

Christopher Sanderson

Never less than desperate,
any more than love stuff



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You

You gave me my reason
I took it without thought
You gave me my freedom
I took it, and forgot

You gave me my belief
I took it to crush
You gave me my outlet
I took it to destroy

You gave me some hope
I took it to devour
You gave me my love
I took it, and lusted for more

Sear shine move blue flame to blue

Sear shine move blue flame to blue

Waken exult arise the blue to angel blue

Each one that walks each step so light

Move be let each one be

First page

First page

Travel inter-city

Calling everywhere in-between

Second page

A long way away

Rolling dreams expert schemes

Third page

I like the order

Strolling through my moonbeam

In-between moonbeams and rolling dreams

I think of the next page

I have a plan

I have a plan

Someone said I always did

A plain and simple plan

From a simple and plain man

I had it in my mind to write

I had it in my mind to write
And so I shall
I can understand that
I can see what you mean

And so the play went on
Rhythm and rhyme a story in time
Yes the play went on
I can understand that
I can see what you mean

But this was just a part of it
Of a day only a moment
Still the story was told
And I can understand that
If you see what I mean

I hope you would write
Did I misunderstood
Form follows function
Word after verb
Adjective in mind
Yes I can understand that
And the play went on

Any way the play went on

I can understand that

No what I mean

I can see that

I have taken a lot of pleasure

I have taken a lot of pleasure
From this paper and this pen

Difficult to commence
Impossible to end

In between visions missions
From black to gold

Of course the pleasure could be taken for real
By the person not the pen

Even more difficult to begin
And no knowing how to end

In between a total loss of control
From floating clouds to windblown cold

And so we go our own way

And so we go our own way

A path not trod before

Each bracken broken

A breaking new

We know this way to be our own way

Our own not known before

Each thought awoken

A thinking new

With light and might we walk our own way

Stealth of stride alone no more

Each slice of slight

Incite light new

Each and every way, walk and weave

Each and every way, walk and weave
Stories unfold, untold dreams, carefree schemes
Wonders fall and flash, strike white light
Beyond the here and now, pink cyan crimson cruise
Muse' squander, wander wayward words enclave
Slaves, Hebrew slaves marching in magical musical
time rhyme
Rhyme and reason season changing ranging gold's
and brown
Sounds of rain and sleet and snow slowly moving
grooving
Grooving blue jeans dancing life in youthfull pzazz!
Pzazz! and all that jazz cry for the beauty of youth

Elvis lived to change the world

Elvis lived to change the world
So he did he died a fat unhappy man

Maxwell lived to change the world
So he did he died a complicated sam

Lennon lived to change the world
So he did he died a gunshot man

Gorbachov lives to change the world
So he did, how will he die

Now a little story

Now a little story
Of the girl in the balloon
Who touched life, not a moment too soon

Light cried the captain
We need somebody light

I'm light whispered the little girl

Bright cried the captain
We need somebody bright

I'm bright whispered the little girl

Fight cried the captain
We need somebody who will fight

I'll fight whispered the little girl

Might cried the captain might turn rough
We'll need somebody tough

Might be a lady whispered the little girl
But I'm bright and I'm light and if it

Turns rough then I'll get tough!

Hop aboard whispered the captain

Tough like

New

New

Not existing before

Now first made

Brought into existence

Invented introduced

Newfangled

Of recent growth

Not worn

Or

Exhausted

Out of everything evolves another thing

Out of everything evolves another thing

Out of every situation revolves another relationship

From where to eternity

Walks each and every one man

In to every relationship walks a situation

In to everything wrestles fear and hope

From where to affirmity

Wills each one and every man

Up to every level place is another pace

Up to every realization being a separate light

From where in modernity

Expectation is expected of all men

Down among the deepest

Creeps another heartache

Down for ever

Foraging in desperation

From where to creation

Craves man, and woman, alike

This is just

This is just

Just for

Just you

Musk

Magic touch

Touch of blue

This is just

In place of musk

In place of touch

For you

Never blue

I give you truth

That's all you ever asked

That same old inconsistency

That same old inconsistency

Always the same

Old inconsistency

Continues always

Along that same old

Road to incredulity

Segregated - why you like to write

Egress outward like the word

Release

Unleash forgotten depths

Simultaneously stomping stamping smashing down the stairs

Simultaneously stomping, stamping, smashing down
the stairs

Entrance, what an entrance, crashing, lashing, loads
of noise

Argument, discord, simultaneous stacking, lacking
thought

Pulling, sullen, mulling ...togetherness ensues,
chocolate drops consumed

Reading, imbibing other men's words

Reading

Imbibing other men's words

Sleeping

Declining even to observe

Talking of this

And that

That's all

But talk that's not small

That's life

In fact it's larger than

The written word

Absurd

How little goes on

A word in your hear

A word in your hear

A picture in your eye

A silly little joke

A mindless sigh

A glass topped table

A glass topped table
A family fable
Summers sun on a winters day
Winters fun table top ray
Of light

Five years from now
Will once again be
A chance to see
A most pleasant horizon, as of course
So will
Tomorrow today

Sun, light, laughter
A smile of satisfaction
A smile of surprise
Tease, touch, tell one to one
Sun, light, laughter

Hair stands on end, fingertips tingle
Words become worthless
Unable to capture emotion
Of the moment
That seemed to, that wanted to

Last forever

Those old sloping margins

Appear once more my friend

Will you send me to the white coated men

If so

Can I wear

A shiny black suit

With a deep red rose

Today is one of waiting

Today is one of waiting
Three telephone calls to expect
The prospect of work and income
A return to ritual life

In between the wanting and the waiting
Astride my galloping mind
I learn a little french
Le tranquil et grand et bleu

Laughter shaping movement
Fingers forming freedoms
Stillness slow evolvment
Glass china wallplates on the wall

The courage of our creation
The cockerill made of clay
A figure of capi de monte
A treasure a trinket a seaside holiday

White walls and wooden floors
A glaziers gift of light
Le platform way up high
Solid stone superstructure

With doors that close just so

A place a peace for everyone

Consummated consistent whole

Weaving wire

Painted toenails were the giveaway
Symbolic richness for an island castaway
Painted toenails and the cymbal stroked so lightly
Brushed with sensuous sensitivity
Tingles for your Mr. Bo jangles
At such a sweet light sight

Dancing until midnight
Talking thro' to dawn
The excitement of acquaintance
The waking of a bright new morn
A gang-time of a breakfast
Stories rich with secret smiles

Weekend life and weeks away
The wonder of the why
The magic of the finding out
Bursting visions of more to know
Broken dreams a parting pastime
Painted toenails rhythm and rhyme