

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

Christopher  
Sanderson

## Contents

No wonder why.....	3
Cool morning.....	4
Social gatherings.....	6
Fairground riches .....	7
Psychological warfare .....	8
Wild flowers.....	9
Back off .....	10
Too good to be true.....	10
Ride.....	11
Find only our fortune .....	11
Wait - please do not disturb .....	12
A young man became an old man .....	13
Who goes there .....	13
Faraway.....	14
Redeem this song .....	14
Floppy hat, flowered trousers and a ladder.....	15
Not even frustrated .....	16
Grasp .....	17
Bounded.....	17
White light, clear evening .....	18
Turn away from the return.....	18
Beyond the easily forgotten.....	19
Searching for a feeling, an essence, an evocation.....	19
Trust anything but time .....	20
Life enhanced .....	21

## 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 tendrils

## 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