

# Rainbows on my Spectacles

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## Peaceful deflection

Crimson in bloom  
Right beside the buttercup  
A fair distance  
From the pampas grass

Or the overhead  
Twin propelled  
Airships aeronautical  
Extravaganza

A little closer  
A good deal closer  
With closed petals  
And

The touch of silk  
Colours  
Of the oriental  
Sunrise

Escape from  
Thistles throttled  
Bottled scent worn  
On special days

And Saturdays  
And always  
Worn - always  
When in love

I sprinkle dry grass  
On my cotton  
Sweatshirt  
To see the

Shadowed patterns  
& to see the  
Sparkle of the sunlight's  
Rainbows on my spectacles

## Of imperfect words

Smell of fresh grass  
Smell of death grass  
Aroma of peaceful  
Deflection in the suns time

Of late afternoons  
Later more than mornings  
Before the day sets with the  
Dance of the evening primrose

Long thin grasses waiver & bend  
As if the heat's rays defeat them  
Though now the breeze  
With her soft fingers

She tends them  
Lends them back a life  
She stands them up to be  
Once more erect

Mown grass cut in crooked lines  
She finds her beauty in the painter's eye  
There by the water butt and the buzzing' fly

Twisted bark and washing lines water falls  
Drying out the nearly nigh on summer  
Starched collars and double cuffs

A uniform to bluff the chuffs you must  
Just now and then approve or disapprove of  
A lazy space, a place to phase

A future resurrection, a collection filed under;  
Imperfect words, absurd to think that they  
Make you smile, while all awhile

The workmen wonder, thunder rolls  
Rambles stroll, all for the love of  
Summer & everyone east of Clumber

With lumberjacks and Rockies hats  
And right on mountains  
With fountains to the sea; to the  
Waterfalls and operatic stalls &

Hold all the calls for then you'll see  
The mown grass, past  
The fir pined tree, beside  
The painter man & me

## **Pink white blossom**

Crooked vine you have turned  
At every turn  
Learned not of going back

Always instead to reach out without end  
Or fall away  
Wither thereby to die a quicker death

Curvaceous leaf your sheaf and shape  
With pleasure gives  
Stains of the toughest twice turned cheek

Always instead to float until way past late  
Or clipped, annotated as a signature  
On the vase or cheque

Pink white blossom you arrive unnoticed  
Yet blessed  
Forgiven with thanks for the hibernation time

Always to spume your fine perfume  
Or dust  
Past pictures of long pastured pavements

## **Incest and other conversations**

Mottled  
Colours through crimson bottles  
Glass past do you wonder

Petticoats on soft skin  
Racehorses on close run rails  
Fair last these days of summer  
Cared for with love of  
Deeper understandings

Shadows only on the raindrops  
Or the quenching waters  
Blast furnace do you recall

Cold beer; brow borne beads of sweat  
Incest and other conversation  
Cast figures, days when daylight fails  
Shared with the untouched love of  
Deep misunderstandings

## Capture

Cracked earth  
Your sign  
Of sunshine after rain

Of clay  
Close upon your surface  
Of winters now far away

Wide grass wedged between your thumbs  
In front of your cupped fingers  
Your breath

Without the grass gives a hoot  
Or is it an owl  
Somewhere in the distance

This moment  
I stroke beneath your eyelid; then  
Ask that you turn

To face into the sun  
Such that the camera  
May catch (capture)

More than just the essence  
Of the past or the future  
Or your presence

In sepia tone  
Or black and white  
Or Eastman Kodak colour

## Maketh the man

Striped deckchairs  
Chiffon dress  
Heads in books  
A softer breeze

And beds with plumped up pillows  
Rose gardens  
Willows  
Cups of tea

Quintessential  
Fits as if  
A three-piece suit  
Or suite

With ducks  
Plaster cast threefold  
In flight  
Across the fire place wall

So what would you take with you more than a  
paper a pen and the sanity to fetch back from  
your mind that which you have already  
known and that which you know is what  
makes up the difference between here and  
there and now and then what would you take  
with you to maketh the man.

Checked frocks  
Embroidered smocks  
Garlands round the maypole  
Hand pulled ales  
Hills and vales  
And strangers resounding  
At the clarion call  
The tall trees now in slumber  
Somewhere East of Clumber

Deferential  
Sticks unpicked

Past glories  
Lost & stumbled  
The shoddy without the shimmer  
With thread and pin  
Therein to sing  
That sometime the fabric's time  
Not the medals  
The fabrics time doth cometh

## Worn Sweat

Into the early morning  
Not far in time to sleep  
Deep dreams  
Horizons and sunsets

Escape or creep back  
To the Inchcape  
They're from west  
Of wayward slumbers

Up and over the brow  
Boldly off the Wolds  
Off the clay and chalk  
Off the sleep time talk  
And the bare fair set  
Of mazy wanderings

Up and over the treetops  
Torn away off the trunk  
Off the branch

## Feared of shame and sensation

And the twig  
And skunk  
Of the night time

Cigarette  
The scared  
Worn sweat

Bared  
By crazy  
Wanderings

I don't do attitude  
I'm here  
More than I'm away

In my mind  
There's endless gratitude  
For the darling buds of May

I'll stay  
If that's ok  
On this line of latitude

There sway  
My cares to stay  
More oft here than away

I'll stay on this line of latitude  
If with your attitude  
You say that it's ok

If with your attitude  
You show me gratitude  
Then that's ok

And here I'll stay  
Then it's ok  
So here I'll stay

## **There goes her shadow**

Would that I would want you  
Blood being thicker, sicker than water  
Stood there under the moon  
Should so soon my lady's heirloom  
There have seen the bloom

She stands in the empty church  
In the cold and open doorway  
She sings her songs in silence  
Of all who've passed her way

Passed her on  
Into the darkness  
Passed her on under  
Beneath the headstones

Passed into streams of trickled water  
To doubt and fear of childless daughters  
Their virgin folds stay untold they've kept  
Apart much more than just two families

Motherhood never to be discovered  
Never to be smothered  
With the love  
That only a child can give

Epilepsy now nowhere near the madness  
Sad that then so misunderstood  
Much the same  
When came the manic depression  
Suppressed; repossession  
Brought the only clue

Now stand  
Here in the...  
Feel  
There blows the breeze  
Now stand  
Here in the...  
Listen

There goes her shadow  
Now stand  
Here in the...  
O would that you would want me

Miss Understood  
Sicklier  
But thicker than water

## About eight

Stalled  
Seven tall  
Into the set of sun

Stopped  
Then dropped  
This war my course is out

No one knows  
These words I shout  
No one understands

Always doubt  
My words about  
And no one gives a damn

So let me set it straight  
Nothing clever; wait  
Let me hesitate

Simply a celebration  
Rows of poppies  
In a wild garden

About eight in the evening  
A setting sun  
In these first few days of summer

A photograph  
You smile we laugh  
The light catches all the crinkles

We've sprinkled magic dust  
On lost generations rust  
Just in time to mingle

Single  
Feel the torch-less tingle  
Be free

## Nowhere that we need to be

Moths  
Caught  
In the full beam  
Of the halogen headlights

Dancing  
Dance to the music  
Dance to the spirit  
Or dance

To the silence of the summer

Listen out  
For the ever present  
Resonant frequencies

Still born of death  
Forever  
Somewhere

Or hereabouts  
In deep sleep's  
Midnight air

Dance to that time not so long ago  
When madness was protected  
By the curse of childlessness  
On future generations

Nine miles or nigh on ninety years  
To nowhere now that we need to be  
We are set free to see the grief  
Believe the spectacle of families torn apart

Silently in silence we wonder

Would we be then be here if  
Without our own furrowed brows  
Without those doubts and burdens

If we  
As they had not to say  
That this is the past  
The last and final curtain

The hoedown  
The showdown  
The windblown ground  
Around the gravestones  
Of the slowdown motel

She then  
Betrothed and ached  
Once

Which was one time too many  
She caught on

Yet for whose sake  
Fell short of the full term dream

Let off those bewitched  
And barbaric wicked deadlines  
Headlines now

Though then it seems  
An everyday occurrence

## A few days ago

It was seven when we set off to the sea, but, even before we were lost we had changed our destination. A while before we had spoke of going to this place; to listen to the silence, to make love with nature, in nature with the noise of nothingness, to be there, with peace, with richness all around us.

The festival is a few weeks away, but already the campers have begun to arrive, the half-barrel barbecues burn, over the twigs of beech and hazel. Unperturbed we climb the stile, with its water tap and its own electric light; we wander off, out among the grasses, you lead on pulling your clothes gently together.

I take a photograph of my shadow, of your stature, of the swaying grasses, in the

space that is somehow between us. We wonder at the wondrous landscape, as we lay down with our love beside us stillness brings the spoken and unspoken meditation, for which we thank, for which we bless.

And then we rise, just as the moon rose above us; we each take our picture, we each take the moons picture, we hold hands and slowly walk away, find our way back, slowly onwards on from this place called heaven.

The moon is full; a few days ago, after our walk through Tennyson country we had talked of returning to the church, in the still of night. The map book was with many torn out pages yet still Tetford and Somersby survive; both found on the plotted paper, and both found by our slow drive with the surest of directions.

We park, by the telephone box across the road from Lord Tennyson's birthplace, next door to the castellated, misplaced, fading into decay, mansion diversion.

The churchyard gate is open, the Yew is still; we stand together, at the unopened unbolted door, I feel afraid, I feel your fear. We enter together; the door we have left open, we hug; our fear is transferred, passed through one to the other, then onwards into that place that no one ever knows.

After a while we sit in the pews, though I cannot settle; this is your place, this silent beauty suits you, it belongs to you, I stand aside and reflect back upon your stillness.

We walk at zero pace, ambling without

haste or urgency, to the still parked car after closing the church door secure behind us. The moon is full, well almost, just a shade of orange, just a wisp of cloud.

We drive off, the moths dance in the glare of the headlights, we are heading home; tonight we have entered into the land of magic, tonight we have entered, into the land of love.

## Onwards among the sprinkled poppies

In the seventh summer  
Slip, I dipped on the  
Trip to pink flamingos

Now my seventeenth number  
Flip, I'm clipped on the  
Strip of fair way gringos

In between the innocence  
& the heartache  
What seems the green grass

The second class  
Of the mother, of the child  
Of the both without a father

In their seven rows  
Strips of once wild poppies  
Nipped in bud, for the flower show

Now my seventeen insecurities  
Drip into my shattered mind  
Rainy days; the sipped sour wine of impurity

In between the hazel & the hedgerow  
What seems the pasture, swift past rapture  
Of the other, of the wild

Of the both without the hope, or rather  
To be in the seventh seventeenth summer  
Somewhere between home & away & eternity

The graveyards, the birthplace  
The endless timeless journey  
Trips to pink flamingos

Stripped bare the fair play gringo's  
Swathes that wave; rave on, onwards  
Among the sprinkled poppies

## Churchyards & hilltops

Love & dust  
So close they spoke together  
If ever you have been  
Deep into the quiet country

Someone was born here  
But you were not here, at the birth  
Or even at the death, except  
That now you touch the silence, you

Smell the yew, how do you do that; be  
True, to the truth inside you  
Laid down now, deep yet here beside you

Earlier the breeze on the plateau  
Of long grass; grasses danced & swayed  
Played for mother earth's fair children

Who listened; called for by the stillness  
The starless sky, the orange moon  
The grass filled camera's eye

The still moon; that sent just, justly  
Love and dust - choose; walk  
Forever together or so far before

Unexpected to come upon  
Afraid of fear, of fright, of sight  
At the unopened door

As the dusk turns into full on darkness  
And the churchyard says go silent  
Silent into the dark of darkened night

