

Christopher Sanderson

Yorkshire love poems and other
desperate stuff



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Recollecting past emotive feelings

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How could I have conceit

To deceive myself

How can I a man

Imagine how a woman would feel

Not made of steel, not mechanistic

An individual

With one's own thoughts and feelings

How could I have deceit to conceive myself

That I a man

Can not image a woman

Should steal herself

Not to feel

The receipt

Of a flower

With a smile

Against the rain

Did I write of a white May moon
I see this on a scrap of paper - like
A smooth boulder I like a white
May moon soon another train will rattle
Tittle tattle on the radio home I miss too too
You you I miss like a white may moon we
Walk on the sunrise seashore holding hands
Keeping warm touching life at the fingertips
Emotional recharge energy implosion home
I walk alone against the rain the
Elements to touch to touch together
That is pleasure pleasure and new
Experience come to England that for
You is new like Jersey before me and
Long for live to return
More though for you for you to
Experience and exploit
Your unlimited ideas and ideals

An absolute Datsun of corrosion

An absolute Datsun of corrosion

A Fiat amongst rust

Punch-marks and pitting

Bubbling and crumpling

And pinholes for daylight to shine through

But this is no eastern jock-wagon

No Italian prima bonnet

This hack-hazard example

Of imperfection profound

Is taken from nature

A leaf on the ground

Aye lad we're watching Coronation street

Aye lad we're watching Coronation street
An` today on t'phone to that Manchester lass
A sort of broad vocal happy laugh
Filled the air and filled the moment
Void of anything except innocence
Happy asking directions to deepest Devon

Aye lad, you see it's t'simple things
Simple and complete communication
Keeping speaking souls sanguine
Lately we've been forgettin'
Later perhaps regrettin'
Sometimes not even that

I stare in the window a gleam in my eye

I stare in the window a gleam in my eye
Come in beckons the lady
Me innocent I

The lace is St. Lauren and the panties French to
make you cry
I so want to buy them
Me innocent I

The doorway is wide, no need to be scared
Come in beckons the lady, nothing to fear

The lace is authentic
The lady smiles
"Obviously for a special person in your life"

Well now I'm talking, what do you think
In a shop of ladies underwear without a blink
Me innocent I

"If my husband bought me that heavens knows what
I'd do"
Yes now we are talking
And there's only us two

We've moved from St. Lauren to G.Strings and briefs
"Some people will wear them some people won't"
What about your lady?
You innocent I

I say that you are special
That your figure is good
That you are fun to be with
Educating me, innocent see

"But are you shy and retiring, or experimental and gay
"

What! No, no, absolutely not I say
Just a slight misunderstanding

A little laugh
"I mean outgoing, energy for life" - yes that's right
Back on the right track

Do you think a lady would like to be given these? I
ask

"Oh yes, oh yes, absolutely"
"Especially that - that would leave her in no doubt"
As to what, I dare not ask

Well that's it, I'll take them

Wrap 'em up

"Nay you'll need t'stockings an't slip" she smiles

You innocent I

Crystalline crimsonmine

Crystalline crimsonmine
Colourblue clouds along
From the pen to the paper
A mind a thought a picture
A realisation a transposition
A transmazzimission

From the paper to the eye
To mind to thought decipher
Uncouple rearrange absorb
Realise lifes transposed
Wonderblue bounds along

I sit inside the Christian fellowship coffee shop

I sit inside the Christian fellowship coffee shop
Amongst a melodramatic search for reason
Day dreams of retreat
Into sublime silent solitude

Sparrowcrumbs of memories
In flight across my mind

I actually sit
Astride the easy rider metro double decker bus
Visualising heathers of golden crimson
That one day we will walk together

I ought to sleep

I ought to sleep

I want to carry on

I ought to

Want to

Anyway what's to stop me

The rain and wind

They are outside

The dark of night

Simple, artificial light

Is it artificial? light?

Seems odd that. What is

Nature ... things not made

By man? But am I not

Made by ...

Perhaps?

I ought

To go

I take your point about sculpture

I take your point about sculpture
To fondle, to feel, to caress ones art
The tactile sensation from smooth to rough
Surfaces in ones mind, in ones body

I feel so with a word, that on occasion
The harshness, bluntness, jutting out
Bites, like prickles, prevents its use
Obligatory like

Others are always in my stream
Sensual is a my favourite
Perusal is similar in make up
Yet how it grinds the teeth

Round, marble, onyx
Images of smooth strength
Words to fondle
To feel warm with

Like hot oil on thighs
Like bronze between legs

Lady bird where do you go

Lady bird where do you go

White green grass your canvass

Quarried stone

Made the hand laid dry broken wall

The moment passed

When the whites of your eyes

When the whites of your eyes
Don't see the light of day too often
Then my friend it's time to call a halt

Yes when every waking moment
Bequeaths some form of escape
The time is nigh to seek gestalt

Each cringe of skin
Each sudden jitter
Listen
Listen good
Time to change

So how do you go where to look
The answer is screaming
But it is within
And no more lies will help you
Begin

Of course the biggest most damaging lie is to oneself
But also the most easy until self respect returns

Clutch not onto straws
Unless to hold them in your hands
And gaze real hard
Mean something

So stare beyond the bricks and mortar
Focus your attention on the most miniscule

Be not afraid of being misunderstood or of misunderstanding
Slowly now, real slow, take all of your time

Soon, soon the thinking will begin
Take a thought and write it down
Pluck another as they race across
Your myriad of disconnection's
Now mix the thoughts with pen on paper
In words in pictures
And as you draw as the ink flows
From some thousand instantaneous hits inside your head

Remember, no conception this from stimulant
No alcoholic haze or nicotine dullness
Just you and you

Move on move on still smooth still slow
Reach your tips of toes beyond the body

Stretch out to your very extremities

Turn on the music listen, listen

To just one heartbeat

Amongst a hundred thousand collisions of sound

Take a colour and rub it rich

Deep into the canvas

A life in layers

Layers of golden crimson

Now pick up the silk

Soft so softly stroke between

Your fingers and your thighs

This is you and only you

Alive to tactile sensory sensation

Stimulated within, within, by you

Step now step forward step back

Twist your toes and smile

Learn to say to say control

You may feel if you wish

A little pleased with progress

But progress one moment only

Knowing full well this house of cards
Is not yet to turn to stone
So stop, stop now, and work hard
To recollect

Remember that very instant when
You did not, would not, could not, say no
Folding, falling, for fictitious, viscous, 'freedom'

If, if only
Avoid if only
Build a test to test temptation
All the while fondling silk and feeling good

Each and every once you see temptation eating at your core
Work, work with pen and paper, work with thoughts and
thoughts
Now decide, in the full light of day
And the full light of your being
Your reason, your rational, for living

Escape if you wish
But escape to nothing
Nothing more than the oxygen of you and you

Stroke the marble, marvel at the texture

Mould the ball, within your palm
Say soft words, say them slowly

Sometime take time to contemplate
Two thoughts, intertwined with a common bond
Molecules in mesh

Upon this creation add your idea
Try to weave your way inside
This composite, stable, living, breathing, structure

Feel, feel not for a parting
But a solid bond a point of high energy
Waiting for your fusion

This is friendship
Here the lies are gone, and to enter
Your first pass, is truth to yourself

And friendship is a form of magic
Conjured from the craziest calculations
Open your arms embrace, smile...

Enter

New poem for your return

New poem for your return

Flowers swimming on the breeze

Sunbeams mingle jingle fly across the sky

New poem

Plagued by deconstructive desire

Undone by absence of spirit body and soul

No longer so strong

New poem

Floating breaming weeping willow

Orange blossom full in bloom

Big bright bright blue sky everything of you

New poem

Scattered shattered thoughts slipping like cancer

Time without time without meaning without

understanding

Broken bonds

New poem

Crystal swings in glory casting rainbows colours in

droves

Nature's curtains hang at ease in waiting

Whilst ladies languor with their stolen cigarettes

New poem more love

Reading everyone's reading

Reading everyone's reading

Speaking no-ones speaking

Quiet everyone's reading

Reading about

Confident speaking

Red blossom bloom beyond orange

Red blossom bloom beyond orange

Climb from behind, leaves of gold and green

Whitewashed walls galleria to house within

House within thoughts from within from outside green

Georgian wall to Christian chapel

Stone to soul to stone again to Calgary green

Pathways to pictures snapshots in time

Crushing sandstone underfoot scouring moss grown
green

That old permed hair

That old permed hair
Wet on a wet afternoon
That old permed hair
Deftly weaving hiding inner gloom

That old coal fire
Crackling on a crackling afternoon
That old coal fire
Brightly breathing seeking out the moon

That old worn carpet
Bare and threadless dreadful afternoon
That old worn carpet
Woven dreams cold bare room

That old absolutely nothing
Nothing to do on a nothing afternoon
That old absolutely nothing
Corrupting dividing stopping too soon

That old paint pot
Blues and golds painting afternoon
That old paint pot
Gleaming cleaning bright eyes illumine

That old red pen

Words unfold rolled by afternoon

That old red pen

Groping hoping swaying slowly swooning afternoon

There, their was something in the air

There, their was something in the air
An air of how shall we say what you were expecting
The darkness had turned to light, the crescent moon
And solitary star were soon to leave the sky

There, their was an essence of wonder, a sense of joy
Of course of a beginning, on an unknown course the
feeling of despair is seldom there
This occasion, in that respect, then was not, unusual
But the something, that was

The carved stone pillars sunk far underground,
Extracting strength from the iron core on the one hand
On the other reach for the stars, implant energy with
photosynthesis but go lightly, beware
Something is

Reach, reach for the ticket
Reality is coming to comment on life
Darkness makes a mirror of the second class glass
No escape now from the wandering eyes of the
wandering wonderful people

Each one feeling, yes something is there

Diverted from our original flight or flight of fancy
When the sun broke through as we broke through the
clouds
And we saw a December day not bettered in many a
year

As we rose, and chose not to rise so soon
Even for a moon, in an early morning sky

To the name of Benny Parker

To the name of Benny Parker

On Cartworth Moor

A country lad

But one of the boys

On Cartworth Moor

A public house he had

Serving ale for the boys

On Cartworth Moor

A rotter a cad

Yes one of the boys

On Cartworth Moor

A stylish strad

He played to the boys

On Cartworth Moor

A wife and a lady he had

A one not only with the boys

On Cartworth Moor

Now flat as stone

So sad

No more laughter

No more boys

No more Benny Parker

Twenty four pence

Twenty four pence

Boundless limitless value

A moment a minute a lifetime

No one not ever

Opened my heart or my pen

Opened and broken

Twenty four pence

A stamp to save our love

Underneath the moonlight hold my cold hand

Underneath the moonlight, hold my cold hand
Hold my hand tight, walking barefoot in the sand
Wearing just our t shirts, and our open minds
Walk me to the wave's edge, talk me to tomorrow
Walk me, holding my cold hand, warming deep inside
Talk me through the moment, in and on, to the next
one
Wearing just our imagination, and the wishes, that we
wish

Watercombe

I came to this place
Almost twenty three months ago
Then, as now, the sky was blue
And the river tumbled and splashed

In between the then and now
Turbulence as been maintained
Turbulent mind, turbulent body
Turbulent health, turbulent wealth

The sheep graze these windswept moors
Lambs born amongst the driving rain
Alongside the gorse and reed
A crop cut grass pleads to grow

And the bleat breaks that
Waterfall of springtime silence
Alone amongst a thousand acres
Chasing after mother, Mother Nature