

A painting depicting a man and a child walking through a landscape of draped, translucent fabric. The man, wearing a dark shirt and blue pants, is holding the hand of a child in a red shirt. They are walking away from the viewer towards a bright, hazy light source. The fabric is layered and textured, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

After the Cusp of Summer

Volume 2

Christopher Sanderson

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Patch

The soft wail of far away sirens
The occasional strum of steel guitar
Double bass beats right into my heart
Star spangled stockings & ankle bracelets

Scaffold sound check tower, blue sky
Depth of cloud; echoes of distance
Flags of all colours, soft-blown
Movement in a gentle breeze
A sniff, no more, of marijuna

The troubadours enter stage left
Songs of harmony
Sublime California rock
A spliff, or more, of marijuna

Internal monologue

Ya know

Bum, bum, tchai-bum

Ya, ya know

Call the captain, take all precautions

Limit the damage, forget the execution

Ya know

Ya, ya know

Spin

Could I ask you
You know
Just to begin with
A sort of introduction

Please do not be offended

Why the deck chair
Why the commode
Why the New York Times

There, that is it, it is off my chest

So why the disappearance
Why the faked suicide
Why the indiscreet insurance claim

Thank you, and now for your records

Are you sure about Scott McKenzie
But you swear it's true
You did know Billie Joe McAllister
Up on the Tallahatchie Bridge

Cancellation

Free from the frontline
Free from the call of performance
Always best to have a touch of introspection
To cast ones eyes upon the ebb and flow
Of the waves on the wobbly sea

Along the prom, along the pier

To the lighthouse
To the domed atomic reactor
To the lady with a droll northern voice
Marinated in Capstan Full Strength and Scotch whisky

To her friend, regular patron of The Halle Orchestra
To old girls from Cheshire all over the world
To conversation over warm tea and toast
In England's Bed & Breakfasts

Tickety boo and again tickety boo
Chino, cappuccino, Cappu, cappuccino
The stairs would be good exercise
Today the sea is more benign

Don't say she's still in that shop
Join us
At our foot massage
And poetry retreat

I've got to find something for you to do when you retire
We can't live on now't

If in my life (I love you more)

Chase
Hold on
Here we go

Did you ever think
Just once
To drive the Maserati
Open topped down the strand

Young man
In your clinging woollen jumper
Did you ever...
Just once, down the strand

Festive routes

Day dreamers
In between the schemes and schemata
And so we seem
Blue sky, rain clouds, pitter-patter

Hello darling
Is Annabelle with you
Heaven knows, all these people
Is it really a midsummer nights dream
Is it, really a play in three acts

Tag teamers
Lean, although getting fatter
And so to mean
Low lands, high lights, clitter-clatter

A lost art

The uncertainty principle

Blocparty

Marijuana - Totally & utterly shit-faced

Superdry vagabonds

Hollister - Let it Ride

CCCP (complete with hammer & sickle logo)

WWWWW (make your own mind up with this one)

Urban 01/01/00

Fly53 Hotshots

Storming the Castle - Custom Bike Show

Rolling Stones: Exile on Main St.

Jamaica (complete with youthful belly button)

Attention Deficit Association

Haynes Guide to Jet Engines

Rearrange in any order

Add your own pictures

Keep the story going

Start selling T Shirts

Taken in

The violent actors

Emotional break-up
Evoking, stoking
The curse of badness

Walking away
Provoking fun

Past, and future
Soft talking sadness

Did he stay, or still
Stalking; was it real
Or was it madness

That's all folks

Image is all

I am rather glad
That my head does not lean to one side
Happy that I am able to wander
With a face of reframed gormless humour
As opposed to carrying a sneer that could launch a war

That said why would you wear an Indian head-dress
Other than to release the secret exhibitionist within
And why o why
Would you have one eyelash sprayed with chrome
As opposed to wearing dark glasses

Love as the recycled logo

I imagine the bow
Stroked, torn
Yarked and caressed
Over the strings
Of the Stradivarius violin

I imagine this is how love could begin
Sweet, serene, racked with emotion, joyful; The Lark Ascending

I imagine the throb
Rasp, bounce
Pluck, slap
Blood stained fingers
On the four stringed electric bass

I imagine this is how love turns to rapture
Sensual, sexual, sultriest of motivations; Foxy Lady

I imagine the words
Grasped, screamed
Parted, discarded
Heartache worn
In blows & torrid outbursts

I imagine this as the collapse of love
Hurt, hurt again, pain, pain again; The Crying Game

Moody blue

I have to go
I have to go now

No, no, no
Don't you go
Not here now

These tears that flow
They're not for show
This love I bear
It's not all fair
It's love that's tied
Not love that's died
Tied up so how

I don't want you to go
But if you have to go
Then go on, go now

For no more to care
I dare not care for no one
Dare not care
Care not for no one no how
We meant to share
But dared so slow how
So slow it's all to go
So go on go now

All the time to carry the light
Married by seven to start a fight
All the time lost in loves lost leaven
Married by night to abide in heaven

I have to go
I have to go now

Don't you go
No, no, no

I will hold on
I'll show you home
Don't you go
Don't go now

I have to go
A life in tow
It's not my blow
I have to go
I have to go now

So when you lied
It was all for show how
Lips that kissed and died
Your secrets sowed now

I don't want you to go
But if you have to go
Then go on, go now

Detached of connection

Inevitable desire
As a boy, or youth
Inevitable conflicts
More so as the aged man

Sun streams through the window
I am a long way from my home
All of which extracts energy
Lays questions on my soul

Inevitable search
For a purpose, truth
Inevitable fall
Love of beauty is no plan at all

In these few contemplative moments
Away from that place called home
All of which withdraws capital
From an already bedazzled mind

Turn time

Slow change
Be taken in
Be lulled
Let the dusk
Surround you
As light graduates
Ad infinitum
As the resonant
Frequencies slow down
As the wattage output
Infinitesimally decreases
As the effervescence
Of sensual aromas
Lap onto your shore
Tease under your skin
Kiss upon your lips
Slow, slow change
Vast fields of hope
Crescents of old men
Under half-lit moons

Time turn

Old trees
In half mown meadows
Old stories
Of youth and nervous
New beginnings
Of roses and bouquets
Garlands and maypole dancing
Of cricket whites
And home-made fizzy lemonade
Slow, slow, slow change
To dreams reflected
By the mirrored light
Of a bedside table lamp
Soulful, old soul music
Reconstructed vibrations
Bubbles in the bloodstream
Wisdom in the veins, arteries
And tributaries of constant circulation
Slow, slow change

Resemblance

A chap might easily shake his head
As his steel heels strike the pavement
He could rightly be forgiven
For openly stretching his eyes
To try to make sense of it all

That same man might place his key
Nervously into the door-lock, carrying
A fair degree of absence or uncertainty
It would only be good and proper to pardon him
As he takes a final nose of the roses

Only back there, on the dance-floor
Where all seemed on path to redemption
Before a lost opportunity, soft mis-chosen word
That deserve we now show leniency, so to speak
For a fellow near on, or far out, of remission

VCN

You are busily getting married
As I attend my twice missed retinopathy examination
You who brought the gift of youth to a much older assembly

You who hold with such strong convictions
Whereas I let mine be misappropriated & fade to nought
You who carry the hopes of writers to bridge dreams with purpose

In the bubble of surprises:

Absence of noise
Intensive distraction
Falls into the ethereal
Wanders among voids
Spell bound vacuums
Suggestive coastal seas
Meditative relaxations
Returns to the inner child
Observations from trains
Causal imaginary journeys

Finding the words that moves one on, moves on the written work
To some semblance of coherence, or at least gives further doubt
You are married; will I receive the all clear

You who took away the fear of age for lifes dreamers and activists
I can see limitless colours and patterns; you will have many adventures
You are to carry happiness forwards, as we visualise the self-indulgent past