

A photograph of three people in a field. A woman in a denim jacket is in the center, gesturing with her hands. To her left, another woman is looking at her. In the foreground on the left, the back of a man's head and shoulder is visible. The background is a bright, hazy sky over a field of tall grass. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

He waits for the season
Her reason is clear

**Christopher
Sanderson**

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Rinse

Back still
With the ripple
Of step down falling water

Restored
To lay over
The endless drone

Of articulated lorries
Whose highway robbery
Is to steal the silence

The quiet
Of lost generations
With ill fitting clothes

And shall we say
Creative
Colour combinations

It is a blue grey
Clear cloudy sky day
It has been, ever since morning

Jake please

This is the morning
All of a muddle
All getting ready
To step into puddles
And catch the gravy trains

Down there in London
On the bus
On the tube
Rides in tunnels going nowhere &
Trains turning back home again

This is just a little while later
The garden gate swings open
Scented roses loud and proud
Stand out without of shrouds
In the full view of the meadow

Back here in Lincoln
In the cathedral, feet without shoes
Verses whispered
Songs unsung
Undone by rhythms and blues

This is the coffee time
Scones and jam and cake
Words fall over words stand by
Jake please
Rake those fake leaves away

Poets, painters and musicians

Over the water
Into kitchens full of stories
Of wizards and witches
Weather gods
To set the farmers free

Land below the water line
Beyond the freedom fields
Laid to rest long before the winter
Fallow fields this year
The odd fellow's folds appear

Our endless deserts
Lost of love
Unquestioned in haste
Wandering families
Farmers and gypsies and
Bedouins in transit

Land above the waste line
Beyond the freedom fields
Stayed unblessed long before the sun
Cracked earth, as this year
Earth cracks re-appear

Over all our homelands
Care is overflowing
Falling over with love
Innocent children, hopeful of
Life itself; such as discovered by
Poets, painters and musicians
And all such ordinary people

Still

Just after the peak experience
Or not long after making love
Out on the highway
Somewhere between
The street and the sky

Old houses with flowered gardens
Mysterious celebrations
Untouched garlands just out of reach
In the soft haze of summer
Back beyond past centuries

Trinkets, fairies and geodesic domes
Flounce flared skirts
Tapes to the maypole twisted
With skips knowing of joy
The joy of unconditional love

Still time reflects on ever
As feet in dappled water
Out on the sandbank
Somewhere between
The neap and the tide

Still lines reflect now never
Meet my spangled saunter, wow
Out of the moment
Somewhere between
Where and why

Unregulated oblivion

Darkness she fairly
Scared you
Feared you there
Of the morning light

Never to be awakened
By mother
By nature or
Her morning knights

The sleep is such a treasure
Unregulated oblivion
Safe places
Safe and alone

Deep into darkness
Never to be awakened
Never to hear the cry

The joyful cry of life
Of happiness and bliss
Of softness or soft lips kissed

Darkness she now so rarely
Scares you
Without fear you bathe
In her golden morning light

Forever to be wakened
By mother, father and son
By brothers, sisters and lovers
Awakened by everyone

And all
Of those who site
The feared darkness of night

Psychological warfare

Friends talk of trauma
Of tough lifetimes
Of undue cruelty
And harsh associations

They talk with love
Deserve
For care
Soon to be rewarded

That time is here
In the saddlebag a mirror
For connections
To be fair reflected

Past troubles
Softened with hugs and
Embraces; quiet places
Found together

Fear, the muteness of dejection
Silently rejected
Even without
One word of reply

That was
Psychological warfare
For which
All are unprepared

Here love is clear
In these hands a cradle
For cares
Safely to be swayed

Past doubts
Smashed with endless action
With energetic research
Dashed with boundless fun

Off the main road

This is the open road
Hedgerows
Brambles
Hawthorns

If I knew
The names
Of all the species
I could be here for hours

Trees
Windblown trees
Alone
In the middle of fields

The first town
Though it could be most anywhere
Is five and one half miles
Away

A lifetime's walk
For a smaller sentient being
Or for those who talk
But hardly ever leave home

Off the main road
Out into the country
Farmyards and gates
Gates named *Walled Garden*

Irrigation pipes
Laid over ground
Overgrown
Leaking

Coppice
Or
Clumps
Of historic woodlands

Overhanging
Leaf branch tunnels
Take me
Out into the sunlight

Back
On to the open road
To be home
Way before nightfall

Blood red

Feelings
In almost everyone
With long associations
With death
With waste
And pointless suffering

Symbolic
Standing tall
Swaying and shining
Smiling in the sun

Pressed
Stressed transparent like tissue
Transparent as the memories evoked

Sharpness
Shear and in contrast
To the gentle gentleness we poked

Without hesitation to harm
With sharp swords of such irony
Backdrop to the
Innocent
Backdrop to the
Outrageous and the triumphant

Wise man
He who brings flavour
Wise man
He who paints cowboys
Wise man
He who rides the barren landscape
Wise man
He who blends with the shades of blue

Dominant
Our bodies

Our health
Our friends

Our freedom; near sparkling, shimmering
Sun-kissed seas
And the never ending sound of the tides
Gently pushing and pulling

Desirous again
To join Cousteau
On Calypso

Exploring
Marvelling
Gardening

His sea - my garden
At present I see
All of this as mine

I like me

I like chocolate
I like tea
I like coffee
I like me

Love's a game
And we're a team
Life's the same
So much you mean

I can do esoteric
I can do what's my name
I can do atmospheric
Somehow though it's not the same

With care you came
That's how it seems
Your past in flames
My shoulder leans

I celebrate
I am proud
I share your love
I share your life

We dare the same
To hold our dreams
To dip our biscuits
In warm sweet tea

Confused by not knowing

Ashford in the Water
Daughter of somewhere on
Close to heaven
Under blue skies
Beside trickling streams
Sweet soulful music with a banjo
Plucked in time
To the sound of the rivulet

This water flows
Along the floor of the valley
Past the doors of grand houses
And the pensioners terraced cottages
In full view of the old man
In his smart suit
With his dear proud lady
Looking serene and smiling

Who would know of
Their trials and tribulations

Their summers, their winters
The autumns of their discontent
As they stroll among
The illusion of contentment
Confused by not knowing
What they're future holds

In the chapel at evensong
Or on the cricket field
Mown these past few mornings
Embroidered with the love
Of an artisans touch

The trickle of fresh water
Fills up the jugs of squash
This year as last, but maybe
No more to be served
With the brown bread
Home made
Cress & cucumber sandwiches

Cleared of consciousness

I've copied so many people
I have forgot complete
Who the man I am

Even
I've forgot the man
Who I was supposed to be

I've seen a million pictures
I've chased the setting sun
On the run or in forbearance

I've been
Who the man I
Was never ever meant to be

Ranges
Of fairground firing booths

Tastes
Of caramelised fried onions
One step in front of another one

Unseen
The man who became
Is now someone other

I've dreamt so many dreams
I've become an illusion
Confused just by myself

Clean
Cleared of consciousness
Do you then believe me

Cockerels and chiming bells in unison

Traffic roars
In both & all directions
Aeroplanes soar
Or at least that is my perception

I can see my foot, my tummy
I can feel the whole of my body
I see more colours
Than any camera can imagine

I am surrounded by a wider vista
Than any picture, or any canvas
A meditation space in a Japanese garden
Among all that is now

Pink poppies
Stalactites from the caves of China
And poetry
Written close on thirty years ago

Scones, with maple syrup and strawberry
Tea of wondrous fruit and herb infusion
Cockerels and chiming bells in unison
A breeze through the trees

Seeds fall; behind me a shelter
An observatory for the mind
I think of your garden, your smile
You and the sounds of music

The undone workings of love

I close my eyes
That to become illusory
Furnished by wine
I peruse the changing lights
The samba the rumba
The floating dance floor

Into the darkness of light
Inside my imagination
There without furniture
Without walnut or cherry
Or pine or mahogany or timber
Or sawn up packing crates

I am still without walking
Movement now stationary
Without desire
A pause in the journey
A reflection of the sunrise
Sunsets set in past pastures

Into the lightness of being
Deep streams of clear water
Thoughts of worthy tasks
There to be undertaken
Thought slips of the faking
The undone workings of love

Four intimate musicians

You are their friend
And their proclaimer
You name them man and wife

Their love for each other reflected
With care for friends and family
With love for all other onlookers

A proud smile engages
Clear words well chosen, soft spoken
Are heard in all the far corners

Heard in the depths
Of the chamber
And of the body

Laughter, tears, joy
Forever
So much celebration

A poem
Four intimate musicians
Children sat in shared contentment

A sense of purpose
Sent by chance and there caught
Captured without question

A marriage
A gathering of families
Old and young, young and old

Untold stories soon unfold
Into the afternoon
Into the evening

And then forever onwards
Beyond the settled end of day
Beyond the seeing as we say

Fleeting moments and tube extruders

Almost too warm for the flowers
For instance the primrose
Whose paper thin - even thinner
Leaves populated by tiny
Specks of black bits moving

The tiniest of invaders
Alive on the dying leaf
By evening a new pod
If that is the name
Evades the upright shoots

Anyhow
The chair is broken
Overweight
And none too delicate
In the sitting

The tubular frame
Closed in on itself

It's core only of air
Offered so very
Little resistance

Back to the foundry
Back to the tube extruder
Back to the drawing board
Or the miscalculating computer

The evening primrose
Will open, around sunset
You remember the girls
Chasing round the garden

Once and again to capture
Your dubious desires
In a mind of fleeting moments
To capture nature's beauty
There to be in beauty
Beside the broken chair

My office a garden

This is a Monday morning
My office a garden
My work
To care about the words I choose

To remember the dust laden
Smokestack chimneys
And frozen days
In then chosen clay pit quarries

To remember rising at five
On the road before daybreak
And bringing back
So little food for the soul

Here in the garden
I can smell the fresh cut grass
Listen to the birds and the flies
Hear the glide, the buzz and the zoom

My horizon
Is a blue sky
Above and beyond
The seven red brick chimneys

On this terrace row
There is only one roof-light
Only one room at night
For children to see the stars

Then thanks
Let us say thanks
For our imaginations
For to imagine a garden

A rosebud
A flower
Our own piece
Of loves imagination at work

In fighting practice

I have moved into the shade
Although the paper
Is still in dappled sunlight
And the shadow of thumb and pencil
Move across the page

The apple tree spreads across more
Than half the garden
On the day before the 4th July
The tree is so very heavily laden
Though still yet to ripen

The fruits will fall
Some already have
And in the trees many years
Or even more years
Many more fruits have fallen

Yet each summer
And this one in particular

Life returns in abundance
Once again growth springs into beings
Love is here & love is all around us

Overhead
The dull groan of an aeroplane
Memories of two days ago
On the Lincolnshire Wolds
A most peaceful place on earth
Where two jet fighters
In a fighting practice

Two pilots
Moving at many
Hundreds of miles an hour
Where were they going
What were they to know
Showing their skills

Way above the farmer

With his plough
With his rake

With his seed
He moves ever so slowly
Studiously he takes time
He waits for the season
His reason is clear

