

# TRAVELS WITH A LONESOME MIND

BY

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## THE POET

I am the Poet.

The Man who stands beside himself  
making His words the centre of the world

as if he is the One struggling alone  
within some Inspired or Tragic vision

because the people's world is not light enough,  
and so He sees some great enigma out there  
that he can transpose into a great Muse.

The Poet believes his Words hold life and death  
And all Beauty is under duty to His touch.

But the Light only manages to see so few  
of the golden verses written by the glow of  
the Lonesome Mind.

6.39pm

2/7/95

**NOT OF THIS WORLD, BUT**

Not of this world  
yet still living inside of it.

Still here  
    despite my accusations  
    and my alienation  
    and my walking shadow.

Not of this world  
yet still dressing in its clothes,  
still wearing its material robes  
and still trying hard to define  
love within its folds

despite my curses  
and frail condemnation

as though I were a beast  
that could not run  
but instead turns in necessity  
to defend his territory.

7.13pm  
10/9/94

## **DON'T AGREE WITH MUCH THESE DAYS**

I don't agree with much  
these days :

the people who run the commercial world  
with endless pockets  
and those who stain us with the tainted mark  
of the stupid.

I don't agree with your politics  
mister  
and I don't agree with your revolutionary  
plans.

I can't relate to the shadows that march  
upon our pavements  
Walking in leather patented ignorance  
with cheap vision.

I don't agree with your rusty religion  
Mr. State  
And I abhor your material thinking.

It seems that I don't agree with much  
these days  
Yet there is not much to be agreeable about.

I don't agree how nations promote the colours  
of their flags  
Through forced patriotism and coercion :  
We are the ones who die on your behalf.

In fact, I don't even agree with the food  
that you ingest  
Or the demure smile of your wife.

I can't agree with much that you  
offer me.

Certainly not your declarations of certified  
mass morality  
Or the lies that you ceaselessly inject  
under our skin  
Waiting for the state blemishes to surface.

No ; I don't agree with your guidelines  
And I won't accept your offer of conversion.

I would rather sit in a dark cave  
upon a hill  
Waiting in silence for the eventual crow  
of the lighted dawn.

11.05pm  
23/5/95

## THE HUNTER

The hunter  
hunts for so long

That in time  
he hunts

For nothing more  
than the feel

of being a hunter.

9.49pm

2/5/95

## THE WISE MAN

They say that a wise man  
is humble and does not announce himself :

How then will I know when I have  
become wise?

9.55pm  
2/5/95

## DIED TOO MANY TIMES

I have destroyed mercifully the simplicity  
of life.

Now I can no longer make the journey  
an easy one.

To those who don't want to face the endless  
contradictions

Or to be lost within the catacombs of  
paradoxes

I ask them to never raise their curious heads  
above earthly matters

For when the primordial questioning begins  
it cannot be stopped.

The complexity arrives through an attempt to create  
order out of the absurd

Since you need to take the order that is above  
to bring it below

Yet to bring placement into your own personal  
absurdity is a struggle.

The struggle becomes because we have learnt  
there is more

And to return before the questions began is to  
stand motionless

Watching the Whole continue to turn whilst you lie  
beneath the pivot.



But you want to know : to know beyond the realms  
of not knowing

As if immortality was bred upon knowledge  
And you had already died too many times.

It is a complexity thro' needing to see order.

9.20pm

21/3/95

## A FLAT DENIAL

I denied your presence  
because I had  
already denied your looks ;

I turned away from what I knew  
because I could not accept your face.

I am sorry for not wanting you  
naked  
there and then, spread open like  
a fiery chariot on the pub table :

it's just that the hardest things to see  
are those that are shouting inside of you.

I wasn't being totally fair when I  
denied your looks

- perhaps this poem is a way of forgiving.

9.55pm

8/3/94

## **THE BAD PAINTER**

For many years have I had  
these pictures forming in my head,  
imbued with various hues of colours  
all mingling within one bed.

But frustration and stillness -  
for although the conception I had,  
no-one taught me the knowledge  
of how to mix the paints upon the pad.

8.32pm  
11/11/94

## IT IS BECAUSE IT IS NOT ENOUGH

If I ache  
and am restless

and silent,

it is not out of ignorance  
or condescension

but a boredom of life  
that is instilled in me  
and developing like a plague cloud  
everytime I indulge in  
daily trivialities or am  
witness to sallow common talk.

If I show disdain

it is because  
everything I see is not alive enough  
everything I hear is not loud enough  
everything I touch is not sweet enough  
everything I drink is not deep enough  
and everything that is,  
is not enough,

and the world still lingers,  
like a child,  
waiting for its reigns to be cut.

12.57pm

4/9/94

## I THROW MY MIND

I throw my mind  
    into my work  
into my conscious thoughts

to avoid the drift of  
    thinking of you

and the visions of your face  
    or how perhaps

you moved your eyes when  
    we watched

each other

Turning and re-playing the events  
    thro' illusionary time  
believing in a continued outcome.

So to stop these endless moments  
    I fight

to send my mind elsewhere.

1.58pm

16/3/95

## YOU ASK

You ask :  
'What lifts my soul?'

I say :

'Hearing what is,  
Experiencing what is,  
Knowing what is,  
Understanding what is.'

You exclaim :  
'Ah.....!'

11.41pm  
16/3/95

## EASIER

I remember the tale  
of the man  
who searched in the light

for his keys that he lost in the dark area.

'But why search in the light?',  
they asked,  
'If you know the keys lie in the dark?'

'Because', answered the man,  
'it is easier to see in the light.'

Amen.

1.11am  
6/6/95

## A MAN THROUGH WORDS

I am trying to grasp Life  
Through a form of writing  
Since this is the only art I know  
And my only path to living.

Sometimes the silent phrases are the best  
when the essence that is often sought  
in all forms of expression, yet escapes,  
Comes to the listener like a bud :  
In such times, everything is understood.

Yet what can be explained, although  
through great difficulty and angst,  
Is done so through an expression of words.

That which cannot be done so  
Is understood through silence.

8.20pm  
2/5/95



## FAR FROM THE HEART

Far from the eyes.....

I don't want to see you

I don't want to know you

I don't want an introduction...

I have already declared your death

I have already celebrated your cremation

I have suffered amnesia in your name :

I have denounced what I thought could

be mine, only when I knew

that finally it could not.

.....Far from the heart.

11.22am

27/5/94

## INDEBTED ( BY BLOOD )

I am indebted to you all :  
You whom are a part of me  
through the flesh and the blood

and the support that you gave me,  
if even you were not aware of it,  
by your words and your shelter ;  
in those times that I left you  
to walk away on my own.

I have not forgotten the threads  
that we have to claim the heritage,  
nor ever will I ; until the tunic  
shrouding me decays into flakes

I will care for what has been  
And I will be indebted.

10.21pm  
26/6/95

## WE ARE WRITERS, THANKS BUKOWSKI

"young or old, good or bad,  
I don't think anything dies as slow and  
as hard as a  
writer."

Thanks Bukowski, still giving advice  
even though you're now in the ground ;  
you sure know how to pick your words.

After all those years of experience  
is that your final assessment?  
You're good at advertising your own art.

But you had your own truth.  
You knew your own way as a writer.  
And writing is not a career for us,  
it never has been,  
But instead even goes beyond a  
way of life :  
it **is** a life.  
It is the only way to create ourselves.

And nothing is as slow as the  
death of a writer,  
because it is the death of the self ;  
an ultimate death.

The words of a writer cannot die alone  
- he/she must die with them.  
That is the slowest death of all.

Some people know from a beer can,  
and some people know from the heights.  
Fat bastard Bukowski.

10.30pm

20/7/94

## TIDE

One man tells you one thing  
And another man tells you another.

They continue to play their chrome games  
One chequered board after another.

I sit on the sand.  
Tide can always change.

11.38pm

4/7/95

## **BLOODHOUND**

I see your face in Everyone  
I see you in All.

I haven't found your body yet.  
I'm following the Call.

11.02pm  
25/7/93

## IN MOMENTS LIKE THESE

I wonder if many people  
sit in their underwear  
drinking whiskey while  
listening to jazz  
in the early hours?

I wonder how many people  
will read this and think  
of similar experiences  
of their own on such  
occasions -

perhaps it was blues  
instead of jazz ; or wine  
instead of whiskey.

I wonder how many people  
out there are alone  
right now as I am,

And just as I am writing  
this, you are reading this :

Somehow in a vast universe  
we can always be brought  
together in moments like these.

Now you will understand  
why I wrote this.

12.48am  
25/1/94

## MY CELEBRATION

I do not celebrate the things  
that other people celebrate.

These events are mostly trivial  
to me, meaning little beyond  
a shrug of the eyelids.

Am I a miser if I lock myself  
within mine own embrace as a foreigner  
while all sundry around are lapsing into  
jubilation at some common calendar day.

Oh, but I have my own fun  
with my own supply of body fluid alcohol  
and thyme.

I celebrate with my own simple glass  
the naked bodies and curves and  
eyelashes that flicker in a picture.

I celebrate the chance away from other people  
with their seal clapping in rhythm  
for their own celebrations.

But no, I will not pick at their scabs.  
Perhaps, as in classic caricature,  
I will celebrate the absences of flesh  
with a cold, chipped cup like a monk.

I will celebrate anything I can lay my  
sticky hands upon and call my own ;  
anything that has not been celebrated  
by any past generations.

Something new, something quiet :  
a marble figurine perhaps.  
No, my own presence brings me greater  
pleasure than that.  
Love, lips, thighs, and breasts?

No - every man has celebrated that.  
For my celebration I will take a  
moment of peace - a quick snippet of silence.

Whatever may elude me : lust, desire, fame  
or knowledge - I will just kneel before me  
and celebrate the peace.

The silence is my ultimate celebration.

10.25pm  
31/5/94



## MY CELEBRATION II

I am not to give celebration  
to those things  
you feel you must celebrate.

I see those many things that you embrace  
as nothing more than happenings to me.

I am not a miser  
if I live by differing illusions :  
pleasure is a subjective talent  
and not transferable.

Let me have mine,  
as you enjoy,  
as you thunder into your fun :

let me have my celebration too.

8.19pm

9/6/94

## **FINAL UNION**

I was born of woman  
And to a woman I must return,

To nestle between the two great pillars  
That long for our pride of place.

I have come from the inside of  
a woman,  
And now inside of her I must come  
To consummate our final union.

All must return to where the glory  
does first begin - the eventual unity.

6.43pm  
20/2/95

## **HERE IN MANY STAGES**

We can be here in many stages :

I knew a person once who came through love  
- he said it was good.

I also know of a woman who came through music  
- she said when she was depressed it amused her.

Some of us come through air when the wind  
is low and the ascent is easy.

Some of them come through vaults  
when the darkness is normal sight.

I see men come through manual labour  
and women through machinery birth :  
men through nobility and women through the earth.

Does it matter?

Each of us becomes through stages.

12.29am

11/3/95

## A GLASS

When you are on your own  
Alone

at night  
with the lamp glow

or candles  
with a book  
some music

having a pen in your hand  
like me  
just now

thinking out loud with wishes  
ideas  
many thoughts

Pour a glass of alcohol.

The smell, the taste,  
held in the hand

talk to it  
admire it  
perhaps mix it.

It will help you out  
offer you alternatives

tell you various visions,  
images :

Maybe you want the world

or perhaps you don't.

Some and nothing.

A glass. Warm.

10.03pm

2/7/95

## **RHETORIC, DRY RHETORIC**

Words are sad reminders of the world  
that we have lost through reason.

Words created the dogmatic creed of religion  
that twisted out of man's distorted vision

And set out in defined print the  
wordy misrepresentation of God :

they labelled the spirit with ink strokes.

Words become the endless reams of rhetoric  
that gushed from the mouths of philosophers

Who transcribed man's greatest questions  
with dry limited intellectualism

That tried with repeated stubborn ardour  
to taste the meal using the words of the menu.

Words have become the authority of the Absolute,  
Making human that, which often, never is

So that our wordy minds may comprehend  
And make believe that we have the intelligence.

If it cannot be put into words and made our flesh  
Then - they say - how can it exist?

We have made the Earth our storeroom of  
labelled goods, ready for intellectual inspection,

And the universe as our warehouse where  
cataloguing continues so that it may be ours.

Give it a name, and we can talk about it :  
if only sensed, it cannot be discussed.

Rhetoric, dry rhetoric.  
Perhaps I am in the wrong line of work.....

9.22pm  
5/5/95

## GOLDEN MOMENTS

To enjoy them while you can  
In the time that you are in  
For that very moment  
That may not begin again.

They are there to be absorbed  
Like the smell from passing skin :  
Not to be ignored  
For fear of hesitancy within.

In life, moments seek, but do not return.  
Golden Moments must always burn.

10.30pm

17/8/95



## LET ME BE MAN

If I am a man

Let me see beneath the flesh  
of the body

Beneath the printed words  
that organise doctrines

Beneath the physical colours  
that bias our sight

Beneath our quick lust  
that hides the feminine

Beneath our obedience  
that shields our longing

And beneath our lies  
that make us fear death.

Do you fear that which is nothing but Life?

Let me be Man.

12.00am

13/6/95

NO WORDS

NO WORDS

GIVE ME PEACE

11.56pm

13/12/94

COMPILED ON 20/08/95  
WITH LOVE

COPY No