Or maybe
That is it exactly
Their eternity is
Tirelessly unsought

Traps

So in the moment
There in happiness
The wondrous happiness
There so certain in the moment
The certainty that makes me cry

We talked of peak experiences
Of deep explored emotions
Trips of uncertainty
With a sense of surety
Only in the kindness we would find

There may not be the words
Indeed there may be no need for words
Silence, paused in confidence
Held right there
In the hold on happiness

The traps are past memories
Cast dearly with diligence

Today they are insignificant
Imminent danger is so clearly
Fear spent; sent so far away

We stay instead
With words softly read
Across the double bed
Inlaid in lead
With transference
& culpable conversation

Others screw

Fortune Green
It seems have identified a numbered plot
For why or whatever
How so far away from farmers fields
Or fallen leaves
Or voices, others truth to deceive

Relief unseen
It seems simply for your memory
Or why or whatever
How now today in Freedom Fields
Call on grief
Or choices, others screw to receive

Two folds

We've all had insecurity
Found wanting - unsure

Over silly things; lost keys
Forgotten papers, silly things

Over pretty things; fair hair
Swayed hips, pretty things

Over pretty silly things; arguments
Misunderstandings, pretty silly things

We've all tasted insecurity
Unwanted - the dry mouth

Over bigger things; myself
Yourself, ourselves, bigger things

Over barmy things; exasperation
Doubt, despair, bloody barmy things

Over bloody barmy bigger things; love
Love, bloody barmy bigger things called love

We've all shared loves insecurity - silly, really?
Unexplored immunity two up

Two folds
Untold communities

Snuggle

You can tell me as much
Or as little
You can lead to open questions
Or hope for my enquiry

You can talk all open hours
Or scour my conversation
There is no place reservation
Or reserved; all signs say enter

This community is for caring
This community is for sharing
Yes I could hear you o so often
Would that I would soften

Or come along with sympathy
Smile long for the journey
Into fresh winds
Under blue skies

Washed with sun & fallen rain
No stains or left luggage
The snug is open
Just to snuggle

Double up on reason
The season free from struggle
As just metaphysically
Metaphorically begun

The way that we met

If anyone should ask
I shall say that we met
With the shake of a hand

I am sure
You will vouchsafe truth
And anymore

Who need ever know
Then go let us
You & I

Nil desperandum
My desperado
My desiderata of happiness

I have no fear
Of past or future reflections
Or recollections that we carry

So easily now together
As I learn other men's words
Forged over many millennia

Presumed or presumptuous
Or o so simply scrumptious
Your toast, my taste

If ever anyone should ask
I shall say thank you & not forget
For the way that we met

Take on

The trauma on my thumbnail
Is after many years of trouble
Seen to fade away

A new strength is brought to bear
Colours of life all over
My stubby chubby fingers

I have started to sing
And want to play guitar
There seems no barrier

To what I might take on
Or accomplish
No doubt

I am in
Or among re-birth
Alive & open & in love

It's been quite a journey
Over many months
Many years

Now I wake
Write these words
I often

So often write words
Smile to myself
At what

I might take on
Even
Accomplish

Singularity

For a moment I had forgot
Or rather I had forgotten to remember
To be aware that life moves on
Around me

Engrossed in some singular occupation
I occupied myself beyond myself
And lost myself to those who had
Found me

With Pope Joan
& Lady Nijo
Marlene, Win & Louise
And my hero Joyce

The carer for Angie
The repository for life's troubles
Doubled up deep
Inside me

I lose my way
With words
Yet vow after today
To have more care

Over my singularity:
I will hear the raindrops
Outside
And your voice; once again

Philadelphia & Bagels

Mental morning callisthenics
Extend my thoughts to love
My lover

Railway wagons
Shuttle past
The window

When last
Did you take
Your lady out to tea

Or have a picnic
In the park
With Philadelphia & Bagels

