



**NEW
SONGS
FROM
THE
HOLY
HEART**

**KINGSLEY
L.
DENNIS**

The poems that came to comprise this new collection came in spurts. They began end of August 07 and trickled through til the end of the year, and up until the end of January 08. Then with the exception of 2 poems at the end of May 08 there was complete silence until the final week of August 08. In this week there came a huge burst of poems that make up the latter part of this collection. I signed out with a poem at the end of September 08. As always, my poems represent the 'academic' year from one August/September to the next rather than beginnings and ends of each year. This is how I have lived most of my preceding years. Perhaps now this sense of timing will cease.

The past year has been a funny one. Not in terms of humour but rather in the way it has been experienced. For me the 07-08 period was one of much restlessness brought out in travelling and being somewhat constantly 'on the move'. It was also a period for finalisation: I had to finalise my current phase as it rolled to a steady stop. In a way this collection represents that 'phase ending'. I am now in some kind of limbo, or rather amid the ethers. I'm preparing for the next leap – hopefully over the abyss and not into it... who knows!

For now – please enjoy. And if I have been too serious, please forgive me...

Kingsley L. Dennis
October 10th 2008
Leicester

The Lover's Song

Strip my body to the breast bone
Where starlings may come to cry;
Carve from my flesh a hollow home
For imaginings to come and lie.

As on my body hangs more pictures
Than on a painter's wall,
So too does your body hang the dreams
That came before the Fall.

I walk the souk a hungry merchant
For passion and for fear;
I taste my lips to your song
For mockingbirds to hear.

I feel as if I was an ageless monk
In lives long past and dead,
Where silence took me hostage
And desire carved my prayer bed.

So now I long for sweetest nectar
As bees taste upon nature's flower,
For I to learn the starry heavens
And be her finest lover.

12.37
21/08/07

A Secret Path

Is there a secret path to the heart
Where water tastes like honey?

Is there a silence where eternity rests
Like an embrace that never ages?

Where is the gold if the mines are empty?
Where is Truth if diamonds are aplenty?

There amidst the entanglements of one's
Own questions lie the threads of an answer.

Ariadne, I was playing poker when you left:
Please come again and re-thread me.

21/08/07

This Tempter

I apologise for my inconveniences,
for my foibles, my fleshy idiosyncrasies.

Like bearing children, we must care
for the young of our thoughts.
Baby desires wrapped in dark-glass
innocence.

Forgive this tempter.

01.04
26/08/07

Previous Promises

I would wish to listen to breezes whistling
in-between cold-stream canyons:

yet my place there is not to be.

Nostalgic hazes of rural hermitage are
replaced by servitude to circumstances.

Quiet backdrops of solitude drank with
wine of unknown obligations

that are mine from previous promises.

16.04
31.08.07

as modern children

Passion-flower anomaly;
shining brazen
on the chest of each devotee.

There are marks now of changing times,
shifting futures, as modern children rise
to take genes forward.

We may be the last of our golden-spiral,
our alchemical caste: red dawn heralds
survivors for the next crusade.

Our hearts are our engines of creation;
we pulse
to new blood now.

The passion-flower anomaly
signals the custodians,
showing the door like ancient lantern-bearers.

10.15
9/10/07

The Bees

There is a call (do you call for me?)
and the bees fall into swarm, fly out,
and do not return.

Warriors on the path, no notes left behind,
hive homes turn to dust and decay;
hexagonal birth and wax chambers dried out.

There is a place where intuition leans towards
with a push and a pull beyond letters or description.
Do not describe what remains hidden.

A silent call amid the rustle of breezes,
a chill, a warmth that freezes,
and the few fly out to swarm anew.

The bees are the beautiful who knew.

11.05
9/10/07

White-Wash

When green leaves turn brown and drop,
I do not frown, nor consider decay:

In our lives there are cycles too
where death comes to linger, to create anew.

In these changing times there is need to redress
the nourishment we seek, the emotions we feed:

where illusions hang like expensive auction paintings.

13.15
11/10/07

Lama

I knew it was a dream when you let me hold you close,
touch your neck to heal a pain, and draw close to a kiss.
You said you had told your father that I was like a lama;
I smiled and said I was no lama, yet was glad you thought
of me in that way. You were happy that I came.

I was the happier one, believe me my dear.
It was a dream from which I did not want to awaken.
I could have remained asleep like this for aeons,
or until the spell was broken. Now that I am awake
there is a nostalgia for the realm of the invisible.

09.48
15/10/07

Of The Moment

In the gentleness
of the moment
there is a time for reflection:

selves as sparkles
of sea-shine that glint
amongst the shingle.

There is harmony and energy
running through us stronger
than all the tidal currents.

Moments of sparse solitude
should mingle in our lives
like familiar lounges.

20.02
07/11/07

The bliss of sodden earth

I haven't seen the Nature spirits for a long time now.
Perhaps they hibernate in fear or shame, or are secretly
reworking the game plan to give us all a shock.

On days where the rain falls sideways I wander out
onto grassy paths and call to our hidden comrades
to forgive us our trespasses and the ignorances
that seep like poison sperm from beneath our skin.

Really we are beautiful people I wish to tell them,
yet I am not convinced that an easy-tongue will persuade
the gentle wisdom of our soothsayer friends.

I wish they would come back bearing gifts
so that I could show them my poetry collection

and we could laugh like fools and drunken priests
for I miss the bliss of sodden earth, the bursting veins
of a shared and passionate rapture.

The light fantastic

The heart beats
the light fantastic,
a tonal channel
sonar communion

of like minds
and souls
working for
the heart fantastic.

Light the way
by radiating white
and burning bright
in all encounters.

Offer the sun
of a golden globe
as the sounds unfold
to a new vibration.

In this way
will the light fantastic
be ablaze.

12.10
30/11/07

the heart of the song

Into the heart of the
heart of the song
lies the tune that longs
to be sung:

the world may be run
by the madness of others

yet the world is created
by poets and lovers.

Into the mouths of youth
leap the words of our future;
into the minds of many
come the visions of one.

23.20
30/11/07

the harp

I have never played the harp;

yet if I did it would not surpass
the beauty of your voice

as it chimes along the energy lines
of your pulsing heart.

23.23
30/11/07

Zen of Stars

My Heart yearns for new food
as does a stream long to explore
new avenues to share its water.

Like a zen of stars I meditate
upon the endless possibilities
that await me and you.

If I am unsure, it is because
I do not wish to pollute the
final great event...

17/01/08

Night Poem

We dance like shadows
amidst the embers,
as silhouettes burnt upon
the evening sky:

as a veil
that does not open;

a flickering
carpet of starlight.

19/01/08

Beggar

I tiptoe like a beggar
wearing second-hand
ballet shoes.

If you hear me coming
I am ashamed
of my sounds...

19/01/08

Breath

When you sleep do you listen
to your breathing like a star's
internal fiery furnace?

When I breathe in and out,
out and in, I am reminded
of the way a breeze carries along
the scent of a flower

and disperses it like pollen.

19/01/08

Linger

I speak in song, I think in flame;
I dream of Spanish hills or
distant destinations
where the air is still.

I linger in moments
that pass too quickly
and forget that I was
ever there.

Do such moments ever stop
to think of me; do they care?

I wish to embrace the land
and tip my toe in waters cold,
to laugh along with funny
bird songs, bright and bold.

Yet something makes me feel uneasy,
a little queasy, as if this is not what is done
in this magic-less world of ours where
dreamers are forbid to dream.

Yet still I linger on in moments
that pass too quickly and
forget that I was
ever there.

Do such moments ever stop
to think of me; do they care?

Lemon Tree

I just swallowed a pip –
will now a lemon tree
grow deep inside of me?

Perhaps my breath will be as citrus fruit
and my tongue a little tangy:
when I belch an acid cloud will burst
from my mouth like dragon fire.

My ear-wax I can collect and crumble
to concoct some exotic cuisine;
my tears with hot water and honey
I can drink to help me dream.

Some may say my manner is sour –
yet in truth my lemonyness is cleansing.
I am not bitter over my new found
fortune, nor acidic over my future.

I hope I can use these citrus juices
for healing and well-being: for now
I'm very pleased to have a lemon tree
growing deep inside of me.

If I'm Not Able To

If I am not able to
roll on the floor in laughter,
then what is the point?

If I am not able to
change my mind for changing times,
then what is the point?

If I am not able to
make fun of myself and fun of you too,
then what is the point?

If I am not able to
talk with those people who like to disagree,
then what is the point?

If I am not able to
dismiss my fears, and yours too,
then what is the point?

If I am not able to
see all life as a wondrous river of light,
then what is the point?

Really,
did we come here for the glum life
or for the bright?

Let's turn on the light...

12.00
29/05/08

holy-heart

I am not able to know
if my heart still beats
in the same sultry rhythm
or if my holy-heart has broken down.

It is sure in a state of saltiness,
waxing delirious.
Strange mothball pendant.

Perhaps the bloodied beat-box
now resonates to another rhythm –
copied from some ethnic vibe
or quantum science fiction.

Whatever the track it now ticks along,
I will follow like a lonely hunter
hungry for the meat of love.

16.20
21/08/08

to the stars above

I picture walls of endless whiteness
to stop myself from thinking
of the smile upon your face.

My body mirrors my aches in tension;
thoughts that have hijacked themselves
shelter under the muscle of my left shoulder
where they dwell throbbing for a memory
or two of you.

You are probably basking in the sun
right now, and that's fine with me.
It's all fine, and all aches in truth are good
for they remind us that its okay
to follow pain through to love.

And all bodies are only a justification
for the need to keep on loving
right through the body to the stars above.

15.37
23/08/08

Endless returning

Every life lived pulls the heart
through countless trials
and strained loving.

If there were no loving
to be done, eternal returns
would be required.

Endless returning
in order to remember
how love glues
the sacred plenum of life.

In hearts across the globe
there are breakages, fixings,
and rich tastings from cups
forever re-filled and emptied.

Gluttonous for our return to love,
we learn our longings through the
impurities of bodily embrace.

I live this life also, and ask
for my impurities to be forgiven
as I bring my body close to yours.

A loving drop

If I have spilt a loving drop
from another human heart,

I do this from a caring debt
to leave a chrysalis behind

as catalyst to a birth of
some future butterfly.

21.44
23/08/08

Caravan of Love

Circumstances bring us together,
just as they move to take us apart.
Human reason tries its best to judge
the paths taken by the human heart.

Often we come together just long enough
for something special to be shared;
before moving on through the heartlands
as a caravan of camels through the desert.

21.56
23/08/08

In your silence

In your silence and your absence
I feel my own greed for you
as a parasite of hunger
rather than an emissary of love.

In my desire to conquer I relinquish
my right to nourish your own need
for the golden honeyed drops of
compassion and shelter.

22.02

23/08/08

Imperfect

We'll get it right in another life
if we don't get it right in this one.

This is no excuse to stop loving
or to love the loving too much.

There's a bigger picture waiting to be sown
through the threads of our imperfect embraces.

22.06

23/08/08

Swagger

If I swagger from tavern to tavern
to drink from different loves –
tis only my heart thirsting for wine
to remember the nectar of heaven.

12.09

24/08/08

Rip me asunder

Rip me asunder
out of my slumber
so I may begin
my homeward return.

Rip me through love
and the heavens above
so I may begin
to follow the dove.

Don't leave me dying
in my blind embraces
whilst years grow fallow
and my body grows dumb.

Puncture my numbness
with the sword of your mercy,
poison my wandering -
rupture my god!

Break open my head
you silly old goon;
squash this man's ego -
crown me the fool!

14.31
24/08/08

Horizons still sparkle

Dark clouds of songless hummingbirds
drift like an armada across the skies
above and below.

Dear – I only let you go
so your ship would not stay still,
quarantined in my harbour bay.

Our horizons still sparkle:
it is for these exotic adventures
so healthy for our souls to discover
that I gave the order to set sail.

Do not forget that each of us
is a mirror to the other.

10.10
25/08/08

Pearl - Diving

In life we enter as
pearl divers

seeking to reach
the ocean floor

to prize open the shell
sheltering the perfect pearl.

For this one act alone
do we hold our breath

throughout a life of loves burnt
against the flesh, of joys

melted into amulets of time.
The breath finally released as

we emerge once more from an
ocean of dancing seahorses.

12.25
25/08/08

There Is

There is a pain, there is a love,
There is a rage, there is the dove.

There is compassion.
There is frustration.
There is the knowing
And the whole unknowing.

There are the stars shining
And the nights closing in.
There is the thankfulness
And there are the years ahead.

There is the flow of love.
And all of the above.

23.19
30/08/08

The poison chalice

The poison chalice
sits inside of me,

a loving cup
made of clay.

I drink, I drink,
so heartily
it makes my blood
black as love.

Come again -
if not now
then another day.

Something inside of me
refuses to lie down in the sun
or to go away.

I kneel like a beggar,
hands clasped:

am I praying
or do I betray?

21.40
31/08/08

where silence dwells

I don't know how to say this:

my heart is like a vacuum pill,
ready to love, ready to kill.

I stand before the seraphim,
no holy ghost, no ephemera.

I dance the polka-dot in blackest robes,
my heart throbs, my head is hot -

there's a space where dreams come to settle
and silence dwells like night.

I could love more if I tried, if I might.

22.13

31/08/08

Be Calmed, Be With Me

I know you wanted to share
so much with me: your dreams
and the rivers that flow in-between.

Yet now it all seems lost; I have severed
the physical umbilical - you sense the loss.

Be calmed, be with me: in this world
all connections remain throughout.

The world as hologram holds us still.
Separated, we grow as friends forevermore.

22.35
31/08/08

Very much alive

I'm not dead but very much alive.
I have my alibi. I have my beating heart.

I have no diversion or excuses.
I am strong – and I'm coming on.

Yes – I'm coming on.
And the song is getting louder.

It will be sung all over soon.
I am not the only one.

I am not the lone singer.
Soon there will be many.

Then the song will be a great one.
Our future too – bring it on...

00.08
27/09/08

THIS IS THE END...FOR NOW...

LOVE - Kxx