

A photograph of a sunset over a landscape. In the foreground, there are dark silhouettes of bare trees and a power line tower. The sky is a mix of orange and blue, with the sun visible as a bright red circle on the horizon. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

Christopher Sanderson

Stuff other than desperate
love stories or....

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Stuff other than desperate love
stories or...

First poem of the day

First poem of the day

Clearer than a Capstan full strength

Meaning seemingly endless understanding

That first breath of intellectual inoculation

That first untainted web of words so carefully woven

Woven more than spoken, softly lowered and laid to
rest

Better than the best of stories, thoughts broken down
and feelings opened

Awoken to our own intrinsic imagination

Blown on the mountains of menthol inhalation

Consulate reminders of nicotine past

Thanks, for the first poem of the day

Biko

Biko

Back in the USSR

Biko because

Gabriel cries from afar

Lynott is a rocker

And a roller

With his friend Moore

Walking the Parisienne walkways

Sliding steel guitars

Teardrops on the terrace

Springtime is for lovers

Have you been there too

In or out of love

Morning suns keep rising

Cloud clearing skies

Beneath the zephyr breeze

And smiles keep on

The frowns of a clown cannot hide them

Some call it deity

I prefer majesty

In the singular moment
There really only is I
No friends, no family, no colleague
Aristotle how do you reply

Back then to the early morning
Sunrise and wakening eyes
A day clear of conscience
A day beginning to cry

And crying has led to change
Mandella follows Biko peace continues to be sought
Thanks to these men of principle, mans mind not
easily bought

Mans mind not easily bought
Meditate the thought
Wish upon a star
Dream the everlasting dream

Jung and Munch are memories
The unconscious mind
The visual scream
Moments only in the greater scheme

Thirty years of passing
Thirty years of thoughts
Packed inside these words
Packed inside this mind

The clarity of vision
The splendid thoughts of youth
How best to resurrect
Back in search of truth

Compromise and insincerity
The game I've learned to play
Bending rules not breaking
Interrogate integrity they say

Pragmatism is my paradigm
Abandon thoughts out of time
Or singing different tunes
But look again amongst the runes

And move away from the men in suits
Move away to follow friendship
Believe once more in Aristotle
Let pleasure be amongst you

Virginia in the cinema

The poet rolled right out of the window
The writers rolled right along the riverbed
The flowers forgot that they had been given
And the cake could not remember being iced twice

Virginia in the half empty cinema
You mesmerised with your surprise
You kissed her on the lips
We never knew how much you missed her

Now we drive home across the moor
Under starlit skies we surmise
Who was the begotten bard?
Understanding never-ending loving

Virginia in Sussex and Surrey
Craving for the faster life
In New York she became
Only the lonely organiser

Friends and lovers and husbands
Tearing hair and wearing thin
Unable to enable or to establish
Sense or source of equilibrium

Your fingers and fags
Ink stain and nicotine
In between the glory and the glamour
The nerves and the never knowing

Wanting to be more than normal
Wanting to walk out and down along
Wearing what
Whatever young girls wear along

In the cafe windows
On the railway platforms
Real people disappear in fear
Why do they stare?

Another Century, another era
Paperbacks and plays all show
Silver screen brings you near
We, you, no one will ever never know

The credits roll
Our arms unfold
We scatter your flowers
And pour the nectar deeply

An inch of snow in Brewood

An inch of snow in Brewood
A night of frost at Elford Park
Couples setting off for St Andrews
Hand held PC made in Taiwan

Such journeys on your birthday
Places with pictures in your mind
Phil Spector charged with murder
River deep and mountain high

Just too much to process
Too many thoughts passing through
Searching for a clean white canvas
Searching for an inch of snow

Poetry, you giver

Poetry

You giver

You deliver

You make me consider

You receiver of debt

Receiver of doubt

And of despair

You care

You stare

You make me compare

More than a maiden's prayer

In an heavenly lair

Poetry; you giver

Hebrew Slave

Hebrew slave, Atlantic wave, falling stave, Indian
brave, limestone cave, all night rave, overgrown
grave, addicts crave, only angel's behave, velvet
tippers deprave, downstairs servants misbehave,
deeper still diva's enclave, a quiet attitude can save,
war can enslave, peace is no place for jack or knave,
neither for knight nor architrave

Happening

On every one occasion
Yes every time we meet
A special little happening
Yes like dancing little feet

On every one occasion
Simply washing dishes sleek
A separate memory moment
Yes dancing cheek to cheek

Play

Midas, Minerva, Miracle, Meek

Blessed, Beautiful, Bronze, Bleak

Auguste, Artisan, Anthropic, Aardvark

Neanderthal, Narcissus, Nordic, Nark

Just like watching the Wimbledon final

Just like watching the Wimbledon final
And rushing on to the court to play

After watching at the twin towers of Wembley
And running to the nearest park

Remember Lords and sunny summers
Inspired to place willow bat on corky ball

Then there's Laurence Llewellyn Bowen
Encouraging us all to change our rooms

But on this occasion, rather
It was the poem of Raymond Carver

And Betjeman, Browning, WH Auden
Visions, poems, words sympathetically spoken

Of love and life, and love and loss
Emotion, pain, pleasure, candy floss

Sweetness to soften the blow

Without the worry of the sugar, without the weight of
thought

I've let myself be immersed, I am enthused
I'm on the pitch at Wembley, let my words be used

Lemons and limes

Lemons and limes, outdoor kitchens, rambling vines
Wandering geese, treading bare feet and farms for
free

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Floorboards fixed, concrete mixed, and an amazing
view
Across the bay in and out the andalucian architecture

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Eastern begets western, Dinas for dollars
No more soldiers, no more feeling your collars
The whole worlds rebuilding, a new generation
beginning
From the grape yard to the graveyard everyone's
singing

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

An Englishman's home is his castle
Then he settles for the cottage in the country
Now he's found a place for next to nothing
Sitting right there, where he always wanted, by the
sea

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania
Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

Quietly tanks surround the airports
Secretly rocket launchers point to the sky
Silence as Aeroflot flights are grounded
Nowhere now nothings never quite like what it
sounded

Ro Ro Ro Ro Romania
Copacabana of the Mediterania

You were an enchantment, enticing, a chance to
break free

Today and who knows tomorrow, it seems you are a
dream too far, a reflecting sea

Moustache spectacles cigar

Crossed legs

Ansel Adams captures

Two men on the porch

Hornitos circa 1934

An early recollection for ZZ Top

Advertising the real Levis workwear

Beneath the telegraph box adorned

With moustache, spectacles, cigar

Crossed legs

Cezanne captures

Ambroise Vollard

Seeking to express his little bit of thunder

Circa 1896

Sitting absolutely motionless

And with such care

Returning to the pose like an angel

Crossed legs

Erica Jong captures

The hidden lips

Of the figure of the witch

Circa Christmas 1995

Another way of

Becoming light

Flames frame nights figurines

Crossed legs

Picasso captures

'Lets go to the bulls' the bullfight

'It,s the only thing left to us'

Sitting resplendent

Glorious with Jacqueline and Cocteau

Magnificent with Paloma

Pablo not yet losing his capacity for joy

Crossed legs

Skull and Crossbones capture

Flags flying

Pirates spying, signifying

Crossed legs

Everyone, everywhere

Kenny Everett

Cheri Blair

Peeling plums

Peeling plums

Sparkling streams

Rising suns

Plum sun water

Stealing stories

Purple mountains

Midnight star sky

Story midnight mountain

Revealing feelings

Everglade marshes

Rising rainstorms

Feeling rising marshes

Reeling ragas

Barn dance farm

Walking home

Ragas walking farm

Preamble

Preamble

The bramble is in bloom

The yellow gorse there's yards and yards of it

The rain speckled Rambler

Walks smiling through

This pathway followed by monks of old

Today's story told

Around last centuries newest abbey

Amongst the twisted vines and lavender

In the bookshop reading of retreats

Buying Aristotle's thoughts on happiness

The gentle people congregate

Smiling eyes soft spoken voices

Back on the moors

Back among magnificent vista's

A thousand years

A million miles

The beauty brings alive the eyes and ears

The traveller thanks his lucky stars

Nature has many more surprises

The river rises in a flash spring spate

Meditation in stained glass surrounds

To a backdrop of glory and giving

Being your brothers keeper

Contributing for continuation

Sunshine and showers

Photographs of flowers

Reaching peace

Touching love

Being there

Just being

Immersed in adsorption

Feeling alive

**Wherever, whenever, whoever,
whatsoever, and why's**

Wherever, whenever, whoever, whatsoever, and
why's

This is the moment of thought

The time and the expression, listen, Verdi cries

Meanwhile knowing that the reason is behind us

In the distance we welcome the outsider to try

We welcome the outsider to try.

Wherever whatsoever and why

Happening, opening, lingering, wondering, wandering
by

Pretend to surrender

Pretty things, pretty blue sky

The outsider welcomes your story

You have caressed her dress, you have caressed her
thigh.

However, wherever

Outsider

You didn't even try.

Verdi enquired

Representing a further presence

Shrieking deeper

Than crying songbirds, leaving in scattering flight

Wandering, wondering, engaging

Above the early evening's darkening sky

Boddinton's bitter

Boddingtons bitter
Bank holiday weekend

The Volksvagen Beetles have run to the sun
Down Newquay way

Englands won the cricket
In a shade less than three days including rain

Beckhams met Mandela
And broke another bone

England won the football
On a continent far from home

Boddingtons bitter
On a bank holiday weekend

France

Country of beauty

Spirit of love

Saviour of souls

All language of life exposed

Cafe and city

Caress in belief

Entwined in emotion

Truth through philosophical thought

Flags flown of passion

Reflection of rosary

Blossom of blue

A lightning white silk bold with sensuality

Building to monumental memory

Joyous in contemplation

Serene and explosive

All character to taste of style evoked

Arch of triumph

Pyramid of translucence

Champions causeway

Quest of meaning, statement of ought

Wistful

Wistful, whistle, walking at the wave's edge
Caressing, choral, through the fields of corn

Majestic, meditation, moving by the mountain side
Suggestive, song, in the silent sensuous sultry
summer

Angelic, orchestral, amongst evangelical ethereal
skies
Mantra, chant, immortalise Gregorian's pastures

Bass wind, bassoon, winding its way through wind
and wind
Strum, vibrate, resonance in season and
circumstance

Vibrant, good vibrations surround sounds bounce
around
Awakened, woken, voices softly spoken, larks rising,
ears opened

Nature, nurture, growing by feeling, listen, ragas
reeling

Celtic, Irish, romance fiddles fast, fiddles slowly, today
and yesteryear

Tenors, troubadours, walking in the heaven's, talking
with the god's

Lutes, flutes, believe in the safe from scary fairies,
dare to enter another world

Operatic, soprano, oh, oh, can the beauty be
imagined so, Ave Maria

Xylophone, flugel horn, bass trombone, saxophone,
jeroboam, of champagne

Nothings the same

In this campaign

Of music's reign

One last refrain

I can't sustain

This purple rain

This love and pain

This Virginia plain

Everlasting love

One last song

One last goodbye

I could cry
Cry if I try
Cry if you want me to
Cry tears of happiness
Tears of joy

One last hit single
Let's make them tingle
Looking for Linda
Looking for love
Looking for work
Looking for shipbuilding
Nothings changed
Words re-arranged
One last hit single.

Guitar, from afar, you gently weep
Blues, bluegrass, chewing tobacco, working the fields
Can you soothe our pain, slide and steel us from
being dazed and confused

Gospel, possession needing no property, possessing
our own self with amazing grace
Soul, black and white, girl and boy, love never knew
such yearning

Tearing, torment, such soulful can you imagine nights,
and heights, of passion

Singer songwriter, weave your wondrous words
Leave your blood on the tracks,
Stand by your man, remember caravan, Vincent

Rhythm and blues, rhythm and rock, rhythm and
rhyme, heavens even Dali rhythm
Stones and Gaye, how could you not fade away, no,
not fade away
Gypsies and Kings and Richards and Stings and
everybody sings, and dances and romances

Lovers do
They save the last dance
They Caress, sun-blessed, believing, conceiving, that
it's forever before the morning

Samba, mamba, kid Creole, that old rock and roll
Jives alive, brothel creepers and skin tight sneakers
Canaries and calypso, you never so such life,
absolutely new life

Nothings the same

Nobodies going to stop us now
The romantic refrain
Emotions strain
Lipstick stain
In love again
One more night
It'll be all right
Another magic morning
Where I shouldn't be
But I couldn't see
Blinded by something
Deep inside of me

Everlasting Love

Linger
Ravish
Soul singer

PP Arnold
Engage us again
First cut is the deepest

Linger
Crave
Soul singer

Aretha

One more time

Six three four five seven eight nine

Linger

Infuse

Soul singer

Otis

Take us again

To the dock of the bay

Mandolin wind, Piano string, violin and viola

Summer sunsets, evening concerts, city halls, country
balls, waterfalls

Bass Guitar, Indian Sitar, near and far, sounds
surround

Around the world, around the country, around the
home, around whatever's inside

And more beside

And much more beside

Walking around the platform

Walking around the platform
Trying to change a two pound coin
Where did he come from
Why wait for the 21.05

And how did he get there
Who supplies his medication
Where does he go for meditation
And why wait for the 21.05

Is there some hint of desperation
Beneath the days of perspiration
Trying to understand his situation
As he waits for the 21.05

Beneath some other complication
Describing further degeneration
Lost confused and confounded
Around the 21.05

Maybe he just wanted coffee
Nothing more sinister than that
Someone else's sophisticated frustration
Changing lights waiting for the 21.05

Yugoslavian nights

Neanderthal, Byzantine, Cistercian
Church, Chapel, Mosque

White walls mirror blue green sea
Shifting sands in shifting times

For all we know they have already pulled the trigger
Rigorously wading through the waters of the wishy
washy words

Back then in Yugoslavia, negotiating through the in
house interpreter
Forgetting to tell you that he was stationed in Glossop
in that other war

Visiting, no more, no less, learning the double bluffers
art
Start low, aim high, settle somewhere between
Be seen to win-win for all to share

Staring into oblivion, persimmon papers rolled up
ready
Steady steadily gaining head

Walk away, take time, remember she said
Seashells, crunch under the jackboot tread,
remember she said

No currency at the airport, Dinas turn to dust
Those aircraft engines you sold them, turning, turning
to rust

All this before the wall came down
Around that ever ending never lasting revolution

We all had our own singular senseless solution
Senseless in singular isolation, bereft in national
procrastination

Since then sincerity abounds
Surround ourselves in spin

Even before we begin, before any thought of
substance
Belligerent, malignant, indignant, insufficient, only
circumstantial evidence

Semblance of generalisation, keeping cards close to
the chest

Talking in riddles, trying it on, setting a meaningless
test

Spinning, spinning, spinning wheel, spinning top
Spinning, we called it lying, spinning so hard you
cannot stop

Growth

Saturday morning, white washing, sharp frost, blue
sky

Beginning of a new beauty

Doing leading to being, beginning of a new beauty

Change of font and change of style

Chance grasped, exploration espoused

Coming to calm, walking to warm

Loving the platinum gold sunlight

Melting the bright white frost

Saturday morning awaking to awakening

Smiling, a chuckle from within escaping

Joys of journeys through minds past

Change of tone and change of context

Glance clasped, interpolation allowed

Coming to calm, caressing the air

Lullabies of birdsong

Fresh new day, fresh new way