



BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS TRILOGY

VOLUMES 1 - 3

BETWEEN BOTH WORLDS VOL.1

# UNDER ISTANBUL SKIES

by

Kingsley Lloyd Dennis

## **WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT SOUL CRYING ?**

Why do you think back  
At the times long elapsed,  
Why do you harbour memories  
Within precious moments passed ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your mind crying?

Why do you wish for an uncertain future  
Yet dream again of the known before,  
Why do you try to forget the beauty  
So you can move forward over the rocks ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your throat crying?

Why do you show a countenance of confidence  
While cuddling a bellyful of uncertainty,  
Why do you want to embrace experience  
Yet finger softly the folds of comfort ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your stomach crying?

Why do you profess to know the right  
When the wrong has only left you alone,  
Why do the eyes tell onlookers you are wise  
When the actions fall short and guilty ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your eyes crying?

Why do you leave behind so quickly  
All that once stood before you so sweetly,  
Why do you stand as gatherer of short fragments  
Like a seasonal patchwork collector ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your groin crying?

Why do you hear all that is afar  
Yet forget the honest voices near,  
Why do you reach with longing arms  
Without understanding what is my love ;  
Why do you have that soul  
In your heart crying?

1.31am  
24.9.97

## **I AM**

*'It is there. It has always been there.  
All those days, weeks, months, years spent  
in labour with the presence of others.  
Did you not see those limbs hanging upon you?  
Have you never looked for the driver behind the wheel?'*

I cast my eyes  
    downwards  
Upon myself :  
    these two stringy legs  
with spider black hairs.  
Two big toes peering back at me  
like the hellos of a farmer's fat thumbs.

Hands so agile and delicate ;  
For fruit picking and needlework,  
Cooking and caressing flesh.

A face to frown and laugh,  
To express clown or jailor ;  
Signal pleasure, joy, remorse, failure.  
In that face, too, lies some  
Form of character. Somewhere.  
An experiment begun at birth :  
At first an automatic and natural thing  
- both mechanical and essential -  
until it begins to cling like a desperate  
actor afraid to lose the comfort of the part.

Yet inside all of this is the seat  
    Of the heart ;  
The terminal where the soul shows itself,  
    At certain times  
And with uncertainty, as if this soul-like  
Substance is only borrowed and not truly  
    Our own.  
Only a hired guide to show the way home.

So do we become selfish if we take  
This overdue look at ourselves?  
To justify what we are by the  
Favourable comparison with others.  
The raising of one by the lowering of another  
Belittles yet typifies the human condition :  
When I stare down at a full and fed belly  
What thoughts arise in me : what thoughts  
Arise in my mind that find their satisfaction?

I am            years old now.

11.42pm  
7.10.97

## ***Watching The Whirling Dervishes***

The eyes turn themselves to lust  
As the watcher of the dance  
Sees how once Divine Love  
Does materialise into dust.

What began so pure for him  
Is driven downward  
By the human need to satisfy whim.

Longing is great and eternal:  
For us to understand we  
Manifest it as physical hunger.

The watcher eyes the dancers  
With their bodies clearly etched;  
They whirl not for God for him  
But something that is nearer.

12.18am  
30.10.97

## ***The Musician***

Trying to listen.....  
Ears reaching for  
The correct and  
Audiable pitch:

Vibrations from the  
Perfect note swing  
The body as it were  
A choral pendulum.

Trying patiently  
To tune desire  
Like a novice craftsman:  
Everybody is a musician -

But most never find what  
This ancient of instruments is.

11.09pm  
1.11.97

## ***Missed The Mark***

I missed the mark again;  
Fell down a step upon the Way  
Through a weakness, a loosening  
Of my pretend spiritual neatness

I sank back down to physical  
Indulgence – so am I useless?  
Does not the spirit take residence  
Within my earthly presence?  
Should not the man at home  
Make use of the Builder's Stone?

All these questions and accusations  
Rebound within me like judgemental scruples  
- am I to lose my mental foothold?

But the Way is a tightrope walk,  
A balance between spirit and body:  
The eternal human struggle that  
Sought to test past saintly nobles.

To fall, to climb, to play rhythm  
Or rhyme within God's Great Mime,

To get this right, all sussed  
- does this not take its time?

So I missed the mark a little bit.  
This is not a failure or a sin,  
A life to be thrown away in the rubbish bin –  
Let's remember Hell is not the final solution:  
It's only a quiet voice in my ear,  
Whispering for me to lean near  
To tell me I just fired in the dark  
And that my aim was still missing the Mark.

But I've still got time to get it right, though.

1.34am  
5.11.97

## **GOD GIVE ME**

God give me strength  
To know thee;

Sight to see me  
And time to understand.

God give me wisdom  
To love thee;

Sympathy to feel  
And kindness to give.

God give me light  
To see the Way;

Fortitude to reach thee  
And compassion to send back.

God, be my all, my everything,  
My Heart!

10.28pm  
8.11.97



## ***Under Istanbul Skies***

Nothing can die under Istanbul skies.  
Looking up at the tiny specks of white vastness  
Makes all earthly greatness a patch of smallness.

Under the eternal seasons we strive,  
Flowering and decaying as time demands  
Yet with the potential of unsown lands.

Nothing is forever; everything is for now  
As clouds blow from east to west  
So does life ride the trough and crest.

What is now sacred when most things  
Can be lost or discarded or left behind?  
Only one's being remains; the core to find.

Thus gazing up, on discovering a pleasant  
Place to lie, the trapped soul sighs:  
Nothing can die under Istanbul skies.

12.01am  
11.11.97

## ***Why Do You Write?***

To find that something  
Which is every word  
Yet none.

To be the shape that  
Has no size nor form  
Or substance.

To hear the sound that  
Has the echo of a thousand voices  
Yet never spoken.

To smell the exotic beauty  
That touches the nostrils  
Yet is never near.

To put the finger on something  
That wishes no finger to reach  
And touch it.

To find that which does not  
Ordinarily wish to  
Be found.

9.42pm  
23.11.97

## ***Now Little Man***

Just a drop in the ocean.  
A molecule of spit  
In the saliva of the Almighty's mouth:

Now little man, how big is your house?

When all you have sweated for  
Burns in an illusion,  
How big is the greatness within you:

Now little man, don't you feel small?

And if you live by those around you –  
By their insincere thoughts and praise  
Which are also so quick to erase:

Think little man, do you really feel tall?

12.13am  
28.11.97

## ***The Flesh And Spirit Of The Journey***

Still wanting to touch your body;  
A landscape I once walked upon as home.

Knowing the style of your kiss as an  
Unmistakable erotic taste of familiarity.

I remember you now as  
I remembered you before,

Yet still wanting to touch your body  
And to place your tender head

Under my heart, with my hands  
Estranged like pilgrims in your hair:

Wishing again to find that sweetness  
That brings two people towards

The flesh and spirit of their journey.

8.32pm  
28.12.97

## ***Take A Life***

Take a life  
And use it;

A precious present  
Too often discarded.

Not an empty film  
That plays itself once

But a roll of images  
Without equal or end.

To waste  
Is to live the negative

As the real.  
To fulfill

Is to develop  
Love above love.

9.03pm  
28.12.97

## ***The Pain Of Love Gives Joy And Grief***

The pain of love gives joy and grief,  
For every step treads us underneath.

We walk upon heart and through the soul,  
Across the path of the ego lies that goal

So closely guarded by the personality thief.  
To move forward we step upon cries that

Make tears within and around us: to some  
It gives smiles and to others sadness;

We can never please all who know us.  
Every friend must know the taste that we bring

To them: the laughing and crying of life's expression,  
Marking another line upon their features.

So do not be sad, disdainful or mad  
If I produce another tear within you,

For my heart tastes the same salt water.  
And if I walk on, passing you joyfully,

Spreading a smile upon our faces,  
Do not forget that the heart of our hearts

Will have their groans in other places:  
For to live is to learn, and to learn

Is to love, and in all things there remains  
This pain that shows us our joy and grief.

2.06pm  
31.12.97

## **A MAN IS WALKING**

A man is walking down a road.  
It is a fresh day, a clear sky  
that opens above him and makes  
him feel free and his senses alive.  
He sees an object upon the road,  
a discarded object that may be worthless  
or perhaps a lost item of wealth.  
He stops and stoops to pick it up:  
what is it that made him do this?  
Why did he not pass it by as did  
the two men who preceded him?  
The man believes that it was his free will  
which determined his actions ; he is pleased  
that his act of free will has brought  
unto him a delicate earring of precious stone.  
Was this an occurrence of the man's fate?  
He believes that it was his luck to be here:  
should he take his find to the nearest police station?  
The man thinks that he should do as other men  
would do, and so slips it into his pocket for keeps.  
He again believes this was a choice of free will.  
After walking for some time he enters the road  
of a city and so decides to pawn his find.  
The man comes across a street which boasts two  
pawn shops, each standing opposite the other.  
He examines closely their façade: one displays  
an old traditional frontage whilst the other  
shines of new brick and modern glass.  
The man thinks and calculates that it will be  
the modern establishment that will serve him with  
the best competitive price : another act of free will.  
The man enters the shop, agrees on a desirable price,  
and leaves. As he closes the door behind him  
a chunk of moulded concrete from the upper façade  
falls and hits him squarely upon the head  
killing him instantly.  
The man stands before the gate of the Lord,  
waiting for entry. The gates pull back and await him:  
the man chooses to enter. On doing so he hears  
a voice within and around him that declares  
his arrival had been anticipated.  
The man's own voice suddenly sprouts up within him  
in protest and rebellion : 'but how could you have  
anticipated my arrival when I came here through  
my own actions?'  
A voice within and around the man answers 'Your choice?  
You are the passenger with the loud voice.  
It is I who am the driver.  
You have been sitting upon the back seat  
gazing at the scenery, never once thinking  
of who the driver was or where he might  
be going. Now you are to pay for the ride.'

The man wanted to speak but his voice was silent.

**AS THE WIND BLOWS CHILLY TO**

**WELCOME ME**

I wish I had the beauty in the middle  
of my hand

Like a lake in a sun-soaked land that many  
come to see

'Cause the lure of pure water will bring the  
pilgrim path to me;

But I'm just leaving my old house  
And deciding whether to throw the key  
As the wind blows chilly to welcome me.

6.50pm  
24.1.98



## **LETTER FROM AFAR**

Today I received a letter from afar.  
The sweet voice of my girl calling to me  
Through the pages of her foreign English words  
Saying 'Do you still writing your beautiful  
but sometimes a bit strange poems?'

Of course, my dear, of course.  
And many thanks for the asking –  
Do you really think they are beautiful?  
I only try to say what I need to say –  
Does every person hold this latent desire?  
Do you think every person is a secret poet?

Anyway, I hope I'll be seeing you again.  
Letters from afar are just not enough;  
And words are just so far from the truth.

10.10pm  
7.2.98

## ***BEAUTY LEFT BEHIND***

You make me so very happy  
and so very sad.

To go forward I must leave behind.  
To enter autumn I must leave the summer.  
And autumn brings winter to us all.

Cuddling my memories like small babes  
I nurse the images of your beauty.  
But beauty left behind.

Beauty does surely smile many smiles  
And your face wore one of them.

Stepping sorrowfully yet with strength of spirit  
I search ahead to see beauty's smile  
Smile another time.

10.25pm  
7.2.98

## **IZMIR**

There were brains in the shop window  
displayed in rows like wrinkled red cabbages.  
Crowded narrow streets jostling with sellers of  
all things needed or all things edible :  
but I passed them by. I kept on walking.

There were kids shouting in doorways for  
their friends to come to school quickly.  
As I passed they shouted 'hello' in their  
newly learnt language; smiling I answered  
back in their language and grinned a tooth.

Sometimes I came upon a dead-end path,  
and retracing my steps I didn't care.  
I could see that this kind of life was  
knitted together and holding like thin fabric.  
It didn't matter – all was holding still.

I walked through the air of the Muslim  
call to prayer and I spoke quietly to myself.  
I looked like a foreigner visiting their strange  
land : no one questioned my presence, so  
I sat in a restaurant to eat meatball köfte.

I had some prayer beads in my pocket.  
I held them tight as I walked; thoughts  
about everything flickered past me like one  
watching their death-bed screenplay.  
The association of blood-red brains

came suddenly into my mind.  
I passed them by again; it's funny  
where the streets lead a person.  
It's funny the direction in which one walks.  
Perhaps funny is not the right word.

10.47pm  
7.2.98

## **THE TRAIN**

I was not the only person on that  
train waiting for the doors to open:  
a multitude of squashed Turkish faces  
expressing impatience mulled around me.  
The coast train pulled in slowly bringing  
the meek to answer their prayer calls  
or just simply to the routine of afternoon office.  
I stepped off on mass and separated myself  
on one side of the platform runway; and  
there I saw it, stationed still before me  
as a gesture of remembrance and return.  
It was a train from the Czech Republic  
saddled on the opposing track, perhaps  
waiting for its signal to return to Prague –  
was it holding on for one more passenger?  
I knew it would be easy to take those  
steps back; to trace my line of ascent by  
descending along the footprints I had once made:  
I wonder, would my feet still fit the same mould?  
Before anymore associations could feed upon me,  
I left. I walked briskly towards the light of  
the station entrance, towards the drizzly sky.  
I did not want to become another Lot's wife:  
to turn back like so many have turned back before,  
because of the comfort, because of the ease,  
because of familiarity and the false sense to please.  
Because love is sometimes a duty, sometimes an oath;  
a declaration of faith within the journey of time.  
To be bound by reason yet followed by heart,  
to speak the promise and so play the part.

Knowing I miss so much that the train could offer,  
I turned aside from the pillar of salt  
and dug my stride against the oncoming road:  
There's so much to cherish in all that one had  
yet if our atoms stopped turning where would we be?

12.15pm  
12.2.98

## **ST. VALENTINE'S DAY**

St. Valentine's Day  
Is a great day  
For lovers:

But why one day  
When we have  
Every day for this?

10.30pm  
14.2.98

## **WHERE CAN YOU BE FOUND, MY LOVE?**

To the Lover  
in hiding –

Show yourself:  
I'll play a song for You.

I've come to this once great Ottoman City  
To find you; to search within the mosques  
That they built for the lovers of the past  
To meet within (behind the morals of their  
Parent's backs!). Now I'm here too for You!  
Why are these meeting places now absent  
Of their romance? Why could I not find you there?

I came from Prague last year looking for you.  
I was searching for you in the churches of Prague too.  
I heard that you used to play there with  
Past lovers – is that true about you?  
But I couldn't find any traces: any  
Scents, prints, reminders in these old places.  
So where can you be found, my love?

I'm placing my advertisements in the local press;  
Leaving notes in café bars and messages with aged  
Turkish men in their pipe-smoking tea houses:  
The word is out that I'm hunting for You now  
And I hope that soon I'll know where to find you.

This once great Ottoman city can disguise you  
Yet it can't hide you forever.  
I came here to find you. To make love with you.  
This is a declaration, a promise, a confession –  
I'm after You now.....!

11.17pm  
14.3.98

## ***THE EVOLUTIONARY BALL***

Within the smallest thing  
motion exists:

the scale of a song,  
the flux of the blood,  
the moments hesitation  
in anticipation ;

in the outward ripples  
of dirty brown water  
washed away at  
the side of the road,

motion there is.  
Absolutely nothing  
staying still for a second  
to miss out

on the grand  
evolutionary ball.

6.40pm  
29.3.98

## **WHOEVER YOU**

Whoever you think you are;  
think again.  
Whatever you have learnt;  
unlearn.  
Whatever you begin to feel;  
feel anew.

That which has been done as 'You';  
undo and redo.  
That which has been done as love;  
love afresh.

Remember the innocence with  
which you entered?  
Regain that innocence to depart.

9.32pm  
25.4.98



## **ARMS THRASHING**

Do you ever ask yourself  
                                  where it begins  
Or where it ends, my friend?

The flesh it creeps from east to west,  
                                  a setting journey,  
That is nought but extra baggage.

Where in truth does the spirit soar?  
How in humility does this soul roar?

So who can tell when this path  
                                  we take from birth  
Diverts to suffer spirit or praise flesh,

Unless the skin has pores to hear  
                                  the agony within  
Crying for old scores to be redressed?

In truthfulness it's all a mess,  
                                  an unfinished  
Glory boat struggling to stay afloat.

But in the water, rapids crashing,  
                                  there are those  
Who survive by their arms thrashing.

11.25pm  
10.5.98

## **THE SEEKER'S SONG**

We all feel, everyday in our lives,  
that the world is turning;

it's just that we don't know what  
it is that's burning.

Something fierce and pulling strong  
marking time against our progress

keeping rhythm with beating gong,  
humming inside us the seeker's song.

12.44am  
16.5.98

## **BOTH WORLDS**

Destiny is greater than your failures;  
Essence is more solid than your flesh.

Destiny is beyond your failures;  
Essence is eternal to your flesh.

If you betray your body, you can amend;  
But betray your spirit, you cannot redress.

Destiny contains every single failure;  
Essence can absorb every inch of flesh.

10.07pm  
17.5.98

**NO OTHER PRICE**

I'm burning with  
the lust of the desire  
in my loins;

I can't control  
the passion of the raging  
of my years.

Bound by mind for higher glory  
Tied to the ground by the body's calling:

To be between both worlds I'm paying dearly.

'There is no other price that you can pay',  
I hear you say,

To which I do agree, as I see clearly.

3.55pm  
18.5.98

## **SELF – PROTECTION**

The Past doesn't want you  
to come back; only the mind  
harbours those refurbished images  
of former glory.

Neither does it let you return  
with any success, safeguarding itself  
against any unnecessary unrest :

keeping away the intruder who  
will be prosecuted upon re-entry

It closes itself to the touch of the world.

2.17pm  
19.5.98

## **JOKER CARD**

Missing you  
and missing me:

still trying to  
find a place to be.

It ain't easy;  
I'm pushing hard.

Pray help for me  
awaiting joker card.

11.22pm  
24.5.98

## **SPLENDID BURNING**

Don't falter  
don't shiver  
don't quiver  
don't quake.

Make no mistake.

This is real.  
Taste the feel.  
You need speed  
-friend, take heed.

This is no joke;  
no false hope.  
Make the journey:  
splendid burning.

11.35pm  
24.5.98

## THE HOME-COMING CALL

My longing  
is like  
the sound of a ney:

low, long, and deep,  
blowing over the folds  
of temporal things;

lost yet never absent-  
seeming vague  
yet eternal.

My longing  
is like  
this sound: the sound

of a home-coming call.

11.03pm  
25.5.98



**IS THERE? ( IN MY HOME )**

Is there a naked body lying  
beside me?  
Is there that warmth penetrating  
through close space?  
Is there breath, drawn and exhaled,  
upon my face?

No, my world, my love, my dear;  
not a trace.

Not a slither of beauty to hold,  
to hear excited and groan,  
no skin to touch, slide, glide against.

Nothing as yet within here.  
But this man has no broken bones.  
Still pushing on, naming all frontiers  
as home. Making this stone  
become home.

11.15pm  
3.6.98

## **WHAT IS THERE TO KEEP?**

What pain is there when all pain  
is a friend to experience?

What grief is there when one love  
is severed by another?

What loss is there when eventually  
all becomes even?

What self is there when in reality  
right and wrong become one?

What is there to keep if  
we do not awaken from our sleep?

10.56am  
4.6.98

## LOVE IN FLIGHT

I'm tying my heart to a string  
like a kite: this is the beginning

of my experiment with 'love in flight'.

I'm hoping for success, to catch a  
gust of sudden wind to take afar

this once westernized dry heart.

So wish me luck friend, I may be some time  
for windy destinations are always uncertain

and the kite is outside its owner's protection.

12.40pm  
19.6.98