

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