

Faded Responsibilities

Love of Unfathomable Security



Christopher Sanderson

A Coastmoor Publication

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A Ten Pence Poems Imprint

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Introduction

Looking back to hospital waiting rooms and road journeys. Times and places where the mind was allowed to play. There is no serious illness, other than the addiction to writing about the days events, and how they are translated within.

I might just say something about the guillemots: I am moved by both the bird and the band.

Christopher
Lincolnshire
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All dressed up and...

At the early morning bus stop
First cigarette of the day
Think on - of lovers left in bed
Think on, of lovers
If only you had said
Baby can I walk you home

Roam around those thoughts
Alive, twirled fast inside your head
At the early morning bus stop
Baby, for certain you could have said
Can I share your life forever
Can I wake inside your head

Instead, you think on:
Too much make up

Too dreary perm set hair
Too tight the crimplene trousers
Too late the finals of the beauty cup...
Can I share your life forever
Can I wake inside your head

Instead you stare
Beyond the early morning
Beyond the bust stop and the flair
You think on – of lovers left in bed
You think on, lover, if only you had said
Baby can I walk you home
Can I share your life forever
Can I wake one day beside you
In your silk laced, soft skin, bed

Unfinished

The pace is itself relentless
No matter how fast or slow you go

Always, right there behind you
Another natural born leader
Ready to make the pace, so-so

Such is life you say, yet
Every so-so often

The words are
Dripped with sexual connotation:
Lesbian, hand-job, go slow

One for the road

Suspended inanimate
Blood and bones helplessly hang
Under less than supple skin
No voice at home to articulate

Push buttoned purred engine
Depress the clutch, pull away
The body falls in for the ride, held
At a safe distance, safely levitated

Tick-tock, tick-tock; slower, but
Still a pulse of circulation

A station to move through
A moment more awake than last

Stretches with sugared tea
Tea and meditation
The engines inclinations ingested
The fuel kicks in; hot ear lobes listen

To soft rock played on the radio
The sun is up, in the cloudless sky
Hung over
The seventeen fields of rapeseed

Division

Split in two, or through some other viewfinder

Life portrayed, or played out, but more about some other suede smooth, truth minder, than you;
kind of find insufficient time or insufficient repetition, reminiscing to the swishing of the wishing
washing line

Whether in metaphor or rhyme, to climb outside, stride or shuffle with muffled words, heard on the
microphone, one day at home on the telephone; say *I love you*, but I write my letters to another

Still to know so little, so fickle to show, nowhere quite the angers glow, the fall into lost control, more
flows with shades of grey, decayed illuminations

Call home, to continue deceit, move your squiggled, wriggled feet into streets of poured down rain,
stained against her eyes, without undue surprise or back story

Sandilands in May

This is how we feel. Alive on the beach, in the breeze, with hands over our eyes to create the vibrant, purple, geodesic domes that Buckminster Fuller spoke of so lovingly. Out towards the vague horizon, the waves roll over onto the podiatrist's feet; she moves the camera blindly from one frame to the next, past the horses and the waves of water

The chasm beneath Edinburgh's streets sure struck a chord; the author sincere with her research, whatever the year, whatever the festival, whatever the danger she was later to speak of. We all need some space; the brown and white hoofs splash their exited riders into the tides surprises, the dogs that barked have left the sand sunk pools, left the faraway roar of motor cycles

We all need some space, also to talk to the stranger dressed in white muslin, he moves away, steps up a gear, jogs along, and levitates to the next breakwater. We all need some space, he checks his pulse and pedometer; with my blurred vision I can easily make him out to be two, turn his outfit to become ever more flight bound and exotic

The sands become a desert, the sound of waves are thanks to the ever present wind noise; winds that stir the particles into a massed morass, for all in which to sink. Better then to wear my spectacles, or look for the shorter, more distinctive view, see what can be seen; reign in my over active imagination, once more caught unseen on film

Light of Amber Nectar

In my right ear the sound of water
Almost a stream, into nearly a pool

All the rest we imagine
On the beach, tiptoe cold water
Shared lonesome interrogations

*“You seem unsettled
Can you not look at me”*

I turn to see your smile:

Red lips; all the words say
I love you

It takes a while
But I settle
Here among the simple folk
Drinking the Moonshine pale ale

Where arrangements are made
To meet a week on Tuesday
By when apparently all will be sorted

Faded Responsibilities

It is such a life
To be cared for so completely
Is it such a crime
To walk away, a shade discretely

Is it such a life
To be cared for completely
It is such a crime
To walk away, feigning sweetly

In Season

It is an obsession, to put into words the opium of the lilies; I hear you talk of headiness, of thighs melted with oil; I hear you talk of gentleness, of boys at a wander in the meadow.

Dusk brings out the stronger scent, as if she is mistress of the night times; a sultry seducer who waits for the wine to flow; a damsel to distress who waits for the music to unwind our sobrieties.

But here, in the breath of daylight, the breezes catch her open cleavage, deliver her consignments to be ravished; a rummage through the undergrowth, before afternoon tea.

Plump plums laid on soft velvet, skinned with musk perfume; all the temperaments of the orient to be ravished; a rummage before afternoon tea.

I hear you talk of obsession, of bodies heaved and thrown; I hear you talk of opium, of bodies with minds, that the scented breeze has blown.

But here, in the breath of daylight, all I can think of, is a rummage before afternoon tea.

The poets depth according to Nietzsche

I went to get the deck chair
But found
As with other human foibles
That it had gone, moved on
Removed to a storage space
Away from the summer's sun

I turned on the water feature
Simple streams cascade
From copper tray to copper tray
I imagine that you can hear it
I daydream that you see & think
Of the dragonfly

The brick wall
Has fallen easy prey to the ivy
No contest without the frost

To hold the either of you back
Nor to the potted plants
That in league with you
Gathered their weeds incognito

Over the fence the breeze blows
How many thousand miles
The air plumes must have travelled
Together, concurrent and countercurrent
That you may see their swirls over the Azores

It would not matter
Although I hope you understand
There are days like these
Also days when truly
All our champagne tomorrows
Are our brown ale yesterdays

Pace

They're on the doctor's list, the pills to give and take; pitchers for improved digestion, potions to calm the tangled nerves, twelve steps for alcohol addiction, rough retreats for heroin withdrawal, patches for nicotine starvation, grave misgivings for chronic depression

Small cars that go nowhere fast, hundred and twenty miles to the gallon; run outs, four days a week, weekends on the driveway, by the caravan. Not so this fine-tuned body of an engine, nippy in the slipstream; up front & peppy, no need for medication or search for meditation; shudder, blood-wrack at the very thought of it

Still though the headaches, the guilt of kept silent complications, pace up and down outside the firmly closed door. Still also, the numbness, at first light, wake up to the smokers cough silenced by the solidarity of solitude

Think on of cortisone injections, joints that twinge your every move, hinges old and crusted, memories, all that you forgot to ask. Will you be at the party come a week on Sunday? Will you wear the rosette and the flowered gown? Are your parents going to stay over? Say, are those your tears, kindly turned upside down?

It is that time of day, time for automatic pilot; thoughts to be handled one thought at a time: Brake, accelerate, change gear, turn the wheel, steal away, gone

Magic Numbers

Number 8 has just stubbed out her fag
I'm number 22
Sat beside
A season ticket holder
Mr. Number 23
I would have got here earlier
But the doctor's receptionist said
To wait for the phone rush to die down

Anyhow
8 and 9 are done now
Both looked a bit dodgy to me
Then, I'm no doctor, and anyway
I guess you wouldn't come here
To pick your team for the Olympics
A bit dodgy; not a bad diagnosis
Then, my daughter is a doctor

Fantasies: Movement 4

The pamphlet title: *The A Road Numbers*
Twixt home and work
Where much of this stuff is composed
Word-wrecks that wrack around my head
Before being committed to paper
Per se

Up and down the Wolds
Round the long and soft turned corners
Early in the morning
As the worlds day begins again
The procession is ever so
Truly, unruly, she's duly being processed

Around half way
Just a shade of moments further
A breakfast stop
Bacon & eggs; some days the full monty
Occasionally a yoghurt drink
With fresh mango from the Caribbean

The tea time radio DJ
In casual conversation
Said he had not heard the word experiential
Not before yesterday; neither had his friend
I found that odd
That's all this is. I hope you follow

Observations At An Exhibition

Another blood test Friday
Pink socks, painted toenails
Soft brown sandals
Society magazines; real people

We all get tired don't we
Wonder if all's worthwhile

Then the soft breeze
Catches the hair on my arm

A friend points me
Towards some new direction
For a moment, in my mind
All is replenished

EP

A spade, a spade, a spade
Or a hand of hearts
A royal flush

A spade, a spade, a spade
Or a sack full of potatoes
Jersey Royal

A spade, a spade, a spade
By any other name
No less royal

All made up and nowhere to go

To sit without suggestion
As protected by the dream
Black spots of resurrection
Connected altogether too clean

To sit as an observed dimension
The dementia of a scheme

White dots of self infection
Reflect the step to true demean

To sit await collection
For inspection by the team
Blood clots of doubt detection
Deflect the specs it seems

Guillemots

Swoop
Dive
Soar
Glide

Cliff tops
Grey skies
Raindrops
Sea spray

Listen; hear sigh
The mournful cry
Of the guillemots

Listen
Silent in

Your own self
To call the guillemots

Another night of theatre
Another night
Of crowd control

Take me to your sky life
Pass on by
Your broken heart
Take me to your soul

Listen to the call, listen
And be silent
In your own self

Hear the call
The mournful cry
From the grey skies
& the cliff tops

The call
From the raindrops
& the sea spray

The squawk
& sigh
The beautiful cry
Of the guillemots

Guthrie

You sang, of being amongst the dust bowls

I write, of cornfields, sunbeams on the rapeseed, walks by streams and meadows, willows no longer for the weeping, fresh shoots, that reach up to the sky

You sang on, of having been brought through the great depression

I write on, of motor homes, jet-streams beyond the blue day, talk shows with entrepreneurs, moguls no longer there for the reaping, fresh shoots, that think they'll never die

Your boy sang, he made it to the big time

As my mother's son I write, of families tormented by suppression, repressed with hopes they could not call; the little girl skips, swings her pink handbag, thank heaven their souls eternally tried

Unfathomable Security

I am still in search, of all
That you think I've found
I am still on the lookout
For far less solid ground

With no light
He might have said
The night he read your story
Of the also after dead

Relapse

Flies or crows or
Spiders
Long forgotten

Still I chose
To go back to sleep
Only fifteen minutes
To the alarm

Shortly
Afterwards

In the stillness of the day

The early light
With movement only
Of birds and superstitions

Not a breath of breeze
The white sky sure
To turn to blue

In the fullness of the day

Time to move on
Work out
What is meant

By crows, or flies or
Spiders long since forgotten

Awake in Sleep

These are fluid times
There is lucidity
Clear edges to the thoughts
A rationale, for further
Research and development

Scattered fragments
Are drawn together
Fractious egos
Are washed with calm
Complex endocrines
Are strung into the loop

I am more than me
More than what you see
The highs and the lows
The carbon glows
They are a part of me

On the borders of perception
A place far away from thought
By canals of introspection
Water; deeper, undone by nought
I am more than me
Yet still I see the uncertainty

Thank you for reading

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