

This dust,
it gets everywhere

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Unfortunate, I don't think so

I press your buttons
You lend me your hi-fi controller
Do you know what this means to me
To think that I have inspired you

Dance music
You are a folk stock rock and roller
Do you know what this means to me
My life sits at ease beside you

You smile
At my laughter, I stand taller
Do I know what this means to you
Your love saves me from growing older

We stretch our cushions
The wretch insteps
I hesitate
Hold a candle to your shoulder

Starting up

Every day and every hour
I shower myself
Without an idea in my mind
Numbness engages over me

No enduring motive other than
The insatiable desire to write
No faithful worthwhile story
Just trite to try & rhyme up tight

What then of Neruda
Of seeing beauty in her eyes
What then to confuse me
In suspense always lays surprise

With the soft wind
My wavy hair blows
The trees whisper I love you
I do

To be served with a health warning

I'm not going to read it
If it's going to make me cry

All of this
Just beyond the summer house
Beside the shelter of the arbour

Five windows look out
If you care to take the time

Five views shout
Please open your eyes
And let your ears go walking

Don't worry yourself too long
About the bricks and mortar

Happenstance

I stroke the hair
Behind my ears
The sun shines
A soft breeze blows

Happiness music
Plays on the stereo

Umpteen trees
Each with an unknown
Name
Each with their own
Intricate rhythm

I take a moment
Then a moment longer
To watch them
& feel the breeze

I know this is the place

With pencil and paper
This space
Is where I want to be

To please you
And the spider
On my notebook

He too is lost
Unable to find
Any cobwebs

A blue sky
With light clouds
No heaviness here
Or anywhere
That I care to imagine

The trees buds
Are the shapes of roses

Green overlapped
Oval enclosures

A very industrial word from
A non too industrious past

Would it help
The picture
If I gave you a name

Oak or beech
Or apricot or fig
Does that give a
Richer image
To embroider

Or is it infinitely
Of more value
For you to entirely
Use your own

Imagination

I have no view
Either way you will
Most likely take a path
Preordained by other forces

All I know is
That when I stroked
My hair

When I wrote
These words in the sunlight
I marvelled at life's creation

At this time
Given my sight
My ears to hear the birdsong

The chaffinch or curlew
Even to think of the heron
Again swooping
Away from the open water

Victoria Road

We have been looking for a place
Yet what better space than this before us
A place for poets & poetry
One on one
And one on many collaborations

To share our table
Our scenery
From springtime
Through to summer
In the autumn and the winter

I hope that I can hear you, can you hear me too

You have an idea, a thought
I say that sounds good, sounds good to me
Your germination's turn to move along
Wisely we oil the wheels on your wagon

That way the sun shines on the both of us
Light and fresh, inside and out all over

If this is nutrition then nurture our souls
Our fingertips, our insights, our voice

Think on who we are doing this for
For everyone to feel good about themselves
For everyone to grow a little or a lot
Think on that is why we

Try a little harder; compliment and question
Which amount to much the same thing
If we listen with intent

We came home together

I searched for my birth certificate
We looked at the moon in the East
Earlier our chairs set at the right angle
To catch the last of the setting sun

Between then and now and often always
Our conversation was accompanied
With a glass of chilled Sauvignon Blanc

These are new beginnings
Sure and certain
Excitements of young love
Of a second generation

Later, without time for preparation
Before the pyjamas could be unfolded
We held in our arms, buttons undone
Again, as earlier
We touched the moon and loved the sun

Sparkling uncut diamonds

Warm winds
Cold museums
Yellow glazed baubles

Scoops of salt laden water

A wet tee shirt
Skip steps
Glasses of iced lemonade

Skin is its own free beauty

Rock pool diver
Bucket and spade
Hand held in tender hand

Time heals if you let it

Who

Shadow and light
Intensity inside & out
Become the same person

Broken promises & misunderstood instructions

My breath is quickened
The telephone conversation
Another disappointment
Another let down notification

You tried to express annoyance
To say the service was unacceptable
Your words fell on sympathetic ears
She said; so sorry, it is regrettable

You were unable even
To engage in an argument
Of course, with the sun shining
And those dozing dreams close at hand

It takes time to get your dander up
And then, amusingly
Even less time
For the anger to recede

Hangover

Remember though: the first rule
Of combative participation
That the first to strike
Is often the winner

This is yet another nightfall
You asleep on the sofa
Wind blowing
Through the slung open door

Bukowski, Kerouac, Waits
Why do they go
In search of the low life
Its presence pains no forgiveness

I tiptoe
It was such a
Long journey
Beyond the duty of sleep

Motel bedrooms in Madison County
Where again
The night after tomorrow
In pasts their feigns deliverance

Soundwaves, nightfall

Long shadows settle
On cowboys and
Range fired chimneys
All covered by blue sky

Dog tracks
Bars with malt whisky
Good time guys of the night
Daylights soft sleepers

The pigeon how long will it coo
Spelt, but
How would you hear:

At nightfall
At the time to settle
At the time to roost

Over there

The poppy stalks
Curled, bristled
Pods where flowers used to be

Thistles, yet softer hair on my lower arm
They share the sunlight
Care for the unseen shadows of immediacy

Why wait until it is too late

Smile

At the sun on your new shirt
At the love with which it was presented
At the sunlight on the golden hair
Where sleeves end, where words begin

The bare feet summer is in your garden
Afternoon's backdrop to children's voices
Back stop; of gothic and lesbian relations

Unable to say
This is me, my one
My only one true love

Lean back
Into the dimples and the dapples
The slow soft shadows
Over the boundaries

Beyond the cusp of life and dream

Over the waterfall
Dry in the drought of summer
Silenced by the lack of water

Quenched
Without first slaking thirst
By the bare feet
In the slow flow stream

Mid afternoon
Mid life mid wife lovers
In between the before
And the evergreen back way along

On songs
Of señoritas and sombrero's
Making everlasting tradition
Of all the words

She said I love you

Four Four Six

Barefoot across the flags
On to the dry grass
The days of the blue skies
Of one long lusty hopeful summer

No more in search of anywhere
Anymore to storm
Or float to earth
In a pink silk parachute

That love could call her own
This is my morning
Children on the way to school
Mothers, with push chairs wave & yawn

Window cleaners
And slim slick Spanish guys
Blue jeans, silk pressed shirts
Looks the girls would die for

Back home from the city
The suburbs roar
Return of the hot sun
The beach and the bird song

The dusty dry
Alleyways and juggernauts
Somewhere left
Some way far and downalong

Time to comb my auburn hair
Smoke a cigarette, read a magazine
Unfair
Or more than ever you could have hoped for

Do it now, no please wait

This is the first time, even only yesterday
You told me of the seed pods
Reminded me
Of the flowers that had been there

Of the compulsion
From a sense of not quite
Ever coming to the mark
Or of never having
Been in love

This is the sunshine
Later on the heat-wave
No shadow this side of the endless edge
Anyhow the shade there
Simply does not suit you

Neither the joy
At the turn of the night
Another wasteful Monday
Of never to want

To waste another moment
This is the favour
To wave away least
Somehow still
Search out the fear of happiness

And what do I offer
Endless words
Unknown communication
Of never before
Having known the right time

Without a moment for thought

Move on
Another drink
Another slice of oblivion

Brave enough
To use
Unkind words

Need to
Hold you
Walk me home alone

Move on
Another relationship
Another false dawn

Craved enough
To grasp
At anything

Need to
Told you
I turn to stone

Move on
Paris, Rome
Any other place my own

Waved enough
To smile
For someone

Need to
Unfold you
I am undone

Monday morning

The washing basket is empty
Upturned and acting as if a garden table
Mothers over the fence
With their pre-school children
Yard life in what once
Passed for middle England

Show them love, show them care
Give them without condition
These the most prized of possessions
Conversation, explanation, temptation
A cuddle to follow a cry

Dispassionate words
From far too far a distance

The washing line hangs without life
No breeze to rock the duvet
Or its grey terylene cover
Poppies all flowered out for the season
All hope is westward blown
Toward some other England

Show them arrogance, show them fear
Give them, without explanation
These most prized obsessions
Silence, doubt, nothingness
A final emphatic put down, just before death

Compassionate words
From far away alone of home

From crooked spires to ordinary people

Picture frames rearranged needlessly
Need they be; stains and strains
Came and went it seems to me
Beleagueredly

All I gave was a chance for conversation
To talk about his past
To talk about his life as a boy
As a boy becoming a young man

All I gave him was refuge; respite
From a day on the drink
From a day in the baking sunlight
An old man undone; aimless, hopeless

Corner stones, signposts
A simple conversation
Except once, sat by Oliver Reed
Who were the other two? His partners in

Crime: Lee Marvin...Charles Bronson...
I can't remember
I loved it down the pit, never let you struggle
Always an helping hand

Could have made it as a professional
Always the captain
At school, at boys club
Skipper for the county

When he died; all the drinks of that day
Paid for; of the heart attack, commemorated
Every time it was my turn to buy
He put his hand in his pocket, on his tab

We're going now, me and the lad
I'll shake your hand, it's been nice talking
Your girl, she enjoys herself
Believe me, you ought to

Broken

Monday
We had a right weekend
We sunk some stuff

Macgregor passed away
She never did get better
This dust, it gets everywhere

Mixes in with the sweat
You would have died
To be a miner

Defined me
Gave me
A self as surety

Lather
Soap bars and hot showers
A white shirt

A swift stroke of Brylcreem
A few pints, football, darts &
A game of dominoes

My society
My community
Words she never understood

Words she never could

Thin strips

I wait

And then pare everything back

I care

Defence turns into attack

Down on your luck

It could be any street
Anywhere
Uneven pavements

Broken flagstones
Subsidence that
Surrounds the old houses

All day
Breakfasts
On lino topped tables

The fish & chip capital
Of the breadline, dole out deadline
Choked up smoking community

Everyone said she had
A history of violence
& here she lies

In her own discontent
Unrepresented
By the far away dissonants

