

COMING
THROUGH..

BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS VOL. IV

Kingsley L. Dennis

'You will find no new lands, you will find no other seas.
The city will follow you. You will roam the same streets.
And you will age in the same neighbourhoods;
and you will grow grey in these same houses.
Always you will arrive in this city.'

C.P. Cavafy

'All around us are the glittering sidewalks
of a marvellous night
and the steps
of brave new human beings
singing brave new songs.'

Nazim Hikmet

'If it be your will that I speak no more,
and my voice be still as it was before;
I will speak no more, I shall abide until
I am spoken for, if it be your will.'

If it be your will that a voice be true,
from this broken hill I will sing to you.
From this broken hill all your praises they shall ring
if it be your will to let me sing.'

Leonard Cohen

DEDICATION

Let these poems speak, let them exist alone.

As they always did for my friends.

Faith is an odyssey that I've always felt compelled to travel. When one odyssey ends, faith must jump higher.

I've been lucky in many ways.

Everything that I have taken will one day be given back, yet multiplied.

Everything that I have been given must be returned.

This is the way it is I'm afraid; no getting around it.

Wherever I am, I take with me those friendships which I value and feel deeply grateful for.

I am grateful for many things.

I dedicate this 'coming through' to everyone and everything that has never let me down.

Kingsley.xx

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The Reasons Why You Came Here

Spending so long planning
 where you're standing,

you forget the reasons why it
 is you came here;

worse still, infection of the dreaded
 earth-sickness

turns your thoughts to all the things
 you cannot leave behind:

it's the money, it's the show, it's all
 the things you've collected

from the corners of your little world
 and you can't let them go.

Yet what is it that you came for?
 That something special

you always had to believe in, that
 reason it is you came here...

could you really be so ill you've forgotten
 the touch of love?

Balance

there's no sentimentality
in my glass of wine,

only thoughts that come
and don't stay long,

that don't grow into wild
imaginative trees.

there's no excess of scent
or colour in a rose

for beauty is knowing the balance
of what is enough.

Yes

Each life is like

what it is from the
eyes of another

as each life is like
what it is from
each heart

and none can tell another

Sign of the Times

We're the only creatures conscious
of our inevitable death

yet we do few great things in life
to highlight we're alive.

Running along with the knowledge,
too fast to read the lines;

born with all in view before us
we cast it aside - sign of the times.

A Prayer of You

A prayer of you

with heart in my feet

a head in my heart

lacks any real intention
to be true;

it's just slack, loose lock
no key,

disunified feeling:
no prayer of you

Same Sky

Don't envy the seed
that's been planted

or be jealous of its growth:

all roots are from same soil,
all branches grow to same sky,
all leaves know the same seasons.

I spoke to an old friend;
imagined him better than I:
envied his situation, his freedom –
no doubt he envied mine.

What a fool was I.

All branches grow to same sky.

Uniquely

Human lives
in human faces,
people wear where
they've been to
in their skin:

unique road maps
pressed upon
unique creatures
with unique features –

we're alive
with the beauty
of living
shown in a body,

yet to be
felt uniquely
in spirit.

Between the Water and the Wave

the heart passes
 at times

into unknown spaces;

sometimes a longing
 between the

water and the wave

that exists separately yet
 is the same.

This is a space where a
 heart sings sadly

yet glad that you came.

winter sun

winter sun
summer not

in cold
streets are open
like drained veins

and dirty
Istanbul water
runs as alcohol

down broken stones.

I miss you

The Celebration

The priest put the baby's head
lightly under the water,
then raised it to a given name.

The mother had cradled the baby
in her body with food
enough to await the spirit.

The father held the baby high
in his hands towards the sky
to give a sense of destiny.

And the baby began to cry
for a sorrow in remembrance:
it had come to be strong, potential

for a great purpose. Sadness
knew the world would never allow
the celebration of such an event.

other than simple human love
(for G)

you are more
than your beauty
and your sex

more than a figure
amongst the
other fleshes.

it is not about penetration
possession or
obsession,

or a competition of caresses
against a battlefield

where every enemy of seduction
seduces to the rules.

it is not a love in logic,

so there's nothing I can offer
to make it seem real:

you are more
than your beauty
and your sex

as there are things we must live
with, trust and accept

that do not fall into what should
be or seem like, or is.

you are more than a figure
amongst the other
fleshes

and we are drawn by other
things than simple
human love.

Burning Sun
(For Geoff)

Nearing to the centre
of a sun that burns,
burning sun,
learning how to let
the light of warmth
come in, for to
stay awhile,
making us lighter still.

There's no space
or a place to
retrace our love
if there's an anger
swelling in our
most private dwelling.

So let some in
and learn to leave
the Other out,
for there's no doubt
which taste its best
to be within.

Don't drink of the
wrong draught, or inhale
from the stale air:
it only sinks, our human
voice to drown.

Get towards the sun
my friend,
a sun that burns
of a burning sun:

learning how to let
the light of warmth
come in, for to
make us friends
drunken with our own
holy ghosts

and a little
lighter still.

So much

So much.
And yet language
is only a small poem.
So inadequate.

Small as Grand

A moment can be like

so many

other moments:

there's no time now

for what

is only general,

or for collecting those small things
that make us, not truly human, but
only struggling ones

loving our small virtues as grand.

Between Us There's A Song

there's a song
that I have
inside of me
for you:

if you listen
I'll hum
so you'll
know it too.

the song will travel,
it can be taken with
you when and where
you go; it'll show
to all you meet that
there's a song
growing inside of you,

that there's a reason for
the dancing air, as
you carry a thing shared:
it's the greatest thing
from all the possible others.

between us there's a song
that's shared,
that lights up the air.

These Are Days

With each breath
the world inhales
every individual longing

and exhales long
in deep unfulfillment:

these are days
of tirelessly moving

without stopping to be
grown-up anymore.

Beginning of Days

When the rains come to wash
the dirt into streets as streams,

when people avoid the puddles
like passing eyes - faces taut

and tucked into hidden grimaces
of shelter from the discomfort -

it is time when winter turns to thought
as do thoughts themselves turn towards
the winter's introspection:

have I succeeded in, have I meaning in,
have I loved enough, been loved, or
even learnt love in these beginning days?
Have I come through?

Earthly Ways

Peeling away the rind
from these days of time
to stumble through to you,

I put my mind in the places
where the words don't work
to find a church that isn't built.

I'm waylaid like a lost wayfarer
looking for no stone alters
in the place of an ocean heart:

forgive this son of countless suns
for not seeing through those rays
that betray our all earthly ways.

Secret Life

Look at my hands now.
These hands that write,
That are instruments of
my fate also.

They are hands that nobody knows.
Their vision is obscure to others.
My hands work like this in
Their own secret life.

One day I hope they will unite.

Our Own Spaces

*"Will we survive this time between us?
Must everyone move on?"*

We have put places in-between us
that cannot be denied;
movement is through our own doors now.

*"I cannot help but remember all
the moments that we shared"*

Private spaces lose their lease eventually;
they become dissolved in the great dust
that life is woven from.

*"This makes me sad: I feel all alone
and without touch"*

Touch: in every place it feels different
as if the palm changed to every hand that
pressed it. It's the same for all of us.

Moving through our own spaces, each of
us taste a little of it all - 'there is no
shame in this' I say - hoping to

believe the trail of my own voice:
between our destinations, we stop to
measure the truth of our own places.

Posterity

Silence comes to embrace
when the words don't work.

Even now I attempt to mould it
into a kind of poetry:

perhaps it's a fear of slumber
or a wish for posterity.

In Our Corners

The view from the other side often
eludes us as we fear to stray from
the corner of our own little world;

wherever we go we take it with us,
as a partner, host, holy ghost:
in truth, our founding father.

Nothing of true value can become
of us as we stay enshrined
in place of being, in place of mind.

If only we could learn that to leave
behind our corners is no great thing:
such a small thing to ask.

Inspiration

Inspiration is a voice
 that clutches both hands
in these days of work,

to filter its feel through
 chamber veins of
the wine-sodden heart.

Whilst dry mouths hunger
 for the food of philosophy,
the thirsty seek to

quench their need from
 the oasis that lies out
of sense's reach.

Oceans Inside

Our bodies are filled with oceans inside,
they say. I disagree. Like atoms we
contain much that is empty space -
positive in attraction, negative in repel.

We must need become empty first: cleared
of greed constraints. Our ocean is but a
drop, yet a drop that a lot of good can
come from, I say, once we purify

to bring in the new.

The Great Plan

The Great Big Plan is bigger
than all of us; we become
as thin ink lines from its pen
as it writes a history longer
than our past and further than
our future.

We become as servants to a
purpose; workers to an aim that
moves us beyond mountains.
We are a part of the pulse of Love,
it being so very sad that most
of us shall never know
our share.

Nostalgia

I do not live in nostalgia anymore.
No longer motivated by the angst
of anger or gothic grief.

I do not linger upon tainted romance
like a creative emotion torpedo:
I've learnt to do what needs to be done.

Nostalgia is an avenue of selfishness;
a place where memory runs behind
to catch up with its last secure steps.

I do not live in nostalgia anymore.
I'm ruled by what I have to do:
perhaps I'm finally coming through.

Something Has Come Through

Where have I been? they ask;
been so long silent maybe I'm lost
they wonder, yet do not say.
Have I been dying?
Ah, for so long, for so long now:
I've been dying, been dying
yet not in the way that you think.

Been hiding out in the Istanbul streets
soaking up the smells of ages, of sweat,
eyeing the eyes that eye you as you pass,
as they all carry experience in sparkling drops:
but I wrote nothing, nothing of it all
yet I never forgot.

Slowly bits of me have been falling away,
shreds, flakes, dead skin that peels and drops,
scabs of the old thoughts, scars of old liver;
yet I'm living on through all of this despite
the silences, the silences you've commented upon.

See, I haven't been writing that much;
I know you've noticed the spaces between each word.
It's not that I'm broke, certainly never broke,
I'm just absorbing every mark, spot, and smell:
and slowly, so very slowly, and in every way
I've been dying, been dying,
yet not in the way that you think.

So now amid this silence I raise my hand:
something has come through these Istanbul days,
yet I can't quite give it a name, can't name it.

It's a sight that comes after being blind or a taste that relays the experience of tasting rather than just the word. All in these Istanbul days.

So now the hand says it's time to change, a moment for moving on, for moving on through, as if need creates its own momentum. Not want. Not self. I'm leaving you all now with these words, signalling an end to the silence with these words: I've been dying, been dying you see, yet not in the way that you think.

THE END...