

Christopher Sanderson

More stuff less desperate still love



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love

Remember

There it goes again
That fleeting moment

*Sitting in the schoolroom
Kissing in the corridor*

Not really a memory
More a montage

*Sunshine going on forever
Walking in the warm evening wind*

Something stored away
Deeper than subconscious

*Making love
Or was it only dancing*

Picture frames
References stretching reality

*Laughter, we laughed didn't we
Sitting there lost for words*

Time lord
Time and place recollection

*I can remember clearly
Isle of Wight was it 1969 or 1970?*

Sense of sensation
Warmth, love, together

*Was it Christmas eve
When you said you had to leave*

Immortal
Strong and clear

*Growing pains, football strains
Hangovers between examinations*

Moments everlasting
Bright, true, light

*Will you be there, were you waiting
I'm sorry I couldn't make it, I should have
said*

Friendship
Gangs of mates

*Party, you're having a party
Oh, but we've made different plans*

Knowledge
So much no need to explain

*You've done what
Don't you understand what I say*

Back to that fleeting moment
What was it about

*Candy floss and cowboy hat
Blackpool pleasure beach*

Girls walking on by
Walking on, bye

*Should we laugh
Or should we cry*

Pimps and tarts

Poets and writers

Black stockings, spotted skirt, engaging smile, pretty
flirt, dealing dirt

Dollars or dope, just enough rope, to bring her home,
she's never alone

Violence in love, her presence she moves, the
crescent moon, it can't rise too soon

Black in black coffee cafe, jukebox jive, he's so alive
it's killing him

His girl works, he shows her the door, he has to
score, it's killing him

Shining, silver and gold, everything he holds, he has
sold with his soul

She is escaping from within, mescaline frightens, her
skin, her nerves, quieten

Stronger, the fool took her time, nearly took her total,
she's longing to be strong again

Singing songs, clean and confident, freedom yet still
on the edge, a need to perform, limited reform, don't
want to get at it again

He's doing time, paying his fine, corrupting society,
importing exploitation, prostituting the situation

In a year, she's still clear, but now he's out, he's
roundabout, nothings change, still the strange
satisfaction of manipulation

Of course she falls, no one to call, he holds her tight,
says it's alright, you know he cares, he smiles and
stares

Fear or love, god above, god only knows, having
been before, why the need to score, why go on the
game again

A passion for crime, even doing time, learning new
tricks, corrupting young hicks, building reputations,
avoiding situations-vacant, the new black economy

Going into that dark dark night

Out of the darkness fade away

Back into the darkness far away

Can you, can you hear, listen, you can hear

Sounds rolling far and near away

Again the poet remembers the night train

Remaining insanely jealous of his refrain

The Somerset levels hold on in time to the rhythm of
the rolling stock

Malvern echoes surround the rattle from the chain
and block

Miles and metres incrementally fade into the distance

Stony silence bit by bit being broken ever nearer

Travelling on at the speed of all our imaginations
Weaving on through the dark deserted stations

Lying here, quietly absorbing
The decibels rising, falling, ebbing and flowing

The B52 Bomber supporters are taking off, flying low,
flying slow
Their big bass drone flies behind the night train's
afterglow

Make way into the night lowering, lowering, deeper,
less conscious
Slide away, slide into the poet's night train, dream
escaping onus

North, South, East and West

Drifting interest

Snowstorm in the morning

Settled beside the reservoir

Ripples return to the shoreline

Footsteps lightly brush

Beside icicles imitating stalactites

Might have happened different

Under another northern sky

Wavering concentration

Rainbow afternoon

Meadows and grasslands

Smothered in flowers and seed

Ploughing competitions

Hop picking by the broads

Might have happened different

Under another eastern sky

Climbing restoration
Hill walking morning to night

Three peaks in the dales
Visible from coast to coast

Sheep on their way to market
Farmers breaking sweat profusely

Might have happened different
Under another western sky

Shifting sands of silence
Sombre souls beside the seaside

Pier stumps are all that smoulder
Fire and flames have been and gone

Commuters at the station
City suits reflect their failing

It might have happened different
Under another southern sky

Never ending

Just like a Russian doll
Or Cavey's Seven steps
The transition from principle to practice
The unveiling of the seven veils
Database and Rubicon
Language politic philosophy
The storytellers sense of concealment
Revealing only that which maintains
Sustains the readers interest
Incremental intellectualisation
From the mothers of creation
The fathers of invention
The drama of suspension
Nothing resolved, no resolution
Fragmenting the relation
Ship of fools ships on station
A nation
At war with realisation
The kingdom is not salvation
A foolish perpetration
A dutiful determination
Ending in sensation

Falling from elevation
Beholding berating
Hiding from humiliation
Stuck in this line lacking punctuation
Indignation
Incrimination
Serialisation
A Russian doll
A gangsters moll
Austrian Atoll
Costa del Sol
Andalusia and Almeria
Running from insinceria
Once more to Galleria
Weeping willow wisteria
Garden centre cafeteria
Jetting off with Iberia
Airlines to the sun
Holidays with the Hun
To the beach with towels you run
Hickory dickory hock
The plastic takes the shock
Arriving home you take stock
Soon you're in the dock
Over exposure and embezzlement

No place for resent or sentiment
Forget the dreams of government
Borrow for your bereavement
Give your friends a last lament
Don't stifle their encouragement
Activate not hesitant
Your gift was heaven sent
Once more you lent
To blend
Another trend
Or to close I'm afraid my friend
This is the very end
The very endeavour
To savour
Bring favour
Taste the flavour
Embellish thy neighbour
Care for ladies in labour
Remember times in St.Saviour
Budgerigars in the aviary
Cockatiel and canary
Happiness is being contrary
Happiness is a cigar called hamlet
Shakespeare and stanzas
Marmaduke the giant panda

Make this pen surrender
Pretend the great pretender
The hopeless never ender
Return to sender
Wear that revealing suspender
Are you straight or bender
Either way take care to be tender
After the passion and cigarettes please send her
Flowers and cards, mementoes meaning you
remember
The flames and the embers
The tremors and the surrenders
The torment and the crescendos
The goodbyes and asciendo
Magic and memorabilio
Chianti and Sicillio
Invent and invigiro
I really do have to go
I have to go
Slow
Slowly
Quietly
In to that long good night
Free from fright
With wondrous sight

Hold me tight
Once more my love
Hold my shove
Be my glove
You are my love
I will lay now still
Rhymes end until
Light on another windowsill
Streams in like a golden daffodil
Shadows in the sky from the winding mill
Sunsets, sunrise, seascapes, moonbeams, feed our
everlasting will
Still
It must end
Sometime
Is it a crime
To carry the line
Affairs, simply spaces in time
Places, dreams, thoughts sublime
Ending the rhyme
Ending
Calling time

Nativity

By chance you happened upon a black lake walk
Shearwaters of reflection, reflecting one more magical
moment

The flight of the partridge and the exited young collie
Soul refresh, soul rebirth, while underfoot the twig
leafs crackled

Ethereal and eternity, thank heaven for spontaneity
Meander among the coriander, hands held blessing
vision and line

Bright light out of beauty, splish-splash flashlight onto
beech leaf
Sing and bring good to good times, sing, bring good
once again

Playful seeker of pleasure, hedonism out of ethical
returned

Bountiful protector of the prosaic presenter

Wish for mirth, wish, sheer essence, fluorescence of
joy

Atmosphere emerging, resurgence of energy amongst
enigma

Pretend for the maker of dreams; protect the white
rabbits of Bethlehem

Mend, cognisant blends and becomes mindful of love
innocent in joy

Sorting, becoming of images past, captured,
enraptured

Floodlights on memories, evoking, and provoking,
freeing fresh thought

Waltzing Matilda and whirling swirling dancing tunes,
runes without time, blooms without blinds
Meditation, loves medication, dedication, sealing,
healing, revealing feathers and plumes, honed and
groomed

Walking back along the pathways, holding spaces,
minutiae, binding moments into spherical wholes
Believing the fragments of fortune blessed to fall in
this particular, peculiar, non perfunctionary way

Midsummer motorbikes

Midsummer motorbikes

Leather and lace

Chasing the pace

Gliding with grace

Race after race, after race

Gearbox grinds

Castrol GTX

Accept nothing less

Speed to excess

In your gear and your head dress

Donnington to Daytona

Meet the worlds best

Taking the test

Over the crest

Bury the rest

James dean

Barry sheen

Silver screen

Racing machine

Living the dream

Ride on easy rider

Remember Harley Davison days

Long hot rides

Long hot lays

The devil blindfolds those who play

Early start

Kerb cracking summer sunrise

Engines overheating

Fear of missing the meeting

Why do I deserve mistreating

I love my girl

I treat her right

She holds me tight

A pillion passengers delight

Wind-warm day, sexy steamy night

Rock and roll

Hells angels caress

Honda Goldwing riders overdress

First place is a short lived success

He passed the rest, with the yellow flag flying

The Jagger of a rolling stone

Inside the Sunday supplement

Sixty years of engaging entertainment

More than once against the wall with Marianne

Just like sussy pussy, proud outside the winners

Caravan

Dawn to dusk

Bitches and biking

The circus stalls

The chequered flag falls

Another year of mustard memories

Astride the night

Revelations in sight

Roaring and scoring

Sensual summer sojourn

Easy as the aura adorned

Two hundred miles an hour

Re-live the heroes

Beneath the wires and the crows

Faster than the speed cam carrier

Once more then you'll marry her

Into the garage in the half-light

It's a long time since midnight

You hug and you hold tight

If you pinch you just might

Believe it, you've been, you've seen, you've got

insight

I put the sound behind

I put the sound behind
Laid it down
Surrounding the words
Learning the programme
Changing the pitch
Feeling unbelievably rich

Making the right moves
Will it be played on night moves
How much coloured diffusion
Or imperfect confusion
Escape as a solution
Even conceive to believe the illusion

Rhythm raising the rhyme
Caressing, cajoling and connecting
Amplifying the simple written image
Word, verb, dulcimer, weld into vision
Bringing imaginations into collision
Singing, beginning, natural decision

Tone deaf teenager
Life apart from music
Disadvantaged by ignorance

Impeded by innocence
Deflected from delivery
Constrained by sincerity

At the turn of the century
At an half life of individuality

Graham or is it John

Graham or John

Where are you from

Your picture

Character strong

Your coat was red

You never said

You'd been before

Walked out the door

The zephyr blew

The jeans were blue

The memory cradle

Leaving the stable

A stable boy

A big girl's toy

Open top sport

Not your sort

The white cotton shirt

Does hurting hurt

Passing on by

Tears lovers cry

Turning eighteen

It's about being seen

Crocodile shoes

Silver studs in two's

Sail by, swan in stature

It's essence you capture

You glide and slide

Taking the Cadillac ride

The girl on your arm

Besotted by charm

Pretty pink dress

Virginity suppressed

Hair flicked back

Listening to chicken shack

Painting your own picture

Writing your own scripture

You carry your confidence

With supreme diffidence

Believing the dream

Selling the sheen

Envy brings engagement

Edge endows enragement

The cockerel crow quietens

The peacock colour whitens

The cloud of smoke

The oarsman's stroke

Waters wash over

The discarded cloak

He walked right in

He couldn't swim

He never spoke

You missed the joke

Nothings real

From our dreams we steal

Joseph's Technicolor dream coat

It is our conscience missing the boat

Chronicle

The cathedrals silent space

The blacksmiths forging flame

The British bed and breakfast

Walking over the reservoir ramparts

Canal boat over the sky high viaduct

Coach trip to the seaside

Scared that it could all be lost

Scared that there could be even more

Scared by the shifting sands of minds

Time is the ethereal enemy

Understanding the hour, the minute, the day

Missing by a mile the year, the generation, the life

The railway platform at mid-day

Apples and oranges on the market stall

Ale house and alfresco foraging

Cars boarding the over-night ferry

Fishermen landing their catch on the quay

Cricket whites and willow battered ball

Scared at not meeting the cost
Scared that there could be even more
Scared by the fluidity of inflation

Money is the surrealist enemy
Understanding the pound in our pocket
Missing by a mile the millions flowing through a
lifetime

The works Christmas party
Bingo at the club
Dominoes in the pub

The aeroplane going from ground to cloud
The ice cream on the promenade
The surfboard cutting spray

Scared at being somewhere different
Scared there might be even more
Scared by a changing space

Place is the straight-jacket enemy
Understanding the room, the yard, the town
Missing by a mile the city, the county the country

The cinema screen imagery
The theatrical actor's observations
The brass band playing eulogies

Mountains of misunderstood meetings
Thousands of insincere greetings
Waiting for Murphy's law

Scared at not saying
Scared that there could be even more
Scared of listening and feeling

Communication is the free-world enemy
Understanding hello, goodbye, yes and no
Missing by a mile everything in between

Café

Silver pot

Spout on top

Swirling water

Steaming steam

The bubbles blow on the surface

Below the taste is in the tanning

Saucer and cup

Plain Jane Porcelain

Lifting to the lips

The most delicate of sips

We could have been in Claridge's

Or Betty's in Harrogate square

Then he took a real drink

Swishing it all about his palate

Another one down to the leaves

Another story for Gypsy Rose Lea

She saw beyond the effusion

She cleared the momentary confusion

The café windows glowed

We walked away aboard the sunlit snow

Bonfire Night's

Some time ago
The congregation Inn
The village green
Big boys building bonfires

Roasting potatoes
Chopping down trees
Stuffing the guy
Smoke to make you cry

The day after the night before
Rushing out in the morning mist
To catch the dying embers
To bring fading fires back to life

No streetlight sodium above
No torches
Only the wonder
Bonfire and stars

Ten, around then anyway

A momentary lapse of...

A reason to believe in dreams

Cobbled stones, rough hewn meadow lanes

Summer skies, children's joy, butterflies

Bilberry bush, strawberry jam, birds and bees

Picnics by the big house lake

A fleeting glimpse of...

A season to remember a stinging sense

The cane, caning to care

Wrapped in cotton wool

Playground pranks, slipper and spanks

Educating cock and bull

A flashing passing of...

An aromatic memory of yesteryear

Tar-macadam steam

Workmen by the brazier

Smelting, melting, snorting, blowing

Machines amortize nature, blackening the country

mile

Temeraire

Horizon Sunset on the horizon
Light scattered falling from the sky
Reflection ships on the water
Shoreline cityscape fades away

Orange, yellow, ochre, rust and blue
Flames flare from her chimney
As she tugs the majestic sailing ship
Underneath a sky with both sun and moon

Did he ponder on the galley
Wondering why not a soul in sight
Could the sea have been so many colours
Would the imagination beamed so bright

From across the oceans sailors gather
Line the decks as they reach the shore
Yesterday was flags and bunting
Today is calm good men quietly go

Storm clouds behind the night
Bring brightness to the fore
Light, a likeness to your image

Your sun drenched early evening sky

Mandolin wind, you have the weight
Strings whispering, you are nearly being
Drum skins smoothed, your brushstroke wavers
The bass guitar plays you gently weep and cry

Promenader's right behind you
Waiting and watching your vision unfold
Your story you gave us on the canvas
Eight score years and more ago

Red, grey, silver, white and golden
The flickering flag atop the mast
Ropes and rigging tidier than nature
Close up close I spy a crew

A sea of two reflections
Mirror sun and mirror moon
Painting thousands of projections
For the Nation to consume

Did you say you were going nowhere
No more the sea to be a roving
The last voyage has been

And gone

We should have seen the sadness

The colour was without your joy

The smokestack racks our guilt

Cracks our preconception

Summer not in the city

Caravan and charabanc
Roach and spliff
And weed and stuff

Were all going to the seaside
In a jiff, in a jam
Surf a bit of rough

Claudia, Raymond, Pfeiffer et al
Revues to pursue
Bars, breeze in, breeze on

Sand and random
God dam beautiful girls in blue
Cars cruising by

Stereo and Jerry
Flotsam and Jetsam fly
Make a young man cry

Hand-lock and wedlock
Sex from suburbia
Sky high at the seaside

Flagrant and fragrant
Musk into just one more time
Rampant with roughage

Promenade the colonnade
Soaking oak aged wine
Sunstroke and alcohol

Thunder thighs and caramel
No man put asunder
Retreat cautious of defeat

Lithesome and luxurious
A million dollar girl
Expectations outside compare

Walking on by
Style in soliloquy
Babes in biographies

Candy floss, sticks of joss
Purple pink and pretty
Sunsets and settling down

Campfire and sleeping bags
Rumble in the ragging

Orgasm by organism

Eyes wide open

Loves light in the moonbeam

Seamstress in to mistress

Toes in the water's edge

Trousers rolled below the splashing height

Caught up in the salt and the sirocco

She magazine and racing post

Distractions from the distance

Memories of imagination scrolled

Markets in meaninglessness

Toys and troubadours abound

Together tomorrow no more

Crying at the dancehall

Misunderstanding misunderstood messages

One more chance, save the last dance

Some kind of forfeit

Simple happy joy

Free as the evening air

Care for the morning
Hold each other tight
Hope springs maternal

Off to the other place
Return to unreality
Bags packed and bollocks

Another day you'll see her
Another year you'll be there
Another life promised together

Seaside and forever
Only till the tide turns
Safe on the shifting sands

Someone's five stories

Someone told me

There are only five stories

Was it Shakespeare, may be

Reading Candide

I am reminded of a certain phrase

A similar familiarity

Walking around a continent

Passages wind and wander over the seas

Whatever will be the intent

It's for the best

The words tumble together

Symbolise doubt forever

I love you, believe me

Deliver from deceit

Freedom to receive

Hatred feeding hunger

Fear receding into the night

Evil lying around waiting asunder

It's for the best

The alchemists modern meditations

Storyteller's line their nest

Into the ether

Faith another presence

Convictions courage breathing

To the victor the spoils

The vanquished endeavour

The daily, daily toil

It's for the best

Riches to ribbons

Mind free of money time to invest

Someone once told me

How lucky you are

Let those less fortunate be

Seven steps to spirituality

A stairway to heaven

Whole world's from reality

It's for the best

Acting under the stars

Cinema citizens arrest

The desert sand was in abundance

The shade from the poison berry tree

Waiting for that crazy kid Sundance

Spaghetti western movies

The magnificent seven

The continuum of cowboy stories

It's for the best

Strive as ever you must

Forget intruding thoughts of rest

Young man makes good

Grit and determination or

Blue, blue blood

Clog to clog

In three generations

Bog to cathedral to bog

It's for the best

The future their to enjoy

Past endurance suppressed

Sod the commitment

Bugger the resolution

Send me sordid entertainment

It's for the best

Only four more stories to go

Leave me be, god let me rest

Seven steps to spirituality

A stairway to heaven

Whole world's from reality

Snowstorm

Particles, shafts of frozen dry vapours, a thousand
million floating wisps of white particles

Could have been the billion grains of sand

Washed by yesterdays winters waves

She wore chiffon and silk, countless sequins sprinkled
like gold dust amongst the shining silver threads

Could have been the Mayday princess

Blessed by spring to summer sunshine

Principle, beliefs bound in where we've been,
observations transformed in relief, shadows of a
negative past

Could have been the circuit judge

Becalmed by peace and trust

Mountain, hewn from eruptions along glacial shores,

energy storming beyond man alones most glorious
imagination

Could have been the beginning of time

Waking from a deep dark sleep

Film star's, bringing a mood, a mirage, a stillness,
giving a life to life, colouring the spaces between each
space

Could have been the medicine men

The new mystics of modernity

Racism, bigotry, parochial piranha's in political deserts

Saturday

Read the brochure for Totleigh Barton

Would I ever work again?

Would that I would never work again

Creating characters

Defining space and time

Like Laura Ashley and William Morris we decorate the
scene

Commune, communal and communion

Reaching into the ether

Thinking in tongues

Back to the Saturday morning

Bacon breakfast by the moor

This Dartmoor retreat serves body before soul

Swiss family Robinson

Down from the smoke

Marvel at the frost blue sky

Waitresses offer smoking or not

A cafe divided in two

A smokescreen for cholesterol health

It's time for tea

Time to take a break

See you again soon

Retreat

Repeat, repeat

Repetitive resolution

Removing confusion

Retreating reclusion

Beat, beat

Becoming believing

Belonging seeing

Barely being

In deep, in deep

Iterative itinerary

Inducing delivery

Inclusive imagery

Tap, tap

Timing Toledo's

Training troubadours

Tasty toreadors

Seep, seep

Soak awhile

Shapely smile

Sensitive style

Drink, drink

Belong here

Beyond fear

Beautiful sear

More often

Where are you now
Write to me more often

Where are you now
Softly, softly spoken

Where am I
I am here fairly often

There you are
Nothings broken

The coffee's black
In Massarella's café

The light is bright
Behind the photographer's lens

I smile, awhile
Surrounded by these moments of magic

Where are you now
Write to me more often