



Yes  
thats right  
it is Ummagumma

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## Book under cover

The fisherman  
Catapults the bait  
But all he catches  
Are the minnows

The singer  
Serenades  
But all she catches  
Are the sinners

Never undersold  
By excessive  
Adulation  
He graduated

From waterfalls  
And fountains  
To the tales of older  
Soldier boys

The fishing man  
Then departed  
Another pitch  
A tidal wave

The songsmiths  
Obelisk  
Throws light  
Into darkened corners

The observer  
With pen  
In hand  
Misunderstands

Most or  
Maybe all  
Of the never  
Ending struggle

**I want to say thank you but you know  
I go on and on**

All that you want  
Is simply  
That I love you

All that you say  
Is simply that I stay  
Around

All that I know  
I know  
That you have found me

All that I say is that  
You remind me  
How to play so soundly

All that we gave  
We give again  
Echoed loudly

All that we say  
We say again  
Again and proudly

All that you  
All that I  
All that we

All found resounds  
Quiet & likely  
Light shines

From the moon above  
My love  
It's time it is so timely

**The laughter subsides and we say  
thank you**

Grey skies  
Winds of abandoned summers  
Blackbirds fly

Listen  
Almost you can hear the influence  
Yes that's right it is Ummagumma

Me o my  
To walk all those miles  
With no apparent purpose

Why o why  
Other than  
To go from over here to over there

O you romantics; you capture the roses  
The Picardy, the smoke and fuelled flames  
You strum the carborundum stone

Yes with your pretty curls all the girls  
Go - o my, o my he looked at me  
And I just melted

Overnight on the last night rains came  
To water the gardens  
To grow the green beans

To walk all those miles now  
Well almost, apparently  
That then was also your purpose

## Lopsided left of centre

Those fears  
In everyone's lifetimes  
Lurk

Just as the  
Crunching left backs  
Sliding tackle

Could leave  
A young man  
In a different game

Of life  
The nerve ends  
Tips of estranged feelings

Shake, shirk  
A skeleton bleeding  
At Dunkirk

Of poppy fields that lean  
Their seeds  
Disowned discomfort

Real or seeming  
In everybody's wake  
The fake

Or deeply meaning  
Unique  
My name for you

For you are  
Left  
Left and leaning

## Saffron aprons

Sleep  
Still in the corner of my eyes  
My breath  
Not yet settled into a steady routine

Recover  
From a day in the garden  
A day in the sun

I always used to tell my mum  
Not to do too much  
But  
It was her way

After the least period of inactivity  
Or even the sharpest strongest illness  
Always before  
The convalescence was over

Out into the garden  
To toil  
From dawn till dusk

Steep  
Still the hills to reach the view  
My depth  
Not yet settled into life renewed

## Road works

This is  
My morning meditation  
My slow body

My slower  
Mind  
Awakening

With this pencil  
To capture  
The sprinkled water flowing

Onto the flagstones  
Over concrete  
Pavements

Unloaded  
From my father's lorry  
To the workmen

Navvies  
By the roadside  
With their brazier

Their enormous  
Frying pans  
Chock full of eggs

And bacon  
Here only to do  
What he had to do

To feed the kids  
To stay above  
The breadline

To retain a sense of worth  
His dawn morning meditation  
To fill up



## Out beyond the fence line

The forty gallon  
Diesel tank  
Followed by a

Warmed up  
Turning  
Of the coughing key

Now you see  
All and every day  
It is still

Still it is  
All  
About me

A shaft of blue sky  
Clear sun light  
The sway of the chimney  
The bay without leaf

It is daft this mourning  
With summer near  
To laugh my all  
In loudest cheer

My craft on dry land  
In a sea of tears  
You hold my hand  
Offer to take on my fears

Shadows are about me  
The bright moment  
Seen earlier is moved on  
The daylight without relief

## Open doors & misheard words

You see  
I cannot write  
These words  
Without the slopes

On the margins  
The fence line is gone  
We might wonder  
Who was the thief

You almost entered the room  
Your glance; truly you quite caught me  
Earlier and not for the first time  
You asked did I need some space

This word  
This collection of words  
A pleasant soliloquy  
Submission to somewhat unknown

Walks alone only in our own  
Passages  
Tunnels  
Churchyards  
Shipbuilder's sheds

You have not sent me  
You simply  
Handed over the key  
I opened the door

## Unjust, or a walk in the park

This time without fear  
The old cold steel hinges  
I feel no more their reign  
Faint their memory fades

You  
Almost entered the room  
I turned  
I know now

I turned  
From those misheard words  
I turned  
Away too soon

Eke out a future reading  
A few moments pleasure  
Misleading  
Those few years hence

Remember treasures  
Butterflies  
Feathers in the garden  
The first August of the summer

Friends who have travelled  
Upwards and onwards  
Cleaned out; cleared out  
All the ghostly cobwebs

Glorious Goodwood  
With Frankie Dettori  
His *Ouija Board*  
A winner for most, and you

The firmest  
Of firm favourites  
To win by the upturn  
Of an upturned nose

On the podium  
Did you hear  
The soldier's  
Unfortunate cheer

A few moments before  
He'd shouted  
Delores  
As the slight hooves mused on

## Untied

Did I tell you  
What was  
On my mind

I often  
Do that now  
I never did before

It's swell  
That you  
Brush my back

On the  
Odd occasion  
Never done before

Truth to tell  
No need  
To sell

You've sold  
Me now  
Never sold before

My empty shell  
Down  
Stairways fell

The open  
Door left  
Unopened before

Did I tell you  
Then let me  
Tell you now

I never  
Did before  
O galore

My love untied  
I tried  
To shore

But  
Still somehow  
Just as now

I never did  
Do that  
Before

## **I wish to be here anyway**

Already today  
I have been all around the world  
Only to land  
Right back here again writing

Postcards from the Seychelles  
Poets and tattooists from New Zealand  
Already today I've been  
All over the world

Spaces  
Retreats from places  
Empty faces  
Traces of characters to muse upon

This land my own armchair  
My own clutch pencil  
Already today balloons and garden mowers  
In my garden home

Ownership even of my own thoughts  
Are free of freehold  
From all around the world  
& sat under the tree

## The widest corridors in the world

Both hands  
On each others  
Bare shoulders

Warm skin  
Words  
To make me cry

I tell you of my poem  
My dream  
All possible

Connections  
Whatever  
That they mean

Happy times  
Hopeful times

Softness

Stipple scented  
Sweet surrender  
Eyes that smile

Reflected in  
The smiled on eyes  
We land

A good way  
Before December  
Our carrier bags

Left outside  
In the stillness  
Of the night

## Unsettled by awakenings

All the other stuff  
Noise, flicker, tickertape  
Easy the measly distractions unplanned

Unable to hear  
The dismantled ticking clock  
Or the regurgitations  
Of the intestinal canal in hand

Make the moments longer  
Hear the wood-saw in the distance  
Bathe toes in fresh rivers  
Walk on far away sub tropical sand

The hour glass is the mirror  
All that passes through our fingers  
The dollars or the rand

Pebbled salted still sea water  
Grand hotels far from dingy basements  
Cafes on the Sorbonne  
Harlequins down the Strand

This is past stuff  
Names with evocation that I land  
Perhaps it is only pretension  
That I truly understand



## Underneath the covers

On the edge of sleep  
On the cusp of masturbation  
Warmest of places  
Feelings of lasting contentment  
And past loves  
With new blood stirring

Close your eyes  
Unbutton just a trouser  
Drift away  
Into some lusty just full oblivion  
Some other spacious ecstasy

Tiredness; quietly there she takes you  
Gives you a frizzle  
Strands your hair  
Upstanding her hands  
Are soft and warm

## Where did you say

To be numb  
Without movement  
Caught  
Absent in your own mind

Unsung  
Slowly moving  
Dancing  
Somewhere back in time

Spaces  
Voids unopened  
Fumbling  
For another line

Piece together  
A fresh and first  
Collection  
Softly, still, sublime

## Make of it what you will

This is the penultimate poem  
OK  
I know it does not flow

But bugger it  
You know how carefully I avoided  
That attitude stuff

My words  
Meant less  
Than meaningless column inches  
If you so decree

As stick free as stainless  
Teflon Ted that's me  
Named  
In so many lady's quarters

He was shorter  
And fatter  
I think you will agree

I don't do attitude  
It's not me  
You see

**It was such a struggle to get him to  
say anything at all**

Sweet and simple words  
No more than to say  
That he brought

All around him to tears  
Simply by saying  
How lucky he was to be in love

I cried then  
And tears again yesterday  
When I re-wrote the memory

What is it, why am I so soft  
That a few words  
Can turn me over

I ought once  
To sob substantially  
Flush out my ignominious frame

Before later in life  
To go pleading  
You see this is not a picture

Not a painting or a photograph  
But a vessel, somewhere to place  
The displaced teardrops

## **This time it is not yet time to go**

I move in all manner of directions  
Restless some might say  
Anyway  
You lay in the sun, it's what you do

Not of course  
That I wouldn't turn my hand  
To footsteps in the sand  
And champagne uncorked

The other day  
I heard the strains of Mantovani  
Blue Moon from a further room  
The honeymoon is over

And yet  
Our time together as not even begun  
We've many more adventures  
Laughter and kisses to share

The words are only pretence  
Only here do I dare  
To talk of a time  
Without you

