

COMING  
THROUGH..

BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS VOL. IV

Kingsley L. Dennis

'You will find no new lands, you will find no other seas.  
The city will follow you. You will roam the same streets.  
And you will age in the same neighbourhoods;  
and you will grow grey in these same houses.  
Always you will arrive in this city.'

C.P. Cavafy

'All around us are the glittering sidewalks  
of a marvellous night  
and the steps  
of brave new human beings  
singing brave new songs.'

Nazim Hikmet

'If it be your will that I speak no more,  
and my voice be still as it was before;  
I will speak no more, I shall abide until  
I am spoken for, if it be your will.'

If it be your will that a voice be true,  
from this broken hill I will sing to you.  
From this broken hill all your praises they shall ring  
if it be your will to let me sing.'

Leonard Cohen

## DEDICATION

Let these poems speak, let them exist alone.

As they always did for my friends.

Faith is an odyssey that I've always felt compelled to travel. When one odyssey ends, faith must jump higher.

I've been lucky in many ways.

Everything that I have taken will one day be given back, yet multiplied.

Everything that I have been given must be returned.

This is the way it is I'm afraid; no getting around it.

Wherever I am, I take with me those friendships which I value and feel deeply grateful for.

I am grateful for many things.

I dedicate this 'coming through' to everyone and everything that has never let me down.

Kingsley.xx

July 2002

## The Reasons Why You Came Here

Spending so long planning  
    where you're standing,  
  
you forget the reasons why it  
    is you came here;  
  
worse still, infection of the dreaded  
    earth-sickness  
  
turns your thoughts to all the things  
    you cannot leave behind:  
  
it's the money, it's the show, it's all  
    the things you've collected  
  
from the corners of your little world  
    and you can't let them go.  
  
Yet what is it that you came for?  
    That something special  
  
you always had to believe in, that  
    reason it is you came here...  
  
could you really be so ill you've forgotten  
    the touch of love?

## Balance

there's no sentimentality  
in my glass of wine,

only thoughts that come  
and don't stay long,

that don't grow into wild  
imaginative trees.

there's no excess of scent  
or colour in a rose

for beauty is knowing the balance  
of what is enough.

Yes

Each life is like

what it is from the  
eyes of another

as each life is like  
what it is from  
each heart

and none can tell another

## Sign of the Times

We're the only creatures conscious  
of our inevitable death

yet we do few great things in life  
to highlight we're alive.

Running along with the knowledge,  
too fast to read the lines;

born with all in view before us  
we cast it aside - sign of the times.

## A Prayer of You

A prayer of you

with heart in my feet

a head in my heart

lacks any real intention  
to be true;

it's just slack, loose lock  
no key,

disunified feeling:  
no prayer of you

## Same Sky

Don't envy the seed  
that's been planted

or be jealous of its growth:

all roots are from same soil,  
all branches grow to same sky,  
all leaves know the same seasons.

I spoke to an old friend;  
imagined him better than I:  
envied his situation, his freedom –  
no doubt he envied mine.

What a fool was I.

All branches grow to same sky.

## Uniquely

Human lives  
in human faces,  
people wear where  
they've been to  
in their skin:

unique road maps  
pressed upon  
unique creatures  
with unique features –

we're alive  
with the beauty  
of living  
shown in a body,

yet to be  
felt uniquely  
in spirit.

**Between the Water and the Wave**

the heart passes  
                  at times  
  
into unknown spaces;  
  
sometimes a longing  
                  between the  
  
water and the wave  
  
that exists separately yet  
                  is the same.  
  
This is a space where a  
                  heart sings sadly  
  
yet glad that you came.

**winter sun**

winter sun  
summer not

in cold  
streets are open  
like drained veins

and dirty  
Istanbul water  
runs as alcohol

down broken stones.

I miss you

## The Celebration

The priest put the baby's head  
lightly under the water,  
then raised it to a given name.

The mother had cradled the baby  
in her body with food  
enough to await the spirit.

The father held the baby high  
in his hands towards the sky  
to give a sense of destiny.

And the baby began to cry  
for a sorrow in remembrance:  
it had come to be strong, potential

for a great purpose. Sadness  
knew the world would never allow  
the celebration of such an event.

other than simple human love  
(for G)

you are more  
than your beauty  
and your sex

more than a figure  
amongst the  
other fleshes.

it is not about penetration  
possession or  
obsession,

or a competition of caresses  
against a battlefield

where every enemy of seduction  
seduces to the rules.

it is not a love in logic,

so there's nothing I can offer  
to make it seem real:

you are more  
than your beauty  
and your sex

as there are things we must live  
with, trust and accept

that do not fall into what should  
be or seem like, or is.

you are more than a figure  
amongst the other  
fleshes

and we are drawn by other  
things than simple  
human love.

**Burning Sun**  
**(For Geoff)**

Nearing to the centre  
of a sun that burns,  
burning sun,  
learning how to let  
the light of warmth  
come in, for to  
stay awhile,  
making us lighter still.

There's no space  
or a place to  
retrace our love  
if there's an anger  
swelling in our  
most private dwelling.

So let some in  
and learn to leave  
the Other out,  
for there's no doubt  
which taste its best  
to be within.

Don't drink of the  
wrong draught, or inhale  
from the stale air:  
it only sinks, our human  
voice to drown.

Get towards the sun  
my friend,  
a sun that burns  
of a burning sun:

learning how to let  
the light of warmth  
come in, for to  
make us friends  
drunken with our own  
holy ghosts

and a little  
lighter still.

**So much**

So much.  
And yet language  
is only a small poem.  
So inadequate.

## Small as Grand

A moment can be like

so many

other moments:

there's no time now

for what

is only general,

or for collecting those small things  
that make us, not truly human, but  
only struggling ones

loving our small virtues as grand.

## Between Us There's A Song

there's a song  
that I have  
inside of me  
for you:

if you listen  
I'll hum  
so you'll  
know it too.

the song will travel,  
it can be taken with  
you when and where  
you go; it'll show  
to all you meet that  
there's a song  
growing inside of you,

that there's a reason for  
the dancing air, as  
you carry a thing shared:  
it's the greatest thing  
from all the possible others.

between us there's a song  
that's shared,  
that lights up the air.

## These Are Days

With each breath  
the world inhales  
every individual longing

and exhales long  
in deep unfulfillment:

these are days  
of tirelessly moving

without stopping to be  
grown-up anymore.

## Beginning of Days

When the rains come to wash  
the dirt into streets as streams,

when people avoid the puddles  
like passing eyes - faces taut

and tucked into hidden grimaces  
of shelter from the discomfort -

it is time when winter turns to thought  
as do thoughts themselves turn towards  
the winter's introspection:

have I succeeded in, have I meaning in,  
have I loved enough, been loved, or  
even learnt love in these beginning days?  
Have I come through?

## Earthly Ways

Peeling away the rind  
from these days of time  
to stumble through to you,

I put my mind in the places  
where the words don't work  
to find a church that isn't built.

I'm waylaid like a lost wayfarer  
looking for no stone alters  
in the place of an ocean heart:

forgive this son of countless suns  
for not seeing through those rays  
that betray our all earthly ways.

## Secret Life

Look at my hands now.  
These hands that write,  
That are instruments of  
my fate also.

They are hands that nobody knows.  
Their vision is obscure to others.  
My hands work like this in  
Their own secret life.

One day I hope they will unite.

## Our Own Spaces

*"Will we survive this time between us?  
Must everyone move on?"*

We have put places in-between us  
that cannot be denied;  
movement is through our own doors now.

*"I cannot help but remember all  
the moments that we shared"*

Private spaces lose their lease eventually;  
they become dissolved in the great dust  
that life is woven from.

*"This makes me sad: I feel all alone  
and without touch"*

Touch: in every place it feels different  
as if the palm changed to every hand that  
pressed it. It's the same for all of us.

Moving through our own spaces, each of  
us taste a little of it all - 'there is no  
shame in this' I say - hoping to

believe the trail of my own voice:  
between our destinations, we stop to  
measure the truth of our own places.

## Posterity

Silence comes to embrace  
when the words don't work.

Even now I attempt to mould it  
into a kind of poetry:

perhaps it's a fear of slumber  
or a wish for posterity.

## In Our Corners

The view from the other side often  
eludes us as we fear to stray from  
the corner of our own little world;

wherever we go we take it with us,  
as a partner, host, holy ghost:  
in truth, our founding father.

Nothing of true value can become  
of us as we stay enshrined  
in place of being, in place of mind.

If only we could learn that to leave  
behind our corners is no great thing:  
such a small thing to ask.

## Inspiration

Inspiration is a voice  
    that clutches both hands  
in these days of work,

to filter its feel through  
    chamber veins of  
the wine-sodden heart.

Whilst dry mouths hunger  
    for the food of philosophy,  
the thirsty seek to

quench their need from  
    the oasis that lies out  
of sense's reach.

## Oceans Inside

Our bodies are filled with oceans inside,  
they say. I disagree. Like atoms we  
contain much that is empty space -  
positive in attraction, negative in repel.

We must need become empty first: cleared  
of greed constraints. Our ocean is but a  
drop, yet a drop that a lot of good can  
come from, I say, once we purify

to bring in the new.

## The Great Plan

The Great Big Plan is bigger  
than all of us; we become  
as thin ink lines from its pen  
as it writes a history longer  
than our past and further than  
our future.

We become as servants to a  
purpose; workers to an aim that  
moves us beyond mountains.  
We are a part of the pulse of Love,  
it being so very sad that most  
of us shall never know  
our share.

## Nostalgia

I do not live in nostalgia anymore.  
No longer motivated by the angst  
of anger or gothic grief.

I do not linger upon tainted romance  
like a creative emotion torpedo:  
I've learnt to do what needs to be done.

Nostalgia is an avenue of selfishness;  
a place where memory runs behind  
to catch up with its last secure steps.

I do not live in nostalgia anymore.  
I'm ruled by what I have to do:  
perhaps I'm finally coming through.

## Something Has Come Through

Where have I been? they ask;  
been so long silent maybe I'm lost  
they wonder, yet do not say.  
Have I been dying?  
Ah, for so long, for so long now:  
I've been dying, been dying  
yet not in the way that you think.

Been hiding out in the Istanbul streets  
soaking up the smells of ages, of sweat,  
eyeing the eyes that eye you as you pass,  
as they all carry experience in sparkling drops:  
but I wrote nothing, nothing of it all  
yet I never forgot.

Slowly bits of me have been falling away,  
shreds, flakes, dead skin that peels and drops,  
scabs of the old thoughts, scars of old liver;  
yet I'm living on through all of this despite  
the silences, the silences you've commented upon.

See, I haven't been writing that much;  
I know you've noticed the spaces between each word.  
It's not that I'm broke, certainly never broke,  
I'm just absorbing every mark, spot, and smell:  
and slowly, so very slowly, and in every way  
I've been dying, been dying,  
yet not in the way that you think.

So now amid this silence I raise my hand:  
something has come through these Istanbul days,  
yet I can't quite give it a name, can't name it.

It's a sight that comes after being blind or a taste that relays the experience of tasting rather than just the word. All in these Istanbul days.

So now the hand says it's time to change,  
a moment for moving on, for moving on through,  
as if need creates its own momentum. Not want.  
Not self. I'm leaving you all now with these words,  
signalling an end to the silence with these words:  
I've been dying, been dying you see,  
yet not in the way that you think.

**THE END...**