

# **BLOODHOUND**

*SELECTED POEMS 1992 - 1995*

*BY*

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## **BLOODHOUND**

I see your face in Everyone.

I see you in All.

I haven't found your body yet.

I'm following the Call.

## **EVERY MAN MUST FIND THE CURE**

Every man must find the cure  
for his own war,  
For no man can win a war  
fire against fire.

Each man must know the source  
for what he suffers,  
For suffering without wisdom  
brings no gain.

It is a cure for man to know  
what brings him here  
and that which makes him so,

For without a little light of insight  
the arena of his life may reside  
amongst the fishes, since what they are  
he may be.

## **THE CALL OF HEROES**

Every nation needs its heroes  
to keep the common man down ;

Each common man wants a hero  
to keep his spirits high.

I don't hear the call of heroes,  
they make my blood run dry.

## **SONS OF GOD**

Man has never been able to hold trust :  
Give him a cup of wisdom and in his greed  
he will add poison for others to drink.

## **BABE**

I have ceased to think of you :

Do you believe me when I tell you  
my mind is dead of your image  
and my skin fails to twinkle upon touch?

Do you believe me when I say  
everything has gone from me  
and cannot be returned?

This cannot be said any other way :  
I am lifeless and no use to you now,  
babe.

## **ANGELS DANCE FORTH**

Angels dance forth,  
But I am not looking for your God.

Higher spirits rip thro' me,  
But I am not searching for your God.

An understanding seeps into me,  
Telling me that Intelligence is your God :

And I open my mind  
so Angels can dance thro' me.

## CUT

Silver ring pushed  
thro' flesh  
when I pressed  
my finger against solidness.

So I may confess  
that the blood was small  
and the pain nothingness.

In our bed also your blood falls,  
a softened scrubbed patch  
from moistured crotch :

Blood is blood  
whatever it's source

and

Man will bleed  
whatever the cause.



## OUT OF THE SMALL THINGS

I like you  
But the world does continue

And we cannot remain  
Upon temporary desires

Or dreams born from  
The restless mind.

We cannot make  
A world

Out of the small things  
That absorb us

Only for the moment  
And then are gone

Or we would never  
See the world

Through the false thickness  
Of the air.

**BY US**

There is no good and evil  
beyond that which we create  
in our earthly actions.

What is, in our eyes,  
is that which becomes  
through our own creation  
of human meddling

And nothing exists by definition  
that has not first been named  
by Us.

## COMES THE DAWN

It is an easy task  
to allow the mind to find madness

Yet the most difficult  
of virtues to secure sanity.

It is the nature of thoughts  
to be endlessly chaotic

Yet is the duty of man  
to pay for the silence.

## **THE DISTANCE BETWEEN**

The mind wants so much  
Yet the body always cries for sleep.

Give me the distance between  
Eternity and life

So that I may find eventually  
That which I will wish to keep.

## **BEAUTY REMAINS**

Beauty brings forth a sad pain.  
Perhaps only a mask  
for that momentary glimpse  
yet I am scarred by an acid  
I love to drink.

I see it within eyes  
and I fear my own blindness,  
I sense it with a touch  
and I worship these flesh bodies.

The transfiguration of the ordinary  
into the eternal  
makes one's life a witness  
to the glory and pain  
of our temporary stay.

We pass away, yet it remains.  
It is,  
and some things are never more.

## WARMTH

Under my covers  
like a lighthouse  
I feel you  
when you breath.

I almost wear you  
as an overcoat at night.

**IT IS HARD TO SWIM WHEN THEY**  
**TEACH YOU WRONG**

It is a pain  
to stand so straight

when the words they use  
are bent.

It is a pain  
to stand so straight

when the world  
has a broken backbone.

I have a crooked spine  
in a spineless pool.

## MAN OF REVOLUTION

Man of revolution

is a man of peace

robed in the armour  
of war.

Peace will never declare itself  
openly.



## THE BUTTERFLY'S TALE

And the butterfly  
started to die ;

he didn't know that  
what he wanted was  
also killing him.

And the butterfly  
started to die  
as he burnt himself  
against the light.

## SHELL

Like little sea creatures  
In a shell we lay

pressed against  
the pressured air ;

too silent to be moved,  
showing ourselves

as the layered rock  
shows earth's growth  
from youth.

Tiny thumb prints of some desire  
we wish to encapture

and keep between the flesh,

to seep from our pores  
on every embrace

to smell the skin  
on every kiss

like honest things.

## LAWS

Nature gave us her laws

Society gave us our laws

Religion gave us their laws

We believe that we think and know  
and so we give ourselves some more laws.

All in all, life gives us plenty of laws  
And so man can never be free.

Freedom is that state when we grow aware  
of which laws apply to our essential existence  
and we can shed the rest like bad snake's skin.

Just simply living :   not thinking   not asking  
                                  not seeking   not prying  
                                  not trying to understand

is blind bondage  
and is as heartless  
as blind faith.

## WORLD ASLEEP

The world is asleep  
and often I am one with it

with each millions of eyes closed  
and mine shut too :

It is a greater trial to awake  
than to make love to your enemy

And evolution cannot touch that soul,  
vain with its own busy life,

which does not stop to turn  
its silent observation upon itself.

## MAN OF BEING

I'm looking  
for someone

to shred away  
the skin

as if it were flaky  
porcelain,

to pull out the tender  
flesh below,

the rarest of reddened  
sinews,

and bring the neglected insides  
to the top

like a man wearing his  
tissues

tendons and bones as  
his mask.

A glorious man of being.

## **RULER**

Many wish to be an earthly Ruler, yet  
such Rulers rule with a sadness in heart.

ANON

I thought I was wise  
because my name sounded wise :

I thought my name would tell  
the world  
all that had to be said,

And no-one would ever forget me.

## THE WORST OF THIEVES

I am the worst of thieves,

stealing words from passing conversations  
to prison them in my mind  
to be used as my own

along with the scents I have captured  
from worn fragrances that I have  
snatched as the people walked past.

And my sin is in making my own history  
out of you all from the pieces I have  
stolen in my haste

like a living magpie that collects a hoard  
of fresh sentences and smells to store  
and build new printed lives from :

I construct each new world anew  
from real human tissue that I find  
in every street I inhabit,

fodder taken into the stories I claim  
I have created from my own life  
when I have alighted them from others.

Be careful, this is a warning,  
I am a thief of fragments  
and my senses are my weapons.

I will covet your conversations  
and mimic your exclamations.  
I will also digest your odour.



The new coat that I will eventually brandish  
will be stitched from all these old patches  
and you may recognise your colouring

so remember this health warning when near me.  
You should have understood by now  
that this is my gradual process

and I am the worst of thieves.

MY NAME ( UNDER FRAGILE HANDS )

My name

like scattered glass splinters  
amidst the snow

waits to be found  
and cupped together

under fragile hands.

My name

with each syllable  
transparent  
and cracked with  
uneven edges

waits to be called

and held together  
under  
fragile hands.

## IS

Life is

experience

fulfilment

satisfaction

joy & fun

sex

people

work

doing

aim

pleasing

loving

& living.

To have life

you must first

be in life.

## NO GURU AROUND HERE

No Guru around here.

The last of the cheese and humus sandwich  
has disappeared into the mouth

yet still I remain without wisdom :  
a midday lunch that was Guruless.

The fresh coffee in the cup  
is strong and black  
like bitter evening disputes

although its taste leaves me  
with no hidden knowledge  
of my next toilet need.

Even at night when I am huddled  
between a closed window and lamp  
with a book coaxingly opened

I am moved with compulsion,  
in-between constant sips of wine,  
to peer into corners and cracks :

But Alas!  
I find no Guru around here.

No preaching teacher staring at me  
through deepened experienced eyes  
like two black holes upon a dolmen ;

no insults thrown at me in gestures  
or angry stuttered sentences to  
show me my obvious weaknesses.

No, just nothing it seems.  
Honestly, I have tried looking  
but there just isn't any Guru around here.

Maybe then, after this sporadic searching,  
it is best left to myself  
as if I am a vessel of stored wine

that must be kept bottled and ageing  
until the flavour has rightly matured  
and the cork has started soaking.

After all, good wine opened too early  
just wastes like a bad marriage  
or quick love in youth.

So I will continue with the beloved sandwiches,  
the strong black coffee and the books,  
for my time is obviously not this time

and for now  
there just simply is  
no damn Gurus around here.

## THE WORLD LOOKS LIKE SADNESS

The world looks like sadness  
because like a child  
all it can do to grow old  
is mimic and imitate  
the mistakes it forever lives upon.

The world ages like a young man  
dying with skin cancer,  
and wrong thinking from fleshy minds  
spreads the cancerous growth.

The world looks like sadness  
because like a child  
its very self is only as pure  
as from those whom it learns.

## **INSIDE THE HEAD**

Place not one vision between the eyes  
but the whole vision inside the head.

## ONE

There must be a mountain  
for me to climb :

sunset above me  
on the bridge of  
your chest.

Only a drowning mountaineer  
thinking of his bed  
of water,

watching the nipple life-belt  
turn around  
in the hand.

There must be a mountain  
someplace.



## OBTAINING

Thinking of the hardest thing  
to obtain in the world, ever,

and I raise my red liquid glass  
to my red veined lips

and I wonder at the world  
and everything, in a moment,

before returning to my stable wealth  
and security of habits :

then I think again of the hardest to obtain,

and then I laugh.

It was hard to come to understanding  
but when I knew

I laughed.

## **BENEATH MYSELF**

I am silently cold  
because I am beneath myself.

I have not seen the glow  
that lies above, yet within me.

## JERKED BACK

Memories of the man I was  
stuffed away behind leather  
in an old sad wallet :

photos of a man in lust,  
or whatever it was called  
when the groin ached first

and the mind just followed punctually  
like a drugged animal.

I came across this momento today  
like a bad shag from the past

and I observed my image as would  
a travelling stranger.

Certain history never dies :  
only the observer's image wains.

Back then I thought myself wise :  
today's wisdom declares myself a fool.

I returned the creased wallet  
to its dusty memorable shelf.  
Not to open for another 5 or 10 years.

## **NO EASY STRUGGLE**

The hardest thing to achieve  
in this life  
Is that which sounds so simple

Yet simplicity only concerns the truth  
And complications arise from disguise.

Be true to thyself  
And none shall say otherwise.

No struggle was ever made easy.

## THE PERFECT OBSESSION

Everyone carries their wounds around  
with them as extra human luggage  
like a perfect obsession.

Marching as a military procession  
from one piece of life to the next  
with a history of insults

Gathered around them closely,  
keeping an accountant's record  
of each tiny prick they remember.

The mind begins to harbour notes  
of what done where and when  
as if no scar should be allowed to heal

and so the body continues lacerated  
with mental gaping cuts and bruises  
like last year's torn sacking.

The sad truth of us all is that  
we tend to embrace our own suffering  
as if we feel cowardly without it,

As if we would feel empty and weak  
without our regular dose of anguish  
and so we wish the pain for our strength ;

Our suffering then gives us the courage  
to say "Look, see how I cope with  
my hard life - am I not strong?"

Perhaps a few old souls will wish  
to cause their own struggle rather than  
to waste their time with life's.

Yet we still strut, wet paws to the ground,  
sniffing around like hurt puppies  
waiting for mother's eventual reward

because we only look to see ourselves in  
the glinted reflections from another's eyes,  
to live on mirrored lies.

We believe our wounds to be our greatest prize :

All eyes turned towards the crucifix sky  
- 'You told us to suffer like you!'

## **A STRANGER WITHIN**

A man who lives on the outside of his skin  
forever  
is he who dies being a stranger within.

## WE WRITE THE WORD

No-one thinks.

We lie in rooms and wait.

We are not weak :

We aim at immortality.

The trees and the ink are our friends.

When you are in comfortable dreams  
and breezes touch your cheek,

We lie wide-eyed in our dissent  
plotting arguments against reason

and teaching the darkness to pass  
us by with moon lips silent.

While your dead body crouches in rest  
we work against our defence

thinking of early late hours as a  
friend to our creative ether.

We live : not always in the way  
that we wish to live

yet survival sleeps in our skin  
stenching of alcohol in solitude

or some other endless cliché  
that is given to written restlessness.

Nothing lives until it can first  
find a life with us,



as we dissect what we are given  
and create anew what we see.

We are of the old blood, my friend,  
and they told us long before that such

art of longing was over, yet  
we persist as arduous workers.

Yes : we are those who exist long into the night.  
We try to eek a living, but prefer to feed the soul.

You play within a cardboard world.  
We write the word.

## **BRUTAL**

Brutal.

I thought that the mystery  
foretold as love  
was brutal ;

then I had a vision of the human face.

Even beauty has become brutal.  
Unnatural dyes for sad eyes.

Sacred words used as sacred proof  
against two brothers under mother's roof

and the skin must burn to the spirit's lies.

Friendship becomes related to the brother of blood  
where mouths open but are never understood,

because it appears as a brutal  
wrapped in good.

Limited human love.

## SO HARD TO CLOSE THE MIND

So hard to close the mind :  
like an incessant receptor it  
talks continually with rapid thoughts,

a flesh machine gone crazy.

So hard to still the outside world  
when it bangs like a bailiff at your door  
demanding entrance to your house,

an emotional dictator.

So hard to think those thoughts at night  
that rip open one's interior,  
So hard to understand the human's right  
of development to reach nearer.

So hard to close the mind  
at times  
yet be open like a pupil.

## **WITHIN THE HEART**

The truly man of calm is he  
who has a silent turmoil within  
his heart.

## **SO FAR AWAY**

So far away from  
such a small thing

it takes a lifetime of suffering  
to be at peace within.

## **THE FINAL DISAPPOINTMENT**

Write each poem as if it is your last :

One day it will be the last  
And I need to go out in style.

## SUNCREAMS FOR THE FUTURE

I wish I knew how bright  
and hot  
the future might become

So I could begin to buy my  
suncreams now, bit by bit,  
till I was wholly ready.

But I don't.

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WITH LOVE

Copy No