



On the Cusp
of Summer

Volume 1

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Accomplice

Grecian urn, one of a pair
Actually in no way is it Grecian
More like cast in some far away eastern
Factory with streams of low paid mass production

Arriving at this hotel
Through the wringed & wrestled hands of
Countless entrepreneurs, spivs, charlatans and dealers
Escaping all but the most placid of gardeners along the way

Workshops

All manner of mobile devices in use
By James and Gerald and Eileen and Colette
And all the other well dressed name badged members
Of the great British institution 'Just above middle class society'

This could be what they call a break out session
Though the opportunity, to see Ems bare mid-rift stroked
Was I feel to take the earlier literal instruction, on exposure
To a new level of open book, full visibility collaborative working

Entrance to a vale

Galvanised five bar gate
Bent, one presumes on being struck
By some substantial agricultural machine

Galvanised five bar gate
Tied, to the rusted iron gatepost
By the ubiquitous well frayed blue twine

Nestles, thistles, thorns
Cow parsley that reaches for the sky
Widespread well filled out hedgerows
Protection for wheat and corn and barley

Swirl of breeze
Shade with clouds movement
Sunlight through the cars sun-roof
Contentment through the pencil to the page

Warmth, brightness
Sports results on the radio
News from Wimbledon and Africa
It is, as they say up north, picnic time again

Parliament Square

To the East with slight North
Bare tree in bare field
Swathes of suburbia
For a backdrop

Days of prolonged sun
Brings sadness to the leaves
Of those intrepid weeds
& other vagrant interlopers

Dulled, out of sorts
Caught up with the crime
Of more than sufficient, indeed
Bordering on the crime of abundance

An end also to peace encampments
They stand accused of arrogance
Told to understand; that no one
Is above the law, in a democracy

Impetuous

Still, still night
Voices drift outside
Below the bedroom window

Far less interested
In his turgid explanations
More taken by her warm laughter

Even less interesting
The insipid nose blower
In the adjoining close quarters

It would be safer
Not to open the courtesy
Packet of bourbon cream biscuits

But already the odds are short
Stay, stay in your room, I hear the voices
But I say don't, do not resist a life of temptation

All I did

Someone made the mirror frame
Someone built the stone wall
Someone assembled cornucopia
All I did was to open the door

True I did read a little of the history
Stared, stared far out of the open window
Watched the cities night lights flicker
Searched for some means of absorption

Someone thought this could be a business
Someone spoke to the gathered crew
Someone listened to the final judgement
All I did was choose to stay another day

True, I wandered down the country lane
Picked, picked at berries in the hedgerow
Watched maids in arms come and go
Found for a moment free passage

Plaque

Around the curve
Up and over the slope
Back to that time in class
To hear of the tundra
To hear of the steppes
To hear naught of the pastoral poet

Sat on the bench
Grass cushion at my feet
Back to the village & country boy
To pass the eleven plus
To pass up on education
To pass time gazing out of the window

Beneath the hazy sky
With the buzzing bee
Back to that Pink Floyd concert
To be at once fifteen
To be at once received
To be at once caught up in excitement

Split derivatives

Breeze, butterfly, birdsong
Hair floppy on the brow
Crescent of an horizon

Tranquil, yes & enhanced markedly
By the soft rumble from the jet-stream
In a sky of blues and whites and greys

The little overnight rain
Brought a smile back to the leaves
Put a spring in the stride of the thorn

Bah, bah, bloody bah
Clear off
You pesky stripy wasp

Not another whinge for sure

But I too could have been
Laid back on that aeroplane
Heading for the Seychelles

Praise the Lord

England's country hedgerows
They could be the very template
The very symbiotic metaphor
For our multi-cultural society

Harmonious growth
Nettle overtaken by thorn
Thorn overtaken by hogweed
Hogweed overtaken by butterfly

She was a big lady
She asked the way to London
She went on to thank me vociferous
Pressed a pamphlet into my hand

It would have been kind of good
Here & now to share this elevated bench
To sit with the expansive missionary woman
Who brings her Christianity over the sea from America

It would have been a fine
Once in a lifetime glorious opportunity
The perfect setting for erudite, passionate persuasion
A time to figure out, or otherwise, the errors of our ways

Harmonics

Not yet silence at the centre
For the spiral, or spray, both outwards and inwards
Is made up of the cacophony of disturbing noises

Shrill human calls, car doors slamming, hammers, saws, gardening & DIY
Breezes through trees, through rose bushes, through lupins & through sky
As though a rainbow covers the orchestrated intruders, covers even the
crows

Not yet silence on the petal or the leaf
For the bench or seat, both beneath and all around
Is made up of the litany of disturbing choices

Thoughts, memories, past times changing; innocence, decay & wonder why
Breeze through hair, through cuffs, through skin & through tears that cry
As though the arched spine spans the re-psychology, spans even the blows

Not yet silence, so to burrow underground
For a room constructed mined seven storeys deep
Is made up of the industry of disturbing voices

Misconceptions abound

The young couple are both substantially overweight
I first saw him as he sat down beside me
Outside the fake jewellery shop
After a while his girlfriend, or wife, or lover
She came out out from the land of sparkle
Told him of a £ 7.99 charm bracelet on offer

I was surprised that she did not pick up on
His apparently entire disinterest
I was even more surprised when he got up
And they walked arm in swing arm
Down the marble floored shopping mall

In my carrier bag from Waterstones I had
Raymond Carvers book
'What we talk about when we talk about love'
I wonder will he have a vignette on fakery

Calm to clear

The door to peace and justice is closed
In the church of Christ the Cornerstone
At the hotel a couple talk to a reporter

I am taken back, to a room for mediation
Wonder what purpose constant TV news

Build up

Hand gestures

Coffee spilt

Heads shaken

Iconic events

Outcomes

Minimalist art is replaced

By Tour de France on the giant screen

Smiles and handshakes, interrogation over

Departures in sweat backed shirts

Talk about love

Tales that begin with a yard sale
Enchantments; only ever on the cusp
Whiskey, water, records played
Strangeness of strangers dancing
No knowing where it might all end

Fragrance

Intoxicated by the engraved
Words on glass, overwhelmed
By the odour of vegetable soup

Mothers and daughters
Mothers and sons
Sisters and brothers
Brothers
Or lovers
Girls
Girls and boys with toys
Walk together through
Midsummer shopping mall
Only the fathers are missing

God is it my eau de cologne
Or the malignant aroma
Of vegetable soup

Afterwards sat with my inner self

Onrush of an attempt at conversation
Excitement in a voice that tries to tell
How good the evening was
All pretending to be on vacation
There in the community spa bath

I nod my head
Occasionally utter acknowledgement
The garden fence is between us
The larch lap garden fence
Untended soil is at my feet
In this place she once called Eden

I sort of know where this comes from
Yesterday evening in the hotel bedroom
Reading the whats on pages
From the county set magazine

It crossed my mind
To invite her to the theatre
It crossed my mind right then
Yes at that very moment; to socialise

Car seats of desire

Seminal split-seconds, orchestrated
On roadways that slip through passages
Of almost lost, not to be re-visited moments

Joy; at the sight of a silk scarf blowing
Thoughts turned to her long hair flowing

Jealousy; imagination that those two friends
Travelled this road to their place without end

Successive snap-shots, demonstrably
Surging back and forth, through landscapes
Histories evoked approaching the edge of the city

Nervousness; at the prospect of conversation
With an almost lost, but once close relation

Confidence; internalised route maps, real stuff
Finding a location glimpsed that one time before

A much quieter war of the worlds

The breeze will turn into a wind
Clouds sure to grow ever blacker
The downpour will arrive, burst
Onto the courtyard of shadows

Plant life will heave a sigh of relief
Drag itself out of the hard dry ground
Climb up on trellis, wall and pergoda
All this outside the deserted public bar