

Christopher Sanderson

Desperate love stories and other stuff



No place for mistake

Fourteen per cent
A share in the weekly event
But take care not to monopolize
Your one seventh of heaven

Tread ever so lightly
Determine to please personify
Speak your words wisely
Lest misinterpretation should flow

You have only partial access
You are wanted on short term demand
So if this seems practical
Consider what sort of life it allows

What sort of sad person
Is going to evolve
What sort of mad person
Will life's lathe revolve

You cried

You cried

I had no need to lie

My love for you was already freefall flowing

In between

Happy sad kind mean

I cried

You had no need to lie

Your love for me

Rock solid hugging going

Equal to zero

Commitment

Equal to zero

Never, not ever, except if its o.k.

Fall in line

And join the queue

Open time for rejection

Pity is not

Ever selected

Parting shot failing words

Nothing more than meaning

At that instant in time

Opportunity be spoke

Courage to have no conviction

Desirous of freedom

Fleeing to free

Course it just does not

Work any other way

Corruption without care

Stating the obvious
Pouring the rhyme
Steering to be

Well that is the way
See if you risk
Losing it all

Reading the line
Creating the image
Clouding the issue

Take it on head first
Take it to task
Neglect asymmetric action

Proud to beg
Upstanding to fall
Crazed with distortion

Extinguish the anguish
Obliterate desire
Mask any malignant hope

Wreak havoc and teardrop

Crush chaos and cause
Eradicate ethereal thought

Bring into some being
Alternate
Hope

I have loved you too much for my own good

I have loved you too much for my own good
I have been and am indeed obsessed

Now the need to love you less
The need indeed to be depressed

From moments of energy high and bright
To thoughts of loss and self deceit

Saving the chance to not decimate
Wanting to say to stay related

I have loved you far too deep
I have been affected, infected, caressed

Now we have no time to share
Priorities selected that prise apart

Bricks and mortar, bonds of blood
Sticks and stones and calling names that hurt we

Wandering into darkness, glaring glaze
Staring deep, open space avoiding eyes

Process and outcome, education lost in time
Concentration lapse, forgotten hopes forgotten
thoughts

Factual representation, fictional probes
Such wasted and wanting, such wasted and wanting

Creation enabled, energy adsorbed invigorated and
re-enacted
Such wanting and wasting, such wanting and wasting

Wilful, skilful intellectualisation of decay and delusion
Integrating woven webs of traps and snares, snaps
and stares

Breaking out and breaking through
Striking out and striking through bleakest blackest
blue

Morning glory and morning shame, hiding hope,
hoping pain
Familiar story, familiar, wrong choice, wretched crime
of stain

Pouring, scoring, scorn, clinched fist, clench, ache
waste

Devastation blinding flashback blinding scream

Platitude, pity, pleasance, care less poverty

Robbery, conceit, deceit, repulsive disgrace misplace

Product of curse and clamour, tread, tramp, wish
underfoot

Grieve, hate, deprave, crave, grovel, grate, waste

I laugh on my own, but I am not alone

I laugh on my own, but I am not alone

No, you are here

You do not disappear

Is this the same

For lovers in grief

The disbelief

Shown by friends and family

Who do not

Will not understand

You have not gone

Not away

Just to another peaceful place

Where I join you

Everyday

In my own way

Consumption

I awake, awake with anger
Say in my mind, all feelings of hate
Work words of badness, work words to grate
Grate all my feelings, grind them to dust
Work through the torment
Clearing a view
Opening some pathway
For the rest of the day

Crippled in chaos
Crippled from to do
Knowing I have to
Knowing no desire
Grovel and grope inside me
Greave and leave behind me
A weight that's consuming
Consuming my mind

All wrapped up in innocence

All wrapped up in innocence
The engine purrs as 24 valves slide
Calm and cool recollecting memories
Warm inside the familiarity
No thought to what outside is about to worry
All wrapped up in innocence
The mobile ring-tone strikes
Innocence and daydreams both are broken
Tension, sensed, instant frustration
Heartbeat quickens
Perspiration slickens
The worried brow
The never ending need it now
Calls that you can't deliver on
Past no escaping from
Face the music
You made it yourself
Tell it to your maker
You mover you shaker
You forever taker

I stare at the blank piece of paper

I stare at the blank piece of paper

My thoughts all over the place

At work, at play, at rest

Melancholy could be allowed to enter

Saturday night in bed by ten all alone long way from
home

But more than this would be needed for the basis of
despair

I try your phone

I try your phone

No ones there

I try your phone

Someone's there engaged

I try your phone

Lonesome's there, not you

I wait for you to return my call

Reading Dylan Thomas

I view his works as patterns

Words of wonder, a vocal vocabulary of pain

I drift inside his world, to read poetry should always
be thus

Beyond the here and now

The telephone rings

I startle, and try to regain a grip on the night

I hear your happiness

Your body recovers

Forever I can tell you
Of Rollo May

Unite

Fifty six hours from parting
Fifty six hours untying the umbilical cord

Two days no more
Two days from seeing you before

Seven years and one half from meeting
Seven years and one hell of forgetting

Mornings of madness
Daydreams of sadness

Days within secrecy
Nights without sorcery

Faith searching for forgiveness
Futility in any other guise

Languish

My words don't mean nothin'
So easy to write
Flippant like
Simple as tossing a coin

My body ain't remembered
Taken an used
Abuse like
Sincere as tossing it off

My time don't mean nothin
Wasted over again
Thoughtless like
Same as tossing a tick

My mind ain't considered
Twisted and torn
Screwed like
Soft as tossing semen

My money don't matter
Spent in misery
Clueless like
Scared as tossing frost

My possessions ain't there now

Given to ghosts

Frightened like

Shady as tossing sears

My soul don't belong

Together no more

Broken like

Stuffed as tossing dross

Words on the wire

Connection you cannot make

No line

No number to call

And writings no use

Commitment to print excluded

Life being reflected

Deflected by distractions

Words wrapped with meaning

Are best trapped in wire

No record

No misrepresentation

No one there

Fairly unfair

Forgetting the demands of time

Being otherwise engaged

Last time

Always on the last line
Cynicism less than sublime

Always following the light
A twisted stab in the dark

Perhaps this time will be a breakthrough
But see here I go again

Climbing high in mind and mood
Like flying at thirty thousand feet

For every high spot though it seems
An inner drive puts on the leaded boots

Aware that I am in command
I turn the lights up brilliant bright

On this occasion there is no
Last line

Nearly, nearly made it!

Wouldn't be so bad if we hated

Wouldn't be so bad if we hated
If we hated more than we hated parting

Wouldn't be so bad if we cared less
If we cared less than we cared for

Wouldn't be so bad if we slated
If we slated more than we stated

Wouldn't be so bad if we created
If we created more than creating

Wouldn't be so bad
Probably would

Line and lineage

I lose myself in poetry

I lost myself in life

I find myself in poetry

I found myself in life

In illness a nothingness brings calm

In health restlessness brings chaos

A loss of concentrated thought

A linear progressive decline

Always a regret of bodily abuse

Always an ability to continue to misuse

Possessions, provisions, personal love

Tripartite imbalance of action and deed

The myself I find in poetry

How can you be found in life

You sit at the glass topped table

You sit at the glass topped table

You browse your pile of books

You write your own reflection

Of colours printed on the page

You are your own possession

You strive your own satisfaction

You see beyond beneath the surface

Of peoples thoughts and words

You struck me with such energy

You bounced and lived and sought

You wanted all and then still more

To explode your own introspection

You actualize reality

You see your strength to give

You have a soul so gentle

Of goodness you only know

You always work with reason

You see no limitations

You encourage empower and console

Of those for whom you care

You are more

You are many

You are sitting at the glass topped table

A time for loving

Mondays for Jim
Payment and pleasure

Tuesdays for Sarah
Enabling to grow

Wednesdays for Emily
Pain to extract

Thursdays for Tracy
Teaching to talk

Fridays for Terry
Outreaching to youth

Saturdays for Joseph
Playing without pressure

Sundays for Wendy
Shopping planning to cope

Mondays for essays
Assignments undone

Tuesdays for social policy
The dis-enfranchised few

Wednesdays for bonding
Groups searching for how

Thursdays for lectures
Notes and names no mistake

Fridays for hope of time
Beginning today

Saturdays remembered
Times long ago

Sunday morning's pleasure
Loving your bloke

Forgetfulness

Forgetfulness

The after shave is still in the drawer

Forgetfulness

The memory of a past left behind

Thoughtfulness

Not able to forget

To care

Carefulness

Alive to thought, able memory

To share

Where is energy

Imagine one gene from where their is energy

Imagine more than one, a cellar-full of cells

Where is energy

Meditation calms, relaxes, releases minds energy

Where is easing energy

Lucozade gives glucose gives body energy

Where is positive energy

Alcohol stimulates, inebriates, eventually suffocates

Where is negative energy

Nicotine infiltrates to create headache energy

Where is interference energy

Passion rouses, bodies warm fluids flow, in a flood a
burst of Energy

Wow!

Where is sensual energy

Like a willow weeping

Like a willow weeping
Or a songbird sleeping

Like a time remembered, so clearly
Or a time you came so close, so nearly

When the cold waves came crashing
Tethered nights dark winds thrashing

Under stars and half moons rising
Skimming pebbles half surprising

Thurlestone sands so far from Thurlestone School
Only needed one broken rule

Under stars laughter hides the fear
Sinister is the minister that does not hear

And that is just what we do
Me, you, we two

Like willows weeping
Like songbirds sleeping

Another time you just smiled

Along the golden mile

Jack the lad in life and laughter

Getting, impressing, whoever you were after

But in the camouflage under cover

Wanting to be more than just another

Needing to prescribe a different being

Creating images for onlookers seeing

Not knowing what is truly showing

Or who cares enough to be knowing

Designer clothes are no compensation

Neither is narcotics true sensation

Life lived in void space nine

Apart, abreast from time

Like a willow weeping

Like a songbird sleeping

The guitar played blues and soul

The band embraced the ball

Earlier the songs were engaging
Memories, old emotions, raging

You never meant to part
So why did you start

Drifting into the grey abyss
Forgetting what you'd miss

Climbing mountains and missing molehills
Moving in motion, but leaving picture stills

That was what you wanted to do
To create something, well me too

More than simply nine to five
More dead than alive

Like the willow weeping
Like the songbird sleeping

Evoking outspoken jokes
Handing round the Spanish smokes

Jack Daniels and Stella ice
Heading off in search of spice

Catch a late night cab
Once again you're jack the lad

Only this time come tomorrow
Laughter will turn to sorrow

Deeper down into your own depression
Caught inside your own oppression

Not able to imagine how to change your state
You've lost the path to your golden gate

And all around everyone's trying
Yet you are the only one not crying

You are not the willow weeping
No more the songbird sleeping