



News from flatlands and marshes

Christopher
Sanderson

Contents

Ingratiate (less so now)	3
Only for your own eyes	4
Travel from the truth	5
Where do you go to my doubter	6
Nostalgia no more to need	7
Put it on the tab	8
Attitude	9
To the bottom of the sea	10
On touching skin	11
I did not bring someone else’s wisdom	12
IKEA or Habitat	13
Unmanned level crossing	14
A period of inactivity or state of equilibrium; a stoppage of the flow, the flow of body fluids	16
On receipt of your notification	17
Before or ever after	18
On thinking of Willoughby Creek	19
Is it	20
Wave don’t drown	21
Cake and ale	21
I hear voices	22
Red	23

Ingratiate (less so now)

I cannot wait to begin
I began again
Once or twice before

The sin of just another moment
Before the sunrise
Rose again

Estates and tree lined driveways
Byways
And country lanes

The din of just another moment
Before the crossing gate
Cuts across the track

I hesitate
Again I begin
I do it more and more

Tin cans in farm land county
Before the young folks
Chose to go away

I'm late, it is within
We cannot wait
We must begin

As we did
Once or twice
Before

Only for your own eyes

Close your eyes
Clothe them
In Septembers sun

In flower power
Paisley patterns
Let minds wander run

Doze in daydreams
Arise to the precipice
Along the paths of joy

Close your eyes
On horizons vast of
Thoughts to shun

Instead we rest
In the now we vest
Of times so far unsung

Choose in maybes
As if exposed
To a different drum

Who glows now so
That we may mean
A settle of the simpler sun

Travel from the truth

Long and cold December
From darkness into light
Enter morning after night
Sunshine in September
Before the autumn rains

Dark times
In the daytime
Posture
Their goes
The cloak of pain

In the forest
Of the mighty oak we care
Beware those heavy raindrops
The loafer or the lugubrious
He lies there in his lair

Back on the pagan years
The minstrels
And the roustabouts
Dark days of late summer
Before the winter fights we fear

From light into darkness
Enter evening after noon
Dark time in grey September
When just as before my silver moon
In gloom she enters my sitting room

Dark time
Not now though to remember
Always and forever lend her
The light shall rise again
From the embers déjà vu

Where do you go to my doubter

Feel the tension flee
The cool sensation of being you
Now and in the times to see
The poet is to step on through

Wander in meadows, or sit fast
At kitchen tables as time passed
In fair sunlight
The dew is on the grass

And the misfit
He hits out for home at last
From the past into the present
Scent of mulberry and blue

On the plains
And corn exchange crescents
The bookshops
Bring their pleasure do

With reflection of the morning
Past the dark time in to night
Sleep and dreams are dawning
To lean beyond we might

See again *The Windhover* in flight
Stumbles of sounds be gentle
Clasp with the now of Zen insight
Let us go there deep & elemental

Nostalgia no more to need

Now and in my time I see
The shadows stronger
In the sunlight
The darkness longer
Towards the far away night
Sat at this four legged table
On a four legged wooden chair
By the window
With daylight beaming

Why not write
Of that I dare to care
Mickie Most
And Mighty Marvel
The Hotspur comic
For the true blue
Chip shop soccer dude

Cavalcades and
Off to the carnival

To find the stuff
To turn my mood
It seems that dragons
Do have dungeons
As also kestrels hover
When in flight

And the dolphin
By the bays edge
Early evening
Hold me tight

Now and in the
Time I'm me
The shadow burns
A fair deceit
I am stronger
In the sunlight
In the time as
I am meant to be

Put it on the tab

Desiderata, or was it Kahlil Gibran
Or Jonathon Livingston Seagull
The airport lounge in
Durban or Dublin or Donegal

Bless all the pontiff's men
Here in their crocodile skin shoes
Good news if you are on their side
Stood or standing ten feet tall

Otherwise with the under belt of truth
You'd better start with heart strings felt
To sing of slaves & those
Sorrowful songs; the blues

They took me on at college
And I so nearly did not go

An old fool with long whiskers
The man I'd come to know

Without a hint of church or grace
Though some thanks to a bit of Zen
& the Songs of Mr Cohen
I turned myself to sing again

Here for my mother
Undone by the scales
And wary of my
Welcome up above

It as to be the water not the wine
Without the numbness
Of the unfortunate
Snake skin brother

Attitude

Spring springs in before the summer
Autumn lights sparkle in the fallen rain
Down leafy lanes and broadways
The same old songs sound out again

Andy Fairweather Low
So very long ago
He looked good in truth
& I looked good, struth

The brotherhood of man
Sisters doing it too
Fair haired in denim jeans
Skin tight, sky blue

The corn is cut
The dew is on the thistle
The day begins brand new
Those two rose counties

And all other advocates
No longer point to war
In the afterglow
Or effervescent incantation light

Might we see
Beyond the fog of youth
Further to the close cut fringe
Of what is good & right

To the bottom of the sea

Could you be a sparkle sea
There beyond the water
Would the tree with flicker free
Tell the story to our daughter

These are the long horizons
The escape from now or here
To wonder and wander in our mind
Thoughts to rise and fall and disappear

Yet that sunlight bounces without aim
It seems to find the breeze blown leaf
On its way across these reflections
There to catch the eye of my mischief

All the while some buzzing noise
A dizziness of sounds around
The torn turned down stature
All unfound to concentrate

I look at the photograph
And the bullets in the alabaster
That last bit simply is not true
I have been nowhere near no war

Never a prisoner or a miner
Or a student of Theodore
But I've seen the movies and
Read Shevchenko after noon

I saw Craiglockhart recreated
With Owen and Sassoon
That day I took a photograph...
More than just very big numbers

It's true
Twenty million
Russians died
For that to be my view

On touching skin

No wonder then that we wander
Observe over the treetops dressed
Through the ginnel and the back passage
Past the orchard and the printing press

There is no stop to our search
For a door, open or otherwise
Therein wherein we learn to enter
Could it be the sparkle sea

Clear water for the dolphin
Without of trouble
Free of all, least of all
The last distemper

Clean water, blue skies
A coastline for the county
We travel the long roads
To see our inlaid beauty

Later
We take off our clothes
Cast in a haphazard pile
Our wait was long but over

The state we work our self in
No thought
To begin a slower
Decomposed exposure

Clear water, soft thighs
A coastline, a silk road
A passage
Of freedom and pearls

I did not bring someone else's wisdom

Later
We sip chilled white wine
In a care couldn't less embrace
Our wait was worth the chase

A well thumbed book
A collection of beautiful stories
An oft thumbed crutch for you
Hope somewhere behind the glory
Good will triumph
If to win is good
Evil will be defeated
Unless that is
I or you
Misunderstood
Or have been misled
You did see the sunshine
You told me you felt its warmth
But that was not enough
Or maybe it was more than enough
For you to thank your god
And the virgin birth
For your certainty of deliverance
Prayed for with

IKEA or Habitat

And for all your worth
My words are seen
By very few people
But they hold me free
In deep they are the inward
And outward beauty of me
They speak of the gift of breath
Without the need of steeples
They wreak the wrath of death
My freedom is frail as people
You might say even feeble
These though are my words
Intrinsically part of me
I hope you are so fortunate
Now I have to go
Good day

He acts daft
She calls him the fool
His roundedness confounds
What on earth is she to do
Yet, or so it appears to me
They are a close together two

There though
Listen to the bitterness
The taste
Of Apricot and grapefruit
The unbridled sourness

I am astounded
By her voice
Spitting tacks
Littered with sour observations
Do they ever have a choice

The wickedness

Unmanned level crossing

Piled on
So many years of
Waiting and wanting
Sticks and stones
And who knows even
Maybe broken bones
Piled on
So many years of
Wanting and waiting

Monday in the morning
The first customers
At this place
To make a house a home

I am here alone
Although I am not lonely
But still I wonder
About their a wonderful life...
Why wait for such a wonderful life

The twenty mile view
News from flatlands and marshes
Earlier, as in preview
We saw the vases of Mr Grayson Perry

Up cobbled streets, in no hurry we slow
And go down past the west windowed houses
In embroidered flouncy skirts
And broad waist corduroy trousers

Now... somehow
Back in the county mansion
We stand to wait, upright at the door
For the carriage to return, bare, but

Not without news
Of old chestnuts and peregrine
Falcons, and New England
In the fall after all

Thus spoke one who speaks of one
Who has gone before
The one who saw the snowdrops
And the trees in beauty's stare

With leaves scattered
On the pavements
& as a matter of fact
Among the picked up parking lots

Stop... still, in the now of welcome
Wait here with the moment
Quietly
Somehow let the breath be slow

Wipe your brow
And settle on the present sea
On this
The current undulation

The station
Will stop the train
If and when it's due
Or even meant to be

A period of inactivity or state of equilibrium; a stoppage of the flow, the flow of body fluids

Photographs; further away than the
Ancients whose history you speak of
The ginnel, the tunnel, the pit prop
& fairgrounds laid down for the focus

The stasis stayed with me
Amplified in memory
By being chosen both here
& from way across the water

From the pictures and the words
It is such a small step
There to here; hear now
It is the brass band playing

Smell the cobbles washed
Fresh with mist fallen rain
Hobbled with the footprints
Of the bakers dozen

Easy then as now
Not to pick up a brush; or some other
Suitable vocation, to stay steady
Going & being nowhere

Until that is procreation
Put its head around your open door
Takes you to her kitchen
To take her on the floor

You, the sudden rush of blood
The shortest softest moment
Sets you up
For the hardest line of life

Photographs; nearer now than the present
Times that they speak of
The wavy hair; fairgrounds, stood round
For the loci or for the locomotion

On receipt of your notification

It's been a game up to now
A walk in the park
A breeze

One letter changes all of that
The new nights in the dark
With flared bare trees tall & stark

Am I up to this
Have I got the mettle
Will I stay; may I even settle

It was said I would not be here
Otherwise
No let's not go there

The words of good
They should come
From everywhere

That first Christmas football
All of life is fun to be
Unconditionally, in love & free

The handbook changes all of that
A new reality wanders in and dawns
With scared bare knees she spawns

Can I make it
Shall I forge and fettle
I will stay, I may even settle

Before or ever after

Chink of
Southern sky
Flustered oranges
I slowly pass on by

Still leaves
Hang without a dream
Here with the daybreak
Before the whirlwind rises
Or flickers before a start

A chink of the me o my
Matters not the drink
Or the potted jelly
With the dishes
In the sink

Wilful light
Downcasts on
The shapes I mean
Here and as we wake
Before the collection or
The day's inspection
Of all moving parts

Chink of
Happy sighs
Flattered lemons
Near on almost night

On thinking of Willoughby Creek

Would that it should come to this
The tingle
Of the ill fitted skin

Rattles of roughened blood
Always at the junction
By the flat stood toes

The battle of
Does it matter
Anymore

Or
Feared of misrepresentation;
The footsteps on the shore

The blue sky
With shiny
Silver cloud

Morning
Sweet separation
Of what I could not know

The loud exhaust
And thin tight muffler
Laid

Lord knows atop the
Iron radiator; at the window
As by the fast flood goes

Is it

The journey or the place
Being with you or
Not to know how it is
In any other

To be
Going or still
With you
Among daft smiles

Windowsills
Of daffodils
Look
At the wisteria

Under
And over

The thickened
Twisted branch

This chance lasted &
Began again
To show how it is
In any other

To see
Open & still
With you
Among, as we talked awhile

Wave don't drown

This one minute sat; without a worry
About where the next minute will be
Although soon to be there, no worry

The pile of ticks and tocks
A pyramid or fire stack interwoven
Interlocked ticks and tocks

Pen du lum pen du lum
Once again around the block
Pen du lum tick and tock

This one minute sat, as you say goodbye
Why worry where the next moment will
Although soon to be there, am I

Cake and ale

Rectangular slots
Punched
With a fifty tonne, more or less
Up and down, printers press

Round wire loops
Bound
By a mother's son, more or less
In and out, the crimplene dress

Tea on the coffee table
Cabbage on the cooker
By the kitchen fire
Of that we never tire

This booklet of mine
Rectangular rooms, roundabout the houses
In and out the blouses, the
Flowered vases, glass jugs & thin gravy

I hear voices

Wood

Turned, sanded, polished & varnished

Worthwhile work

Worthy to save you from the sanatorium

A pint of beer

A reminisce of whatever happened

Society, social gathering

Inside another room

Also

Of twenty seven cubic metres

Nowhere further

For your outreach thoughts to roam

Should

Anybody work out the past to

Pass it on

About that other idea; to clear you out

A coffee cup

A cake and interrupted conversation

Stay awhile, please don't go

Help me to understand

I like you

You are quite ordinary and you can see

That I am frightened, afraid

Of becoming old or being an adult

It's fun to play

To think unruly thoughts

Not to go home; now or ever

Never not ever to settle down

Red

I could step over this precipice
But is it that; the exclusion
The non involvement
That has kept me sane

With tears in my eyes
I watch your final speech
Your detachment
Reaches for my space

You use the word
Progressive, who
Could argue with that
Today no one does

But this is not about you
Or a just or worthy cause
But it is about me, can
I take up the gauntlet

The idea that the student
Works harder than
The master, without
The streamed equality of pay

Or the day that
Nothing happens for that
Son of mine or the many others
Of his generation, tomorrow or thereafter

Or of my own time ahead
Without security
Of tenure or pension
And anyway

What would that offer
Except to rant and rave
Yes I could step
Over the precipice, but

