

A man in a blue and white striped shirt is seen from the back, holding a camera to his eye. He is standing in a garden. In the foreground, there are several large, light-colored rocks. In the background, there is a large, ornate stone statue of a seated figure, possibly a deity or a historical figure, surrounded by greenery and white flowers. The scene is bathed in a warm, golden light.

Words in aspect South facing

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No wonder why

Yesterday we worked in the garden
Until late on in the evening
Mowing grass, pulling weeds
At a distance, yet together

Midway we paused for a salad
A quiche, a cup of tea
Glasses of white wine
Sparkling chilled water

Later, or just on darkness
Before the end of faded light
After a rest, a shower, and in
Our own fresh made bed

We loved together, as lovers do
Who do not always go to church
For the day before had been
Another kind of wedding

Kind words, encouraged laughter
Confetti placed around the cake
Named two children; each given a name
A bond for their lifetime's yet to be made

Yesterday we sat in the garden
Under the mid night sky
No wonder why, we and they
Believe in the place of love

Cool morning

The breeze blows
A little cooler today
The weather programme
Had the talk of thunder
Nevertheless
The evening primrose
Opened her petals
And the insects moved
More workmanlike
About the concrete flags

I forget
That I am on holiday
That for today
These words
Are not my work
That the birdsong
Is the echoed cry
Of a freedom
Already found

What is to become
Of my poetry
Who can say
Or would see
Why he or she
Should dwell awhile
Take time to look out
Over the Pampas Grass
Think of the Riviera
At home or abroad

Recall strolls
On long promenades
Or visits
To the winter gardens
Afternoons at the air shows
Balloons with passengers
And pink champagne

The hedgehog

Is back into hiding
It has had its three
Minutes of fame
Now time for the white
Crested blackbird
And another flower
That I am unable to name

Only that it is green &
Yellow and white
Impregnated
With garlands
Of crimson &
Hanging claret

Such an endorsement
That would look well
On the dance-floor
I am reminded
Of Saturday nights

Of mohair suits
And chisel toe shoes
Of warm nights
With sensual conversation

I pause
Before the applause
Of the cool morning breeze

Social gatherings

You trimmed the roses
I cut the grass
You smiled demurely
I coarsely laughed

Under my trousers
I was underwear free
You smiled profusely
Sat on my knee

You strummed unbroken
Around the trees
Your garden our token
Of flow and breeze

Your petticoat
Is discarded at rest
I smile into your hand
My card at your bequest

Under Milkwood
And at countless other
Social gatherings
Pleasure is understood

Weather changes
Passions blow high and low
You say *Cut the crap*
I say ...*Hello*

Fairground riches

Picture postcards
Messages from well wishers
Givers of thanks, from thanks givers
Care - earned and banked with will

A clock
That these past few months
Moved on so little
Fingers of time stood quite still

Spring is now summer
Words in aspect south facing
Love unchained the melody
Pictures stay framed until

Hands stroke shoulders
Kisses on lips
Smiles and whispers
Night & morn the thrill

Read & write – draw together
New pastures
Comb the wilderness
Of the unknown chill

Chance to light on
Summers and autumns
Winds blown softly over
Frosted winters on the hill

Pictures and postcards
Wear fairgrounds riches
Virginia walls creep, seep
Into tender love of life's tendril

Psychological warfare

You
You at this moment reading
You, my lover, my friend
My follower leading

You
In a meditation garden
Quietly beside
Your forty winks

Who else can turn
To whisper in your ear
Who that learns goes
With stillness to re-appear

You
In sunbathed shelter
Rare inside
Your hyacinth haven

You
Who at this moment thinking
You, my mother, my brother
My lifetime scent

Who else to can you turn
For always shone
And forever
Who to dare you to move on

Fold the page
Close the book
Walk into your garden
Real or imagined

Dare to turn
You
I dare you, to move
On

Wild flowers

In the roof space of silence
And echoed evening's long
A place this morning
Not yet reached for

Held up by stone pillars
Here in worshipful gathering
A few simple words
Prayer, poem, calls to arms

Wide lakes of sidelights
Shadows grace falls
Touched just by being
Still with you; to gather

On the slat wood
Sat in the pew
Inset offset imagination
Inactive, attractive so soon

Propagate wild flowers
Poppies, primroses of evensong
Closed and then open
At the time of times sunset

Also open throughout
The whole of the night
Splashing her perfume
The old peculiar of

Old tobacco, *Old Spice*
Dominoes, counting games -
Maybe one day she might.
Except once more unable

Tables turned you edge away
Out under the stairway of silence
In flight
You still mis-taste her bite

Back off

Your intellectuality burns me
Turns me off
Puts a distance between

... I have heard of the inferiority
Complex, just what she can muster
Harbinger and buster of angst unclaimed

Shame they say is thrust by our
Childs abused muse; in your cloisters
Did you play that game too

Show off to the weak and the lonely
Take advantage but miss the feed of you
Snapshots, crackpots, simply a simple few

Hey I say
Back to where you once belonged
If, in your image of reality it still exists

Too good to be true

He plays your already chosen songs
Something uneasy for you about him
Sully face, optimistic smile
Darkness she lightens

If it wasn't for her
Not enough of life would be left
You think he's fine, and why not
The public persona is stage managed
Given what we have, what we want to hear
Takes odious steps, ingratiates with practice

Only simple and ordinary men go lightly
White washing blows outside on their lines
More goodness even than to understand
A fragile walk over the derelict rail crossing

On and on and on, deep into the tunnel
Colours drain; your edgy cheeks chill
Is this still pretence, or is it for real

Ride

The wind blows with gusto
Blusters across the warm garden
If this had been an holiday romance
The sense of it would already be upon us

Warm winds of the west Atlantic
The thrashing storms of Regis seas
Sixpence in the bubble gum machine
Parachutes hung from the citrus tree

In joy we seek out shadows
In sorrow search for somewhere light
That is why we ride the roller coaster
Why we step upon the magic bus

In my deckchair
Meadow grass and mistletoe
A book of passionate poetry
A few daydreams, still time for me

Find only our fortune

White linen suit
Frayed fingers in your making
Can you turn me into a poet
Can you take me to Bohemia
How many wages were spilt
Before being distilled
Made ready
Initiated
Into fashionable society
Arrogantly taken off the peg

The lost province of aristocracy
Past cities of the intellect
Retailer
Wholesaler
Packer
Shipper
Importer
Advertisement executive
And Mr Big

Wait - please do not disturb

Anyone but you takes the money
For your intricate handiwork
Your lyric, your chorus
Your woven weft
Bereft of any of their cluster
Instead to the isthmus
Or the black hole
Of singular isolated pain

We may find
Only our own fortune
Which may or not sustain
Even for a short while
Until tea or a late supper
Eventually we must
All step out

Bled and undressed
In time for the better fed

In between the rafters
Beneath the flattened lead
A regenerative recirculation
Still yet moving, slow air

The breath of silence
Slower than the breeze
Black cloaks stride out
Tread the aisle with purpose

All of those old words
Roof space freely had you
Praised other men's verse
Worse to leave you left

Without your own memories
Absent of your own meditations

A young man became an old man

Warm silence
Ice cold beer
Anger and forgiveness
Inadequate without complaint

Mellow gentleness
Distraught with blame
Shadows and suspicions
Unable to find a name

Whispers cold
Chilled; the
Sisters of mercy
Awash with fear

Soft sensitive
Belongings
A quiet walk
Before being buried alive

Who goes there

Prickly stalk of bramble
Who would not be hurt by your graze
Or by the loud voice of that bully of a teacher
The fat show off, full of arrogant contempt

Willows; sway in all those wild winds
Of slaughter
Show your flex to sustain your summer
Give your shape, it's beauty, fair play and free

Tarmac, trodden with heavy boots
Braziers, flames, smoked aromatic moisture
Laid down over lost pastures, flattened
Trimmed, dismissive, with a massive machine

Freeway, autobahn, rhetoric
The rhetorical question
Listen - can you hear the tough guys
Hear them, they are all alone

Faraway

I send you a letter
That I love at the time of writing
And then forget
Next day another phrase catches my ear
But let it not be called an internal rhyme

We talked of the camera obscura
A photograph, a thousand points of view
Through the window, over the valley
One mile more or less from the ford

In summer's heat perspiration began
The muddled, befuddled mind...
To slow down, or jump in the pool
With or without question

In the letter I hoped for a reply
Did you

Redeem this song

Smile, always and forever
The first kiss of late evening
Anticipated excitement
Fingers touch

Missiles miss, much
Thank you, now or never
The first engagement of assistance
Unexpected, tough to come such

Unusual to trip the light fantastic fandango
Under the moons many colours
Detect, introspections hobbled crutch
Unease yet easy & plain to see

Together is the love of kindness
Life it seems redeemed for free

**Floppy hat, flowered trousers and a
ladder**

Afternoon
In East England
Lincolnshire, or any other
Back water

Out
In deep & quiet country
A farmyard, a pasture
Or any other roadside stables

Old patient
Younger nurse
A driver without distinction
Or any other clues yet due

Except
College together at Oxford
And
That they spoke so very well

Not even frustrated

Downbeat town
Otherwise known as Beirut
Cap and gown frowned
Otherwise known as shoot on sight

Noise
A racket or unjust interference
The down of depression
Is killingly real

Deadbeats, downbeats & druggies
Half life's and those less hopeful
A bigger question needs a bigger picture
Wiser than government

Inexplicable to the ordinary man
Caught here among the crossfire
I though don't feel it
No chance that I can say it

No way for me to contribute to change
This is not a poem
It's not even coherent
What or why is all that's left

Undone, hopeless
Nothing
Out of however many
You might wish to score it

Grasp

So soft and still the irony
Times pasture's thrill I mean
Rosebuds then tulips
Corn on the cusp
On the turn from green

Youth was never ever lasting
Passed there in between
Here and now and casting
For the love I need to seem

Stickleback and tickled trout
The hay loft and the stream
Quiet, quintessentially without
The shout of silent lest I mean

That no one knows, or enquires
Of what I gleam

Bounded

Even asleep the heat overwhelms to wake
With perspired skin; here still the prisoner
On the final journey, a courtesan about to fly
A writer to hold the broken lead one last time

Outdoors it is marginally cooler
The draught floats through the open door
Into the courtyard, into the library
Across the road from Grand Central Station

Backalong, in bars and sherbet fountains
We were glad; expectant in high summer
Mad with excitement, pretty dresses
Long legs, friendship, gaiety was all around

Surrounded life closed in & leaves fell
Four seasons, the reason for the winter

White light, clear evening

Always forwards with preparation
Except this time to give chance its chance
Unexpected, the floodlit clock tower
The touch of hand on hand

In such a rush to build a past
To look forwards, to look out, for
Flashbacks of the future, memory of now
Wait; spare a moment from the cobwebs

Feel skin pressed hard against skin
Teeth bite hard into necks
Sink into softer navels
Bodies clenched tight

For fear of misunderstanding
Risk all
But do not call it desperation
Tall towers ...longer views

Turn away from the return

Escape to this piece of England
Determination your sensitised survival key
Something snapped; one final silence too far
One magazine article, one mission
Two hundred miles apart

You are going or even may have gone
Purposeful; with direction and organisation
Another way of life to give back a life
To vibrant youth; no more to carry the still

Misplaced child found in a house lost of love
Once, twice, but never ever a third time
Sound of fortune cards pulled from the pack
Wise words taken with a wiser smile

Shall we go home now
The first song on the first date
Soon together & determined at one
Purpose with and in a single key

Beyond the easily forgotten

Sentimental, awash with nostalgia
Do you remember, or are you scared
Think on - only from the past
No ideas for an unknown future

Nineteen Eighty Four is way back
A place no more than a wilderness
The Easy Rider's have smoked
Their last cheroot, today is a reflection

But what of tomorrow
Walk naked down the high street
Or some other form of soul baring
Or extravagant expression; rose petals

In gardens falling, more or less to dreams
To intensify - autumn's fresher schemes

Searching for a feeling, an essence, an evocation

In your room I am ironing
I feel pretty good about myself
I feel the goodness usually reserved
Or given a fairly lofty price tag

Much the same when you return
From your dutiful day at work
While all the while I toyed
With some unlikely protestation

Later, sat on the three-seater sofa
We feel pretty good about ourselves
We did kiss
But that was somewhat earlier

The iron is still, all else is steaming
Afterwards we mow the lawn

Trust anything but time

Pastel colours in quiet refrain
Hands still on the chiming clock
Whisper in case I hear myself
Look behind the picture frames
Dust, a relief of many years standing
Unplugged, from the upright room lighter
Unmoved from a mother's generation
Flock wallpaper abides in the memory
Even of just and only the place
Billericay Close or Quebec Narrows

All I ask is contemplation
About and around a race of which I'm out
All I ask is elevation
About to surround myself, unable without
Pastels, flocks & dust; trust the
Background music, the mood, the blues
Create paisley patterns; young men, bare feet
Pylons, stanchions, mill floors flattened
Valleys of derelict cotton works
Countries of windblown cotton fields

Life enhanced

Always with a surprise
Yesterday a kimono
A white fabric, hardy
And well hung

Your smile gives away your pleasure
Today and for a long time
A presence more than being
Softly strung

You get on and you keep at it
Whatever got you down
You got it, shook it
Worried it right out of town

In touch
With your sensitive senses
You mend those
Who broke, and fell apart