

A close-up photograph of a grass stem with a blurred orange sun in the background. The grass is in sharp focus, showing its intricate structure. The background is a deep blue, suggesting a clear sky at dusk or dawn. The sun is a bright, out-of-focus circle of orange and yellow light. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

I suppose
you could
call it
country

Christopher
Sanderson

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Rossetti

The pen says Rossetti
The picture
In my mind is of a face
With an engaging smile

A closed door
An open space
Above the floor
Aside in place

A cry for more
Of love to taste
An open door
On Rossetti's face

Luminous intensity

The sun strikes from high above
Thirty years or more ago
At university or in love
We spoke of Lumens
His law and the afterglow
Of Luminous intensity

Immense then the
Density of the obnoxious teenager
Leaning against the bar in fair refrain
A peacock on the prowl
A scowl for all authority

Some things never change
And some things stay the same

Rising in the east
And setting in the west
Concave or convex
The arc between

Paddle and splash

Between the rise and set
Is blessed

Intense then the
Propensity of youth
Spent; fenced too far
In dares unfair domain
A hippopotamus with a growl
Cheek by jowl to remain

Some things never change
And some things stay the same

I am in my brother's garden
Alone
I am early
It is a mid June afternoon

My brother lives
I suppose you could call it country
But not an estate or a seat
Not in the grandest sense
Not a Chatsworth
Or a Balmoral
Or the old East Indies

Anyhow
Here I am
Here and waiting
And thinking

Could I ask you please?
Just for a moment

To choose
Your own favourite location

And
Then
For this moment
Listen to the wave's splash
If your place is by the sea
Where you wander
Or paddle and splash

Back here
I sit on the wooden bench
A close fit two-seater
Listen - I can hear the birdsong

I can hear the flap of wing
Can you
I can hear the buzzing fly

This is a time
Unplanned
Here I am
Alone
With nothing needing to be done
Nothing at all
At this time of now
Is expected of me

Can you imagine such a time
When all that is to be done
Is that which comes
From
Within your own imagination

Imagine
Time for thoughtful recreation
Spontaneous
Blameless contemplation
Or action

On the way of what to do

I guess the grass was cut a few days ago
Anyway the shed is locked
No access to the mower
Unless of course I act against the law
Break
And enter

But why would I
When instead I can sit here
In the sun and the shadow
Sit here
And write for you
While I listen out
For my brother

In these days of wondering
Days of wondering what to do
In these times of wondering
On the way to think of you
On the way to think
To think of what to do

So today the way
To blue skies and mountains
The way to spirits, souls
And stairways unladen
Today the way to play
The way that children do
Without the wander
Or the wonder
Of the wandering wondering
Wandering & wondering
What to do

What to do

Donna Nook

With the next few moments
The minutes and the hours
The days of country flowers
The seven steps to seek
That make up most my week

Seek out the moths
Sergei and stroganoff
The years of generations
Penetrations and separations
Of life lines into lifetimes

Take the pen
The paper and the pencil
Write down thoughts
Appropriate gestations
That may be met upon the spot
Past incarcerations
Or maybe not

If you still wonder why I
Say thank you
Then think on yesterday
Think on Donna Nook

The orchids
The meadows
The wobbly iron ladder
And the skeleton of a seal

Where otherwise
Would I have been
A computer screen
A television
A glass of lager
A cigarette
A sandwich
A stony single bed
And the no hope
Of another new deal

If then still you wonder
Think on nature's riches
There instead
Two people holding hands and laughing
Three people
Each with a camera
With a photographic bent
And a moth
Straight out of its cocoon

Stories of
The beach edge watchtower
Cups of tea and scorecards
While practice bombs are dropped

He's found you too (we all know a Buddhist)

You know a Buddhist
I know a Buddhist
Our friends know a Buddhist too

And then the meter reader called
The meter reader's time unfolds

Your friend is going to retreat
My friend he retreated too
He took some time to find himself
And there he then he found you too
And there and then
He found you too

You know Buddhists
I know Buddhists
Our friends know Buddhists too

And then the text machine of mine I scrolled

The text machine of time unfolds

Your Buddhist friend is going to die
It's all we ever know
He's arranged the words
For you to say
Upon his dying day
The never-ending words
For you to say
Upon his dying day or two

You knew a Buddhist
I knew a Buddhist
We all knew Buddhists too

In time lifelong films rich picture rolled
Lifelong films of past times unfold

Your friend is coming by

That day
A slow opening cocoon
The butterfly
With dual wings
Emerged beneath
The blue sky
Amid the
Orchid meadow

Our lives of love
They never die
They never ever do

You know a Buddhist
I know a Buddhist
We all know Buddhists too

You know a Buddhist
I knew a Buddhist
We all know Buddhists do

Bright side

Wide-open spaces
Rustle of a breeze
Through timeless grass
Birdsong
In flight
Above and out over
Downalong the meadow

Salt sands lay baking
Cracked earth
On barren beaches
Far reach
To past civilisations
Stationed
In retreat

Hillsides
Roll down
By wheat green grass
And corn

Not yet so high
O sigh for summer days
Summer days
Laid sideways such as these

Time
To reflect
To reconnect
With so many
Past
Beginnings
Forgiving
Living
Being alive

With skin
Our closest
Close
Companion
Here

Beside the
Whitest
Wild White Campion

Skin
Cradled around
Your finger
The ring of gold
Of
Past times
Last lines
Left to linger

Left
Bereft
Or bright side
Of many memories
Thoughts

Now to remember

On this quiet

There
Listen to the breeze
Listen
Through timeless grass

Justice lies wandering

Angst
Amid the scream of anger
The pain
Of growing up
The pain of being or becoming
A grown up growing up

Always in the past
Shit
That fucking stuff
That brings regret
Stuff that opens
All those darkened doors

Too far away
And far too close
To see or feel the love

Tears
And misheard conversations

No words bring justice
Where justice lies wandering
And hope is left squandering
Or pushed away completely

Fight
Or flight in unselfish persecution
Of self at best
Unworthy except of blame, shame that
You ever entered
Through life's wide open door

Cannot love
Ever be left like this
Ever like this be left

Instead
The will of ordination
Fingers just touch on fingers
For this is far too early

Far too early
For a full on come on
Shoulder wrapped embrace

Dare
Of each and then of each other
Enter always the complicated situations
Engage your care
Back into those deep
Wide and furlong furrows

Leave space
Burrowed
With time

With gentleness

Of room for mistakes
And misappropriations
Conserve creation to cherish

This love too far away
And far too close
To see or even to be seen

And so also for you and I

You smile
Into my open eyes
I defy anyone
Not to call you beauty

A golden mean
A ratio rule
Everything in proportion
Life
And all that she offers
In a skin sealed envelope
Posted with a smile

Any kind of music
Or sounds only of birdsong
Any time you choose
In bounds the light
In time
In tempo
In mood

In or about
To be with love
In or about to be
With love

You begin
With mist moist eyes
Surprised
By disingenuous guys
I lie beside you
I defy anyone
Not to call you beauty

Any or another imagination
Any soldier, any platform
Any station, any journey
Lovers they
Gaze to say goodbye
And so also for you and I
This morning

We gaze to say goodbye
To rush headlong
Towards our next meeting
To rush headlong
Towards our afternoon

For our journeys are local
Also further than the clouds
For our togetherness is total
Also further out
Beyond and proud

You sing
With an unsteady tremble
Soft female sounds
Permeate your grounds
I try & decide

To defy anyone
Not to call you beauty
I cry and softly
Politely
Defy anyone
Not to name you beauty

I love you & I'm not sorry

I love you & I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry for the way I feel
I don't feel sorry for you, I'm in love
And love's the thing that's real

Whatever happened happened
Whatever is past is past
It's not the you that's dampened
It's not the you that's cast

So let's celebrate your ingenuity
Your tears to make us laugh
So let's celebrate also incongruity
Your fears to chase the chaff

I love you & I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry for the way I feel
I don't feel sorry for you, I'm in love
And love's the thing we steal

Of wider fortunes frown

Smile
Eyes of bigger fortunes
Trails blazed
In longer grass

Meanwhile
Cries of doubt are cast
Held now steady
Here in working class

Stiles
And cucumber sandwiches
Picnics, pitchers and jeroboams
Of blackcurrant and lemonade

Meanwhile
Survivors of lives endured
Fair now ready
Where are their good times past

I do believe the artist could be on to something

Trials...
Weights and tribulations
Of bigger nations
In times of famine or fast

Meanwhile
Those eyes
Of wider fortunes frown
In a round, sound & stronger glass

The moving sculpture represents water
The moving water
Asks the water lilies to stand proud
And the occasional sunlight
Spirits through the broken cloud

The breeze lifts
My fine auburn hair
In waves across
Thin framed spectacles

A light lead
Is automatically fed
Into my Rotring
Vorsprung dur technic
Precise point pencil

I look for words
& draughtsman's kerbs

Straight lines to nowhere
Are long forgotten
Gardeners move hither

Into and out of
The garden centre they wither
They choose to wilt
In silt that's out of sunlight

Anything or nothing
To avoid the metallic cams
And the tubular rings
Which at this moment lie still
Defiant under the gaze
Of the two wishful brothers

The sculpture now an installation

Springs into life
Visually

I do believe that the artist is on to something
But as always
It is the detail that lets him down

The sounds
Of ill fitting mechanisation
The grind that grinds you down
The resounding sound
Of ill fitting mechanisation

The sculpture now an installation
An installation that goes up and down
But in sympathetic non symphonic time
The sculptress she wears a frown

