

**SONGS
OF
A MAN
WHO
DIED OF
LOVE...**

COLLECTED

BY

KINGSLEY L DENNIS

A NOTE FROM THE COLLECTOR

The following twenty or so pages have been collected under the title of 'Songs Of A Man Who Died Of Love'. This odd collection of poems, paeans, and prose pieces arose unexpectedly during the year of 1999 whilst I was researching material for a book I was writing at that time. They fell into my hands from a source in Istanbul with whom I was in contact with concerning biographical material. A notebook was given to me to be used as material for my book - 'Of The Spirit & The Flesh' - and the collection here was found in that notebook. These poetic pieces were incorporated into my subsequent novel yet for the benefit of those people unfamiliar with that scarcely distributed novel the extracts from the notebook that deal with the theme of love and longing have been separately printed in this collection. Everything remains as it was found, unaltered and without editing - simply just collected. I hope this small volume has some merit as it stands, alone and mystifying.

Kingsley L Dennis

(1)

There is no need to think that any of this is real. I am like a child again; before you I am helpless and dependent as a thirsty suckler for its milk. I want to take you in my mouth yet you are more than my mouth; you are beyond the flesh lining at the back of my throat. It is an insult to say that any part of my skin can be worthy of your touch, or that any part of my body is alive enough to be aware of your presence.

Language, say nothing.

I want to be with you the way in which the night knows its moon or the way in which an ugly thorn sits yieldingly beneath its beautiful rose.

I want to feel myself in you when I open my eyes upon the dawn of a new morning breath. I want to feel myself in you when I place the first spoon of breakfast into my mouth. I want to feel myself in you when I talk with friends and endure their endless waterfall of meaningless words. I want to know I am with you then.

I cannot walk the streets without you, I don't know where I'm going. You are more than a map for me, more than a knower of mere roads. You are the road; the single path.

You are more than love.

(2)

Listen to the rain as it falls,

penetrated by your voice
in the call of every drop

splashing and breaking-up
as it falls into droplet sprinkles

like the initial great creation
did put endless souls into search.

Listen to the rain as it falls,

mixed with the silence of your whispers
like toying lovers beneath bedsheets

selling in light touch and breath
the secrets of their beauty

that no-one else can comprehend
or de-code the meanings of this love.

Let me witness your face once again :
a glance out of the corner eye

or the scent from some hanging rose
but with the water and wine of you.

Perhaps in a breeze it can be;

brushed against the cheek and lingering
a little long like a first sweetheart kiss.

But may you come and stay awhile,
to pass these hours in pleasant company.

I will leave the door ajar for thee.

(3)

Music is your breath, your soul, your voice. In the churches of Prague I can hear you call in endless whispers of longing and love. You fill the walls with your sound and they echo this radiance back to me as if they too were in conspiracy with your love.

We are all in collusion with this secret you keep hidden only for the precious few. And did you choose me, O beloved? Am I worthy to be loved beyond all previous loves?

Am I beyond the lovers of revolution and change? Am I beyond the love of conscripts devoted to their country's cause? Oh bounteous one, never let me lie alone.

If I am without you yet am favoured in this world by all prestige and fame, I am still alone: and yet if I am left alone and unwanted by this world but honoured by your love, I will never be alone.

I am just a man drinking in your tavern of grace and made drunk by the wine of your love. If I am clumsy in my drunkenness then forgive this fool.

Forgive this fool for the man that he was. Forgive this fool for the man that I am.

I am made to be nothing beside you.

(4)

The world sleeps, has always slept. I too have been asleep. I remember the time I was without you - an endless dream without waking. I used to think all my thoughts were real and all that I touched and felt to be tangible. Now I know them to be nothing but outlines, nothing but mere shadows. How dull was my world!

Now I realise the emptiness of the world without true love. Now that you are buried inside me I see the world and all that lies within it as an endless dance: shadows have become annihilated by light and every second has become imbued with living.

I can feel alive now. What is life without love? What is this thing called 'living' without that special feeling burning in the beat of the heart on every waking move. What is life without this?

Everything that was before me has crumbled. I have learned to learn again; to become new. I cannot stop saying these things: you are writing my words. You are in the tips of my fingers and thoughts. You are every pore of my skin. I feel totally immersed in you.

I cannot go back. I cannot return to the old life, it is dead to me now. There is only one way to escape.

(5)

I am obsessed. I am both too old and yet too young for this new life.

I have been made to change: to drop everything about myself and all that once belonged to me as some sort of clothing upon my body.

All that I thought to be real was nothing but a veil to the truth. yet if we saw the truth in our beginnings it would make us blind. We are not ready for it. It has to come through a stripping away of all the sum of our parts. We must first learn to build ourselves up before we can destroy ourselves.

Now I am destroyed; by your beauty, by your presence. You fill me whole like an ocean. I have no thoughts but you; nothing but love for you. I have nothing but everything to give to you. You must take it all; take it all and squeeze dry this drenched body. I am immersed in you totally; drowned as a single droplet of sea water. I am searching for the new life.

The old life is not an option.

(6)

This is a lament for you. You have torn me asunder and left me as an empty husk. Where is the kernel of my soul. What have you done with it? Why have you taken it from me like a princess thief?

Have you no mercy? Why does your mercy have to be so graceful and why does this longing for you hurt me so painfully? With you in my constant thoughts I am plagued by my own ghostly figure; a shadow in comparison to your light. I am a dark corner in your world - so why did you bade me enter? Why could you not leave me alone to the old life of sleep and obscurity - why did you have to show me the door and drag me in?

Did I ask for this? Could I deny you? No, you knew that you could not be denied, and so like a hungry bait I was captivated by you and now I cannot leave. You know you have me, but can you accept me like this? Can you accept me in my lament? Torn and tattered, a wandering castaway. Would you wish me to enter your presence like this scoundrel that I am?

I am as a dead thing before you. You have brought me to this. You, and only you, have killed me off like a useless beast. You have cast me as a stranger to myself; I can no longer be comfortable with this wretched man that I am.

I am scraping myself out anew for you. I am hollow, waiting to be filled by you.

Is this love? What is the name for this - is there such a name? Are there words for my agony, my longing?

Are there words for my cries, or should I be silent? If I cried silently for you would you still hear me?

Is there a man more naked than I am feeling now?

(7)

My heart laughs when I even so much as see a glint of your reflection. I have no half heart when I'm in your presence. I want to gamble everything for your love; to give less than my all is to be less than true human. There is no hunger greater than that of a starving man.

When I remember our love I want to cry out into the world the majesty of our secret. But how can I keep such a love secret - is it possible to shield such a thing? Can this boundless beauty be made manifest into words? Am I writing or merely shadow boxing?

Our faces speak and our eyes listen. True love loves lovers and true lovers melt form.

When I am with you sleep does not disturb us, and without you I am sleepless.

(8)

I am a copy, a fake. Listen to me my dear: I am not real. I am an illusion; all that you see is but a reflection of something else. I am just a surface, the thin film of a water pool thinking itself to have depth. There is no depth in me but the thinness of my skin.

In your eyes I see a lake beyond: water of endless glistening that drowns me in my breathlessness. How can I become like you? How can the mimicry of my life lose itself to find the original art? How can this mystery be done, my love?

Can you share with me your secret? I am dying here without knowing; there is no real life for a copycat. There is no true beauty for a fake.

I am a forger. I once convinced myself that I was the great artist, now I know I was only a forger of his name.

How can your mysteries be known, my love; how can the deceiver lose his deception?

Must I wait long for an answer?

(9)

I must be strong to love you.
Strong yet with lightness.
Like the wind I must be
For loving you.

I must be empty yet whole,
Distant and near,
In thought and without speech
For loving you.

I must be drunk with passion
Yet absent of lust,
With the body and bodyless
For loving you.

I must be strong to love you
For you are strong too.
You will break those unready
And blind those unseeing.

I must be as something new
Yet too old to be bitter,
To be standing without legs
To be falling with submission

For loving you, for loving you.

(10)

In the heart there is truth: naked and unveiled like a child's innocence. Why do we hide it so? Why are we afraid of its presence?

Our heart is a storehouse for this truth and as such distributes it under its own law.

We are afraid to let go, to tear ourselves open, to be torn asunder. We are cramped within our own sense of fear.

We are building barriers whilst the heart hides the truth in waiting.

Open up! Open up!

(11)

When you see me, think of yourself. What am I but a mirror of you? What are you but a reflection of me? There is no division, only unity. There is no separation, only wholeness.

If you do not like what you see, turn towards yourself to find the malady. If you are proud in yourself, seek out the cause of this vanity. You did not create what you are, it was given to you. Likewise was the blessing bestowed upon you that you might see yourself from behind the veil.

Weep in love and become that love. Don't eat with the animals or run with the pack for fear of dying like a dog. There is no greater waste than trading in the human for the beast.

(12)

I have no mouth
with which to say my words.
I have no breath
with which to utter thoughts.

All that I am is but
an expression of you:
I cannot move my mind
without your permission.

If I walk, eat, meet with people,
it is with your life that I do so;
in conversation it is your sweet
words that I use as my own.

I am as a flute, speechless
without the player's breath.
My beloved, my beauty, it is you
who are my secret musician.

(13)

That which you see me to be
I am not.
The person I am for you
Is for you alone.

That which I see myself to be
Is not me.
The person I am for me
Is for you alone.

(14)

Sometimes I just
want to be alone,

like a prayer said in whispers
or a thought passing through.
Alone with myself
and comfortable with you.

Sometimes I just
need to be near to me

like sleep on the skin
and a kiss on the eyes.
There is nothing I can despise
when alone with myself
and comfortable with you.

Is it so bad, this silence?
No words to form like clay,
no language to escape and decay.
This is the deepest appreciation,
glory in admiration

When alone with myself
and comfortable with you.

(15)

When there is something beautiful, what can I do? It fills me to bursting to say something beautiful and fitting to you, but what can I do? Words are beyond me. I am silent. What can I do? You make me repeat, to jump inside and outside of myself, to twist and turn in a longing to write a single truly beautiful word for you. But I can't. I fail to come even close to you or this rapture inside. It's more than love: love is for humans. When I want you to come inside me, what can I do?

When there is something outside of language, what.....

(16)

There are times when there is peace in love. This is the kind of love when passion lies in the seat of the soul - the heart - and is not found with the eyes. True passion leads to a passionate life, to die to all that which is ugly or old to the self. There is no control in true passion because it binds in a deeper place.

When one comes to the peak of longing there is a quiet place that can be found. Just as the wind when it twists and turns has a place of peace at its centre, so too does the flame of longing give those who ache a place to sit in silence at the end of their long journey. I am at that quiet place now. I was not able to write this before as I was caught in the desire of the senses. Now I am resting.

Soon I will take the biggest step, to cross the final barrier. It is coming yet it is coming peacefully.

(17)

Everyone forgets you eventually. Old friends and best friends. When you begin to change, to be different from what you once were, they don't hold onto you - they just let you go. They only want you for how they want to recognise you; they want you to be what they are familiar with. This is the old life. This is how it wants everything to remain as it was: like a prison, telling you that there is no new life outside. But it's wrong, and it knows this - it wants to stop you from tasting any new life. It is the greatest prison of all for all its prisoners think that they are free - so no one wants to escape.

Only love will not forget you or leave you behind. Love is the one who wants you to change, to give you the new taste like a first drop of royal honey. It is the only thing willing to help you break out - love needs change.

Most of all, love needs recognition.

(18)

Real love needs real courage. First comes the acceptance and then the dying. You must jump into the fire to be drowned or into the water to be burned. Without this you can only have love lightly: light love is no real love.

(19)

Don't look at what you can see: only take what is being offered.

Love may look beautiful, yet take what is in its hand.