

*Expressing  
a Secret  
Brings  
Release*

*Kingsley L. Dennis*

**'The gift you ask of me for these brothers of mine - the only gift my heart can give them - is not the overflowing tenderness of those special, preferential loves which you implant in our lives as the most powerful created agent of our inward growth: it is something less tender but just as real and of even greater strength.'**

**Pierre Teilhard de Chardin**

## I FOR SURE

I want you to know that  
I don't understand why the rain  
Makes my face wet when it touches.

Does it have to touch?

Whose hand guides nature?  
Is the cause of blowing leaves,  
Of falling leaves,

That scatter like thin seeds,  
Seen as veiled hope for next season?

I don't fully understand the seasons.  
They run, not like children  
But aged men of old, wizened by wisdom,

Calloused by experience and passing time.  
All will come to pass, yet who knows the  
Direction the wind will blow?

I for sure do not.

17.41  
5/11/05

## COME

Come,

I have nothing to lose but my body and fear.

I want them to lie like sacrificial victims to a deity.

I want them to be pacified like patients in the ether.

I want them to be ritual like the thin skin of a beaten drum.

Come,

I have nothing to fear but my loss.

I have nothing to fear but my uncompleted journey.

I have nothing to fear but the betrayal of my own assumptions.

I have nothing that is but a man-made malediction. I should fear not.

Come,

I have a body that presses ahead against the unknown.

I have a body that wanes against my growing years, begging for more.

I have a body that has not withstood any pain, yet wonders of it.

I have a body that longs to learn gain through loss.

Come,

What is nakedness but grand beginnings?

What is birth but a journey repeated?

**What is my flesh to you: now and always?**

**Is there a piece of me you want to touch and eat?**

**Come,**

**There is nothing that cannot be undone through changed solutions.**

**There is nothing that hides indefinitely to prying eyes.**

**There is nothing to kill the faithful warrior.**

**There is nothing to outdo the politics of love.**

**Come,**

**Make me wait with the taste of beauty.**

**Dress me in your rags of light.**

**Spoil me with your songs of innocence.**

**Wrap me in your arms of night.**

**Come,**

**I have done nothing and everything to deserve the angelic.**

**I have done nothing and everything to hold the cosmos.**

**I have done everything and nothing to gain your secrets.**

**I have done everything and nothing to know...**

**Come,**

**Love me now like a lost one.**

**Love me now like a found one.**

**Love me now like a child, father, brother.**

**Love me now like I am.**

**17.57**

**5/11/05**

OH DEAR

Out to sea again.

Afloat on the waves again.

Splashing for the fun again.

Making silly sounds again.

A boy in the unknown again.

Loving the wetness again.

Crazy in the race again.

Greedy in the salt again.

Going slightly nowhere.

Always heading somewhere.

There's nothing to stop me here.

Everything to fool me. Oh dear.

18.07

5/11/05

## THE EMBRACE

Of the embrace,

We teach of times to love. We hope of the goodness.

There is a war raging. There are battle cries. Many will die.

Many must fall for the other soldiers to forge ahead.

There will be chronic times to face. Times of dishevelment.

Out of this can come times of the new embrace.

Lord - is this our sacrifice?

Is this our embrace?

18.12  
5/11/05



## THE CROSS

I light candles and arrange the room like an alter  
For nothing other than the pleasure of your presence  
And my absence.

Welcome to a world where all worlds blur,  
Where no distinctions are made between here and now,  
The there and then. We all mingle like party thieves,  
Crashing the great event.

So I light the candles daily. I am your human prayer.  
I see you above my shoulders, an unseen figure not there.  
And I love the strength you provide me. You are the cross  
I haven't learnt to bear.

18.25  
5/11/05

## RIDER

Constantly in motion, there is no stopping  
Our juggernaut of a future,  
Stretched open like a highway that travellers  
Have always walked upon.

Infinitesimal intricacies bound all,  
Connect all, and interweave all.  
A fantastic mosaic of woven stars  
We all exist amidst.

I am dumbfounded and awed.  
I envision an implosion, a break-up  
Into a trillion shards of star-dust,  
A cosmic snow that falls and covers.

'Every man and women is a Star',  
Someone once said before they were burned.  
I shall pronounce no secrets for I know none.  
I only ride the juggernaut too.

14.45  
7/11/05

## DUMBNESS

**I shall look into your face and remember you  
Even when you thought I doubted your existence.**

**How could you think I was unawares just  
Because I played dumb all these years?**

**Of course I am dumb.**

**14.48  
7/11/05**

WE ACT REGSRDLESS OF OTHERS' KNOWING

Through the silent places comes the thought;  
It is threaded like silver fluid  
That spills into the arteries  
And poisons our blood with behaviour.

We should act without hope of glory  
Or in wait of praise, or triumph.  
The human actor is a glorious pawn  
That plays the role provided.

We are here, learning to act  
Regardless of others' knowing.

23.02  
15/11/05

## TRUE MUSIC LOVERS

We all want glory...

How difficult it is to stray from it,  
Pretending it does not serve us  
When our fancy wants attention.

We post our own pleasures and fulfilments;  
We advertise our own achievements.

It surely is a strange way we traverse:  
Glory, fake humility:

We all play our games. We are human.

We are human. All abilities are the least  
Of our capacities; shadows of our greatness.

We are on the periphery of true music lovers.

23.42  
18/11/05

## HOW RARE ARE WE

How rare are we;  
Unfulfilled with such great capacity.

We were born to care for the cosmos,  
To be custodians for the forward march.

Yet we idle ourselves in unknowing,  
Abashed in the great sad loss of memory.

The sleeper must awaken. The sleeper must awaken.

How rare we are,  
Yet created for a common purpose.

10.07  
11/12/05

THAT WHICH WE MAY BE

I am a mind,  
Yet not a great mind.

I have a heart,  
Yet not a great heart.

My purpose is not to boast  
Or to be the best in terms of betterness.

Rather, I am here to be here.

To be in the flow of the nowness;  
To harness the treasure of the moment  
As a part of all moments, in all time.

I am no genius nor Newton nor Einstein:  
I did not come for the obvious path.  
I am here to work.

And I shall work: in all the love that  
I have at my disposal.

I am not special nor great nor different.  
I am that which all of us may be.

00.54  
18.12.05

## A LONELY HUNTER

We came upon these shores looking for a land to hold us.  
As human souls touching their way through life's lessons,  
as lonely hunters gathering in their feed.

Has there ever been a greater need than what now faces us?

Maybe we are praying to the wrong god, in absent directions,  
like lost dogs after the rain has washed away their path to home.  
Have we forgotten what it is to long for?

Like Oedipus, we sleep with our mother earth and rape her,  
then blind ourselves to the truth of our folly,  
distance ourselves from the map in our blood.

Has there ever been a greater need than what now faces us?

Too shamed to talk of the spirit, too tired to talk of our peace:  
we laugh at our tears of compassion and fear our own inner embrace.  
Is this the face of our future; is this the face of our love?

We came upon these shores looking for a place to nurture us.  
As human souls with a plan; to curate, narrate, then lead:  
as warriors gathering in their spirit-feed.

Has there ever been a greater need than what now faces us?

12.15

13.01.06



## KNOWING BETTER

I should know better, whatever better is.

Caught within the inexpressible grasp of greed  
Against the burden of giving.

The desire to stand upright, smartly dressed  
For the occasion of life, in case accident

Take me early I must look good.

In truth, I walk as a wanderer searching  
For the purpose, the reason

Why I feel constrained to be good  
In line with my longings.

There is beauty out there. Too much  
For me to comprehend or witness.

I should know better, yet I don't...yet

23.14

16.01.06

## HALF-GREEDY

I carried my greed like an unborn  
That grew in my fleshy womb:  
Not knowing that even greed for good  
Is a greed that creates its own tomb.

I longed for the need to release me  
From the catacombs of some desire  
That threaded me thro' a dancing world  
Towards some realm that was higher.

Yes, I longed for the attainment of beauty  
All wrapped up in the fires of Truth:  
Only to come to these testing crossroads  
That shows the stranger his youth.

Now I shoulder on like a silent spectator  
With a dream I will never dismiss:  
A beggar half-contented in duty,  
A beggar still half greedy for bliss.

14.43  
22.01.06

## BEAUTIFUL TRAITOR

A dry cold covers us like a shroud, as we step between  
the avenues of our days...

How can we say something right when we do not know  
the words that burn of their mystery to us?

I have a body that burns with unknowing, with  
an uncertainty that drips like elixir waiting to dissolve.

There's no knowing which way the avenues are winding...  
ah, this uncertainty lies on my skin like a stinging kiss.

I don't think I'm saying this right.  
I'm only a beautiful traitor...

12.32

6.2.06

## A LITTLE DEATH

The need to die a little in order to understand how to live:

To nearly die, the edge of dying; towards the brink of death,  
the edge of living that pummels us for the passion of life.

Such a nearness of death that exists with exuberance for life.

Life should not become a lethargy, trudging through as we do mud.

We are so far from being dreamweavers, from making us understood..  
Take this body and break it into beautiful pieces: make this drunken soul  
mad...

Make this trespasser glad.

12.42

6.2.06

## I WALKED THE STEPS

In the fortress of our illusions  
lives the lives of countless dreams,

I cannot forget the ways I came upon  
nor dismiss the world as it seems.

To live within is to comply,  
yet knowing we should deny.

This is a tightrope that is walked upon:  
I make frail steps, I lie.

I make a bed upon countless threads  
that will return to question me.

This I do confess, I make the choices  
I accept I may come to redress.

To be here, in the privacy of now,  
in the openness of moving moments:

I walked with daring steps  
I wished would transform us.

23.10  
10.2.06

## YOUR SONG

The pink lighter that you left me  
Is nearly out of flame;

With it in hand I reflect on you.  
Smoker, I was glad that you came.

What lighter do you light your cigarettes with now, I wonder?

When you smoke do you follow your breath,  
Like a flux of fuelling spirit,

The exhalation of sacred names?

When I breathe I am reminded of a web  
That weaves itself through countless

Shared breaths we all exist upon.

Who have you breathed in and out today...  
As you place the tobacco stick between your lips

And puff the swirls that your body feeds upon?

I've heard your songs; I've listened to your voices:  
Sounds of a seamstress working in her sheltered cloister:

Who will write your song today, I wonder?

14.52  
11.2.06

## SPEAK TO ME OF CHANGES

Yes....you would always have a mountain in one corner of your mind...  
...speak to me now - as flowers to bees; as buds to spring:

speak to me of changes, transformations; of movements through the desert  
- the caravanserai of souls struggling for the constant sands...

and everything gets placed upon us, and measured against the sides of our  
own mountain that we climb. A mountain amongst so many that have seen

endless cycles of people passing through like waves... invaders, emperors  
and imperators... multitudes and minorities...bacteria and Bacchus-loving  
revellers...

and still we cling, still we all hang together, bound by tweed, twisted by  
thread, swimming in a bed that bedazzles and confuses...

our lives are like a stick with which we beat ourselves; and love  
is an obsession that drives, hates, and purifies...

Welcome one and all...and Come, Come...whoever you are...

13.41  
25.2.06

## ENDLESS SUN

The sun comes a long way  
To give us  
A touch of its ray:

And it shines for no reward  
Other than to give.

Endlessly and unconditionally  
It shines forth.

Rarely do we give thanks  
Or turn our heads sunwards.

We used to do this, in the  
Days of our remembrance.

As sons and daughters we are cared  
for continually; even as we whimper.

Merciful Father, compassionate globe;  
Our endless sun.

10.51  
26.2.06



## OUR REDUNDANCY

A perfume lingers in all things: this is their radiance.

Like halos, all inner scents glow.

Light fingers of finery, life reaching out,  
And we are brought into the forgery,

A hologram of complicit pieces, we  
Share the conspiracy in our sleep.

Moving through our assumptions, our  
Errors, we forget there is no gain nor loss.

Nothing matters beyond the becoming:

Our redundancy is the source of our success.

12.58

26.2.06

## DEAD FLOWER

The weight of your beauty  
Brought you down,

Forced you to crumble,  
Your stalk snapping

As you succumbed to what  
You could not keep aloft.

My dear dead flower: you  
Uplifted yourself without support.

You aimed high, towards sun in sky,  
Yet without aid or dutiful crutch.

And so thy fall is all the more fallow,  
For it was a useless loss.

11.39

5.4.06

## ONLY THIS

I lost a tear as it trickled down my cheek:  
afraid also of losing beauty in my fragility.

How simple of me: to think of stature in  
terms of holding back, of holding in.

There is less now, in later years, of  
fearing in our emotions, in our display,

as we settle into the domains of ourselves,  
attuned to our precious silly 'us'.

I fear only the arrival of a too early departure:  
nothing more, nothing less. Only this.

00.15  
5.4.06

## THE APPLE

The world is my apple:  
I bite to taste.

I long for nourishment,  
Yet nothing can

Be known with haste  
Or dullness.

The world is my mind:  
A mirror of my thoughts.

Life is a hybrid, physical  
With the ephemeral:

Joined at the boundary  
Where two worlds meet:

The apple and its taste  
Are never two, are whole.

11.08

7.4.06

## VIEW

Everyone has their point of view.

I don't judge or disparage, nor dishearten  
their belief.

Everyone has their point of view:

and when I look at you, I see a vision  
that only cares for my eyes.

23.38

23.04.06

## IN OUR ORBITS

The photo that you sent was washed in scent  
that still lingers and reminds, like a touch:

your smell pervades my study, as does the music  
accompanying...how beautiful, sublime, almost pure...

signals are streaming, meanings still evasive -

we remain good for each other in our ways,  
embryonic siblings parting and meeting  
in our orbits:

lovers when we meet, unspoken when we don't.

In our orbits, we revolve around the stars  
that glitter others' veils.

12.58

13.05.06

## SOMEWHAT FLOATING

Somewhat floating in the fog between objects and things...  
not too immersed in events; I parade on the perimeter,  
peering over the periphery to follow the trails.

There is less to say amidst the congealing silences  
that shuffle up to you like stray cats hungry for love.

What is the path of the rose, towards a purified heart?

18.23

22.5.06

## BEYOND THE OCEAN

Can you accept that which you cannot deny?  
Can you love the silence in return?

Cause when the stars begin to fall, I want  
to save a life tonight

When the stars begin to fall on you, I want  
to save your life tonight.

Why should we ignore what we cannot deny  
Living a life inside a prison of spies  
It's like swimming against the tide  
In a sea of drowning light -

There's nowhere to hide beyond the ocean, my dear...

Cause when the stars begin to fall, I want  
to save a life tonight

When the stars begin to fall on you, I want  
to save your life tonight.

There's no knowing which way the wind is blowing  
There's no knowing which way our love is going  
There's no knowing how the sun is dying  
There's no knowing how our love is growing

So can you accept that which you cannot deny?  
Can you love the silence in return?

There's nowhere to hide behind the ocean, my dear...

Cause when the stars begin to fall, begin to fall...I want  
to save my life tonight

When the stars begin to fall on you, on you...I want  
to save our lives tonight.

I want to save our lives tonight....



## BEAUTIFUL TRAITOR 2

You're odd, so very odd,  
You live like you want to die:  
You lie in arms like a thing unspoken  
Look at me like a life unbroken.

How does the world know when the world stops turning?  
How does the fire know when the embers stop burning?  
How does a heart know the longing's stopped hurting?  
When is the end of the end of now?

You're just a Beautiful Traitor  
From the Tropic of Cancer,  
The sky your breath, the sea your reflection:  
Your heart the Equator...

How can a breeze know when the wind has stopped blowing?  
How can the sea know when the tide has stopped ebbing?  
How can a heart know when the love has stopped flowing?  
When is the end of the end of now?

You're just a Beautiful Traitor  
From the Tropic of Cancer,  
The sky your breath, the sea your reflection:  
Your heart the Equator...

You're so peculiar  
You live like you want to die.  
Lying like a thing unspoken, a life unbroken:  
A thing unspoken, a life unbroken...

18.39  
25.05.06

## I RAIN ON YOU

I rain on you  
I rain on you  
Like a meteorite tonight.

I am your shower of silver  
Your sparkle of light,  
I shine in your darkness  
I surrender your fight.

I rain on you  
I rain on you  
Like a meteorite tonight.

I am your guardian gold  
Your figure of eight  
I protect your curfew  
I diminish your hate.

I rain on you  
I rain on you  
Like a meteorite tonight.

I'm your nameless naked  
Your love infection  
I feed our shared soul  
I crucify your doubt

I rain on you  
I rain on you  
Like a meteorite tonight.

And the rain is quicksilver  
The rain is like air  
The air is quicksilver, the rain is like air  
The rain is like air, the air is quicksilver.

## CHANGE

**It's time to change my life:  
Can I change my life tonight?**

**No ribbons no bows nor flat-cap  
Ceremonies in academic halls...**

**No confetti like spaghetti rain  
Or a trans-siberian train ride.**

**Just something anew; adrift  
From the past, a move that will**

**Last for the next stage or abode:  
It's not a coming home,**

**It's a moving on, passing the baton  
To the next runner in my life.**

**I want to change a life tonight.  
I wish to move lives tonight.**

**12.14  
23.06.06**

## A LITTLE SWEETNESS

Today is my birthday.

Content to share it quietly,  
no megaphone to announce.

There are those who walk boldly  
through this life yet shine dimly.

There are those who walk loudly  
yet shine brightly, when words

are supported by the forces that  
gather around us.

Still, some step lightly, yet mould changes  
through movements and presence:

these are spaces of a different kind.  
Tastes that linger like sweet lemon,

like bitter sugar in the places where  
a little sweetness is lacking.

Where one places themselves in this  
caravanserai kitchen is up to the chef:

yet in the hearts of the longing  
a little sweetness is always a good thing.

12.03

27.06.06