

*The distance between us ...*

*and completion.*

Kingsley Lloyd Dennis

'And if a garment is washed two or three times a year it is enough,  
but a man's heart has to be continually cleansed and scoured and  
rinsed,  
sleeping and waking, every day in the year  
without remission,  
and even then it is easily soiled.'

Daidoji Yuzan

I came so far for beauty  
I left so much behind  
My patience and my family  
My masterpiece unsigned.

I thought I'd be rewarded  
For such a lonely choice  
And surely she would answer  
To such a very hopeless voice.

Leonard Cohen

## Dedication

Two years in the making. A collection that was a long time coming.

The title of this collection was chosen before the poems formed. It was part of a line from a book by Marilyn Ferguson called 'The Aquarian Conspiracy'. On reading the line, the phrase stayed with me: and became the title for what would be my new collection. How appropriate.

These last two years have been a time of transition; of movement; and of change - both physically and internally.

As always, the poems speak about me and of me. They are like children; like signposts that mark territory, designate space. They are realms I travel to when I turn to those moments I've always craved for, selfishly.

So I selfishly pass them on to you: my reader.

What is a life without a little reflection?

Thanks.

Kingsley x

15<sup>th</sup> January 2005

## Where a heart may be taken

Where a heart may be taken  
is to where a heart strives:

yet every moment compels us to  
forget to ask the questions that

we promised to ourselves before we  
came.

Now, as principled passengers, we are  
ever more forgetful of the task.

Where a heart may be taken  
is to where it longs to die.

19.46  
20.2.03

## Grace period

A precipitous downward spiral  
some may say:

whatever it is called, our innovations  
take us closer to our coming fall.

We, as *sapiens*, may rise no more:  
an evolution waiting for the call.

It's a grace period now, wondering whether  
there is a new mind for a new world to be born.

23.51  
20.2.03

## Lament

There is no lament greater  
than missing the mark:

wind gives the birds their flight  
as sun gives Nature its might.

To miss the niche of one's calling  
is like leaves in sand,  
choking fishes on dry land:

with minds still cluttered,  
brains yet blind,

we stumble forward in our lament.

23.33

21.8.03

## Burden

I cannot give that which you ask of me.

I am unable to give – despite things past –  
for my foundations are not yet built and  
my edifice may still crumble.

So I stand alone now so that I may finally stand tall.

Is this such a burden to bear?

20.03

20.9.03

## Killing

I am a man who kills.

Have killed.

Will probably kill again.

What is the degree of my shame?

What are the rules of my game?

Have I felt all that I've hurt?

Have I done enough?

Questions that move me.

Answers that betray.

Everything I touch is a lesson  
from which I cannot stray.

21.56

20.9.03



## Crossroads

Everything you receive  
you will one day  
have to give away.

Only not in the same way.

Once obtained, a thing  
makes its mark  
like a branded effigy

or skin signature.

How you deal with it  
is your crossroads.

00.03  
20.9.03

## Like an Open Highway

I bought myself a book,  
but not the time to read it.  
Love – I can't buy time.

I spent my nights, head in knowledge,  
immersed in the words of others.  
Love – I can't steal wisdom.

I tried to walk the ways of others,  
my feet imitating their prints.  
Love – I can't mimic truth.

The world doesn't give us our ends;  
it only posts signs like an open highway,  
Love.

13.02  
21.11.03

## So Much Trying To Waylay

So much more difficult than first supposed  
to stay with that which sustains us, keeps us good,  
as if so much is trying to waylay us.

And harder still to find the innocence within  
the many layers of living, as if each  
membrane of skin protects us against  
the other; yet so feebly. We're so different

and yet so similarly together.

We're old before we learn what youth held,  
or could have held if we had known.  
So many moments so rarely celebrated in their time.

We're offered only little space for our performance  
that most of us come wholly unprepared.

23.40  
6.12.03

## The Ways in Which We Move

The ways in which we move through  
Such moments that make us, we don't  
Realise their power til we've moved on.

They change us: moulded by a multitude  
Of passing prods, breezes, touching events.  
We're not the same as when we started.

Who could have foretold, forewarned us?  
Shouldn't there be defence against such  
Intrusions? I'm not my self anymore.

Then it dawns like a splintered vase unable  
To be gathered: there never was a self. It  
Was my protective illusion. My gatekeeper

Against the recognition of unwanted guests.  
Yet the guests come, stay awhile before moving  
On. And I take the scent left by the last guest

As my next aroma. Unknowingly I smell anew.  
And with such smells do I move through,  
Leaving my own mark for others to absorb.

We're all permeable you see. We're porous,  
Ever changing. This is how we learn to come  
Through, ignorantly unscathed. Yet now is

To learn the secret. We're not the person of  
Our own selves: we're a mixture, painted by  
The picture-moments we travel through,

And patched by so many forgotten pinches  
Of memory. We're so wonderfully rich – to  
Think we're one is a dullness that shames us.

00.16  
8.12.03

## Change

We should have intuited that change is best not be avoided when it comes to call, crashing on us unsuspecting. It's only our normalcy, the complacency of our warmth that steers us away into our regulatory corners.

So there's nothing wrong then to be woken from our catatonic slumber, our onanistic embrace, to face the new dynamic world asunder,

Or so they say, or would like to say... I don't know;

except that I'm restless if I stay too long, feels as if I'm being left behind by the whole human race, wherever they are heading.

If change is good, why do people die only a few miles from where they first entered life, or fail to open their windows on a sunny day, I don't know...

23.5.04

18.36

## Leave it now...

It's simple distraction that keeps our eyes turned away...  
no turn inwards or towards the wars fought on atrocity:  
they have our complicity, we're deadened to the touch  
Messieurs and Mesdames. We've lost our passion, we're  
in submission – I don't see the goalposts anymore.

...what's happening? Nations anaesthetised to the vision  
of our inbred violence, so its shipped abroad in culture, custom,  
and the too occasional accosting. Aren't we aware of the haranguing,  
the harassing, the hornets nest we've stirred by stealing its honey?  
...and think of all the money?

It's no longer a question of being fair – was it ever? Our sense  
of right and wrong turned into sticks with which we beat ourselves,  
before we beat the 'other'; the unborn of the mothers will know  
the scars that's been inflicted upon their brothers...

yes, it's a cliché – exposed from overuse. It must be the abuse its had.  
I'm glad I'm not writing these rhymes from their climes, from their  
times; would be too much for me to witness, for I've been softened  
from the privilege of my skin, the bubble I've been brought up within.

Yet I am distracted: by too many noises now. And they're all  
attempting to turn my head away. They give us the soap operas –  
conflict on a stick. That should suit them, I'm sure... they titter.

But it's a bore, and I'm disgusted. What they've done just isn't right.  
Their might has been misused. They'll never be forgiven, so it seems  
the memories are here to stay, and I'm afraid I'll be seen as one of them  
by the little ones that may come from inside of me.

What excuse or reason can I have?

I was there, did see, yet nothing was done. Leave it now, its done.

23.05.04

20.08

## Bought

Very few people say very little;  
nothing much gets known except  
that done by our own hands;

hands that tie and do not fist.  
Hands that collect, and store,  
to transmit that which could be missed

by a history that charts myth as fact  
and stories full of heroes.

We like our heroes: they look beautiful  
and shiny like bought things. Maybe

it's we who are the bought ones.

23.5.04

23.00

## Our shared moments you need to pray for

I put away the moments of the day  
behind my eyes,  
to recollect, remember, as  
tangible things.

With thoughts come the forms  
that surround us,  
not separate now like our  
old science taught.

All things are woven like glassy  
webs between us,  
that vibrate to sound, sight,  
circadian rhythms -

new science tells us. I was told  
long ago by the secret  
rituals I practised by, and  
the odd ways I heard in

whispers, in childhood around me.  
We're learning the old wisdom  
anew now: this is nice.  
Perhaps we'll forget the distance

put between us by the strange  
consensus we all swear by,  
our living holy truth, to begin seeing  
things shine in our glassy webbed world;

yet I doubt it'll be so quick,  
whilst thin minds cover up  
the beauty in our shared moments  
that break our isolation.

I want you to pray that prayer  
not be abused anymore, and pray  
that the heavy silence does better  
justice than my cracked words.

17.38  
27.5.04



## Already Within Us

Does a flower decide not to bloom  
when its inner growth knows what is to become?

Nature knows best because it does not ask  
the question why, or strive to interfere.

Human life is thwart with inconsistencies,  
like chance does play the game of poker.

That which is natural may have a better chance,  
if we allow ourselves to listen.

That which can be is already within us:  
we are the gatekeepers to our own heart.

00.00

1.6.04

## It Begins with the stopping of the stopping

What's stopping us? What's stopping us?

We fear the cliff-end of our own imaginations.  
Yet there is no fall: the land spreads out  
and will not give way beneath us.

The Earth is a given blessing, a wide-open  
sated oracle that feeds us every possibility,  
that allows us to nurture all our curiosities.

Yet we fall behind our securities and safety-locks,  
walled-in with the buttresses of our mental castle,  
not seeing that beyond the ramparts of our world

lies the space of all our free choices. We can choose  
to be in the world of our own making even if the  
physicality cramps our rights and goods.

Everything begins with the order of our own house:  
the thoughts and actions that govern our own sense,  
our own very right to be. There is no choice in anything

if we remain bruised and battered in our self.  
What's stopping us is often closer than the pumping  
that courses through our own veins.

13.05

5.6.04

## You and Me

What is the me that I'm known by when  
my fingerprints decorate a glass for all to see?

I can be tested now; they know me: they know who am I,  
but who art thee?

And when they've got you DNA spliced and cut-up to see,  
all identity loses its mystique, its uniqueness, its *you and me*.

We can be reduced, we can be known: it's all transparent now:  
but who am I? Who art thou?

01.21

6.6.04

## In it for ourselves

When we're in it for ourselves there's so little in it really:  
our own sense of competition beats us dry. We run  
the gauntlet against those beside us, or walk a lonely path  
that sees us on our way 'til it is done. There is no fun

or satisfaction in living our lives like a single cell.  
Even our body's helpers give themselves to be a part,  
and in our gratefulness we run the whole in isolation.  
To let us know that we see is what we are.

Our closest friend is the face we wear, yet never do we see  
it with our own eyes; only through the eyes of others,  
or light bounced back from our bathroom mirrors.  
Something so close needs knowing through other reflections.

When we're in it for ourselves there's so little in it really:  
living through images our own eyes never see.  
We're so close to everything that is afar, that there's no  
excuse anymore for saying it wasn't up to me.

17.26  
7.6.04

## Rare

In those tender moments of remembrance  
when you felt human in the touch of everything  
and all senses seemed to be united:

in those tender moments we feel a thing rare.

23.42

3.9.04

## The Promises

So easy to forget all the promises  
we made to ourselves in secret rooms,  
in silent places: I'm sorry I pushed  
you to remember, to recollect a failure,  
as if you hadn't succeeded or fulfilled  
a goal you always said you would.

Your face showed a painful memory:  
a moment I caught you bringing-up again,  
a childlike image of heroism or idolatry  
you haven't yet accomplished, nor perhaps will.

The child in us lives longer than our dreams.

23.47

3.9.04

## As if

If you were the last person here on Earth, to live,  
to be living, to be alive: what thoughts?

What wonder and loss: beauty that cannot be shared,  
nor mirrored.

Would it exist for you alone? If you were to close your eyes,  
what then?

Perhaps wonder needs an observer, to be recognised,  
to be turned over within one's mind, as if

beauty needs a partner.

11.04

9.9.04

## I hope this to be my love

All the moments that have passed between us  
like scent; the times of our passion, our distance,  
our struggles and attempts to retain what we did  
not wish to lose

has come to this.

A time spent in love and the fear of loss.

For some, love diminishes. Becomes burned or burns,  
and the flesh we so once adored and praised is bruised.

For others, love changes, and becomes something other:  
it is love, yet it cannot come into the fold, cannot hold  
it's beauty in intimate embraces. This is my love now.

In still others, love can transform, can create anew.  
To bring new growth, open new doors as others close.  
It feeds on all that once nourished it, as love moves  
from being lover to just loving.

I hope this to be my love for you.

14.44  
26.9.04



You gave me so much of your love

You gave me so much of your love  
that  
I wasn't able to match it.

I tried in my ways  
but  
my ways were too harsh

and time went so far  
that  
I couldn't change.

I know you've done so  
much  
that was good, and

I hope I've been able  
to  
repay some of your love

with all that we learned  
and  
grew through.

So nothing is wasted  
and  
love does not seep like blood

and our intimacy  
is  
etched as our private engraving.

14.55  
26.9.04

## It never happened

A part of me is tempted to reach out my hand  
and say "it's all right, it never happened;  
I want you back more than ever now -  
just don't be sad, don't feel madness or pain."

Yet I refrain, and keep my arm under wraps,  
keep my mind at bay. I must let you go  
and to cause you some pain, rather than fear  
this sadness and cave-in to my selfish sympathies.

The world is bigger than the both of us: now that  
our shell is cracked, it shines in and disturbs us  
with its vastness - both full and empty - like a  
great ocean that both shivers and bedazzles.

Comfort and care is so difficult when it comes after  
a bout of cruel separation. Yet I pray it is there for  
when the wounds require their healing.  
I am tempted now to reach out and declare:

"it never happened, and the world loves us still!"

16.40  
26.9.04

## May we speak now?

May we speak now?

Now that our hearts are untied  
from their binds of duty.

Now that our hearts no longer strive  
for their expectant embrace.

In every meeting there is something to be gained:  
there is a time for each encounter, a learning to be  
given and received, an experience for the sharing.

Some encounters stay, and remain.

I tried to stay, I pushed for the longing to remain;  
stretched the binds til they became weak. More stress  
would have torn these tight tentacles we had wrapped  
around us. So I tore them myself to set adrift our bodies.

Can you forgive such actions? Can you keep such memories  
safe, as innocent children in a divorce?

May we live now, without remorse:  
May we speak now?

21.16  
26.9.04

## There's a dream

There's a dream that flashes in us when it gets watered:

then like a sown seed it seeks to sprout its shrubby hands,  
reaching for the sunlight, reaching for the starlight,

shrouded by the soil as an oyster shell.

Yet it lies deep, and forever yearning for green hands  
to hear its tender shrill and nourish its calling.

Such a seed is in us all when we wake from slumber womb.

Drowsed by our waking world, with white noise like water rapids,  
we hear not the plea to further wake, to further explore.

Such is our world of unkempt seedlings, spoilt and dour,

waiting for the dream to flash, for water to pour.

17.29

27.9.04

## How the heart sleeps is a mystery to me

The look you had in your eyes today  
was very meaningful;

it told what no lies could tell.  
No truth could tell.

And words were like invasions  
upon a world much finer.

I wanted to join you, to be there,  
yet I would have been an infiltrator,  
a particle of poison from the outside world  
of noise, events, and meaninglessness meaning.

So I strayed into your line of blank vision,  
to taste the points of light emitted, as  
the only portions we could share,

before I moved on,  
further into the world of apparitions  
and dead people.

Why so many ghosts in a land that dances,  
I will never know. How the heart sleeps  
is a mystery to me.

12.35  
22.10.04

## From standing still

If you ask which road I'm travelling -

I don't know, for there are few signs for me;  
there are no skills that will serve me best  
when all can serve me well:

perhaps I'm looking for the skill that nobody has?  
What will be needed when the time has arrived  
will only be known from the ways I have travelled.

Maybe the skill that nobody has is the skill that  
always has been, yet needs the road ahead  
to make it known: whatever, nothing

was ever gained from standing still.

17.28

23.10.04

## Bloody bodies

We are not perfect.

Bloody bodies badgering forward;  
scraping a way to understand.

Consider our situation not done.

I carry this shawl around on me, draped  
over me like a cloth curtain; yet it hides,

it denies what it's worth: a vessel to be steered  
and commandeered. It's clues are there –

feel, touch, sense, and be; through this  
drudgery we promised we would tame.

Our game is completion – perfection through  
dear bodies; to bring them with us towards  
the end of our lives, not as burdens but as  
boon companions, our earth and fire.

Bloody bodies like ours are needed. We push  
on through like draped hunters for the prize:

why are we so troubled by our non-perfection?

Consider our situation not done, yet tis our doing  
to be done.

I love the taste of juicy bodies, still not dead  
to the hunger of such things.

21.09  
26.10.04

## The nameless

Consider this:

Each day a thousand ways to make  
our heart feel lighter.

Each life of boundless ways to make  
our meaning deeper.

Each moment an endless space to make  
our selves closer.

Each thought a given chance to make  
our living brighter.

Consider that there is no end.

We live for something  
much greater than we are:

in a pool full of swimmers with a longing.

Come - find me. I am dying for your touch.

13.34  
6.11.04



## In flux cognito

I cannot clear my head  
    around the complexities of a life  
                    still to come.

As does nature's children welcome each renewal,  
I search within endless flux for a way through:

unstable knowing,  
    broken pieces,  
        love connections,  
            embraces within virtual spaces,  
                war within psychological places,

I seek a way through this web of endless embrace.

We are all here for some end purpose:  
to have within some gain to fill us as we watch  
a flame that dims at the end of the days,  
that does not drag us into emptiness  
but fills, cries out loud our living.

In instability do we yearn so deeply  
for our claim, our meaning.

14.31  
6.11.04

### All together now...

Out of the mangled mesh our psyche weaves  
we have this: our terrain, tract of land, sphere,  
that extends from our bodies to reach far,  
effusing into all crevices, holes and crannies.

What we think becomes forever known; stored  
in halls, records, in other member's minds as  
mimetic lovebugs, or parasites, that pass on  
in murmurs, praises, deeds, and stone -

nothing is left out, untouched, or forgotten.  
All comes back into our global blood, our  
woven air, our hybrid rituals. We feed upon  
the crumbs of existed moments, yet pushing

to collate, include, that history which serves  
us best, serves us worst. So all together now,  
we share the paranoia of our times, infesting  
us unruly. When will the Gods come to flush

us out of our trench, like a chariot of Goddesses?

13.41  
7.11.04

## Staring

My talent is languishing amongst the firs  
of my ink forest, craving attention like  
the looks of hungry waiting women at bus stops  
worldwide, and forever. Staring.

As if an extra, those walk-on actors, this talent  
lounges in doorways, on set, for guest appearances  
that linger little in mass memories: but bitter not.  
Biding its time, its lines. Staring.

Sweet is the silence, fed in its unknowing;  
I feel this talent like my own womb-child.  
Cuddling the babe with belly strokes I await,  
never tiring, workhorse-man-like strive I. Staring.

22.40  
14.11.04

## The biggest secret

It's the world's biggest secret  
and they're not telling you:  
how sweet it is, and so strong

it'll blow you away. It will detonate  
you like an alchemical nuclear fusion.  
You see, it's not what you think it is,

and you'll never guess it. Not in a lifetime.  
I'd like to tell you, to pass it on. But it took  
me so long to get here I'm keeping it for myself.

You see: the secret protects itself, and you'd do  
the same if you were in my shoes. So what will you  
do to get into my shoes: are you after the world's biggest secret too?

16.19  
28.11.04

## The distances between us

Nothing dies, as the chimes tell  
us it's another year; a new notch  
to mark upon what was done, will  
be done. Hope resides in all encounters:

even when heart is heavy, when transformation  
seems rare; or a gift unforgiving.

It will come. Yet only when the world is ready  
for what you have to share.

We bring to the world the tangled desires and dreams  
of our inner spheres; to which we view the world without.

No-one is a victim: experiences raise us on a rising tide,  
or drop us to some depths from which we drink.

The world is to taste. Stopping too long to put the distances  
between us only makes the taste more bitter.

Let us carry on, as foot soldiers to a greater purpose.  
Maybe another year has gone, yet time is a taste on  
the tongue that we must learn to like, or swallow hard.  
Hope lasts for as long as the heart does hunger.

17.25

10.1.05