



# TIGHTROPE TOWARDS THE LIGHT

KINGSLEY L. DENNIS

The majority of the 'nameless' poems in this collection were written between October 2008 and March 2009, in more or less one quick burst. This was also exactly the time when I was in personal 'transit'. I left my previous career and home in the first week of October 2008. I was in 'limbo' until I arrived in Andalusia, with two bags in hand, in the final week of February 2009.

After March 2009 the poems fall away. My final two poems (March, July 2010) act as an addendum to this odd collection. Yet it is only now, in February 2012, that I finally write this introduction to put a close on the collection, and to make these poems available together for the first time.

I have nothing else to say, except that no more poems are forthcoming. As a friend recently noted, the final words perhaps belong to Rumi:

**Merciful God  
Comfort those who suffer,  
Encourage those who fear.**

**The only ground under our feet,  
Is that which is imagined.**

**We are all falling,  
Whether we know it or not.**

**Lord God  
Please guide us in our falling.**

Intro:

Shimmering ones, come on in.  
Fear displaced for kind faces.

October 2008

I want to dance with the great light  
Of me; shards of iridescent filaments  
Spluttering and shooting like Aztec darts  
From the hunter's breath.

Yet I get these threads of alcohol plying  
Their trade in my veins and evening ways.

Out damn poison canals of sherry-wine blood.  
Disperse – the warrior needs you no more.

On towards the great tightrope; where  
Life dangles like a honey stem  
Over the abyss, and wind trickles.

20.41  
18/10/08

Human form clings  
to its debt, yet blind  
to the crushing wisdom  
left unfed.

To have bled a life on scraps –  
feeling the pull of torturous love  
gnashing from within.

Tug on this love, my Heart.

11.00  
31/10/08

A life sourced as vision;  
to travel is to be impeccable.  
Our actions are our guides.

Too much thoughtlessness  
As aimlessness...

12.15  
31/10/08

Body earthly;  
four elements design an  
alchemical mass for melding.

Rooted in terrestrial soil, dank and dirty,  
awaiting cleanliness, pearl-like, in potential.

15.48  
01/12/08

Peaceness of evening near complete  
against the electric vocal storm outside;

melodies of some future scrape against  
the slumber of the solemn night.

I am ravenous for the invisible delight  
of an opening like claws extended.

00.46  
12/12/08



My life I live between parenthesis.

Within the brackets of some addendum  
I slip through quietly. Functional.

Tis not a remark of bitterness.  
Notoriety I do not covert. Nor fame.

Only the working potential of sobriety.  
Burnt within life's consuming flame.

19.34  
17/01/09

Dispersed, shaved signs point towards  
the way. They fire as subtle bullets

that seek to press but not to puncture.

I feel them skirmish against the skin  
yet am uncertain of their validity.

Should I stop to listen to every pressure point?

During unwakeful hours of slumber I bump  
and crash against solid ghosts that inform  
of some gain, or warn me to rake in my traits.

I am unsure of when to listen, hark the call,  
heed the pointer; as I fall between drawn  
battle-lines of distortion, retreat, white-noise.

Little time remains of what a heart should do.  
I am behind in the adventure of my life:

odd that the eagerness clings to me ever more so.

20.04  
28/01/09

Body by cool water linger longer by the minute.

It was dreamtime and I was in your space; brown  
lashes slapping tanned features furrowed, coyly.  
You were seeking something through the meeting  
as I passed the moment to assist.

I knew you were looking through for spirit song  
in the books lying still, spine name revealed to me;  
yes, I could assist.

I will pass you on your way to where you wish to go  
if you do indicate, I did say, and I did make my move.

Somewhere in the shadow ether you will have moved on  
towards your target immersed in sea shanty song, salt  
dried upon your skin to mark the waves you passed.

I would be long gone.

14.42  
31/01/09

You buy into it, you lie into it.  
You are the bed you weave.

If it could be different  
you would make it different:  
don't cry over what you make real.

We are the beginning, we live our  
middle ground, we grow the gold elixir.

Somewhere in the struggle I wonder,  
yet I never forgive the plunder

of the self.

22.58  
31/01/09

The gagging search for meaning  
rips, slits, and soothes...

like a journey on ice it slides  
towards the horizon far.

We each a turgid ragamuffin  
who dare to bend; stretch

the cartilage or pull a muscle.  
Rigor mortis coming in

to teach us a tale or two.  
Sun spreads her fiery arms

to embrace, to burn, to bone  
each shy squalid heart-excuse.

The rest of us cough like pilgrims  
and decant our tales like sherry.

19.57  
06/02/09

It's the thin strip I love:  
between horizon and ground  
where eyes light upon and linger.

There is a magical shiver that  
travels the spine and tingles.

Being human is being capable  
of that gaze, of that view.

There is no room that can give  
this silent sight and enthrone it

like it really meant something.  
Yes it did – yes it will.

Waves pull and sea-folk sing.

20.17  
06/02/09

man of truth

carries on  
carries weight

on through the wars

quietly, little noticed  
little said, knows the dead

no contradiction

in opposites  
lies the way ahead

looking through glass darkly

same as seeing in crystal glass  
when all is clear inside.

10.51  
13/02/09

There is a dance that lights the  
darkness between distant stars

and embeds into  
densest dark matter;

that threads its fibre  
into thin translucent veils...

lighting up also our  
helix conversation:

as acid chats to acid,  
photons speak with photons,

shock impulses tug our hearts  
beatific through our brains

until we light up in delight  
as if in our Tesla dance.

17.24  
4/03/09



Everything you need to know  
is exactly where it needs to be:  
you'll find it...

Where are the missing pieces  
that we ponder over through  
many waning moons...

we wonder? We trespass in search,  
side-stepping almost every time the niche  
where we keep our prized complete puzzle.

We are the potential for completion;  
we are the everything we need to be –  
it resides there, inside you and me:

and yet still we either delude us gladly,  
colluding with the gambling cartel  
against our fully earned winning gold.

Or we sit meekly, dare not open nor disturb  
those places we secretly fear may hold  
exactly what we've been hoping for.

22.54  
7/03/09

Your power is as subtle as your  
Subtlety is powerful.  
Like the unknown alongside of you.

Subtle as it streams along your veins  
carrying the carrion call. Subtle as  
the Icarus fall which none did witness.

More subtle than the faintest wink,  
the driest tear, the slightest pangs  
of longing.

Subtle it is, subtle it be. Closer to you  
than craven desires or deepest fears.  
More subtle, more closer, more within you

than you would ever care to imagine.  
This is your power. This is the love  
that makes you.

23.41  
7/03/09

From where does the change come  
if not within yourself?

From the spheres that hang like  
baubles in the evening crested sky?

From the sliver of silver fish that  
leap from the river to waters high?

From the speckle of worn grass which  
tries to show the traveller's path?

From where and to where, I'd like to know...  
Tis perhaps from thy heart

that mysteries murmur  
and call as siren song?

22.39  
11/03/09

Here stands a man who cares:  
who is open to being used.

Who is ready to receive your blows  
when you need to release your scream.

When your anger bursts out against  
the unknown and feeds your fears:

let it all burn against the skin of the man  
who stands here patiently waiting...

he knows that he must absorb the punches  
from the one who cries inside like a child

to understand what it is to be loved yet  
too afraid to dance out of the darkness.

20.55  
16/03/09

Change comes to the one who bends:

like raindrops that fall upon a leaf,  
that trickle from its wet green spout;

I sway and droop with the needy,  
with the new – if change is what

is required to be near to you.

14.04  
20/03/09

Arms holding  
in the madness  
tight

as wind blows  
howls

wraps around  
strangles slightly.

I can sleep  
although  
her body too warm

and sweat sticks  
for no reason  
against my slumber.

Why she cannot  
shed her insistence  
for these coverings?

Madness  
in the night's  
hot embrace

holding tight  
as wind curls

and chimes ring  
hung outside  
like silver bells.

22.22  
23/03/09

I do not breathe;

breath runs through  
me as I be a witness  
to its path:

I do not act  
although my belief  
tells me that I do.

So I think that I act  
as forces beyond  
compel my movements.

In each thing  
we participate  
yet in ways

foreign to how  
we have been  
trained to know.

Eyes open blindly  
we choke on air  
as we sink to swim.

There is grace  
under each stone –  
in every breath.

17.00  
27/03/09

*cycles of remembrance  
do hang on me for a long time now.  
I think remembrance creates trust  
and trust makes wholes emerge  
and perpetuate.*

*Do you think about trust?*

These are the words she wrote me;  
a story-girl making paper-planes  
of words to fly like storylines.

These are the words she wrote me  
to respond to the words I once wrote.  
She flies back at me like a full-page mirror  
that I read as my reflection.

Little to compensate except for  
those storylines that lie as labyrinths  
of our lives: stories within stories

where we each learn what is trust.

17.21  
9/03/10



There she goes again

there she blows her sails again  
as if gentle breezes bored her.

Wanting to sway on the great big ocean  
she heaves, bellows, and invites the  
billowing wind to be her partner  
and harbour master.

Like a naïve sailor passing the shrill  
of the sirens I am caught in her voice  
and bend to break like a battered mast.

I offer up the competition she so desires  
then hang low when knowing I have  
snapped at the bait like hungry sardines.  
Skewered, I take the blasts and absorb  
the ripples as they wash over...

another time I shall stay on dry land...

14.23  
01/07/10