

19.9c Inn

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *The Citroën Car Club Magazine*,
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by Dylan Harris

4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 discard

chapbooks

20.0: *r* dye-de-ho, *q* antwerp, *p* tension nitro ego, *o* church is dangerous
vital, *n* tin rush, *m* the A rush, *l* an engineering rush (ii), *k* Miss
Demeanour, *j* flock state, *i* be infinity, *h* Namings, *g* nation six dog, *f*
uncivil law, *e* dead write, *d* chase chase, *c* an engineering rush (i), *b* a
much for we, *a* The Joy Of Tax

19.9: *c* Inn, *b* Swoop, *a* An Ode To The A14

19.8: *c* Rose, *b* Hymnen, *a* Darmstadt

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(Specify "19.9c" in the subject line of any email)
Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

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A Well-Kept Pint of Burton

Grey

Slough, Pronounced In French, Is 'Slug'

I Saw A Sleek Seduction

I'm sorry I was late,
I saw a sleek seduction
as I was drinking up.

He talked of manual work
and made it rather clear
that he was very fit.

She watched him with sly eyes,
changing tales to meet
his 'simple' expectations.

She played along the bar,
was lounging to his class,
her elegance denied.

That's when I had to leave:
so I doubt I'll ever know
if seduction met success.

Driving The Trees

I'm just a driver sauntering an English country road the starlit
side of dusk.

Occasional rows of tall winter trees escort this white-lit route,
with branches as pikes presented high,
as though they were the honour guard,
and I were king.

But worry haunts;
were I that leader,
I'd smell betrayal:

I'm ready for flight,
a gazelle sensing a lion's eyes.

Yet there is no movement in this empty lane,
no life in the unhedged fields,
no wind in the winter trees.

And now I realise what I've seen;
my dashboard is being flashed white by light above my car,
from what I cannot see;

yet the fields,
the road,
the trees,
all are still.

I feel the shock of standing at a cliff edge and the ground
starts to give.

I lean forward,
look up through the windscreen,
fearing what silent power could flash my car so bright.

I'm driving a row of naked trees across the full moon.

What a fool.

Inn

In memory of Pete Moore

The village pub, a homely inn,
the place where people, gathering,
discuss and solve the day's concerns.
A simple bar, where shadow burns
the teasing fire on faces so
well known, the place of public flow.

A stranger's eyes, as rare as lock
in use, yet once the minute's shock
has passed, a welcome's warmth is roared
for chance of news, or tales the Lord
would frown upon, or better still,
fresh music played with humble skill.

And once the common welcome's done
and almost everyone has gone
to where their drink and chat were left,
the stranger won't be made bereft
of company, for one or two
will stay behind, to talk about

the stranger's life, or local tales
of tragedy in winter gales,
or rumours from the capital:
which minister "is full of bull,
which Lady's caught herself a man,
which industry's gone down the pan".

Some strangers, though, are not as strange
as most suppose. For these, the change
they'd undergone since childhood days,
the hardship, grief, and lines of age,
it made their welcome bittersweet,
denying friends in deep deceit

for though they'd felt the need to leave
as adolescents do, they'd grieved
for memories of children times,
of playful pranks, of childhood crimes,
of happiness so long ago
with those they now deny they know.

On Being A Nerd

To forgo
time-stealing,
anti-creative,
social rules.

To exalt
from investigation
and clean creation
by a logical form.

The stain is in life, not thought;
in dreams of sweat, not action.
Age and exclusions accumulate,
collecting cents and civilised grey,

and realisation that complex human interaction
arises from the chaos of survival animal ways.

The “how” remains a mystery, until reason is
discarded, and instincts are accepted,

then we joins society.
The intellect relaxes,

the cash rises.
Until time’s toll

pulls all
apart.

Expanding Horizons

1.

I remember
 as a child
standing
 on a pebble shore
watching ships
 at sea
sailing
 uncaring
over
 the edge
 of the world.

I see
 moon
sphere
 of old age
visitor
 in ancient days
 and now
instrument
 of early myth

and sun
 mother of life
 father of destruction
whose bloated death
 one day
will burn
 this iron
 Earth
 away.

2.

Look up

on open nights
see the cities
the suns

see the stars
the wild havens
the countable finities

mark
the horizon of light
mark
that ten
billion
years.

3.

Mark this universe
this space–time bubble
in the multiverse.

You remember
blowing bubbles
as a child?

4.

All histories
all possible
all happened.

5.

All

that can be known
to all there is

is like

an ounce of decency
to God.

6.

Expanding horizons

eternal

Russian dolls.

Doris's Day Out

Doris may no longer be
the beauty on the block,
but she's still a queen of elegance.

Now, she is too slow to catch
the young and fast, the rash,
but she does so love to run.

So I took her for a day out:
well, I took her to a wedding,
for the pleasure of the bride.

She was scrubbed
and cleaned
and wore two
pretty white ribbons;
she looked glorious in the sun.

But my Doris is getting old.
I must raid and pull apart
the corpses of her siblings

to keep her in good health.
Such things have got too casual.
Elle s'appelle Doris, ma DS.

An Ode To My Ego

Background

I was born in the village of Bleugh!
in the country of Coochee Coo,
on the far away planet of Tharg.

Of course, my background's a secret;
I keep it by telling the truth,
there's no one who ever believes me—

see, you don't, do you...?

Self-Description

I'm a techie,
newsaholic,

beer-swilling beer-gutted,
Citroën loving,
photographing,
piss-poor pub-quizzing,

Red Guide applauding,
science consuming,
contemporary classical (and dance) adoring,

a Buddhist-ish,
occasionally entrepreneurial
fenlander.

For now.

Hobbies

Flushing baby reptiles down the loo.
Running the “Fenland Bayou Crocodile Tour” company.
Placing long-term bets that a local bog-snorkeler will be eaten by
an alligator.

Appearance

Some people dress submitting to style,
some people dress expressing their guile,
but me, I get dressed so not to get wet.

Some people buy 'til sated, they drop,
some people buy mass-marketed slop,
but me, I nick things from charity bins.

Some people hide in everyone's sight,
some people give excitement to light,
but me, I've panache of a motorway crash.

Profession

Yes please.

Marital Status

Thargettes rarely visit the Earth,
they don't have the necessary sense of insanity.

So I'm only a lonely Thargoid,
subverting my angst with too many tanks
of ale.

Any other comments

Which of these deceptions do I believe?

Am Lemming

I'm looking for a lifetime gal
for all the daily simpletons:
love, our life, family.

But I am gifted contradiction:
I have a Buddhist guard,
and desire to flame a pheonix.

So I need a feminine
of her self to need
a love as low experience.

A Well-Kept Pint of Burton

I'm in a pub
drinking the beer
that got me writing again.

If it was wine,
with its minute-long aftertaste
flowing from bitter to hop flowers,
it'd be worth a bloody fortune.

But, being beer,
it's two pound forty a pint:
which is pretty outrageous
for a pub outside London.

Actually,
this poem's
not about
beer
at all.

I'm thieving from Bukowski,
trying to steal
his honesty,
his "right here, right now" presence,
his oh-so-easy working language
(I wish it was oh-so-easy),

giving something special
from something rather ordinary...

...the beer has it.

Grey

When I was a child,
the B1043
left the A1
north of home,
and wandered,
old and worn,
bumpily and windily,
through the villages
to Huntingdon.

Now,
this old road
is unnumbered,
and the B1043
runs with the new motorway,
as if an apprentice
learning traffic.

How dare it!
How dare it grow
from old to young,
from wrinkled line
to long and straight,
how dare a childhood fixture
regain youth.

Slough, Pronounced In French, Is ‘Slug’

Dark Slough’s barked howls,
hates and curses bombing verses,
secretly proud to be Betjeman’s enemy.
But packs so tat now settle at
hack school Blackpool.

