

On the arm of the vast armchair

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Sheaves

Sat in the snug
The rug
Before the open fire
After a walk
Along the pavements
Past the sculpture
Behind the church
Overheard Irish accents
Using
Militaristic terms
Talks of re-unions
Open doors
Overheard the words of war
Anyhow
The kindly landlord
Called last orders
Once more out onto the street
We tiptoed with whispers
Thought perhaps to scare
To tell of subterfuge and sabotage

And all the glory of no more
Later
A Mexican beer
A slice of lime
The same old faces from before
The talk of re-union was of the races
Traces of the hard of hearing flew
We tiptoed and we whispered
And smiled for all we knew
Again before then our love
That night we visited
As children free to pair
O so then our love
That night we revisited
The flames of passion dare

Long not lost weekend

Fall asleep
To the sound
Of Buddha Maitreya

Wake
To find a hand
Hold of thin fingers

The singer of the song
Sings I love you
Believe
In the circle of the throng

Hours of lost moments retire
Into sleep
Evening turned
Into morning

Love fascinated
By the keep & the keepsakes

Details deeper than
The skin we reap

Journey of questions
Purposeful
Unconditional leaps
It is a life's work

And to help him is neat
So seek out the formed
And rounded boulder

Take them to
Buddha Maitreya
Your payment free to keep

Strawberry scones & Elderberry tea

Your garden
A thirty year construction
Self from within the self

Deep meaning
A flash of light deduction
Dwell no more of religion tell

A vision
Out of darkness
Away from fear or flight

Keep dreaming
With nature's seduction
Set the sail to see the light

Your one
The same if still two persons
Independent beside each other

Seen seeming
Without any contradiction
Able to care with co-operation

Your ask of me
I came with no reason
The season though as changed

I am leaning
To see the garden gate
With a past, past-over dilettante date

Softly, slow down, wait awhile

How softly could be spoken
How open
To a token of love

By the roadside
Would be broken
The unspoken language - love

That moment
Awoken by Neruda
With the gentleness above

Softer, less, let it be lower
Endowed
With the power of good

The flowers beside you
Shower
Your love

Wait
As long as you want to
Spoken soft, how should...

**You might cause offence, anyway why
wouldn't you**

Outside
The cricket pavilion
The sky is blue
Sauvignon
No trace of vermillion

In time
The censor tried
My friends
They cried
Just say Brazilian

A similar but deeper view

That day
A Friday afternoon
You
Home from work

In excitement
Could I
Come out with you
Soon

The canvas above
The fireplace
Sits in the study
Sitting room

Your eyes
Full of life
Alive
With joy

You humour
My trousers
The braced up
Corduroy

Out over the cornfields
The violet hue
A substitute for rapeseed
This season new

The Wolds wield
In the late
Then later
Summer afternoon

The cloth cut suit
On our date, worn
Not one moment
Too soon

That way
Dressed for the occasion
The poppies
They are in bloom

And would say
Hey
Please
Won't you share my room

Be there
With all of excitement
To wear your life
I forgot to mention

The tree in the middle
Of the cornfield & poppies
That we photographed
To hang above the mantel

Monday morning, poet's morning

Beyond the five bar gate
Over stiles and pathways
Alongside the hedgerows
By the cut of the vine

I wander freely
A country boy
Deep in farm land county

I keep these times with me
Somewhere within
They are my bounty

Ever should the city call
Or the engineer fall &
Try to rise again

The stream in a dingle
Bluebell woods &
Time my friend
In silent's fare to send

Before the delegate
& the bishop
Called from over the Nile

We with it
Before the clock
Turns nine

Number 35

This is the rule
For yes as always
There are rules
Wherever there are rulers

But mostly
They leave you alone
Last year for instance
I had a new hip

I didn't come up here
For six months
Or more but
They let that pass

You see seventy five percent
Have to be in production
Or you get
A tap on the shoulder

We pay two pounds
For the water
And fourteen more
For the land

That's not bad though is it
In exchange for being left alone
To tend the patch
With our own all weather hands

A reasonable life

A complexion
That shines
Without the stiffness or
Fixture of porcelain

A convention
Refined
Without the attitude or
Fixture of blame

A good bunch
Of course
Some of them are competitive
At competition time

It wasn't always
But now since, well anyway
I come up here
Most days just after lunch

And in the summer
On summer nights like these
Sometimes I
Stay till well after nine

My friend he went to Spain
Retire to the sun he said
He's back now
To live a real life he says

And to extend his allotted life
Once again

Complexion without complex

Sallow
In the feast
Or fallow fields
The shields of forgiveness

On this ample ground
Scatter seeds round how
And the earth will nurture
Give you all your just desserts

My fellow man
Now feisty ladies too
And my lads seen here helping
With my second hand green-house

The wife turns up
Sometimes
Not proper though
But neither still a foist

Just a woman see
Without organisation
Without a plan - not of course
That means all women

Anyhow
She cleans up
After me
Tidy like

Of course he added that a bit later

This is not on the south bank
Or down upbeat Boulevard way
No I'm afraid

It's just a coffee shop in a parking lot
An out of town, out of place
Shopping parade

And you
Do not mind
That you are late for work

Your unkindness then
To talk mildly
Of Rhasaan Roland Kirk

Across from Chelsea gardens
Uptown not so far away
The aroma of Elizabeth Arden

All of that from another day
Past times, walks to
Upshot galleries

With glass high cafeterias
In the sky...
All of that now gone

But not forgotten
The Rothko, the Derby
The new springs

Of early summers
When we did not mind
That we were late for work

Just to hear you:
Mistaken for
Your Captain Kirk

The back end of September

This could be
The long last day of summer
Time so free
Yet I have to perceive
Once again to become a number

Though not before the breeze
Or the sunrise
The lens filtered light
So tight my eyes; my hands
They have to find their own way

The gardener in a Lincoln smock
Serenades the fairground girl
With her Cleothorpes rock
The world's our oyster
Yet it stays unlocked

Sat here
In a Mediterranean
Zephyr
With English tea
And rose perfume

Among the pagodas
Down by the water's edge
The tinker's bells
Tinkle
Tap out their tune

It could be time
There is the breeze again
Through and out the garden
You know autumn's due, don't you
Though you might mistake it for June

Cut with a razors touch

Sat
On the arm
Of the vast armchair

Cat
You look
But you cannot stare

Your ears
Tuned to some
Super sensitivity

You listen
But you do not
Dare

Bat
On the edge
Of the cricket square

That she carried
You know she had
The care

Her hands
Tuned to some
Dutiful delivery

My throws though
Are curled, hurled
Without connectivity

Indebted to forever true

A triangle of light
A trig point
In personal space

This
Then a mountain
To climb with grace

Walk
One step
And then one other

Raindrops
Before the sleet
And snow

Wind chimes
Remind you
Of your mother

Inkspots
Plates dropped during the
Black and White Minstrel Show

Circular sunrise
Vehicular
And vernacular

Over nearby trees
And also
In far off valleys

&
On the Somerset flatlands as
Over the populous Lincolnshire Marshes

Across the Arizona desert
More slowly
Somewhere nearer home

Schoolmaster or Engineer

Talk
One word
And then one other

The bottoms
Dropped
From down below

Rhythm and rhyme
Remind you
Of your brother

&Amen Corner's
Slick haired
Andy Fairweather Low

A well pressed suit, o Lord
Close cropped slicked back hair
A bicycle with trouser clips
And memories of service
In the Second World War

I saw you today in Lincolnshire
A while ago for the both of us
I saw you heading for the post office
In Devon on the edge of Dartmoor

Your wife I will now surmise
Passed this way backalong
Dusted off her apron, polished the dresser
And shone the grandchild's shoes

The Maserati and Isuzu Impreza
Roar by
With the throttle to the floor
Passed the stockings & trousers

Summer sun descending

Faster than the well groomed flair

I'm not a working man
Nor are the rest of them
I think one day I can
Then I hear the news

The bicycles of Tiananmen Square
The flashing flesh of youth
I wondered if
O Lord; were you there

To turn you on
To pass you by
The leaves have gone
The sand is dry

O me o my
What am I escaping from
The southern sky
And dinner gong

It won't
Be long now
Nor in
Time past present

The time
Ahead to
Turn somehow
And not be led

If silence cannot catch you

To turn you on
To pass you by
The leaves have gone
Our time belie

The lean
& thinner coppice
Holds no winds
Or taller stories

Of highwaymen masquerading
As tramps or clowns
Or troubadours
In silks & finest gowns

She's mean
With rotten poppies
Rescinds the gold tops
And the chewy Cornish toffees

Of children festival parading
As harlots or darling dares
Or harlequins
In diamante with laced up squares

Now and here

I am keen but
Have long forgotten hobbies
I see no cinders fair
Or street lit flat trod Bobbies

Of adults escalating
To lovers with slow light flashes
And midnights passes or stay outs
In sackcloth and forlorn unborn ashes

It is a while since
I sat out in the garden
Even longer since I saw
The Cornish coastline
And never yet have I walked
Or talked on Suffolk sands

How could I forget this place
Only a few yards from our door
Here under the completely clear
Blue skies again today, a long way
From an uncertain keyboard
Or flickering computer screen

The last time I remember
I was looking for the peach tree
In the dark wet nights of early August
When instead of this excitable place
We watched TV
With our dinner on our knees

See how easy to become disconnected
To miss or forget
The wonder of the out of doors
Yet still today I cannot be still
I am not in comfort
Sat stiff in the September sun

The trampoline beckons as
I reckon these few extra ounces
Will steady the bounce as my now
Longer locks flounce in
The summer sunlight
Uncombed, unkempt, untroubled

Those last few apples
That the early autumn winds
Cannot dislodge
They take the last tastes of the summer
Their deep red satisfies the eye
That I have no desire to deny

The curved and twisted boughs
And branches borne with leaf
The golden & virgin
Will soon turn through youth to brown
Up & down the country
Yes this has been quite a summer

I dare say I've never been so happy
With time & place
To share and care and to be cared for
There is little need today
For litigate determination, no cause
To do much more than be thankful

To be here in the moment
And to know it is where we are
And to know that you will join me
As we walk and talk
Of and on
The Norfolk and Suffolk beaches

