

# East of Lincoln Central



Thursday 27th April 2006



Wednesday 26th April 2006



Tuesday 25th April 2006

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## **Belief too brief**

The Lincoln  
By the cathedral  
In Lincoln central

The registrar edges  
As the concierge  
Walks by

Pledges are snapped  
With a smile  
& a firm handshake

That idea of time  
With time in hand

The explanations

Worked through  
Thoroughly  
Briefs well briefed

A confidence trick  
Stick  
To the resolution

The institution  
Quivers  
At recidivists  
Procedures

## Supplements for all

That was  
A bit odd  
Don't you think

The Saturday news  
On  
A Thursday evening

The internet's strange  
A purveyor of what  
Right now is happening

Before it's happened, then  
Brings news half  
A week after the event

...My mother's letters  
They too were often  
A week or so

In the writing  
Then a few days more  
Until she caught the post

Except those times  
When the advertisement for  
*The Shackleton High Chair*

Or the flyer for the  
*Dolphin Walk in Shower Bath*  
Took her eye

Surprised most of all were  
The younger generation  
Odd that we should think

That desire belongs the chosen youthful few  
Odd that we are uneasy with the concept  
Of the old not being ill at ease

Happy they too with advertised  
Collections of *China Dolls* &  
*China Thimbles*

With Saturdays post  
And other days news  
Left unopened

On the sideboard; lying beside  
The well thumbed  
Weekend supplements

As the repeats  
Of previous repeats  
Are replayed over

## Folded cold

Why write the poetry  
Why  
Read at all of doubt  
Small wonder you wonder

To unlock  
Past perhaps possessions  
To confess  
Per chance regress

Redress  
The undressed balance  
... Could it be  
A list

A letter  
Or aide memoir  
A memo  
Even better

Cold  
Unfolded  
Bold as  
Tabloid stationary

## **It is just an idea**

Inside  
The stone  
No way to know

Of haystacks  
Engulfed  
In spontaneous combustion

There  
Though the rain  
Bounces off the flat flags

And the aircraft  
Outside  
Of the dust filled hangar

Where the late sun  
Casts  
Its long and lonely shadows

## Passed beware

In real time  
Or replayed past time  
From High Peaks  
To East of Lincoln Central

The flaxen fair  
Is passed beware

To steal time  
Or misplace a few moments  
In absence  
Or least of just apart

The flaxen hair is fair aware  
The flaxen fair  
Is almost there

## A string of burnished beads

With a pastel  
Or a palette  
Artist's card or canvas

An abstract creation  
Of many colours  
I opened the door

So slightly  
A slit  
Upon my simple thoughts

With mellow music  
A soft guitar  
Singer or a cowboy

Mystic collaborations  
Of many others  
I pushed the wedge

To edge my mind  
Out west  
A little firmer

With words  
A pencil  
A book of papyrus paper

Inkwell  
With mottled blotter  
A wish list

Dissertation  
Of many schemata  
Hinges undone

Door removed  
To hang  
In its place

A string  
Of  
Burnished beads



## Simple complications

Don't want expensive presents  
Would rather share  
What it is already bared

Walk by both the faces  
Still and turbulent races  
Thoughts more clear

A path to steer  
Day by day  
Hopes with care to stay

Talk of misdemeanours  
Or exclusions - faraway  
Long lost conversations say

Or better wow; find words of now  
More worthwhile  
You and I to softly smile

Simple complications  
Debates of long passed stations  
Hang on for a while

Wait just a moment won't you  
Debates they care, don't they  
Care for a victor either way

Why then (sic)  
Is it in any way nostalgic  
To wear a stripy scarf

Or a bead on a wrinkled wrist  
To choose again for time  
To be of value; time

The essence of being  
The chance to gather  
Disparate thoughts

## A single dust mote note

Placed above the sterling  
Time; way above the sterling  
Way above the tarnished garnered coin

Don't want expensive presents  
If in any way that brings resentment  
Of what is already spent

Talk from far off places  
Stairways & pretty faces  
Climb to these elevated floors

With one door  
And one window stay  
Elopers with a care to play

Midnight  
At ten thirty  
Houseplants die  
By dust fair dirty

A room with a view  
Of a railroad  
A moor  
Some way beyond

A radio station  
Misplaced  
Here a Saturday  
On a Thursday

A dial beyond  
Way past beyond  
My last  
Imagination

Would that this warmth  
Was as settled  
As the mind  
That it tries to disturb

This body displaced  
Replaced  
Each spring  
Each autumn

Each winter  
Dusted  
With a thin fine sprinkle  
Of fair-weather soft fallen snow

A room with a view  
Back over a fair few years  
A mischievous miscalculation  
Lost among a past matriculation

A song  
Would that  
To pluck  
A single note

In time, in tune  
My only; dare I even say  
My only one regret  
My missed single dust note mote

## Back then

No one tells you anything  
Anything that you really need to know  
At the time you need to know  
At the time that you really need to know

How to stop those voices shouting  
How to stop the calling of the shrink  
How to count to ten or twenty  
Or even just to stop and think

No one tells you  
Except that you ought to know  
No one tells you  
Except the tears just have to flow  
No one tells you  
Except for sure that by now you know

How to stop the nagging doubting  
How to drop the stalling mink  
How to count, wait, hesitate

Wait a short while longer take a drink

Back then back in childhood  
Back then back in teens  
Back then back a young man  
Back then with dragons with queens

No one tells you anything  
Anything that you need to know  
Anything that you really need to know  
Somehow just a simple breakthrough

Then again a massive step  
Then again a massive step

If you've ever been in love  
Or lost a close one  
Or lost a limb

Well to think that none of that would matter

To think that not a single thing matters  
Not a single thing at all

How to stop the voices shouting  
Wonder if it's worth the thought  
How to add the noughts together  
To any single thing less fraught

So damned easy just to write it  
To compensate with chance  
Or the intellect almighty  
Of imagined circumstance

What you need to truly feel it  
Touch it right there on the nose  
Deep down in the spine

Hear the book words breathe it fine  
Pay the teller to tell her lies  
Pay her with the fives and dimes

No one tells you anything  
Anything that you really need to know  
No one tells you

Tells you what you need to know  
At the time you need to know  
At the time that you really need to know

No one tells you anything  
Anything that you really need to know  
No one tells you  
At the time that you really need to know

## Orthopaedics and vascular

Estimated painted face  
In renovated railroad space  
Cappuccino fairly frothed

With chocolate cake displaced  
Excavate the far off taste  
Of a generation's race

And scream out loud  
Venerate the  
Forensic investigator

Precise with the time  
Precise with the rhyme  
Inclined to start afresh

The breasts at rest  
Blessed the brickwork restored  
All for the better, uncovered

Except for a fresher light  
Of night scented stocks in  
Amsterdam or Rotterdam

Crimson  
No a brighter red  
Than that

Fabric hats & earrings  
Seared for vast feelings  
Hearing the echoes

Near to  
Our other maker  
Kula Shaker

Mickey taker  
Take me home Morag  
Smile in my face

Morag  
Just roam Morag  
The world

Morag  
Your place Morag  
Orthopaedics

& vascular Morag  
Our ward space  
Your place

## Love

Where did we go to  
Where did you take me  
Where did I take you

Passions rose wide open  
In time spoken with breath  
In time spoken with depth

Our names chose with hope  
So gently we touch our touch  
So gently so much I touch

Walk with me in the moonlight  
Whisper in my ear I love you  
Kiss my ear above you above you

Hold hands with clear clear smiles  
Stroke me with your soft soft fingers  
My I linger - I feel so high we fly

## **Its early how are you**

I nestle, I snuggle no struggle  
You take me with your lips  
I sip of your sweet wetness

No fret, let with full on giveness  
We unfold our soft soft skin  
So bold we hold to go within

Or we may in a little while  
For now we smile  
We move our all, unfold a little closer

Soft red lips kiss soft red lips  
Soft purple skin  
Caresses soft purple skin  
Juices  
Juices taste lovers juice

Other singer's songs  
Are singing in my head  
It's eight in the morning  
I'm more alive than dead  
I've woke and it's quite early  
Sleep came as such a fake  
I've spoke to no one lately  
But smile so soon I wake  
But smile so soon I wake

Other florist's flowers  
Are garlands posed deep red  
I wait for early warnings  
In all the words I've said  
I wake within the bird song  
Fawn as the love of life is led  
I wake in the early morning  
Look back at what I've read

It's early; bird's are singing



It's early; I am bringing  
Bringing you  
Back into my bed  
Cocoa pops and cider  
Lay right down beside her  
Smoke that slow cigarette  
Pluck the strings so slow  
Undress again my blue  
Undress my beauty baby blue

You came to be my lover  
You came to be my life  
No shame you said to smother  
No blame or sacrifice  
Other writer's words  
Walk easy in my land  
Other talkers talk  
They seem a happy band  
I've woke and it's quite early  
Sleep came as such a fake

I've spoke to no one lately  
But smile so soon I wake  
But smile so soon I wake

Other chartist's showers  
Are sprinkled now unsaid  
I wait for curlews blinkered  
On the entire world I have fed  
I wait with soft words fingered  
The gift of life is bred  
I wait as lightness itself still lingered  
Love laid back on the weeps of wed

It's early how are you  
It's early how far you  
It's early my star you  
Come  
Back into my bed  
Your fragrance here beside me  
Come back into my bed

Your fragrance clear beside me  
Calm inside my head

Jelly tots and liquorice  
Allsorts; to do with as we wish  
Talk that fabled sensuality  
Flex my tummy kiss  
Undress again my lover  
Undress again  
My zoobie zombie miss  
You came to be my lover  
You came to be my life  
No name of any other  
Past flame to patronise

Other painter's pictures  
Are laid upon their stands  
My mother's footprints figure  
Set soft there in the sand  
I've woke and it's quite early

Sleep came home as such a fake  
I've smoked for no one lately  
I smile so soon I wake  
I smile so soon I wake

I've woke and it's quite early  
Sleep came home as such a fake  
I've choked for no one lately  
I smile so soon I wake

I smile so soon I wake  
I smile I ache  
I smile so soon I wake  
I smile for you, I ache for you  
I smile for you, I ache for you  
I smile for you  
I smile so soon I wake  
I smile I ache  
I smile so soon I wake  
I smile, that so soon I wake

## **Back when you've gone away**

What did you say  
About downtown  
On Saturday  
Would you so play

There on the bank  
The brink of fair happiness  
Dressed in mink  
She winks and walks on by

Hey now they say  
She'll be back  
Wait for time to take  
The rough cuts... the malady

## **Your mother fair maiden**

Out there  
Out in far distance  
I hear your voice  
Fair singing

Of carousels &  
Country belles  
& troubadours  
A clinging

Of wishing wells &  
Tinkerbelle  
& bracken boors  
A bringing

Your mother fair maiden  
Alive on fairest ground  
Your mother rare laden  
Thrived upon your sound

## Whatever page frames meaning

The trauma is receding  
As middle age moves onwards  
Whatever rage came leading  
The sage has bound the bleeding

Some lives begin at twenty  
Some lives never do  
Some souls have more love  
Than any brothers blue

The hairline is proceeding  
As middle earth returns  
Whatever page frames meaning  
The cage has found the feeding

Some lives begin at thirty  
Some lives never do  
Some calls have more love  
Than hurt forever knew

## The date

Every day communicate  
Friends of quite a distance  
Interested in interests  
Become

Tonight listen to poetry  
Words spoken of touch  
Touch of quite a distance  
Photographs to become

Studies draw to a close  
Summer ahead  
Itineraries to explore  
Spring each step so fresh

Tonight at the cinema  
Remember New Zealand  
Tell  
Of all to know

Every way  
Care to wait  
Rate  
Lives so dear

The dates of chancery  
Coincidence  
Are caught  
In the cakes taste

