

**Love;  
the fabric covered book of love**



Christopher  
Sanderson

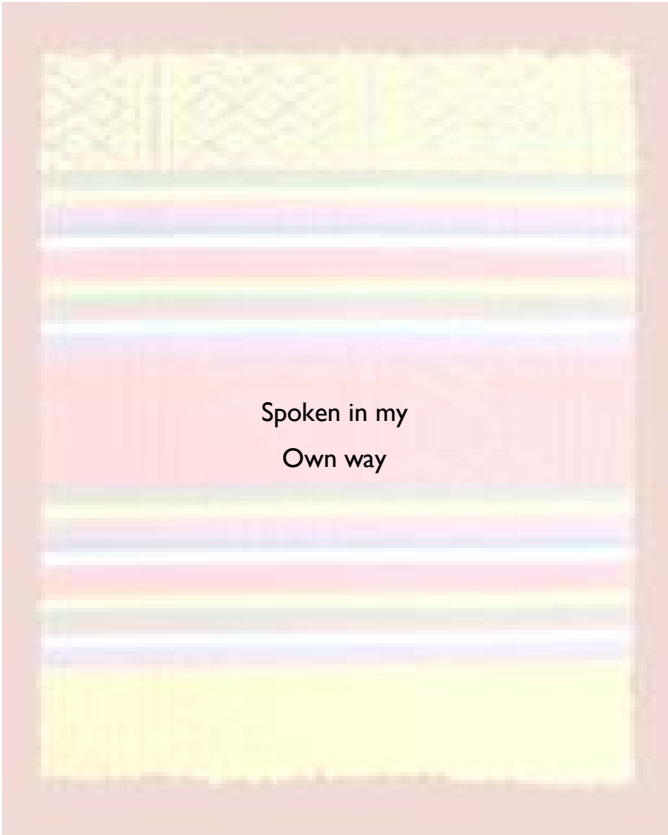


Love; the fabric covered book of love

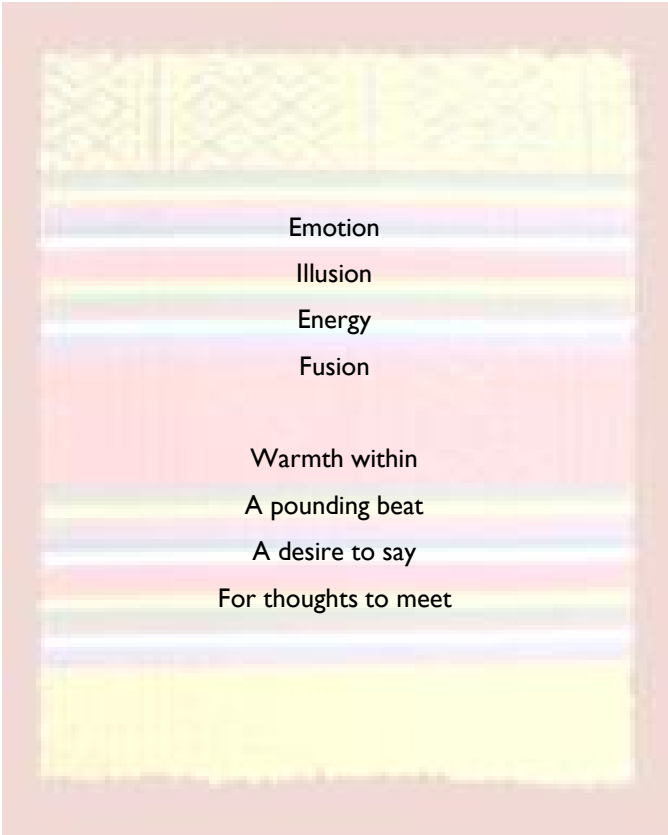
**Christopher  
Sanderson**

Early 1990's

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The image features a central text overlay on a colorful, patterned background. The background consists of a series of horizontal bands in various colors (yellow, green, blue, red, pink, purple) and patterns (geometric, stripes). The text is centered and reads "Spoken in my Own way".

Spoken in my  
Own way



Emotion

Illusion

Energy


Fusion

Warmth within


A pounding beat

A desire to say

For thoughts to meet

The background is a vertical rectangular panel with a light brown border. It features a complex, multi-colored pattern. At the top, there are three vertical columns of yellow and green geometric patterns. Below these are several horizontal bands of various colors including blue, purple, pink, and green. The central text is overlaid on a large, semi-transparent pink rectangular area.

The colour blue  
In black and white  
The colour red  
Another night  
Without  
Colour TV



The theatre lists

I think of you

The morning mists

I think of you


The together toes

I think of you

Heaven knows

I think of you

Warmly




The face deserves we tell  
A longer story, a tale with  
Middle beginning and end

The queen and Mrs Jones  
Shall both appear in a cast  
Not bettered this year

The timing succinct, sublime  
Seems like less than a blink

But the whole world changed  
And me more than most

What can it all mean



Primal scream

Symbolic search

Coffee mornings

Afternoon tea

At one with nature

Of possessions relieved

Fitted carpets

Central heating and colour TV





Before

Twisted knotted fibres

Fight, frenzy, frantic

Muscle, bustle bound

Within

Without, exception, inscription

No marks to show

Silky smooth, laughter glow


Acquiring acquisition

Notches on the knurl

Restless, thoughtless, careless

Couldn't be

Less



Writing on rice paper

Writing at all

Time taken thinking

Time in thought

Pictures of giving


Pictures of joy

Time taken thinking

Time in thought

Thinking in pictures

Writing in thought



Against the dry lined wall

A bed too big

A bed too old

Under the sloping ceiling

A bed too solid

A bed too cold

Beside the draught fed window

A bed too far away

A bed for led astray

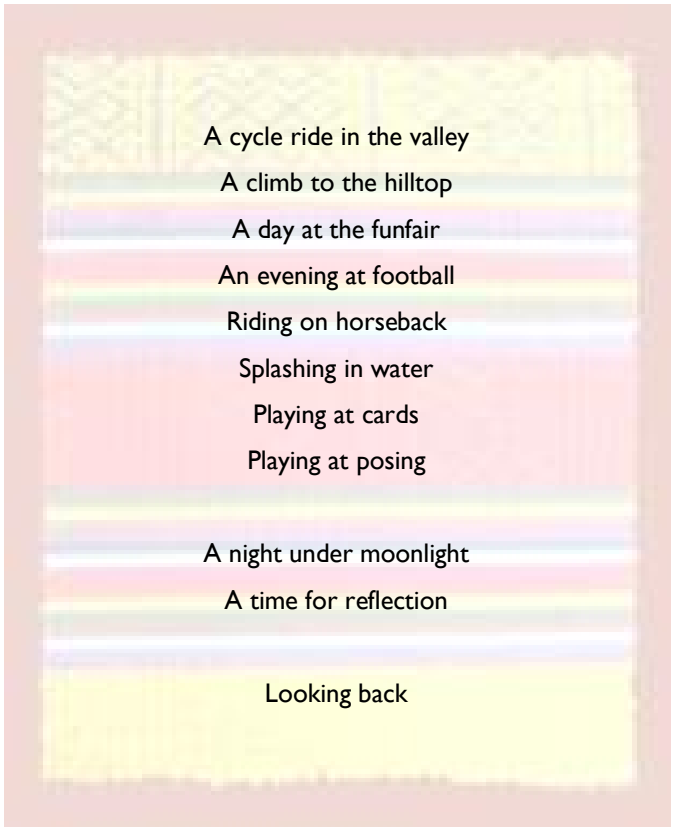
Then beneath our bodies

The bed becomes less than old

A bed so large, a bed so grand

A bed so warm

A bed of love, solid gold



A cycle ride in the valley

A climb to the hilltop

A day at the funfair

An evening at football

Riding on horseback

Splashing in water

Playing at cards

Playing at posing

A night under moonlight

A time for reflection

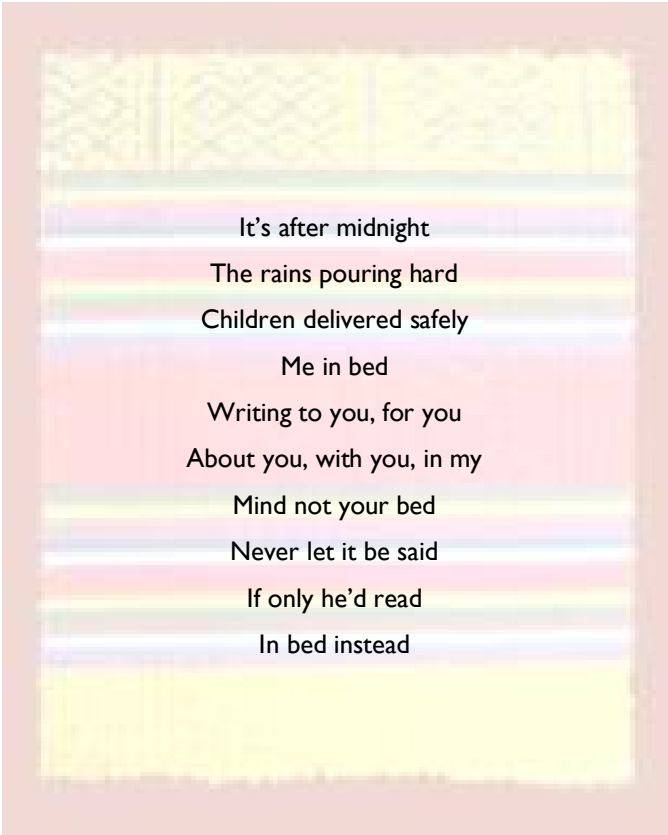
Looking back

In the rain we walked  
Really it was only drizzle and mist  
Anyway we were lost  
But not unsure  
No, we knew where we wanted to go

So we hailed a taxi, now it was  
Pouring rain  
In we climbed and out we  
Climbed, almost before we got in

Only round the corner  
We were lost; but we wanted to go

To the British Museum




It's after midnight  
The rains pouring hard  
Children delivered safely  
Me in bed  
Writing to you, for you  
About you, with you, in my  
Mind not your bed  
Never let it be said  
If only he'd read  
In bed instead

Is their some significance  
To these feet  
Ar Tarquin  
Nay lad I don't know

But wot of the face  
Does it hide hidden mischief  
Or wonders unknown

Wot  
Wot yer on abaht

Nay lad I dun't know  
Seems a bit pretentious  
Eh!



Lay there sleeping

Smiling inside

Achieving, believe belief

Passive or active a simple choice

Active not passive a lonely voice

Lay there sleeping


Smiling inside

Believing, achieving, achieve

Your choice your voice


Your valuable life






Words become a drug  
Wanting wider stimulation  
Higher ecstasies  
Pages pour out paraffin  
When white champagne is  
Desired

Work at it wordsmith  
Craft at your anvil  
Work at it tradesman  
Learn your profession  
Pour on  
Seraphim



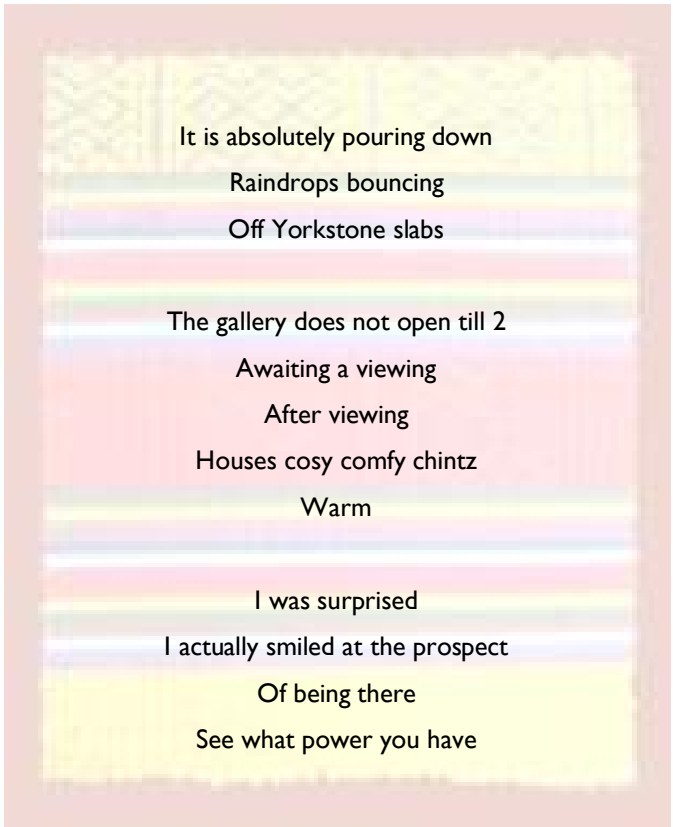
This one must continue  
A statements being made  
An acceptance of vocation  
Willingness to trade  
All the easy hours  
For some disciplined graft  
Treat your time with duty  
Worthy of seriousness  
Of thought, and action



So it's off to college  
By the morrow  
Open college of the arts  
To read and write and  
Criticise, critique, critical  
Or should I continue with  
Chaos, chaotically picking  
Prose that makes me  
Warm with feeling  
Tentacles testicles aglow




I really must say goodnight  
Forgive me though, just a few  
More words  
I really am very lucky to be  
Able to say goodnight  
To you  
Not everyone can  
Someone, somewhere is lonely  
Thank god, thank you  
Its not you, its not I



It is absolutely pouring down  
Raindrops bouncing  
Off Yorkstone slabs

The gallery does not open till 2  
Awaiting a viewing  
After viewing  
Houses cosy comfy chintz  
Warm

I was surprised  
I actually smiled at the prospect  
Of being there  
See what power you have




Sitting in the car


Windows steaming, obscuring  
Views within, without  
Glasses still, sprinkled with rain

The music is from court  
A tweedle dee  
Happy be  
Ensemble

Playing for their patrons  
And for their supper  
Grand old stylish days



I'm reminded of Vienna  
We should go  
Which reminds me of Stockholm?  
Of course we should go  
Now that leads to Norwich  
Where we have been  
Drinking under coloured lights  
Making our own tea  
But best of all  
Our little boat on the water  
And supper by the river  
It's good  
Good that we go



A mind with many passageways

Finds difficulty in organising

Two thoughts together in time

Frustrated in this enclave of imagination

I want to know how


To break these

Break these

Frustrated limited

Imaginary provisions





Words pour out

Raindrops, thought spots

Free flow with the mind

Light, simple light

Contrast day with darkness


Being there, seeing, three dimension darkness

Being

Know what when is right

For me

Simple, light




The idea was an order  
Build networks, paths, clearways

A work to plan, with clarity and vision, sustained  
With clever coloured wisdom

Of course that would be untrue  
Not I, not me that I give to you

To shop without buying  
To be without doing

To think for its own pleasure  
A gift so worth to bless



Sunburst

Autumn gold sprinkled

All around

Greens, sheens, hues of blue

Red sun bed, of winter leaves


Crackling, crunchy frozen grass

Icicles form

Sparkling streams storm

Towards the sea

Life full cycle



On this occasion  
Imaginate the preceding story  
Cast in stone and form in glass  
Paint the wall or paint the picture  
Paint the whole or start the mixture

Poetry

Need not rhyme

Need it not

Not so needy as painting  
Much more than our use, of  
Whatever technique  
To show, within without



Argyll

Makes me smile

Dumfries

Just came next

Glasgow

Only to show

The line


The rhyme

Edinburgh or Aberdeen

For a solid end of granite



Sands stretch out seemingly  
Forever never reaching the sea  
Grey skies cover these grey sands  
Couples walk, holding hands  
In duffle coats and wellington boots  
Promenade, cycle track  
Public walkway  
Deserted on a winters day  
Seasons ended  
Closed signs descended  
To leave a quiet life  
Quiet, peace and quiet!  
In the pouring rain!  
That's not why we came



Now just imagine

Yes I am, I am

Well imagine if you can

Yes I can, I can

Visualize if you will

Yes I will, I will

But be calm, be perfectly still


Calm

Still

Perfect

Perfectly

Worth it



A hierarchy of needs

A variety of hopes

A combination of consciousness

We are a chemical composition

Biological bonfires

With sadness, rejoice

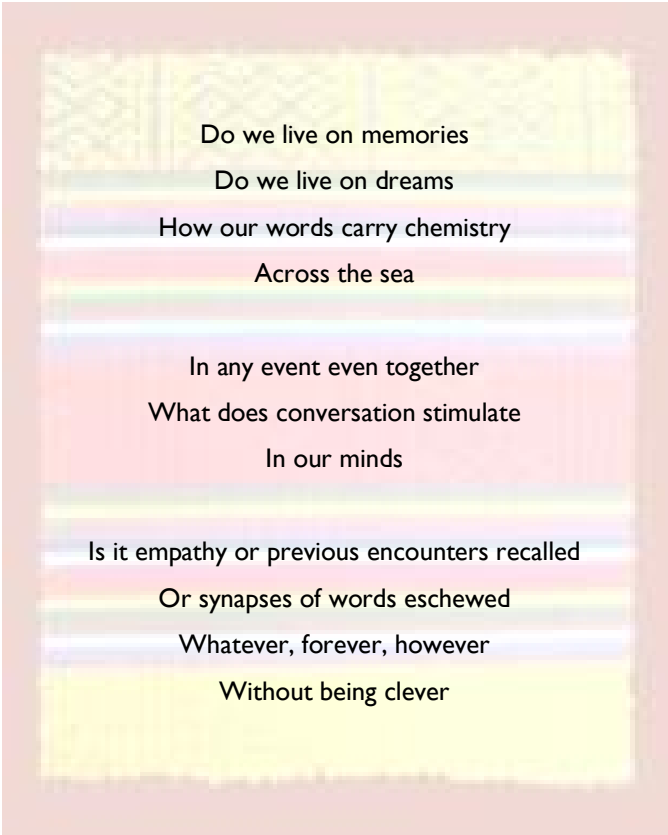
The same one voice

What exists between two bodies

A thousand miles

Apart





Do we live on memories

Do we live on dreams

How our words carry chemistry

Across the sea

In any event even together

What does conversation stimulate

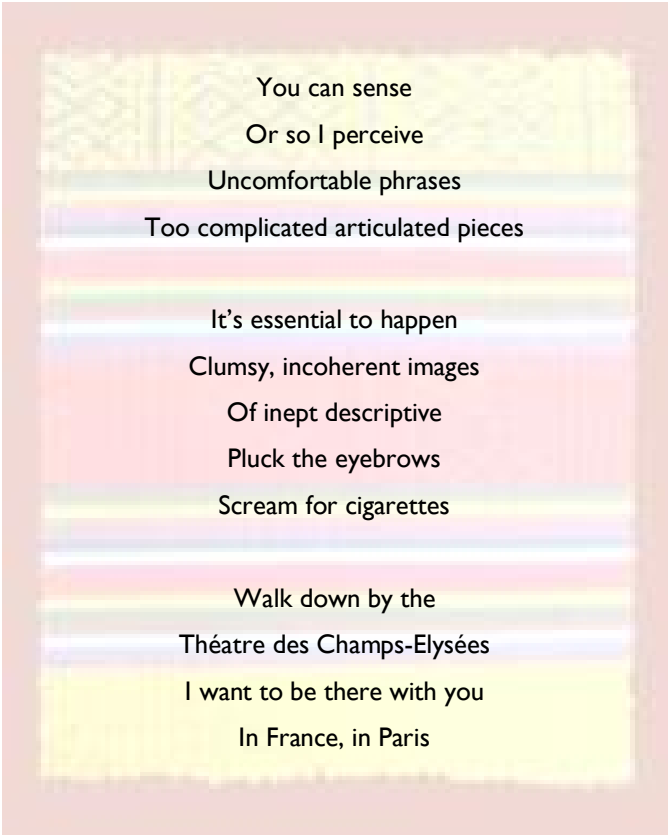
In our minds

Is it empathy or previous encounters recalled

Or synapses of words eschewed

Whatever, forever, however


Without being clever



You can sense  
Or so I perceive  
Uncomfortable phrases  
Too complicated articulated pieces

It's essential to happen  
Clumsy, incoherent images  
Of inept descriptive  
Pluck the eyebrows  
Scream for cigarettes

Walk down by the  
Théâtre des Champs-Élysées  
I want to be there with you  
In France, in Paris



Thirty thousand feet

Thirty

Thousand feet

Brilliant light

Sparkle of the silver tipped wings

We have not flown together except

We will alone

Fly

Into wonderment

Hold hands

And excitement expect

Of course  
It would not be unusual

To produce  
An unfinished work

And perhaps  
The naïve immaturity  
Provides the drive  
To exhibit before completion

Or more truthfully  
One likes  
To show off

Introspection

Without exception

Creates a change

In trying to explain a cause

Self deception

Without exception

Creates a cause

In trying to explain a change

I think

I thought



Clouds

Scattered over rolling

Seas

Swimming over sand filled

Beds

Lying beneath sparkling

Stars

Reflecting projecting night

Skies

Covering up engaging

Love

Between the great beyond

Four word lines of

Simple undisciplined free flowing

Mind escaping brain relating

Pictures of times past

And present here and

Now in the great


Beside ourselves

With trials

Of understanding loves labour

In no way lost

Not lost at all or even lost at sea



Punctuation  
Provides rhythm

Procrastination  
Provides rhyme

Escapism  
Provides reason

Travel  
Provides time

To think of  
Sublime  
Motivation



