

# europa

Dylan Harris





# **europe**

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# Accelerating is Language English

The fear is not of something new  
but “can the mind absorb it?”.  
Like helpless dreams, a tension bout,  
this fear’s control, to lose it.

Is this where the phobics herd,  
who dare not stand nor face it,  
and call me rude, a geek or nerd,  
if I declare to ride it?

And so I climb the higher path,  
accelerating self.  
Peacock faces worry up,  
huddle. But I’ve done it. I know:

I’ve learnt the new technology,  
uncared those sneering weenies.  
I turn my back and grin the dawn.  
I’m Gawain. They are the was.

... regrow ...

You dange in life: when this I stark, you stet.  
If dad you'd die, I'd saunt; but hurt mum get.  
You sneer my am. The proud Dad joust you won't;  
by theorem live at black you do, and don't  
concede in ooze and grey I life believe.  
Sad simpling. I rattéd jump long eve  
ago; to enge I learned. You neighbour bad,  
too ego proud, so sure, the acme prat.  
But sod; for mum I could not lie your death.  
A God of hacking times, electric breath  
in life, I am. Your glimpse, I snatch; your fade,  
I steal; my viral valkyrie invade,  
corrupting, swaning back. You'll only know  
on die; in wetware crack, I'll you regrow.

# Higg's Boson

Cat buy me iMac. I buy cat string. We delighted. Now waiting dawn. Ha ha.

I experiment on iMac. Make site. Cat experiment on string. Make Higg's Boson.

I surprised. I see bubble bath. I see no sailor. I drain bubble bath. I see no sailor. I not believe cat. Cat rude to me.

I upset. I go sulk. I decide photo nose for site. Camera full. I delete other photos. I photo nose lots.

Cat very annoyed. Cat say I delete Higg's Boson photo. Cat feed camera to dog. Dog happy. I annoyed. I can't pick nose photo.

Boson go to HMS Higg. Cat sad.

# lines stride yellow

the roads of then bright  
walk age i  
planners' map lines stride yellow  
"buses route there"

i shall break your bus  
the sister

school order  
commerce green bus  
blow round home queue  
fare eaten plead

we shall unmake your bus  
the council

if i plain proud  
unlucked gene no fool  
a do what i can man  
i'd responsibility care bus drive

we shall fust your bus  
the state

the once road many go  
bus now stride  
on plan yellow  
assumpted at long past rose

so many bars

so many bars solo occupation  
so much étranger solo eyes

night walk alone genghis glory facade  
brick trees brick ships brick walls  
social égalitaire

every newness every arrival  
every égalité every time  
but oh for recognition's smile  
anticipated tease's grin

# antwerp

*0*

the excitor girl absent  
just bar gloss smile  
night pint

but i drive tomorrow  
to an alien language  
rhythms consonants  
tripmes strangeing

life

steps

*1*

square nightgreen  
maprelief upupup  
clean roughbrown  
cross goldlit  
skyscratcherless

scissored out halfcircle  
confetti glass brick  
stories door  
height height  
imagination tower

dependers concur require  
the soma state  
themarx debunk

2

napoelonic longroad  
buildéd long square storied  
grey ripplelight off  
architected now

innerplace long walk  
built long square desked  
grey evenlight grey  
architected do

digitate long plan  
build long square rise  
grey futurelight through  
architected intent

3

try town tram any  
first gentle fast  
swifts spinsingers  
cliffs constructed

stop out shit shab  
gangland girl pork  
cast river go  
mile bright wince stride

city centre food centre city  
menu menu menu glamour  
damn  
time wall

a then

no brag-side lorries  
no metro shriek-walls

quality inability  
dusted exotic moscow

russia  
odd pressure

dylan thomas to catherine wheel  
saliva words

a communist journalist led  
i cursed london's blown trash

now westminster dustmen  
arbeit the night's gift

russia  
odd pressure

# dog & sand

dog & sand  
rising sun  
filmic splash

I am in  
the fastest train  
a hundred feet beneath

walk the friend  
sand to sea  
sunlit ring

I am in  
the fastest train  
a hundred feet beneath

market wrung  
ethic slum  
*logiciel*

*je suis en*  
*la grande vitesse*  
a hundred feet beneath

# schelde foot tunnel

elegant unhurried escalators  
mahogany down

but they're King's Cross stairs  
sent soon dead to kill heat

sight along walkers' white-tiled cylinder  
pure unbent eye line

fire no out from fire  
but to its where started

no simple set no code death no Duty  
no snipers no machine gun no game end

# mechelen shine

moonshine fire cathedral

*mechelse embleem*

my goodbyeing purrtrips stone low doors  
gloom loom

walk short emptiness *de markt*

*de grote markt*

this wrong town too

i'll rue depart

and heavyland target

are you *om kirke?* te deum?

and the living AWK your reputation counters

your architecture states

am you error?

is ever am dragmove error?

ever's *gaan?*

error?

error?

*Ik zal zien.*

# The Pub Quiz League

My social life glows momentarily  
on winter Sunday evenings  
in The Pub Quiz league.

The newbie knows the taste of blood  
is not red, but quiets her mouth;  
she feels she lacks “experience”.

A good team needs one who always knows  
who methok’d with Abendigo  
and made the wurble fleep,

but most of us are ballast.  
I’ve got my special anorak  
that is hardly ever asked.

An encompassing taste of flowers,  
wilting in a hop bitter foliage,  
gives gentle colour to the evening.



**11.11.8**