

Poetry Series

Philip Vincent Sanders
- poems -

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Philip Vincent Sanders(29/08/1953)

A part time poet and photographer. I write from the heart as subjects and aspects of life appeal to me and touch my heart and soul. I now live in Kent where the beautiful scenery and rivers inspire me.

A Memory

A memory is a moment of pure magic
Heart rending in its intensity
Beautiful in its clear simplicity
Burnt into your soul for eternity
No one else can touch it
No one else can tarnish or change it
Taken to the grave.....
with a warmth and tenderness divine
Guarded like a precious secret
..... cared for as a lifelong friend

Philip Vincent Sanders

Anguish

Jagged edges to the mind
If I look ... what will I find?
The tearing, wrenching hurt
That rips you as it spurts
And twists you round and round
With an eerie ... silent sound
What anguish you can feel
Beneath the shield of steel
A soliloquy to pain
Will life ever be the same?

Philip Vincent Sanders

Boredom

Mind numbing exasperation
Infuriating irritation
The drip ... drip ... drip of the day
Wears my patience away
Tearing at my head
Is it time for bed? ?

Philip Vincent Sanders

Childhood

Listen to their laughter
Listen to them sing
Watch them on the roundabout
Watch them on the swings
See them playing football
See them beam and glow
Innocence of childhood
Why does it not show...
Us ... as we get older
How sweet life could be
If ... just now and then
We could look and see ...
The child ... still deep within us
Gentle simplicity
That years and years obliterate
As we become less free
So caught up in the world
It's complications too...
Wouldn't it be nicer
If our childhood lasted through....
All our life upon this earth
It's gentle innocence
Making mankind kinder.....
And maybe have more sense.....

Philip Vincent Sanders

Dreams

Your hair flows across the pillow like a mountain stream
Moonlight resting on your face still deep in sleep
Eyelids flutter like a bird as dreams unfold
The restful mind still in creative mood

The smile that plays upon your lips foretells
The pleasures in the thoughts of night
Unspoken words begin to fill a book
Of wishes, passion, needs and deep desires

Your body shifts with sinuous ease
As each new picture now unfolds
Your nakedness a beauty to behold
As rhythmic movement sensuously begins

The visions that will now invade your soul
Feeling oh so real in dead of night
The pleasures that the stories tell
Will leave their mark so soft as morning comes

A faint but shining film of nightly dew
Has formed upon your silken skin
Reflecting all the dreams that did unfold
Within your heart whilst darkness lay

And as your eyes once more perceive the day
With shining light that now instils your brain
A moment will send shivers down your spine
As dreamt of deep desires are left behind

Phil Sanders

Philip Vincent Sanders

Evening On The Doorstep

Sitting on the doorstep
Watching clouds go by
All the changing patterns
High up in the sky
Sunlight fading gently
Slowly in the west
Jet trails spreading lazily
Miles above the rest
I wonder where they're going
I wonder where they've been
Magic destinations
Ever changing scene
Just like all the patterns
We weave within our life
Never know our destiny.....
Comforting or strife

Philip Vincent Sanders

Free As A Bird

Spirit free flying on the wind
Apart from the world feeling free
An endless space stretching beyond the moon
A peaceful, gentle mind
Away from fears, worries and hurt
A limbo of gentle respite
A need to shout with expectant ecstasy
... at the delights of unshackled indifference
It will be pulled back...
Within the tortuous wheel of life
But enjoy ... delight in the space and freedom
And return refreshed and enhanced
To understand... sympathise and to be
... to be yourself

Philip Vincent Sanders

Fulfilment

You soar on the thermals
Sweeping across the valleys of desire
Eyes glinting in the sunlight
As your prey of fulfilment hangs below

The words drift into your ears
Filling your psyche with interest
Tingling your wings with expectation
And your belly with fire

Your needs are varied
Carnal, cerebral, comforting
You strive to attain all
But sometimes it is beyond your grasp

Fly higher sweet angel
Seek the rarified air
You will succeed, you will feel your soul
Fulfilment will be yours

Philip Vincent Sanders

Future Course

The subtle shades of evening sky
Encouraging thoughts ... by and by
Of calm and moments yet to be
And of the things we may well see....
As life unfolds it's varied course
Opens ... closes ... many doors
Provides surprises ... good and bad
Makes us think of things we've had
Treasured wishes ... days to come
Before the whole of life is run
Mysterious moments ... yet unknown
Places to see ... time to roam
Vivacious uncertainty fills our life
Providing good ... providing strife
But through this vast complexity
We must be sure to truly see
The moments of serenity ...
That show us peace as it should be
Within the whirling, swirling sea ...
That will become our destiny

Philip Vincent Sanders

Harsh Winter On The Plains

The cold November wind bites deep inside
And in the tepee there the baby lies
Asleep within the handmade cradle low
His breathing slight and soft and slow
The squaw is wrapped up warm against the cold
Around her only those infirm and old
For all the warriors now must search the plains
Seeking out the food that they can gain
For winters blast is shortly to arrive
And they must work to make sure they survive
So harsh and bitter at this time of year
Awaiting spring and summer to appear
The price that's paid for having freedom's key
The work that must be done beyond the scree
The fires are burning bright within the night
A warm secure and deeply heartening sight
For life will always be so stark and clear
Throughout the varied seasons of the year

Philip Vincent Sanders

Intensity

Intensity a vivid red
Turns me round ... fills my head
Lifts me up ... pulls me down
Makes me smile ... makes me frown
A type of drug ... inside your soul
I know without it ... I'm not whole
But ... understanding more in time
What I need ... what is mine
To be more gentle with myself
Approaching life ... with more stealth
Tempering ... such blazing fire
Maybe reaching ... not so high
To use the power ... to lessen strife
To understand ... the needs of life

Philip Vincent Sanders

Letting Go

Watch a child ... see their face
Full of innocence and grace
So expressive ... so engrossed
Playing games they love the most
Enquiring eyes ... enquiring mind
Wanting to learn about all they find
Giving love to us so freely
Makes us know so very deeply ...
Why we love them all our days
And their simple, lovely ways
Even when they have grown up
We can never ever stop ...
Wanting to protect and shield ...
...them from the bad things in the world
Even though it makes us yearn
We always know that they must learn
On their own ... making life
In their own image ... love or strife

Philip Vincent Sanders

Listen

Listen to the flecks of rain
That fall on dusty ground
Listen to the bird's sweet song
As earth's waking comes around
Listen to the baby's cry
As it enters in this world
Listen to the mother's tears
as they melt death's chilling swirls
Listen to the lover's call
At midnight in the rain
Listen to the shrieks of war
As they batter soft domains
Listen to your heartbeat
As it swells the mighty crowd
Listen..... hear life's tapestry.....
good... bad..... indifferent..... loud

Philip Vincent Sanders

Loneliness

Loneliness is a ticking clock
Inside an empty room
That echoes round inside your head
And you feel just like a tomb
Its a cacophony of silence
As you stare across the street
And desperately want to hear
The sounds of passing feet
To watch and see the happiness
Of others passing by
Whilst you are sitting quietly
Watching clouds go by
You know the room so intimately
Everything in its place
At times you feel its choking you
And smothering your face
Deep down there.. inside of you
There's just an empty space...
of broken dreams and memories...
why can't they take place?
And so you drift off to your bed
To try and get some sleep
Days and nights can seem like years
Tomorrow..... maybe peace.

Philip Vincent Sanders

Luminaire

The night sky sparkles
With the stars so bright
As I gaze around in wonder
At the shiny lights so bright
What unseen events
Happened in the past
Leaving us to stare
Awaiting times to last
Are there people out there? ...
Watching us as well
Waiting for the moment
For us all to tell
Will it be our future?
Will it be the time?
Will it be succinct?
Will it be sublime?

Philip Vincent Sanders

Montage Of Freedom

The storm brews and the wind howls
Your face is battered by by the rain
But it frees you from the shackles of the world
Clearing a path in your mind to nirvana
You smile as you fight the raging storm
Your being exudes joy at the tearing rain
Your inner peace rejoices
At the freedom nature brings
The trickling brook with cold clear water
The freshness of the mountain air
Fling open your mind to contentment
And the peace within your life

Philip Vincent Sanders

Moonglow

Watch the moonglow, see it shine
Walk the path alone in time
Feel the space amongst the trees
Touch the leaves, feel the breeze
Let your mind run free as air
Take the moment whilst its there
Make your strides along the path
Never fear the night time wrath
Live the peace that stills the night
Know that you could still take flight
To the place within your mind
Where only you know what you'll find

Philip Vincent Sanders

Music And Love

I play music for hours to you
My fingers flying across the keys
Playing melodies of love for you
My love pours out of these notes.....
like a mountain stream.....
turning into a raging torrent of emotion
As it nears the sea.

My love is like the water washing over a stone....
I want to wash over you...
I want my love to flood over you...
making love all day long.

My fingers playing melodies on you...
feeling your silkiness.

You are the symphony of life...
playing in my heart...
teaching me new melodies with every passing day.....
The deep, deep love I have for you....
pounding like a drum inside my head.

The aching without you like a sad clarinet.....
playing moodily as the sea brushes the shore....
in my lonely walk along the beach.

And then you're here... and the strings...
play with such sweetness and happiness in my heart...
the melody of love... so gentle and so warm..

I want you always and forever...
to play me and bring the magical music out of me...
that only you can do.

Without you... my keys are silent... gathering dust...
Come..... make my music flow.....

Philip Vincent Sanders

Night Walk

The town is hushed as I walk through the night
My footsteps echoing around the empty streets like a drum
The rain begins to fall running down my face
Mingling with the tears across my cheeks ...
A salty, soulful river

It awakens my mind to thoughts of you
And the happiness that escapes me
Like sand running through my fingers
I try to catch it in my hand ...
But it is elusive and tantalising
So near.. and yet so far

I see my face reflected in the puddles ...
Shattered to a thousand pieces as the raindrops fall ...
Like my hopes and dreams
But then ... the clouds are blown away ...
And the puddles settle to a perfect reflection
Maybe one day

Philip Vincent Sanders

No Sleep

My mind refuses sleep
Portraying life in all its shades
Reminding me of all that is ...
And all that maybe in the years to come

Rainbows of opportunity colour my thoughts
Exuding roads to choose ... and stop
Some with light shining bright within
Others with darkest portents ... in shadow

Clear mountain streams sparkle and run
Salmon spawning ideas as they flow ...
Upon the rivers of mystery and desire
Washing down the eyes that seek

Will the mists clear and elucidate?
Or... will the fog of doubt cloud the judgement
Making that step into the unknown ...
A chasm of worry and despair

But now the lightning of reason sparks the sky
Flashing its message with bolts of certainty
Allowing decisions of such clarity ...
That burn the procrastination away

Philip Vincent Sanders

One Person

A tiny speck in the tapestry of life
A moment in the millennium
But still important everyone
Each a part to play
Each a weave in the pattern
Without which it is not complete
Never underestimate your importance
Because you are a part of life

Philip Vincent Sanders

Pandora's Box

I open the box with trepidation and exhilaration
Memories burst through my eyes ... into my mind
Love fells me like an axe to a tree

I drown in a deep sea of emotion

Photographs ... images of perfection and happiness
Smiling eyes light up my heart
Feelings burn into my soul
You are with me again

Rivers of tears make patterns on my cheeks
Dropping like rain from clouds of recollections
I close the lid on my life ...
And place it back in the cupboard of hope

Philip Vincent Sanders

Seasons Of Life

The seasons change our moods within ourselves
Sometimes we are so open ... then withheld
The summer sings within our brightest days ...
But winter can distil such darkened days

We seek to understand our life on earth
And sometimes question how much we are worth ...
But living life as fully as we may ...
Will leave us feeling bright in all we say

It is not always possible to smile
The knocks will sometimes slow us for a while ...
But if we seek the beauty nature shows...
We will recover from those ghastly blows

To see the shimmering sea in summer's haze
To feel the re-awakening of spring's days ...
To watch kaleidoscopic leaves of fall
To revel in the snow of winter's squall

Relive your life with memories so sweet
Enjoy the pleasures that will make you feel replete
Thank God you see and feel and taste
For life should never be a waste

Philip Vincent Sanders

Soft And Gentle House

The syncopated steps of memories through the walls
The soft and gentle feelings of history in the hall
The house breathes life into me ... as through I softly step
And wonder who so often has ... stood and gently met
The rhythm of the lives ... throughout it's history
Now surround and touch ... and so encompass me

Philip Vincent Sanders

Summer At The Millpond

The rays of sunshine filter through the trees
The flowers sit ... expectant for the bees
The grass is lush and green
Nature reigns supreme
On this gentle summer's day

The dragonfly flits on
Across the peaceful pond
Searching out its food
A quiet and restful mood
Across the graceful millpond still

Tranquility is sought
For this cannot be bought
Only found in such serenity
And I hope that I will see
The moonlight that will light my path to home

Philip Vincent Sanders

Sunset

Sunset is a time for reflection mellow thoughts
Working out the day and how its run its course
Letting all the worries of your life unfold
Speaking in your mind the stories yet untold
Watching the reflections of that ball of fire
As it sets so quickly ... ready to retire
Just as in our lives we reach our own twilight
Thinking of the things we've done ... were we wrong or right?
No recriminations ... no retrospective yearning
Just a time to meditate ... the last process of yearning
A time to understand ... what we did and why
A time to pass to others ... the lessons of our time

Philip Vincent Sanders

Tainted By The World

The vibrant fruits of youth
Mature ... and shed fallow seeds
Where once the stream flowed pure and clear
The waters are now muddied and unsure
Idealism is replaced by cynicism
Ambition is cooled by freezing realism
Hope is seen through a dirty window...
To where despair flourishes on the weed filled lawn of life ...

Philip Vincent Sanders

Take Time

Poetry unlocks my mind, it helps me see so clear,
It sharpens up my senses to see the things so dear,
Like children and their joyfulness, loving someone so,
Watching morning breaking, seeing rivers flow,
Feeling the wind rush through my hair, the rain upon my face,
The beauty that surrounds us, the gentleness and grace...
that is always round us, very plain to see,
But so often we rush by, and miss its majesty.
The world today goes faster than it has ever done before,
But isn't it much better just to walk along the shore,
And hear the waves lap gently across the silvery sand,
And maybe take the time just to hold a loved one's hand,
Because the time will come, you know, that they'll no longer be,
And you will feel such sadness as they pass into eternity,
So slow your life occasionally... see what's really there,
Take the time to love them..... take the time to share.

Philip Vincent Sanders

Tears

A tear is a droplet of emotion
Encapsulating your hopes and fears
A moment.... of remembrance
Or... of everlasting happiness
The path it traces... across your cheek
Writing a moment of history within your soul...
Raindrops of release
Flowing freely from your heart.....
Soaking your mind.....
Never be afraid.....
These are the truest signs of feeling
The feelings that must be lived....
The feelings for all time.....

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Crescent Moon

The crescent moon looks at the wintry scene
As snow lies softly white and clean
The stillness all pervading now at night
A wondrous peaceful calming sight
Nature resting quietly it seems
As people lie in bed amongst their dreams
A moment in the madcap world we know
To let our thoughts just dropp and quietly sow....

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Foundry

The furnace burning brightly
The metal all ablaze
The clanging in the foundry
Wrapped in a red heat haze
The sweat that pours profusely
From hard and honest toil
As more bright molten steel
Is brought again to boil
And when the day is done
And weary limbs walk home
The pleasure of the sunset
Allows the mind to roam

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Future

Looking into the vast plains that are the future
I wonder what will be?
Crossroads that have been reached ... decisions to be made
Which road should I take Which highway to follow?
The day is peaceful and my life drifts by in thoughts
Clouds of memories Good and bad
The way ahead uncertain... as it will always be
Desires and needs floating in an ocean of unreality
Turbulent now awaiting the calm ahead
.... will calm come?

Or Will the spattering raindrops always turn to storm?
The winds of change will blow

Creating emotions of gentleness like a summer breeze
Or tempestuous like a raging whirlwind
But today ... let the peace and stillness of the summer
Catch a breath and hold my life in limbo
Until the carousel ride begins again.....

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Hour Glass Of Life

The hour glass of life ticks away like an incessant metronome
Speeding up when we experience enjoyment
Slowing down ... painfully at times of hurt and anger
And ... as the days of our life lengthen
We should learn to treasure those moments of happiness
Not looking forward or back
But drinking in those pleasures
Locking those fleeting moments into our soul
To be relived and enjoyed when life seems to flow against us
When nothing seems to be going right
... weighed down by the black storms of despair
The counterbalance ... to provide sanity in times of need

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Medway

The river flowing slowly past
Boats scurrying here and there
Where to? ...Why? and How?
With all their various wares

To France across the Channel
With sails all billowing round
Unlike the noisy steamers
They pass without a sound

The matelots shout their orders
As the big ships thunder by
Their funnels gushing steam and dirt
Never worrying why

The speedy motor boat roars on
Its brow awash with waves
The pilot standing lofty high
Above the watery grave

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Poet

The poet bares his soul to the world
Opening himself to minute examination
His thoughts to be sifted and sorted
Interpretation put on every word
But have no fear from these deliberations
Just pleasure ... from whatever pleasure is gleaned
For the written word is his chariot ...
To carry his thoughts across the minds of men

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Poet's Inspiration

Relax awhile

Let my mind rest from the words
They flow like a waterfall
Tumbling ever faster ...
On the pen of inspiration
Where from? ... Where to? ... Why?
I do not know

Yet ... I must let them unfold
To ... maybe teach
Hopefully to be enjoyed
For now ... and for the future
For all to see

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Sioux Nation

The brush sweeps across the open plains
As buffaloes do roam and graze
The keenness of the young Sioux braves
As longingly on their prey they gaze
Their bodies honed to fitness peak
Across the distance horses streak
With arrows flying death to wreak
Upon the buffalo so sleek
They catch their livelihood as one
And send their praises to the sun
For life again has now begun
Their daily needs now set and done
Across the valley work begins
For all the squaws as daybreak brings
Another round of daily things
And to the water they do sing
For as the sun breaks in the sky
And eagles soar above so high
They know not that the end is nigh
And just continue with a sigh
For white men's greed will tear apart
Oceti Sakowin's existing heart
Dakota and Nakotas part
Nevermore their fires to start
If only peace had reigned throughout
Lakotas left to hunt and scout
The sadness that was sent about
Had never claimed that awful rout
So dream Hunkpapa ... Oglala
Happy hunting near and far
Beneath your ever wandering star
Sicangu and Sihasapa

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Squaw

The squaw knelt down beside the stream
The waters flowing fast
And let her fingers feel the cold
As the icy waters passed
The wind came rustling at her skirt
And gently blew her hair
The silence and the stillness
She didn't have a care
Her beauty flowed across her face
Her eyes a sultry hue
The harshness of her life
Still felt so sweet and true
She felt the time amongst the plains
An honest worthwhile life
And didn't worry needlessly
About apparent strife
If only time had stopped right then
And left them as they were
Within a distant time warp
Without today's sad cares

Philip Vincent Sanders

The Wreck

Tossed on the sea ... the battered wreck
Shifts and creaks ... with broken deck
What tales of far beyond this shore
What secrets held ... from days of yore

The cargoes carried ... spices ... fleece
The dreams of those who sighted Greece
A sunrise over far Malay
A blinding storm near old Bombay

The hopes of many stowaways
Fleeing ... wishing better days
The searing sight ... when in full sail
Flattened by a screaming gale

The loving way ... your timbers sleek
Were burnished by your sailors ... weak
As round the Horn ... you stormed on past
The wicked winds ... and icy blasts

But now it ends in ignominy
Crushed and shattered ... by your loving sea
No more to wild, wide oceans roam
The deep will be your final home

Philip Vincent Sanders

Time

My life is full of words
To relish and to feel
My head is so emotional
That senses swim and reel

I light life's candle hopefully
Amidst the heaving world
I watch and wait expectantly
As time torments and swirls

Inside the whirling torrents
Of heart and thought and deed
A moment's pure simplicity
Is planted as a seed

This moment could become the norm
If I just still my pen
And let such peace and gentleness
Inside my head again

I see lost loves and chances
Like a vortex spinning round
I cry out loud to heed them
But I utter not a sound

For time is master of us all
It takes away the past
And leaves us with the future
A chance again at last?

The pictures of our history
Are blended deep inside
We're better if we face them
No point to weave and hide

So learn from moments lost before
Enrich your future life
Engage the gear of possible
And drive away from strife

Philip Vincent Sanders

Twilight Of The Day

In the eloquence of the evening
I enjoy the freedom's feeling
Away from all the pressures of the day
Some time for relaxation
An easy soft sensation
Before the twilight finally slips away

And as my eyelids close
And I settle for repose
I let the good things wash all over me
The candle of the day
Is finally burnt away
And sleep will come and gently set me free

Philip Vincent Sanders

Unique

Everyone has talents
None of us the same
Some of us will shine
Some will find great fame
Others will work quietly
All throughout their life
Never being noticed
Except by man or wife
But you must remember ...
Whether drab or chic
Everyone is special
Everyone unique

Philip Vincent Sanders

Walk In The Forest

Darkened forest ... leafy glades
The sun ... splintering through the shade
Casting little beams of light
What a gentle, lovely sight
Hearing twigs crack underfoot
Echoing round the silent wood
No one there to mystify
No one there to make you cry
Just you and nature all alone
Picking up the odd pine cone
Giving time to rest your mind
From the toils that always find ...
... their way into your inner self
Making you just cry for help
Silence can be so serene
Silence can be shattering
Sometimes we need peace and quiet
In the middle of the night
But then again ... such solitude
Can produce a deep, dark mood
And we need the noise and rain
People all around again
Company ... and love and touch
Someone there who cares so much

Philip Vincent Sanders

Walk On The Wild Side

My footsteps splash as through the rain I plough
The shards of ice slash hard across my face right now
But freedom shouts from all the rooftops near
A ringing loud endorsement do I hear
The cold within my being warming slow
As further through the night my walk does go
A blast of air within my mind so clear
As all the ghostly images appear
The past I feel surrounds me in the trees
I listen to the people's wailing pleas
But through it all I see the light from yonder glass
As someone else's sanctuary I pass

Philip Vincent Sanders

What Am I?

Am I just a poet?
Am I just a man?
Or am I just a speck
Within life's tangled plan?

Do my deeds spread desire?
Or kindle great fire?
Or ... like Autumn leaves..
Am I blown through the trees?

Am I loved or despised?
Tell truth or tell lies?
Do my words strike a chord ...
Or is everyone bored?

Whatever I am
I'll give all that I can
To people and friends..
Until my life ends....

Philip Vincent Sanders

Writing My Mind

The pen is the extension of my mind
Allowing me to write ... and find
The feelings deep inside my soul
The reasons why.. as me .. I'm whole
To point the way to life ahead
To understand the fears and dread
To heighten any joy I feel
And why at times my head does reel.....
When coping with life's stress and toil
And when the plans you make are foiled
Expressions of my inner self
The search for reasons and the stealth...
With which my mind plays games with me
Trying to find affinity
Within my being as life goes...
Along the paths that ebb and flow.....

Philip Vincent Sanders

You Are My Diary

You are my diary
My life is written on your pages
In words of love
From the moment we kissed
I knew that I had found my destiny
..... to love you
And..... as the pages unfold
We will be one together....
Each line a testament to our love

Philip Vincent Sanders