

Embroidered Cadillac

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Crooked steeple

These are the flatlands
Mad as a hatter & cap lands
Where even right beside the sea
You cannot see the sea
Not because the view is obscured
By man or even by
Those rectangular caravans
Which go on for miles and miles
Years and years
Or at any rate long enough for
Fences, gates, verandas and grand
Children's tears, grandchild's tears

Without undulation no vista
Of the everlasting ocean over
Which my sister promised to sail
To sail and set me free; with promise
She sailed to set me free from religion

Churches; three within spitting distance
And on the corner of the ever winding road
A Methodist chapel tacked on in full
View to capture the late or lonely stragglers
Back then many more, many more workers
Of the people, workers of the day and of the
Evening, who on Sunday would rest to play
Far away from the shadow of the crooked
Crooked steeple

Stroke your brow

Mental morning callisthenics
Extend my thoughts to love
To my lover

The railway wagons shuttle past
When last did you take
Your lady out to tea

Or have a picnic in the park
With Philadelphia & bagels
And love, balanced with care
There, upon your knees

The raindrops fall
They have done or so it seems
For more than a week

Grey skies prevent sunlight calling
Yesterday afternoon though
Mother sun spied out to seek

Speak for endless hours
Much to tell, swell as well
At the seaside with a conch's shell

Pray join me with this simple
Self help introspection; stroke
Your brow, stroke your eyelid

Stroke your inner thigh; walk
Tall, think high, remember
Your love, you are lover my

Another train goes by

It is eight seventeen in the morning
It may be different for you
The door is open, otherwise still
These are the days I easily see

Across the road a railway line
In a middling deep cutting
Over the wall the train is from?
Well anywhere would do I expect

Tender trundles by slowly onwards
The mantelpiece above it no mirror
A plain wall for a deeper reflection
More depth for your soul to sink to

Into the plaster, into the bricks and mortar
Sink into the soot, soot as of dry snow
But blacker than any darkness
Darker than any closed screw tight eyes

Only dreams may enter
The open door closed
Some way
Some place faraway behind you

The light patterns on the candles flounder
Around the flight of the rectangular box
Listen
Another train goes by

There is sweet mourning

I have been able
I hope one day you may

& then the quick flit
From the motorway
To the fireplace
To the carpet on your landing

Able even while the radio plays
Able among other distractions

To find a taste
That on this occasion
Came without chase
Unburdened by past compactions

That birth of a thought
The flicker of a light

Of symbolism and smell
Of scent upon your pillow
The weep of the willow as she sweeps
The earth and the leaves around her

Trip
Even sometimes stumble

Or chance
The water through our open fingers
Singers of soft songs and lullabies
There in sweet mourning unable to say

Though one day we may
Able even; for that day to be today

There now beside you

Please don't turn this page
No not yet please wait awhile
Just for a moment
Please look me in the eye
Listen
To what I wish to say
Maybe even elucidate

Tell me

Do you
Believe it's the little stuff that is the
Pathway to the big stuff
That to say the insignificant words

Leads
To the beauty of the humming birds
Or if not do you call it happenstance instead
Of love or whatever

For there now beside you

With this moment:
Hold their hand
Flash a slow smile
With happy eyes easy breath
Blow those old cobwebs away
Blow them to smithereens
Pleased to be at once in love

A softer story

The history is of a fainter memory
Faded photographs, dust covered pictures
Tears of happiness
Tears of joy

Tears of tearing apart
And the hurt of innocence
All bundled here together
Safe of de-fragmented memory

The hairs on my arms
Tell a softer story; stroked
By all of those who I have loved
And those who have loved me

For now it is our own skin
That paints the richer pictures
That tells the fairer story
That lives; to give a longer life

We chose so fair to be

Only I
See your eyes so close

Your eyes smile
Though no surprise
For paradise
I've found so close to be

I chose
Of all sweetness known

Not shown to passers by
Meanwhile why
With smiling eyes
You catch the morning nights

I froze
Your eyes so close

So close

Only seen by me
Your eyes so close, so close you're
Only seen by me

With paradise
We chose

So close to be
With eyes we chose
So close to see
Surprised; you really couldn't be

I rose
The light there seen in me

The morning sky
She cries; then dries awhile
Shown so found, abounds
Surrounds me with her smile

So close
We chose so fair to be

Upon the lines of leaves

The brightest day of summer
The age of many mothers who
Retrace their time as lovers
On the sand and pebble beach

Hand in hand now breached
They reach for other covers
To snuff out the cost
Of past obedience preached

The lightest day grieves
Already with a name
The age of others lay placed
Traced upon the lines of leaves

Dreams to seek
Of softer passions there
On the sand and pebble beach
Shared amid the crofters reach

Feared of shame and sensation

Green wheat
The sweetest day of summer
Where it is said
That maybe this was
Where Tennyson heard
That Byron was dead

Here he engraved the news
In the sandstone of long memory

Onwards & upwards
The next bit is downhill
Or even better
Which seems an odd
Thing to say
But then it was

The first day of summer
The corn was high

A walk less embroidered

Or would be
Later in the year
With Tennyson; the corn
To disappear too dear
Cleared of his
Father's reputation; feared

Of shame and sensation
And odd kinds of situations

The undulations less than
Endless
Curves of a woman's thigh
Into the near distance
Into the far away fears

Steered by sunlight &
Hawthorn blossom
Over worked up fields
Of clay & sand
Ploughed, raked, drilled

The pasture, the meadow
The fair I swear maiden
Laid down in the soft grass
Captured
Enraptured before the moon is full

The stature of past statues
Or triptychs of graver truths

Cadillac Freeway

With haywains and meerschaum
Smoker's pipes
Sips of alcohol and laudanum

The cold air
Yet outside the sunlight
Fanfares and swifter trumpets
To serenade the skylark
Or chapel

Ups and downs
Embroidered ways
We walked
First before
And later again we walked
After the dark of nightfall

Asleep
Way after daybreak
Shake that tail feather baby
Late into the night
Stay awake

Wander
Through empty streets
And empty towns
Of starlit gowns and
Frowns of missed
Opportunity

Your first night
On stage beside the double bass
In case of fear
Your love so young, so near

Saw that you belonged
Among the audience

Throng
And kissed you
For your presence

So tight he led
Fed those older guys
Who well bled
Gave unsaid
Their recognition

By intuition he gained permission
For untried improvisation
Another perception as if the third
Immaculate conception heard
That this boy was special
This boy sure was special

Creep, as sleep your fingers weep
In the bluegrass
In the far off echoes

Of the rock and roll

You stole the solo spot
O so low you dropped
Stopped and shot into the limelight

Just on midnight, sipping
Light martini
Or was it bourbon
Or was it scotch; on the rocks

We dream your freedom she plays
You sway, o hey Joe you would have cried

By your side the finger steel glides, zing
The strings sing a secret lovers lullaby

The flowers are dried
And pressed into the tunes
Runes and silver moons

My fairground swoon, my
Troubadour, my
Cross Atlantic dancer

Forever June, o harvest moon, zoom
Through and along the Cadillac Freeway
Across and along; o be long
Your song plays; hey, on the cross
Atlantic
Wide awake Cadillac Freeway

Before

Unseen
Between here
And wherever
Sunlight falls on swaying trees

Bay leaves
She left
Just last summer

Waited there
For the last
Passing cloud
Before she hit the road
Before she hit the bottle

Forgotten sounds
And pleasure grounds
And lights there
Fair a plenty

Uncared
She stared
Into every which
And every other way

Prepared only for forgiveness
No other ought as mad
Had she to give

Awash
The melancholic grieve
Yet still even now
So softly we believe
Her kiss quite simply did precede her

...are forever

Pomegranates
Juniper, the clothes
My rose posed
Around her fine perfume

Worn with all
Or no significance
The trance her real tie-dyed
Sun dried slow cocoon

So soon we lost her
The cost of
More than one
Misunderstanding

Out landing on airstrips
And sea view
Stevedore crewed
Aircraft carriers

Chariots of fire & vivid recollections
Smouldered misconceptions
Of hair; over one
I dare say barer shoulder

Smiles out on one rarer soul
The shawl wrapped over all
The fragile, once awhile, agile
Sublime supple body

I go there on the anniversaries
Of the pasts
Somewhat so called occasions
The Anniversaries of Martini and

Soft spoken conversations
Of the unseen sunlight of the summer
Where we are now, dumb and dumber
And...where we are now and forever

Undressed

Eyes open
Eyes closed
Mind woken
Soft spoken sunlight
Warm
Round your bosom breast
I rest my love
& all of my
Every possession

Eyes still
Eyes filled
With happy
Tender projections
Smile
There you go

Soft across
My lips
Erect
On my finger tips
Blest my love

A breeze
A whirlwinds whisper
Hair sailed
Thinly veiled
Yet o so
My girl
You do touch me
Some test my love
Undressed
Of all my flying colours

Unable blemished being

These are the words I chase thereafter
The sway of the bay
In the midsummer's garden
The larks and the lupines'
They're at play; nay pardon
She'd say; with a sway of those hips

My guard of honour
My hand to take me there
Shake me; wake from my halfway
Half day mid life crisis
Take me to your bay
Sail me out & down your way
Into the bayou of your fragrant garden

Wet noses, polished dining tables
Engrossed in picture cards
And Aesop's fables

Unable to capture that pass of time
Lost to me the words
Of that pat short few moments

Among the birdsong, the vespers
The thoughts sublime
Half cut cooper's barrels, travelled in time
From Henley
Or Henley-on-Thames to find
Their gracious place
Overgrown with weeds and wine

Where now
For all it is my true loves darkened
Hardened soul - ought I to be out there
Throng among the song and the seeing
To replenish and stable
My unable blemished being

Young love

You turned the key
At the end of the hand held walk
Around your floodlit path
Leading to your door
Brought home, to your place

This after a night on the town
Around dance floors
And bar room spaces
And with less haste
The singer with the double bass

In case you wondered
We stumbled in the passageway
Our love on lush lips
We fumbled, our hands
Stroked in moonlit bliss

You stand there
Wait for me to undress you
Caressed by once softer sands
You land on the lofted strands of time
That those hands of mine sure chased

Should we go to bed
Or stay here a little while longer
Soft words whispered on your ear lobes
Nibbled
Tickled with a tipped out tongue

Our faces
Dribbled with a love
A love of...
A love still
A love so young

