

Burnt off sulphur musk

A landscape photograph of a grassy hillside. In the foreground, a gravel path leads to a paved road. A white cow stands on the road. The background shows a valley with buildings and hills under a hazy sky. The entire image has a yellowish-green tint.

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Darkness

The door is closed
The blackout blacks out
The finest pinpoint
Of light or pout

Wander of bass
Slow the rhythms fold
No walls to touch
No chains to hold

Accustomed to nought
Nought is lost
Unless you count
The time you cost

Therapeutic introspection
Images roll
Scroll through wasted years
Memories unfold

The door opens
Into night
Into nowhere
Further than sight

The blackout
Blacks out the night
Now the finest pinpoint
Shapes the shapeless flight

Burn the acorns
Crush the leaves
In the darkness
Sight deceives

The time is now
Over hollow floors
That we receive
The open chamber doors

Last

Today is the last of the last
Gone past the previous cast
Repeat the Slog
Third generation, clog to clog

Great grandfathers before
In eighteen sixty four
Missed the war
Chose the close of door

Now it is my time
Read the rhyme
Off to do my thing
Sounds to have a similar ring

From principles mathematic
To humanities emphatic
To some it makes no sense
Without recompense

But please come on near
I am agog with fear
Trepidation in depth
Marks my breadth

What is to learn
But past concerns
Present understandings
Laughter on the landings

Clog or sculpture
Approach the vulture
Is it daft to mine or craft
This unknown shaft

The cobblers shop
The mighty stop
The rusted hinge
With lust syringe

So it's a must
Last take on just
Today's the day
The slaves away

Landing stage

I'd like to be your lover
I'd like to take you out to tea
Perhaps one day
To meet your mother
Does this all sound far too twee

We'd writhe and roll
In frenzied
Rampant passion
Cling on; nails engaged
As love's juices flow

Afterwards a cigarette
Steady now
Can you put a mash on
Slap our thighs
Out loud laughs

Smiles gin sloe
You could see me

In my dorm
From what I hear
(The walls are thin you see)

It's quite the norm
Come up early
The sooner we can be free
It's a pipe dream; that I know
But pipe dreams

Sometimes have an afterglow
Motorway services
Saturday morning
Mythic garden
Morning dew

Middle aged
And middle England
It's not a crime
Its criminology

To leave
These thoughts sublime
I hope you smile
Before you turn the page
Loud with laughter

Another daft idea
It's grim up north you see
Another landing stage
Purposefully crafted
Just to catch her

In a philosophical way

I've swapped my touch of love
For one that's unrequited
I've swapped my near you love
For now I'm uninvited

Though unrequited is quite handy
You're with me now I'm sure
Yes uninvited is quite handy
Sitting on the southern shore

I'll steal from Mister Arnold
I'll steal from Master Keats
Yes unrequited is quite handy
When stealing from the Beats

It is a new found freedom
Writing what and when I like
The spite and haste are put aside
On this velvet magic carpet ride

It is a somewhat different Journey
Not found in the several stages of grief
It is a distinct overtly different journey
My past mind kind of that I leave

Rattle on the rail track
Verges merge behind
Chattel's up the smoke stack
Uninvited; do you mind, thank you kind

I've read all the papers
Cheap at half the price
Reading rooms are quite a caper
Unrequited; don't ask twice, that'll do nicely

The tone is turned and twisted
Freedom once again to roam
The tome is weighted, but I'm not listed
I wonder, but only in a philosophical way

Weekends and vacations

I leave myself hung so far out
I could be out to dry
But instead, if my feelings
I don't let you know
If my thoughts and hopes
Schemes and dreams
I do not open up for show
Then what will we know

What could we have become
What could we become
If nothing to do with being a couple
If nothing to do with being in love
First thought would be nothing at all

And if that's what it is, that is what it is
But this is no ultimatum
Although a reply would be nice
This is no whinging sojourn
Into some soliloquy

I could bring you flowers
But that's not what I meant

I'm trying to be wide open
Though not full on letting go
I'm trying to find new found freedom
But have the best of both

A female poet said to me
That when a woman says goodbye
Then usually it's for forever
Because
It's taken so long for her to say

I don't know if that's true
I don't know if it's true for you
Or if it's true at all
It seems quite unforgiving
A funny way of living

I hope we can
Occasionally be together
Yes that's what I hope
And how far goes the tether
Well I can but only hope

But I do agree
That constantly in one space
The place that for neither then is home
And it's right that it's your place
And that it's up to me to roam

But I will have vacations
And weekends away
You know I'd like to visit
You know I like to write

I hope that
This is no intrusion

Let there be
No confusion

I do still love you
I love a you
That you don't even know
That I know

Treading on a forest floor

That broken branch
That second chance
The bilberry bush
That sudden rush

Walk on waves of expectation
Talk brave of irritation
Smokes are slave to infiltration
Choke and crave for inclination

The furrowed brow
That wonders how
The here and now
That sudden bow

Weave dreams of duplicity
Heave cream on complicity
Leave means leaf omnisciently
Grief reads quite implicitly

The weathered corn
That wakeful morn
The tortured scorn
That fated first, early born

Buy books for memories
Cry with rooks in cemeteries
Sigh looks lot of sympathy
Liar's hooks bought empathy

The snowbound hill
That evening thrill
The glass of wine
That love was mine

Where there

Sanguine synchronicity
Ramble on
Towards a far off indefinite infinity
Split in some search
For definition or divinity

Languid lucidity
Lope on; reverse the trend
For supplementary beneficiary
Tricked, in some dearth of doubt
Even anger, certain of duplicity

Where there's hope there's doubt
Where there's doubt there's hope
Walk with me to tomorrow
Talk with me today

Dulcet tones
On dewdrop morns
Sanguine synchronicity

Shattered sleep
In darkness deep
Languid lucidity

Sanguine synchronicity
Implicitly I perceive some warmth
A winter morning, golden, glisten, glow

Languid lucidity
You leave me ever cold
A never rising dawn

Where there's hope there's doubt
Where there's doubt there's hope
Walk with me to tomorrow
Talk with me today

Whispered with excitement
Belief that it's not incitement
But hold my hand so slow

Shout, scream, rant, and rave
Emptiness I am your slave
Hold hands, pass the dream

Sanguine
Languid, lucid synchronicity
Ramble, lope, doubt, hope

Over

Clouds
Scattered over

Seas
Washed over

Beds
Laid over

Stars
Reflected over

Skies
Covered over

Love falls over sands, over sparkles
Over moons, over engages of

Love

Your love

Introspect
With or without impunity
Neglect
It could be the ruin of me
Respect
The need for community
Your love
I'm searching for immunity

Deflect
Undertake no surety
Suspect
The cure for free
Detect
The waves at sea
Your love
I had that certainty

Perplexed
Thoughts endure you see
If I had a cigarette
I would be surer to be
One more narcotic step
One too far; dee de dee
Your love
Look what it's done for me

Reflect
The durability
Sold or let, but don't forget
That is my minds agility
Let's then set
Free the fragility
Your love
Thankless critically

The answer fair perplexed you

Pictures for an exhibition
Rendered; grounds for inhibition
You posed on the velvet couch
You rose way beyond your stature

Angels and seraphim's
Volcanoes and sips of gin
The brush stroke, the mind's eye
Touch close to torture, touch close to sky

The velvet drapes and plumed up capes
Forage, rummage
Eyeliner, lipstick emboss
He caught the colour of your cherubs
He caught the flash of thunderous youth

You felt the flush of courage
You smiled, and asked him why
The answer fair perplexed you
Almost made you cry

The answer fair perplexed you
Just once he looked into your eye
Just once more, he said
Just once before I die

Inside the cardboard box

Now that you have all that space
I guess that you will want to fill it
My new space is a much smaller place
But still with dreams I want to still it

Look back beyond the past
Inside the cardboard box
You that's cast for life to last
Ploughed, furrowed, pulled by the ox

The photographs and late night notes
Advertisements for the theatre
Packed away, that was yesterday
How to explain, how did I mistreat her

That solemn vow, maybe now
Would be the time to ask
The moment passed, slow time flashed
The untied knot, memories unmasked

Too much love

The ruby red vessel
The brandy glass curve
Lips and hips
Shaped without worry

This is a love story
Two lovers
Separated by
Too much love

The silken smile
A face formed classic
A gentle tear
Sense of vulnerability

Love stories endure
These lovers are lost
Lost
In too much love

Your love was laid wide open

I see
From
Your letters
A time

When
Your love
Was laid
Wide open

Such happiness
Such fun
Such warmth
Such creativity

You had
Your health again
You thanked me
For the flowers

You kept
Irregular hours
Your love
Was laid wide open

But not so
Clear to see
How this
Fragility

Became bound
In complicit
Intellectual
Infidelity

I keep and try

I stroke your letters
Your painted toenail hue

I mull over
Your scarlet silver blue

I imagine your thigh
Your touch a little further through

I catch your eye
Your picture on my wall

I weep and cry
Unable with fair heart to fall

I keep and try
Your letters filed to call

I travel far away
Your love
To ignominiously stall

None of these I've done

Holy be
Uncertainty
What on earth
Came over me

Listen to another
Converse with your mother
Rub shoulders with your brother
None of these I've done

Would it be much trouble
To double back, shave stubble
I knew so very little, let's
Start anew, our efforts re-double

The soft flicker of firelight
Toys afloat on bath night
Where on earth as it led
Stories read; prayers in flight

Then not so self inspired
You alone retired
Left the love desired
To ask so many questions

Throw more slack on the boiler
No matter of the cloak of fur
You truly cannot spoil her
She's polished up real class

Bunting and flags
Rich red velvet rags
The huntsmen on the nags
Filled with full on brandy

Lords, ladies and serfs
Servants, cook, jobs-worth
We won the war on turf
Now let's go get randy

We've stabled the horse
Closed the door of course
But lest we bolt away remorse
Let's talk, once more

Holy be
Its uncertainty
Now he wants to talk to me
None of these I've done

Awaken muscles once asleep

In the half dark space
Visions of silk, satin and lace
Empowered by love or loins fed lust
Imagine corsets and deeper dust
Kiss you on the ankles, kiss you on the thigh
Imagine more, a further leap of trust
Kiss on the neck nape, kiss on the lips
Empowered by your burnt off sulphur musk

In the half light
In the sacred space that two encrust
Imagine skin and oil and velvet just
Kiss me on my lips, I am resigned
Tongues first tips, then full entwined
My hands onto your shoulders flee
Legs twist around our inner be
Squeeze the cheeks; seep
Awaken muscles once asleep
Penetration, ejaculation, tides neap
The memories of rivers o so deep

For now I am sated

Some affinity with defiance
Some avoidance of reliance
No, what I mean to say is

Just because someone else
Says it is definitely so
Doesn't mean everything

Maybe they were first to say
But that's about all
Absolutely about all

Some relief
That belief to have stated
Mischievous or not

For now I am sated
Yes, for a while
I've held this view

I don't expect
It is original
Or even new

Ok sometimes
I can be
Synchronized

Still doesn't mean
I recognize
Or philosophise

No, simply to hold on
To my point of view
That on its own is enough

The rent collector calls

Artisan bohemian
Leaves of grass
Beds of roses

Parisian San Franciscan
Steamers pass
Nowhere closes

The mist rises
The sun sets
The stars glow

The moons up high
Coffee, cabaret
Cigarette

The mist rises
The fantasy bets
Caravan

Or charabanc
Pride and prejudice
Shoe soles worn

Gentleman gargantuan
Trampled leaf
Beds of thorn

The fret lifts
The rent collector calls
The wallets slow

Pretend not in
Cold coffee, camomile
Slow release nicotine

The lights dim
Reality
Retreats, stalls, forecloses

