



Portrait
of a picture
as a young man

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**Out into the white light and deeper
snow**

You knew
It was there within you
Cross transference
Of the frosted window view

Blown across a country
Caught up in a revolutionary tale
Young poet, young doctor
Life set out to sail

Now
In a later year
We would
If could
Slow you down

Take our time
Your time
Join you more completely
Share all and more
Of the majesty that you owned

Consideration for an older man

One frosted window
One breath of fresh blown air
Care there within you
A most
Neo non-revolutionary stare

Love
Given & never forbidden within you
Unfair
The prayer to bring you
For soldiers and sly ones to care

Tensile gentleness
Tender in your every touch
You dare
To be your own one person
Stand tall, always & everywhere

Time changes
And you easily explain
Without attack; forgiveness even
That the most wilful act was
Taken, such that we shan't ever go back

**I drive across the tracks most
mornings**

Lara
To my thoughts of *Zima Junction*
Beauty
Steam trains
Across your snow covered country

Here
A thousand miles
And umpteen revolutions
Pass by in the broadsheet papers

Our beauty
Rolls gentle
Up and down the Wolds
Could you come over on Sunday
For a cake & tea

Lara
This is not your name now
No more than Sudbrooke crossing
Yet love still she reigns
Across your smile covered aisles

A search without end

Unconvicted
Youth
Look again
Into your eyes

Counter the
Revolution
For this poet
Seldom spies

Cry tears
Again
For all the
Lost ledgers

But you
Know
Every day
How easily

& outwardly
You gave
Your world
Away

Soft words
Echoed
Fine
Conversations

All
Too good
Even
To be true

Younger
Older man
Bent double
You struggle

Whatever the cause, think on, love binds

Down
And
Through
The tram

Wires splash
The flash
Of
Disconnection

Reconnect
To let them know
No one needs to give
Or choose to go

A twenty mile view
Tunnels
Through mountains into forests

Burnt out
Charcoal stained remains of timber houses
With no sign of regret or remorse

Except that is
To be near in a nearby vicinity
A railway siding beside his first and only love

Change
Born of care turned to sacrificial conviction
Pressed deep against the memories
Of inequality and injustice

The view is now without any distance
Funnelled
Through molehills

There always without a florist

Learn o please my friend once again
That life embraced with love
Stops and stoops, for all
& one to conquer

Go there, that is
Not with a revolver
O as a revolutionary
Stunned

But with your open hand
& your spirited
Innocent
Heart

Lost on a scrap of paper

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

Warm winds of the wet Atlantic
Thrashing storms of Regis seas
Sixpence in the bubble gum machine
A parachute slow hanging from the citrus tree

In joy we seek out shadows
In sorrow we search for somewhere light
It is why we ride the roller coaster
And why we catch the magic bus at night

In my deckchair by meadow grass & mistletoe
Passionate poetry is aglow by the embers
Rapture it is read slow ...and slower now
We ought to mend our valentines notes

Covered and uncovered

Where sky and Lincolnshire and water meet

I am a Yorkshire man
I was born in the West Riding
Spent my formative years on
God's side of the Pennines

Valleys and villages my home
Drank Real ale, played local football
Although my granddad
Would have said to laike

One among many
I felt that I was chosen
Especially with the hop stepped heritage

To a clay works manager
Though a labourer, with a barrow
My direct blood line

Easy to let praise be heaped upon

No difficulty
To be the centrepiece
The team captain
The leader of the socialist free

The vastness of the opportunities
The last time
Of working on our knees

I matriculated
After that sorry business
Of skipping out on all my GCE's

Today I live a slower life
Among the flatlands
Of Lincolnshire

The Wolds

Are my Pennines
The populous marshes

My unpopulated
Desolate & beautiful
Dark peat moors

I study
With convention
At the University of Nottingham

And with you most nights
In the bright, white light out
Of darkness, in the universe of life

In between here and there
Then and now
This and that

I have done a few things

I came by chance to be a manager
Though it wasn't to be
Not really me you see

I should tell you
I have seen two films at the cinema
Dr Zhivago and ...no
I forget the name of the other

I notice that on more than one occasion
I have left off the letter
Which completes the word or phrase
Left then more or less without meaning

Useless as an address on a letter
Eliding to become a lost letter
Intent to be sent to the dead letter office

Yesterday I tried my poetry with attitude
Inspired by that tear jerker of a speech

By the smooth smiled, retired
Prime Minister

But the anger will not well up so easily
The causes for which I care
Already taken

Spoken for
By other leaders
With more extraordinary flare

I sit and stare and think
That the drink of tea with cake
Is easier to be my companion

I will have no trouble
Moving slowly
It is instinctive in me you see

Gentle be the time

To read of cull and carrion
To remember

The Lone Ranger
Tonto and the white stallion...
I forget his name, hi ho

The rain has started to fall
It drips off the ivy
The breeze wakes up

Soon
The trees
Will be free of leaf

This is Lincolnshire
Where my sky
Will meet my sea

Mother Nature

I never could have thought
Back on that February night
Where the ever this would go

I was already adrift
To drift a little more
Was a further adventure so

The words today
Come to me; as the fine
Drizzle turns, to full on rain

There was I on an afternoon
At wander, in a linen jacket
With fresh blown hair

These words I write
In a café
With a cup of tea

A toasted currant teacake
With the butter left, at your suggest
On the plate, set to one side

In this last year
I have been more alive
Than in many a year

Is this then the project
That I was due to be allocated
If so I hesitated ...but I knew

How would ever anyone
With all their thoughts of hope
Hope to capture more

Investiture

The best form of attack is defence
That is
To set your stall out
Make your position precisely clear
Really
Sew up all the options
A moat
With drawbridge drawn
Soldiers on the turrets
Now let them take offence

Oh yes
Well of course, no
That was not exactly my point
But
Now that I am incarcerated

What
Do you expect
The more intellectual academic man
Would do

Well
He could
Let the peasants through
Draw down
The drawbridge
Become open
To persuasion
Negotiate
Capitulate if you like
Whatever
If needs be true

It's always easier not to bother

I am not Billy Collins
Or Roger McGough
Or Simon Armitage
Or even me
Anyhow
Three's a crowd
And I would not like
To barge on in

Lad
It's better for any words
Fatter or thin -
That phrase 'good poetry'
Strode out twice today
On neither occasion
Did I care
For its particular
Choice of joined up thinking

Lad

It's better for any words
Fatter or thin -
You might not be Baudelaire
Or Neruda or Keats or
Even me

But don't let that stop you
Introvert or inverted
Extrovert
Lad
It's better for any words
Fatter or thin -

Say what you feel
Say bugger it
If you like
Let it out
Go on -
Steam on in

An odd almost unlikely condition

In the middle of the night
After delirium
& without warning
It was not a clever thing
But a task
Nevertheless completed
With clear insight
In the middle of the morning
After dreams of laptops and
Megabyte computers
It was not a clever thing
But a choice
Nevertheless made
With the logic of laughter

In the aftermath of yesterday
When raindrops caught me
On a faraway theme
It seems such a clever thing
The gift of love
Nevertheless a treasure
Forever to play
In the behemoth
Of tomorrow
With sunlight
Across the meridian mean
It seems such a clever thing
To sift past
The slow show of the afterglow

Like letting go

One more
And then I really must go
It is as on my birthday
Like sledging in the snow

Yesterday
Or a while ago
I condemned that word

No more to say like
Like how daft is that
Like how absurd

So back it is
Just as again I say
Like once more
It is a new beginning

Today there are no rules

The wicker basket
Is again full of notes
Like piles of indignation

I say
Was it you
That doth protest
Skip, again skip

Like, smile at the beautiful girl
Touch
The sails of forgiveness

Let all be well
For like tomorrow
Believe me please
It truly is

Like a new beginning

A gradual disappointment

Before I begin this poem I must tell you
I have just collected a letter from the
Unable to deliver registered letter office

And now I am at the tyre repair shop
See if they can mend the slow puncture
That the nice man at the festival
Pointed out a short while back

Anyhow back to the letter, I can tell
From the franking machine stamp
It is about the MA course
In the East of England

Yet I have already determined this to be
One of those opportunities I shall reject
I sent an email to that effect
The day before yesterday

But it would be daft, wouldn't it?

Not to take a look; see the times ahead

That I am not now to share...
Yet what purpose is served, what richness
Endowed on my person or persona
What regret amplified or stored for future

I took the decision not to go after careful
Consideration; weighed up the pro's and con's
And then
In the briefest single moment I chose NO

The letter is still unopened
A part of me, perhaps the undiscovered artist
Would choose to see it simply gather dust

But I know myself better than that
And in this regard I think I know you
I will open the letter
But for now the tyre needs to be replaced

A poem without the commentary

Are you a young man
Or an old man living your life
In reverse

Are you always striving
Belligerent, repugnant, disquiet
In your verse

The picture on the counter
Is of a cornfield
Bordered by poppies

The tyre with its worn weald
Is bugged
And that my lad is fact

To have all of this pleasure
With the pencil and the pen

In defence of the attack

The picture is on a thank you card
'Fields of Flowers' by Julia Hawkins
Imagery with a sniff of Crabtree and Evelyn

Am I the young man
In an old man's shoes
Giving, or taking, or worse

Am I always dreaming
Beauty, softness; love lost therein
Inside my verse

From unfamiliar similar backgrounds

Illiterate
Drives its own confusion
I will
I will
I will become obsessed

A peasant's son
Caste its own - no
Don't go there
Walk away
Walk away
Walk away

No, stay

Become

Without attitude where would we be

I thought I was angry
You spilt the uncollected blood
I chose a word of fancy
You know; my own milk wood

Luddites in the valley
Geese in grandma's yard
The pictures of tomorrow
Sally kissing old Tom Stoppard

That butterfly
In the spiders web of Timothy Leary
She swayed and altogether
Laid the knowledge of chaos theory

Flap long and hard enough
Be dazed but not confused
You will always get away
Unscathed but bruised

I thought I was angry
You asked me if I could
I spoke of Reagan's Nancy
You know, that kind of neighbourhood

You can't break the machines now lad
You know; the looms and such stuff
You see with the smoke and mirrors
We've altogether bought
The no ware bluff

