

**Too
Many Ways
To Be
With The
Free**

BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS VOL.111

BY

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Istanbul – 28.9.00

This third volume in the collection of 'Between Both Worlds' marks the end of my third consecutive year in Istanbul. It has been a year that has passed perceptively quickly, although one that has brought much subtle change. In its outer sense, there has been less poetry; due in main to my increased concentration to my own study areas and less periods of introspection and uncertainty. Perhaps this can be viewed as a positive sign since poetry is usually the outward expression of a person's anxieties, struggles, and general attempts at comprehension.

In brief, this third year (which is measured in terms of the academic year), has found me in relaxed mood relative to my studies and myself.

In order to add a little more weight and insight to this volume, I have included some selected extracts from my journal. Perhaps this is something I shall develop further in later volumes.

As ever, enjoy what is between these pages, between the worlds of ourselves and our understanding of life, and claim for yourself any scraps you wish.

With love,
Kingsley

14.11.99

There is something fundamentally wrong with the world. The clues are there, always have been there: in art, design, literature, monuments, sacred texts, the world around us and nature. The problem is putting this jigsaw together.

It's been something which has eaten away at me for some time now: I don't believe the world as I sense it. It's not right, it's shielding something and we are unable to penetrate this veil.

The fundamental mistake lies in the human perceptions; we are clinging tight to lower, primitive forms of perceptions and we believe that this is all the nutrition we need. We're missing the whole plot and I can't agree with this false framework anymore. We're just playing at games like children yet declaring ourselves to be adults.

I've been thinking about the first step; what it might be and how it might be taken. I've concluded that this is it: a declaration in the unreality of the supposed real and the loss in belief.

12.43 pm

18.11.99

What I have is the knowing that something is missing, and this knowing increases as I begin to have everything I need around me. Only when I have everything will that knowing of the missing something become real longing. The world is not complete, or rather cannot be completed by the senses. Man is not complete, has not fully become. And all this dwells in that 'missing' place, is transformed into a longing, perhaps even an intimate estrangement from the world.

What I have is an unknowing. What I need, with knowledge, is a knowing of the unknown.

'Peace be with you', I said to the young child. 'Love be in your eyes.'

11.23am

NIGHT DRINK

Tight with
Things of the Spirit,
While things of the World
Hold me still.

An ache
in the
soul's seat;

A night drink,
thinking of You.

No ways to be alone,
Too many ways to be
with the free:

Spirit running along with me,
A night drink, whisper to Thee.

21.30
22.11.99

REMARK

Who are you
and why are you like this?
Throw off yesterday's old overcoat
and come this way:

What you are today
will decide your tomorrow.
Inaction will only give an
array of endless, unchanging days.

19.46
23.11.99

SIMPLE SONG

Show me a star
a shining new star,
I don't need a miracle,
only a sign of where you are.

This is a simple song:
I'm not asking for the heavens
or the Second Coming to come along,
only a sign of where you are.

Show me the scent of your
perfumed wine-soaked breath;
the innocence of children,
the laughter of our death:

so show me a star
a shining new star;
this is a simple song, I need
only a sign of where you are.

20.05
27.11.99

LOVE AGAIN

When you try to love,
Love tells you to love
And love again, you fool,

For love is an endlessly jealous beauty:

And the fools are us lovers,
Until we have loved enough
To be also the Beloved.

00.27
27.11.99

NEEDING

I need time:
time to think
attack the question
'Why',
to let the ink dry
the mind to soar high
passing beyond the sky

time to let
conventions drop
conditioning to stop
for new areas to elope
from my old in-built clock

time to think
about the absence
of time
within the realm
of the eye.

22.40
28.11.99

I'M BLEEDING

If there is you, let it be true:
Don't hold back, don't place the plaque
On the door between us.
Don't inscribe 'Turn & Hide' when you
Know there is no other place to go to.
It has to be here, somewhere near,
Signposted clear once past the gate.
You can usher away the partygoers
Yet don't neglect the guest.
If there is you, let it be true:
Don't disguise the old as something new.
Let it be known I'm bleeding
On the other end of receiving.

22.48
28.11.99

A LOVER'S DREAM

I held your hand so very tight
I wouldn't let you go,
We ran amidst a falling house
We escaped through scattered snow.

I wanted to tell you secrets,
Some knowledge to bring us close;
Yet our hearts were silent sisters,
Our bodies a knowing host.

I woke up cold in early morning
Turning in an absent bed,
My hand still holding you tightly
Our love still clear in my head.

21.19
30.11.99

WHY DO YOU READ?

‘Why do you read all those strange books?’
she asked me.

‘For one day I will understand them’
I replied.

‘Meanwhile?’

‘Meanwhile, they put the sun in my eyes.’

‘Oh’ she said, and silence reigned
like a conqueror over the feast
whilst speech became our wine.

21.54
30.11.99

WHO MOVES MY HEART

I'm afraid of closing my eyes,
Of sleeping too long

That in the morning upon waking
The state of my heart will be gone.

Uncertain of who moves my heart
As well as placing sweetness upon the tongue

I spend these days in close attention
For the giver of this song.

22.12
6.12.99

HOW TO CAPTURE BEAUTY

'How can I capture beauty?'
you ask me.

'Be an open-hearted hunter'
I say

'Who upon snaring a bird
throws it back to the sky.'

'But why?'

'For beauty holds dear only
to a master who can share.'

20.40
7.12.99

IF THERE WERE TO BE

If there were to be a morning
without you, it would be

as the middle of the night.
If the sun were to shine

on a day without you,
it would be as if all heat

had been taken from its rays.
If I were ever to forget you existed

it would be as if I became hollow
and let life live anywhere but within.

If I were to dry out my heart
to the love you could send me,

it would be as if I woke one morning
with eyes closed, unable to open, to see.

If there were to be a morning
without you, there would be no me.

11.11
19.12.99

5.2.00

I arrived in the city of Amman today, another foreign city to welcome me. I have no plans, except to remain alert to circumstances around me. Either Allah is moving me or moving in me: whatever, there is a sense.

Be aware of the meaning of each encounter, of each situation, for the clues are hidden or disguised in the most seemingly mundane thing.

20.45

6.2.00

Today was a cold and windy day. I walked by myself through the backstreets of Amman and found a way over the ruined wall of the citadel, to the wonderful views over the hilly city. I visited the large King Hussein Mosque in the centre of downtown. After a tea and nargile(water-pipe), I returned to my hotel room to read a little of the Quran – then in the coldness of my room I wrapped myself in my quilt and fell asleep: I dreamed that when I woke up, a gas heater had been placed in my room. Then I woke up and found no heater!

After a late dinner of soup, chicken and rice, I tried to look for the liquor store from where I had bought my beers the evening before. Being a late Sunday evening, it was closed and I could not find any shops selling alcohol.....it was a cold yet clear night and the stars could easily be seen, as could the skyline of Amman, with its many hills covered with flat-roofed houses and small apartments. Occasionally, when the breeze blew in my direction, I could smell the scent of fresh marijuana in the air. Someone, somewhere, was getting high in downtown Amman this night.

....Travelling helps one to experience the world, and so to learn the similarities in our differences; to learn tolerance and patience. We travel also because we wish to learn about ourselves, for it is we who are the greatest universe and it is with ourselves that we must begin. Travelling doesn't necessarily help one to find themselves, contrary to the romantic myth; but without travelling we will never know how it is to go home – we learn to go home. The seed of the soul can be learnt anywhere, in any place; we only have to learn how to arrive there. That is the reason for my travelling: to understand how to arrive.

22.10

9.2.00

....You don't have to tell me anything; just, if you like, accompany me as I stroll on this crazy journey....I'm used to being a solitary traveler, yet I'd welcome your arms around me now.

The journey, both in the world and in the heart; in the mind and in the spirit, never stops....and ever so slowly the tree which we have planted begins to grow branches; later, the leaves: finally, the fruit.

19.55

10.2.00

I returned at 12.30 for the afternoon opening, yet again I decided not to enter. I had the feeling that this just wasn't the time: Allah didn't want me yet. I was bade to wait. So I visited a museum; but basically spent the whole day wandering through the tiny streets of the Old Town....in silence, in patience. I didn't eat today until nearly 2pm. For tonight I have the same as the previous evening: bread, cheese, helva, and water. I feel like being frugal. Tomorrow I will try to enter the Dome of the Rock again...

Jerusalem shows us all the 3 major religions together, the religions of the 'Book' – Torah, Bible, and the Quran. The city itself is a symbol of how each religion has fought the others for dominance, to show that it is the real religion of God. Here again we have that word 'real'. Yet people who follow a religion in the outer sense like this will never come towards what is 'real'. Idries Shah says this: "A student was spending time in companionship with a Sage.'If anyone were to say "stand on your head and you will attain eternal felicity", some people would do it' said the student; 'people thirst for any directions, however inept' he continued. 'My child' answered the Sage, 'that is precisely what most of them have been doing these past 10 000 years'"

Humanity does a very good job of filling itself with actions devoid of meaning...we are losing touch with that sparkle inside of us.....

....when I get back I'll say some things about what happened, but they'll be only whispers compared to these words: let us remember that it's the hardest thing to pass thoughts between 2 people: words are the attempt at the communication of the thought, they are not the thought itself. Some thoughts

are passed between people in touch, smell, and the sparkle of the eyes. Being human means we have to make use of all these senses whilst at the same time not being too attached or dependent upon them.

Again, something to think about from Shah:

‘I have heard all that you have had to say to me on your problems. You ask me what to do about them. It is my view that your real problem is that you are a member of the human race. Face that one first.’

19.43

16.2.00

The Call to Prayer is ringing out over the warm air as I sit on the hotel roof on a sunny afternoon in Aqaba. The Red Sea is open out before me and across the small gulf I can see clearly the port town of Eliat in Israel. To the left of me is Saudia Arabia and to the NNW is Sinai, Egypt. The Red Sea is home to these 4 countries, yet I reside on the Jordanian side. There is a soft yet warm breeze blowing; the temperature now is around 27-30C. I will rest here 2/3 days before I return to Amman for my flight home....

...This trip has been similar to the one I took last year in Egypt because they were both at the same time (February) and both in an Arabic speaking country, with similarities of food, customs, and behaviour. Yet one of the major differences is that this time I have traveled completely alone.....along with this I also sense a greater confidence within myself, which has helped me within these present travels.

The whole sense of living is a game and our important choices are how we decide to live/play it. It is all about preparation and development. We must learn a fundamental sense about ourselves otherwise we have nothing. We are the universe here, not that one which exists around us – we have to fathom the one within: our selves.

15.50

THE BEGINNING BEFORE THE END

Open out your arms
Lift your head up to the breeze,
You can't take yesterday with you
Tomorrow is another dream.

There's no bounty in our flesh and bone
No rewards in our conditioning,
So unfold that centre of our heart
Let's begin the journey home.

14.50
17.2.00

What can I say – it's been a hell of a day. The worst day during my entire trip. I guess something had to happen before this present journey ended. I'd put it down to a mild case of food poisoning – must have been the chicken tikka in that damn restaurant last night (and the service was terrible!).

Last night I stayed in and watched the film 'Escape From Alcatraz' with Clint Eastwood whilst drinking my bottle of Israeli red wine, made by the monks in Bethlehem (not a bad wine actually). I went to bed and woke up about 4.30am with terrible stomach pains...it was like a horrible cramp...I tossed and turned in my bed in pain and discomfort – I felt that a sickness was slowly coming up from my stomach to my mouth....at 5.15am I got out of bed and staggered into the bathroom. As soon as I was standing over the sink, my vomit gushed forth. It was like a jet explosion, heave after heave after heave. It was a dark red river (the wine!) with fragments of last night's dinner mingling with it. It filled two-thirds of the sink as it could not go down the plughole. Then my other end began to want to burst. I sat down on the toilet and let it gush out like an unwelcome dirty stream. Then I had to clear out the sink: so I made 6/7 trips from the sink to the toilet with my hands cupped full of reddened puke. I cleaned the sink and got back into bed: still I couldn't sleep.....just continued to toss and turn with stomach pains: I knew it wasn't yet over.

At 7.30am I returned to the sink for some more vomiting, this time it was a yellowish substance. Another trip back to the toilet then back to bed. At 9.00am I knew I had to do something, to get some fresh air, to make some effort to improve my situation. I staggered once more to the bathroom and put the shaving foam on my face. Yet now I was feeling extra sensitive to everything around me: the smells, the sounds, the coldness. Everything was heightened and extra uncomfortable. My bathroom was smelling of a vile sickness that clutched at my stomach. I immediately began vomiting again; heaving and heaving but only a little bile was coming out yet it felt like my entire stomach, from its very depths, was wrenching. 'There's nothing else there' I said silently to my stomach several times. Finally it passed, and for the first time I began to feel a little better, although very weak.

I finished my shaving and took a shower. Then after dressing I walked very slowly to the roof and tried to sit down with a book. Still no good – I was feeling weaker. I decided to walk down to the local fresh juice café and drink a glass of orange juice with lots of vitamin C. I did this and sat on a

bench on the waterfront. It was a clear sunny day although only about 16/17C because of the high breeze. I walked back to the hotel and collapsed on my bed: I managed to sleep a little.....

.....when the body is ill it's very hard to see and appreciate the beautiful things, and this is the worst possible state. There's nothing worse than feeling ill – you are so helpless and you realise that you always take health for granted.

I never want to forget the beautiful things in life, to sense and appreciate the wonderful things in this creation we are in. To be positive is our greatest strength. Compassion, sincerity, and honesty are our greatest virtues.....

20.10

WORDS

There is no room for emotion
within the wine of the rose;

No place for a sentimental mouth
to taste the cup put under the nose.

If you seek the heights of intoxication
then only a madman's fool be;

To seek a love in every breath
first train the heart to see.

To draw near to any true embrace
First we break the rule of rhyme;

So it is with every place and time,
Our plan to reach inner worlds sublime.

22.58
5.7.00

FRIENDS

There is a richness in our poverty
A lightness in our walk,

Efficiency in our mannerisms
Economy in our talk.

We are not a friend with everyone,
Don't offer ourselves to one and all;

You can find us with our evening wine
If you're listening for the call.

22.30
12.7.00

ITS OTHER NAME

Faith is an instrument,

Sharp as a warrior's sword
Shiny as a clean-cut diamond
Reflective as a repolished mirror.

Above all, it is yours,
Yet you must learn
How to work it

For it can be as dangerous
As all the above.

Its other name is Love.

21.35
17.7.00

MORE THAN BLOOD

Without an observable sound
the heart beats,

passing blood in silence.
Is this all the heart can do?

A heart only for blood is like
ice that melts in water.

Wanting something real,
something more than blood,

more than what the heart
was first made for.

I'm open now for discerning
that something other in its beats,

putting the ears against the chest
to probe the heart's nest.

23.40
14.8.00

BORN WITH MANY MINDS

Born with many minds
Yet I use but a few,
Don't know the way to begin
To get through to you.

The heart is used on some days,
My intellectual mind on others;
It's very rare I get them both
To act in me as brothers.

Born with many minds
I use but a few,
It's hard to know what's coming
And harder still to know what's true.

21.09
6.9.00

WHAT BECOMES YOU

In anything
the fault is
in you

for the world
becomes open
only thro' your eyes.

The beauty & ugliness
of others is
a sparkle

from your own
flame, a flicker
from yourself.

No-one holds a
mirror to themselves
these days,

as what becomes
you is what
you see.

00.23
24.9.00

THE END