

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

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