



After the Cusp
of Summer

Volume 1

Christopher Sanderson

After the Cusp of Summer - Volume 1

Another's memory.....	3
Flash non-fiction (never impossible to try).....	4
Vague, feint.....	5
Glimpse	6
Level ground.....	7
Still life	8
Symbolic of.....	9
On rising early at Southwold.....	10
First light.....	11
Foundations	12
Pier head blues.....	13
Beneath the clock	14
Edmund	15
Silent time.....	16
Wakes week	17
Authentic voice.....	18
Drone.....	19
Walks of life	20
Onwards and Awkwards	21

© Christopher Sanderson - September 2010

Another's memory

There we go, parting
Hopes
Starting all over again

Bird droppings
On the bonnet
Corn high up on the hill

Words seemed
Once forgotten
Shakespeare was instilled

There we go, starting
Hopes
Parting all over again

Flash non-fiction (never impossible to try)

It struck me, in that instant
As I drove away from the railway station

The girl, on her mobile phone
She had difficulty with comprehension
The old men in the pub; roast Sunday lunch
They had friends, newspapers, beer and conversation

Impossible thoughts lingered; whale riders
Bungee jumpers and presidents of the world
Impossible thoughts of eternity that allow
All things to become all things whatever

The joy of sharing distant yet close experiences
Explicit moment; I did not know what he was thinking

Vague, feint

A pub
On the corner
Only a few doors from my flat
After tea, nothing else to do
But only a couple of pints, not to get inebriated
Deserted snug room
Well worn, four-legged tables
Fabric covered seats
Old barman, with no desire for conversation
Read the Western Morning News
Killed time
Walked back to an empty home

Glimpse

I won't ever see you again
I don't honestly know that I saw you before

Breast, free of brassiere
Impeached by tee-shirt
Assisted by a low-cut cardigan

Half a globe of silicone gel
Impressed
Half a bowl of wobbly jelly
Held steady

The train is due around mid-day, as always
It will arrive, it will depart

Petit athletic frame
Yet in no small way at all
Elegant, fluid, erect

Half a mind to call and say
Expressed
Half a kind of love
Warm, ready

Level ground

When I discarded everything
I did not discard the watch
Tick-tock
Tick-tock
Shock proof
The watch reminds me of you

Rooks move across the field
Gathered in rows & columns
Step-up
Step-back
The knack of it
Order not to be abused

When I distanced everything
I did it wearing these shoes
Torn-thin
Thin-torn
Worn through
The shoes remind me of you

Rooks in flight, in flock
Swirls, loops of engagement
Roost, rabbit
Rabbit, roost
The truth of it
Absence of the sullen bruise

Still life

Sat at the picture window
Studying books of Beardsley's art
& Rembrant's bulbous self portraits

Thought old age led me to forget
Road maps, place names, guides
Or even more meaningful directions

Though all made easier by your laughter
My odd socks chosen not by design
But by dotage, or better still by happenstance

Symbolic of

There it goes

Nothing

Absolute zero

Diddley-Squat

We've reached the bottom of the hill

Found the end of the natural curve of statistical decay

There it goes

Kiss

On the seat

Name on the pier

Piss against the wind, towards the dark waves

Found on the end of the nameless progression of horizons

On rising early at Southwold

No gentle lap of wave
Not in this town
Of rebuilt choynes and
Early morning roadsweepers

Hard to pick out one crash
Amongst the relentless onslaught
A sea angered by the southerly winds
A noise as much as any other noise

Easier to dwell on the sunlight
Dancing upon the piers tall pillars
Easier, to think of you, asleep
As I crept out of the bedroom window

First light

Quarter to seven
Unable to tell you
The colour of these socks
That almost match my shirt

Summer shades, ideal
For the seaside
Less so for the black
Horizon and brown waves

Ample space here
For a beach hut
To let, or hire
Or take freehold

Early morning greetings
Should I call them
Promenader's
Wistful folk along the prom

Foundations

Spirited waves
Fearful waves
Flashes of light
Storms on the horizon

All captured
In photographs
Purposeful strides
Sprays to gather meaning

Folded with a roar
Silenced by shutter
Wildness contained
In sepia tones of confusion

To move under
Under the turn
Under the crest
Under all that ever falls over

Pier head blues

But this is more than any breeze
Gale force or whatever the say
On the shipping forecast

Yet all the while
Sunshine bright enough
To blind the writer in reflection

You might call it wild
Myself
I've called for a cappuccino

Which duly arrives
ResplendentResplendent on a silver tray
With jam and scones and cream

Beneath the clock

The loud swung pendulum
Observes your minutes
Your hours, your days
Your lifetimes of reading

Otherwise silence
Except for wind & wave
Rant and rave of sailors
And fishermen's memorabilia

Tales of extraordinary confidence
You are a believer, are you not
Alone here in this overdue place
Of historic grace and personal doom

Time then to take up the call to arms
In the farms for unusual naval ratings
We are waiting for you to enlist
In the whist drive reading room

Edmund

A taste of the world
From the black olive delicatessen
A saucerful of secrets
From the United Reform Church

Across the way a middle aged zealot
A man at least many more ways committed
Than the big issue seller stood by his side
He holds you with his near death monologue

A swan by the lake; rural-in-urban
Water lilies sent by the boy king
Whispers of breeze in the rooftop timbers
Rattled by the complicity of non-believers

Silent time

Patience, she too wears sandals
Models made and models cast aside
Hidden doors from floor to ceiling

I, there I go again, I
All the blood, in consecrated
Circulation; all of love

The patron saint of care & patience
She too wears oilskin lookalikes
Forbidden clothes, rags for reeling

You, there you go again, you
All the good in pre-perfected
Veneration; all of love

Patience, he too wears sneakers
Members rooms and members only
Hidden codes, the keys of leaving

We, there we go again, we
Misunderstood, in desecrated
Contemplation; all of love

Wakes week

A thousand miles of photographs
Hundreds of leagues beneath the sea
A smile, from a lady in a plastic mac
On her way towards the North End pier

Blue skies, brief blown clouds, stiff breeze
Waves; high with roll, with surf, with crash
Out there where sky meets sea, a latency
A curved line of disbelief, believe me

Forecast; the wrinkles will arrive
Sprinkled with diamonds and pearls
Whirled as a dervish of old times portal
The long clock, the point of it all; social

Authentic voice

A pen & ink sketch would
Have captured her wild frizzy hair
But told nothing of addiction

His voice, recorded
Would have set a place for many
But told nothing of the past

A further outpost
Once again the curse or cure
Of the one alone to tell

To talk of sand, scrub and dune
Smiles from passers by
Mobiles for those most immobile

Speak of children who argue less
With their grandparents
Much as writers
Who argue more when left alone

Drone

Beneath the boards
Boards that vibrate
A sense of all but urgency
Into my shoe clad feet

Great fear of falling backwards
Into a non too placid sea
Secured by fine lines of railings
Links though do not set me free

Howl of wind, air resounds
Bound by the old engines
At the clay quarry or factory
Hymns wrung without a beat

Walks of life

Yes it is a clock, a water clock
And so the young romantic
In full on beach bush hat
Is towed down the pier
By his pit bull terrier

Yes it is the horizon
Set up in a true line
With galvanised railings
And so we make our peace
With the visiting Hare Krishna

Yes it is a Thursday
And one more photograph
Of my advancing bald patch
Will tip me, tip me right
Over the railings edge

Onwards and Awkwards

The young man recites Larkin - from memory
These words, the first I hear
Far from Lincolnshire; where my sky meets my fear

Far from sunshine Southwold's friendly B&B
These words, the first I hear
Where the ex naval officers wife runs straight and clear

Thus traditions are built, prolonged, initiated
Slight use of the tools of fear
Breakfast will be served 8:30 to 9:00 prompt, no beer

Neither a chance for the pose of half understanding
Slight use of the tools of fear
We were meant to have arrived by three, that was the steer

The landlady asks if I am always so unreliable
I was supposed to phone when we got near
No need to worry I say smiling without a hint of dear

Next day she laughs as she tells us of last nights rape
I was supposed to phone when we saw the sea
The young man recites Larkin, he is not the last I fear

