



Christopher Sanderson

2023

1 Record



January

The beginning of the year.
The new year resolutions waiting to be celebrated,
crunched or broken.

The Bombing Range

Wainsfleet.



Now There Is No Horizon Is No More

The waves roll over and roll over
Roll across the curve of the shoreline
Stereophonic splashes wash over
Wash over

Silently the sodium lights glaze the ripples
Incidentally highlight the ebb and flow
All the while, buoys and marker lights
Bobble and flicker

Through the blown open
Bathroom door
Hockney
After Yentob on Freud
Only for pretence

I want to remember this time
I wish to describe the space
I aim at the deeper feel
Sodium along the seafront

At midnight
No other sounds

Sea moves, air flows
Painting is the real thing
Painting is the real thing

A photograph could not capture
Do you know - he is almost right
But behind me is the sink

And down below the window
A solitary moment
A stranger passes out of sight

Not able to be captured
By the flashbulb or the painter
Both incapable, at fault
Unable to synthesise the view
Although with these words

Words scribbled down
Beside the corroded, cracked
Glass, single glazed window

Cream windowsill inside
My words your picture
Cream windowsill outside
My words your emotion



Now there is no horizon comes to a sticky end

Sky blue mottled paint
Interior to exterior
My words your history

I can see out into the blackness
Say that now there is no horizon
Write "Now there is no horizon"

Tell of an infinite dimension space
Black space
A completely starless night sky

How could the painter paint this nothing
Without depth

Without perspective
How would the photographer
In his darkroom
Touch up a thousand miles of nothingness
And between here and the next continent
My auditory senses enable me
To remember, to note down
The background sounds
Of beach bound pebbles, that crash
Crash like a sack of marbles
Meanwhile with my pen

I realise the roar
Of the last motorbike
Alone he serenades the seafront
I imagine a smile...

Now, together again you and I
And a support cast of thousands
We leave the shoreline promenade

Now there is no horizon
No doubt, to chill or feel
With air to breathe
I write what I see as real



February

The month of my birth.
That which grows is that which still, after seventy odd years,
still surprises.

Catchwater Drain

Revesby.



For one I could not break, for one I could not mend

My intention is to re-create an atmosphere
To bring you to the inside of my feelings
At a particular moment, a unique moment
in mine and your time

In *Nausea* Jean-Paul Sartre talks of
privileged situations, perfect moments
My idea is first to let you know the time,
the place, the season
Even possibly an explanation of what
brought me here, why I travelled
What brought that thought, that feeling,
and what now, now many years later; what
draws me here again, what pulls me to this
re-creation, I should explain; by explain I
have to say:

The beach is at an end of land, as much I
suppose you could on your own suspect. It
sits in a sophisticated piece of almost
forgotten England. Not far away from
military activity; those of you who
remember the Second World War may
remember, those of you who don't try to
imagine, sit quietly for a moment and think
of practice landings, think of Americans on
British shores, think of sitting without
moving, never ever moving. The beach
was deserted, it being autumn or winter;
and after dark at that. But there was a
moon, enough light to pick up stones and
thrash them into the crashing waves,
enough noise to drown any conversation.

No, I was not alone, but the thought was
mine alone, although it was then, it is now.
That other person then, the focus of this
intimation; think also of their thought,
think of their unique moment, think also of
your moment in time. I cannot describe
that, for that is clearly beyond me. As far
outside of me as my own feeling is inside
of me, hopeless for me to capture, almost,
hopeless; if anything is without hope,
perhaps, I must move on.



For one I could not break, for one I could not mend

How to tell you the feel of guilt, and what
then to tell of love, and the two
interwoven, overlapped, the guilt of
possession, the guilt of left behind, the
guilt of want, the guilt of the want for what
we have not. Is it guilt that swims around
the mind, is this a delusion, though at the
time I did not know of such, this delusion,
this fog, this mist, this torment that
prevents quintessential form, guilt as the
serpent, guilt as the broken wave, the guilt
of the returned surf, the guilt of the
thrashed stone as it falls through the
waves of this forbidding sea, falls to the
shattered floor; stone, pebble, rock, sand,
grains of dust, compact, never to be seen

again, by me, or by my delusions,
hopeless for it is my guilt.

It was the love, the love without touch,
love through the air, love for one hurt by
my action, hurt by my love for what was
already more than love, it was love and
guilt, guilt and love, stone into water, water
into stone, wave and crash, crash and
wave, into and out of darkness, darkness
under clouds, darkness over sea, love of
together, love of apart, love in a space, a
place, a perfect place, privileged space.
An odd moment, but one to return to, to
hold again, an old moment, brought anew,
our love.

What is that time before the dawn breaks,
before the sun rises, that time when you
wake to run down to the sea, to see the
tide turn, to see the sun break through,
that time that you rob yourself of sleep to
go in search of some other moment, some
previously untouched privileged situation,
some new found uniquely discovered
peak experience. Are you with me in this
time, that time, whatever we choose to call
it, magic time, how about that, time
without movement, time stood still, sun on
sand, sand on toes, toes in water, water on
sun, sun on moon, moon on star, star,
star...



March

Which came first the month or the action.
I do remembering falling to the floor, in London, when I
heard the gunshot for the birthday salute.

The Fence Flowers

Revesby Graveyard



This End of The Field

Been There

I had nowhere else to go
So far had been so so sufficient
The emblems still there on show
Resembled the secretive coefficients

I had nowhere else to go
So near had been so so loquacious
The saxophones still there did blow
Had I ever, in truth, been precocious

I had nowhere else to go
So involved had been so so magnifique
The emotions still there did throw
A curved, curved ball, within a fit of pique

Done That

I had nothing else to think
The images kept on loading
So so close to the brink
Lust with love exploding

I had nothing else to think
The scents are out of the bottle
So so carefully, subtly distinct
Skin on skin ready to topple

I had nothing else to think
The soulful music sways
So so pure, sure in shocking pink
Beside her now he lays

Observe Awareness

Do not take the decisions lightly
Choose each word for each word
Whatever you look back upon, try
Always, to look forwards too

And if you can't quite explain it
Then at least give of your best
If the phrase is not within reaching
Take us to where you suffer less

For dust is forever in the corners
And leaves are so seldom still
Tell of the sky in the diamond
Whose feint hopes you signify



This End of The Field



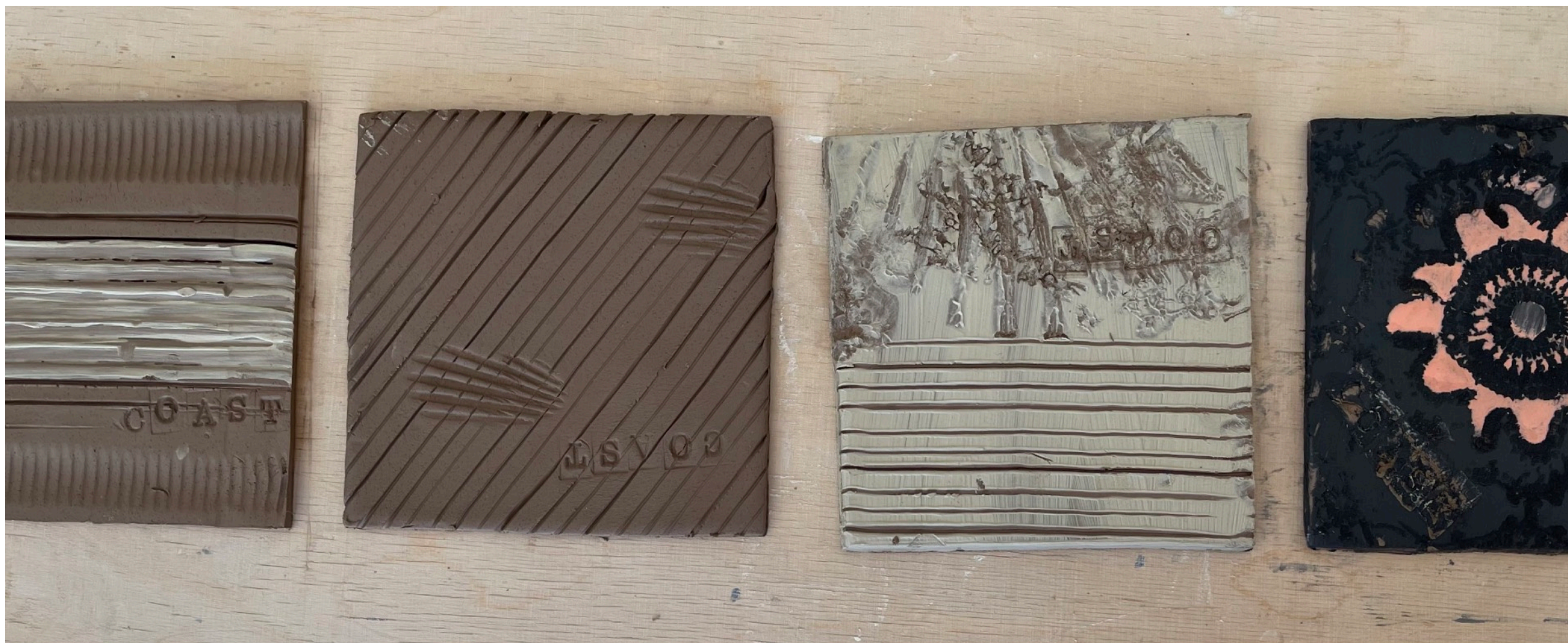
April

April can be the cruelest month.
But also the most beautiful as family gather to get me on my feet again.

Front Garden

14 The Green.





Oxcombe Pottery

Form is more or less all it takes

Airport :: Simple Form

I never did become a pilot although I did flirt with the idea of buying a hot air balloon, then, a few years later, my lover of the time gave to me the birthday present of a flying lesson.

So I did take hold of the stick, if that's the phrase, above the Channel Island of Jersey

It was a calm day; ten minutes into the flight the instructor handed over the controls and advised me on manoeuvres.

We took in the sights; I was excited, elated, joyful as we circled in the skies above St. Helier, then onto St. Aubin; growing with confidence I responded positively to all I was asked to try, though still with some trepidation.

That was before he said:
'Do you want to land the aeroplane?'

We descended slowly, steadily to begin with, although the ground fair rushed beneath us towards the end; either way we did it, and I felt awfully good about all three of us.

Airport :: Abstract Form

Silk or aluminium, the
Minimum thrust; lust
Across silver skies

Trust those who do, just
As to leave the rest
At home, all alone

With their doubts
And limited destinations
The station points

Changed, I rearranged
The circumstances; took
Chances galore

More I shouted; always
To up the ante, whilst not
Ever, fully knowing the score



May

Yes, that's me.
I am here at Wemberley.

Wembley

With Leslie Arthur Sanderson.





SWFC League One Play Off Semi-Final Second Leg - SWFC Win Penalty Shoot Out

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 too much trouble
To double back and shave the stubble
Start anew, our efforts to redouble
What I knew so very little of

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

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

Throw more slack on the boiler
No matter of the cloak of glass
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 sly serfs
Servants, cooks and jobs-worth
We won the war on and off the turf
Now let's go get randy

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

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



June

How old can I be?
That's what SWFC can do to you.

The Lane To Catchwater Drain

Blue skies in June.





The Rose Arboretum

Summer grasses waving in the breeze
 Same as it ever was, same as it ever was
 Still, silent, except for the butterflies
 The geese in flight, and the jet aircraft

*They didn't take our mates
 Not all of them anyways
 But yes we put down our implements
 And took off, never to return*

What was left evaded the nourishment
 The hope, the love, the tender careful work
 Which our team of fourteen gardeners provided
 In the arboretum's creation and incantation

So, filled with joy, working, best not to forget
 What might we learn, what might we do
 To know the beauty, the beauty of peace
 To know the peace, the peace in beauty

Looking out on a country park
 Looking out across a country estate
 Watch the young deer return, watch
 The young, or not-so-young couples

Exchange their vows; for the record
 A schematic details the layout of the roses
 That's the close-in viewpoint, celebrated
 In the tipi; expanding out, way over the horizon



July

A monastic retreat.
At one with one.

From Horncastle Hill to Chapel Lane

Is this a glacier formed valley?





The Old Stables

THE GIFT IN GOODBYE by BEAU CHRISTOPHER TAPLIN

When it comes time to say farewell,
 whether to a love,
 a home,
 a path,
 or a life,
 let your practice be always the same:
 just as we do in those final moments of light
 beneath the late-afternoon sun.
 Sit quietly for a moment, allow your heart room
 to be heard, keep your breath steady

and centered as you reflect on the blessings
 that have made this time in your life
 so meaningful and precious.
 Appreciate its place
 and acknowledge its passing,
 but trust also in the promise of new beginnings.
 Where one chapter closes,
 another begins.
 Where there is falling light,

there is always soon a rising sun.
 For all the hurt and uncertainty of now,
 there are still bright days ahead.
 However long and deep the night may seem,
 the dawn always returns again.
 The world will sometimes take from you
 the very thing you can't bear to lose,
 but if you listen closely to your heart,
 if you look always for the light,
 you will find it always offers something back.



August

This isn't the cathedral.
But it is in Ely.

Revesby Church

Through the mist from 14 The Green.





David Hockney - A Year in Normandie, at Salts Mill

Where next is the question

Back to base perhaps
To leave other places
Such as the cutlery factory
Until tomorrow
Or the day after

Bathe in the reflections
Of this morning
Along minor roads

Which you sort of know
Even if you are uncertain
As to where they are going

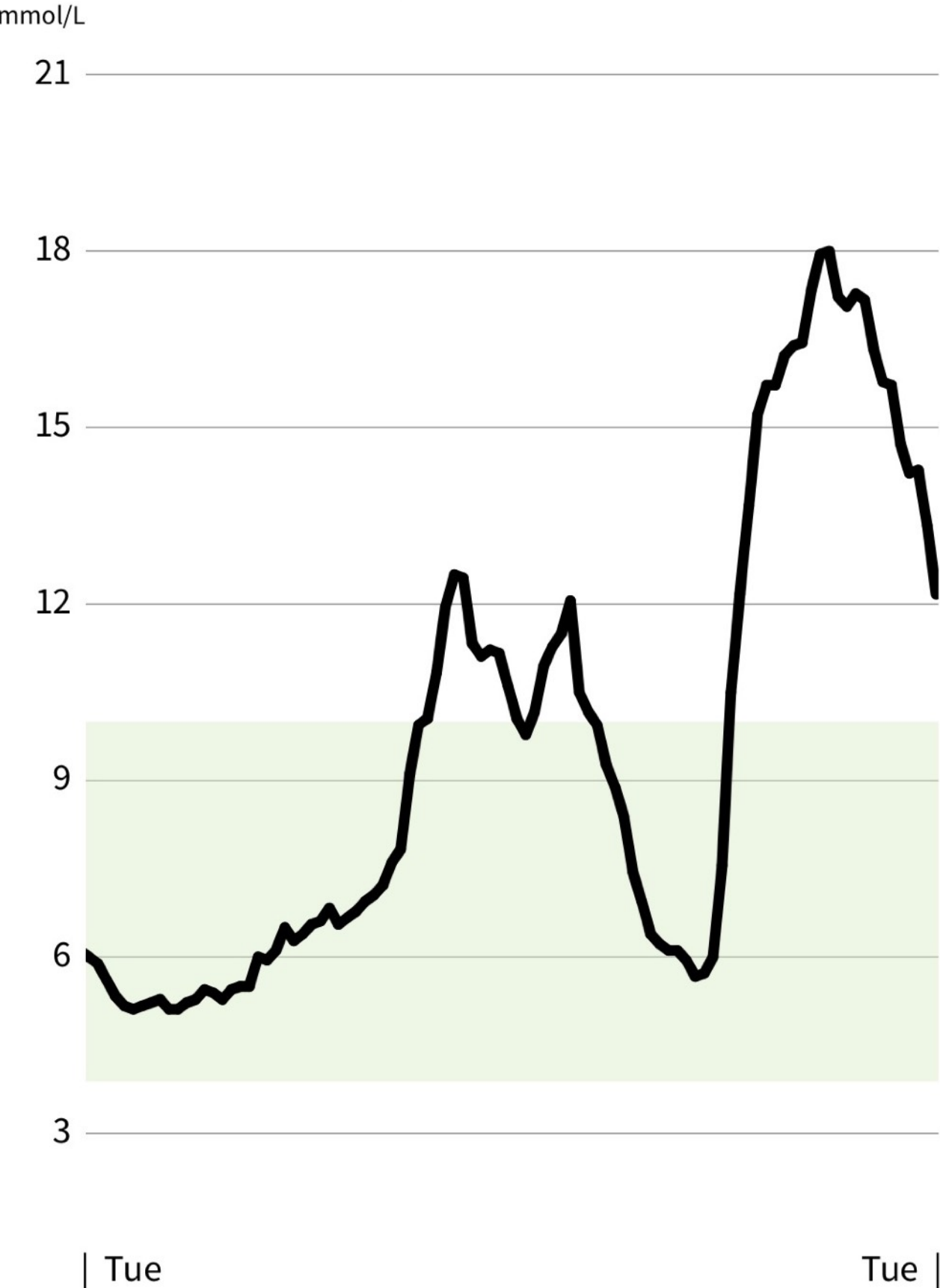
Bright light

Bright light
On the glass window
Blue sky
Above the green trees

This is idyllic
Tell don't show

Strong breeze
Sways branches
Clouds cross small window
Rapidly to bring dullness
You trick me by saying
Let's call this wonder

19 September 2023

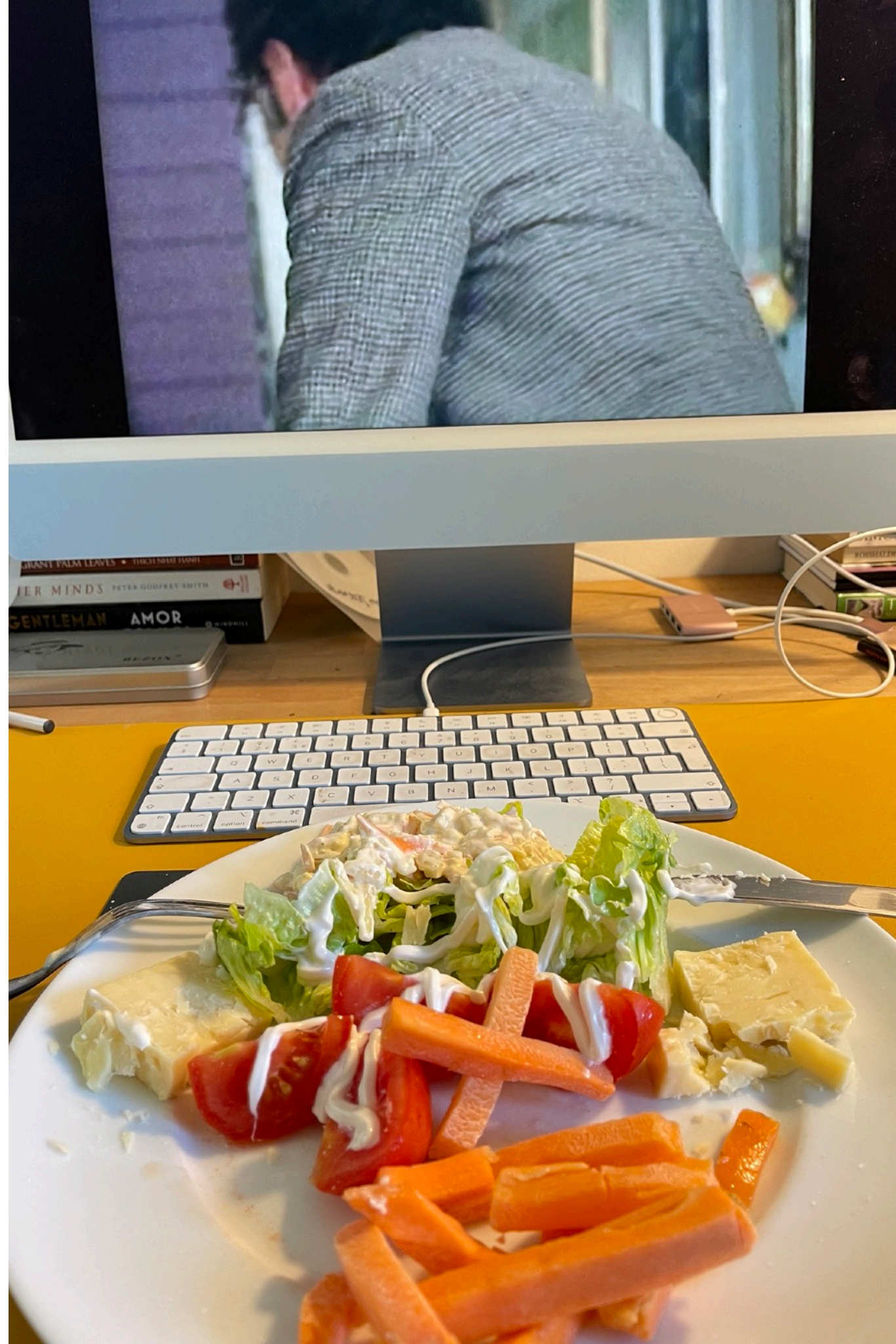


September

Green is good.
So today is not the best of days.

Salad for Tea

Whilst watching TV.



Excerpts taken from: Is it grey, or in
the sunlight is it steel

22 Arise

From my warm bed
I am cooling down
From buying a book
By Christian Tobin
I am sure to be ok
With my own search of love

23 Chores of love

The day is begun
Washing hung
On the line

Bacon, eggs
And tomatoes
Fried

A pot of tea
Yes, a pot of tea
Out in the yard

Listening to birdsong
And writing
These few words

My mother comes to mind
Partly because
She used to cook breakfast for me

Also she would
Have done my washing
Not that I insisted

The process just came natural
To the both of us
If you get my drift

Later on
Many years later
In point of fact

Saturday mornings
Were even more



Prepare for meditation

Joyful
But I do believe
I have written about
Those fabulous moments

Many times before
Many
Many more times before

24 Together as one

Sun rising
Warmth reflected
From the wall at my side
Which also directs
The gentle breeze
To deflect my neighbour's cough

The book has arrived
Soon I will begin reading
Not knowing what to expect
Although I hope
For a little gentleness
To affect my own writing

First thought
To bathe a little longer
In Thursday evening's celebrations
Which continue to vibrate
As they nestle
Into my deeper memory

25 Outward Bound

Maybe to go to the beach
Or a walk in the fields

Take time to think about you
Not nostalgia, or longing
But my fifteen minutes of fame

It is the one life we had
Where however many the adventures
Our minds can still find regrets
When melancholy attunes the quietness
With suggestions of changing
personalities

A long walk, lacking direction
Hard ground, vegetation refusing
Low glucose alarm, will it be a hypo
Return home, over indulge on caramel
Oh how the blue skies attract me



October

The Abbey Streamed in Sunlight.
Viewed from the Refectory door.

A Message

To remind me.

Not
ALL
those who
WANDER
are lost

Orchestrate

Rise early
For the delivery
The fridge was empty
Now it's three-quarters full

But its then that I notice
I have forgotten the cheddar cheese
Nor have I thrown the out-of-date eggs away
Although I can clean-up the spilt Soy Sauce

Malt loaf with Port Salut
Remembering to balance
Carbohydrates with protein
To steady the release of glucose

Of course as I am taking exercise
Mowing the big back lawn actually
I probably need to keep my eye
On going low not up above the alarm level

And The National sing to a fade
I keep feeling smaller and smaller
I keep feeling smaller and smaller
I keep feeling smaller and smaller

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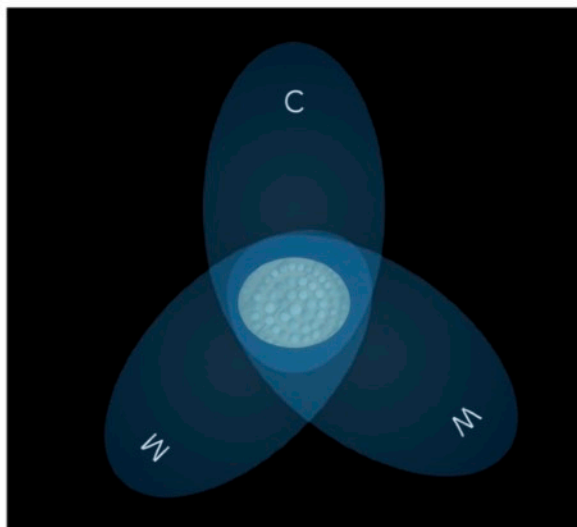
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Autumn's Presence



Archetypes

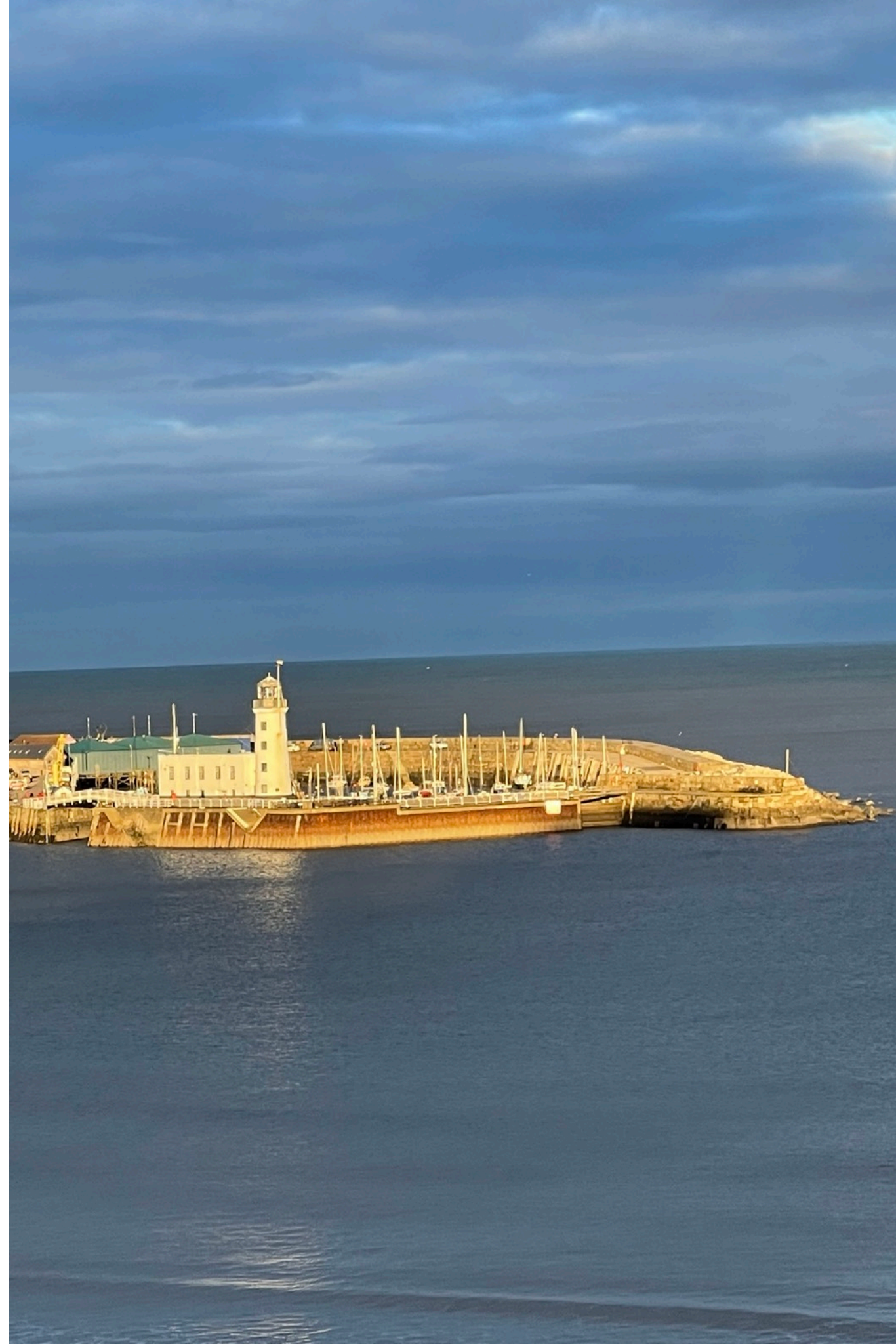


November

Steve's writing group.
I focus on Screenplay.

Sunlight

Andrew's Birthday.





Scarborough Blue

Tuesday Or Thursday

I see the candle flicker
I see a reflection
Of the candle's flame
I see a further reflection
Of my own silhouette
My head is larger than I thought
My mind is dull
I am duller than I thought
I have no need to carry on
I have no right to carry on

Yet it is what I do
It is what we all do
Life does carry on doesn't it
I entertain myself with images
I entertain myself with words
Nothing ever finishes
It really is quite absurd
I close my eyes
The candlelight comes with me
I am transported
To the early morning monastery benches

I hear the sound of three bells
I hear the sound of thirty-three bells
Also of the river
Flushing over the bed of rock



December

This is winter.
Best to stay in.

Memory

It is in the stone.





Morning view from out the back

Return Visit

The task is begun
And why should it not, for
Who knows just how long
This good weather might last

And what better place

To find poetic inspiration
Than at Mark's bothy
By *The Cotswold Path*

So to put off until tomorrow
The trip to *Prinknash Abbey*
Or even into town, to stock up

With mango and orange juice

Way better to write
To capture all of that
Which passes through
These four walls, and

Those open doors to sunlight
Where the breeze will
Without doubt make
An occasional entrance