

20.0a

The Joy Of Tax

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

One of these poems has appeared in *First Time*.

by Dylan Harris

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

chapbooks

20.0: *s* chew, *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 “20.0a” in the subject line of any email)
Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

The Joy Of Tax

the clarion

China Poem

poetry

Scorpion

On Hunting With Hounds

The Joy Of Tax

“Each time you buy your love a gift
they gain some goods they don’t declare.”
said Ima Heirach, quoted for the Revenue.

“All income should be taxed,
so we intend to introduce
the ‘extra purchase’ rule.

Say you buy your girlfriend flowers,
one time in three,
you’ll buy an extra bunch
and post it off to us.

And should you buy romantic meals,
one time in three,
you’ll pay for one of us
to join you at the trough.

And, er, if you and she, um, yes,
well, that’s not our business, yet.
But we’ll tax the consequences,
when they’re fully grown.”

the clarion

lord pisswater's clarion

the extreme rapist
a Russian madman
killed sixty

the extreme serial killer
Dr. Harold Shipman
murdered three hundred fifty

the extreme racist
genocides
five hundred people dead
for each one victim
of Dr. Harold Shipman

that's all the souls you love
everyone you've ever met

think their faces now
family
people you chat
every glanced stranger

all of them
dead
skin awful white bloodlessness
life ripped

that dread vision is where the racist goes
when some big history incites his blind
he dare not civilise his difference terror
allow sane life to those he fears betters

Serbian Herzegovina
Hutu Burundi
De Montford's England

we all have fear of strangers
fear needs courage for control

so how can you not detest
lord pisswater's clarion
for reciting that howling bigotry
at fallen down outsiders

and how can you respect a nationalist
who daren't comprehend his murder of belief
the murder that's always seen
when his howling fuckalikes
steal the power of state

we know
lord pisswater's grandfather
sucked the cock of hitler
but why does this modern fool
suck the cock of hitler's corpse

beer and pindar

it's like believing the gangster lords
and their sister
– female as a volcano –
will break the race
their hounds will win the catford dogs
and i'm there cheering
– the crowd cheers –
and i sing – we sing –
the words of the running dog song
i feel raised like the buddha
to a purity of judgement
i am to decide the race
i naked before a thousand opinions
will pronounce
i have seen great challenges met
a fox giving up eggs
a farm of trees and engines giving up monotony
a clarion reader giving up racism
so i will make
all those chaotic opinions
all those contradictory bets
all that violent self assertion
wilt
and there she stands
like a city on fire
promising ecstasy like a fruit promising juice
as naked as a tree in her leaves of spring
and though england may race like fools for gold
and though lord pisswater may promote his coward gestalt
and though i may burn such a squalid lust
to open her like tower bridge
i will not pursue
i would be foolish

damn the clarion

let's get this straight
a rascist cliché states
“us Brits are wondrous at invention
but haven't got the managers
to transmute ideas to wealth
so all our great creations
enrich non-British companies”
you'd think the empty peddle heads
would follow through and say
“that since our land needs managers to manage
and foreigners clearly do it well
why let's invite ten million in”
yet lord pisswater's clarion
that peddle rascist daily rank
screech at entrepreneurs
who happen to be foreigners
whom in their rascist hatred-speak
they castigate “economic migrants”
these foreigners whom in different lands
have the wit of management
the rascists argue ours do not
so let's say it straight
the rascists state our managers
are stupid like themselves
“our country's losing out”
yet screech a parrot hate
at foreign gifted women men
who immigrate and wealth create
by its own corrupted thoughts
the clarion howls stupidity
is written for idiots

little diddems

aah
poor little diddems
scared of desperate strangers

there
let little diddems hide
in mother blunket's black skirts
until those nasty strangers go away

aah
poor little diddems
little diddems hide

whilst us grown-ups
negotiate these self-rescuers
enable their ventures
make our worlds rich

Scared Of Spiders

Some fear spiders
but why extinct them?
What else so controls flies,
the diseases spread?

Some fear immigrants
but why expel them?
what else so generates entrepreneurs,
the wealth spread?

Papers

If a toddler's scared of beauty,
would a true parent
encourage the baby's terror?

But then there's racist logic,
which no doubt is why
Goebbels stood proud
of Pisswater's mail.

Even the tallest
needs two short planks
to accept the racist
Pisswater mail.

bigot reinforcement

how to keep your paper bought

incite your customers to hate those only the stupid hate
all the reasonable people tell 'em they're wankers
since butter is better than fact
you tell 'em they're intelligent
and all the reasonable people are naïf
for not detesting desperate strangers
and incoming entrepreneurs

keep your customers dim and defensive
too het to hear their many betters
too prickly to break your deception

keep 'em racist
grab their coinage

the only disadvantage
causing the occasional mass-murdering war
but hey
that's then
this is profit

China Poem

China's history has five thousand years.
I've met three poets from two T'ang centuries,
still words transmuted into rushing English.

All I've really found's my ignorance,
not just of province names and geography,
but of their photo ordinary, to me exotic, moments.

And if the future foreign people look back to our now,
will they use their times' conceits
to misunderstand our misconsidered hopes?

Bollox to living in history, its canine worry.
Listen. Balance. Write, write.
Be.

poetry

push pop

The tradition state:
“let the language move
by charm of physick wit,
chemical syllable glue,
fusions d’etrangers,
and bureaucratic contraptionisations:
poets shall heel.”

And once the strong words
are meaning squandered,
how shall we poets say?

The lingo pack is bounding on:
why the fuck aren’t we scouting ahead?

select

when you hear brilliant works
Wordsworth Beethoven
do you recall
their philistines shouted them
avant garde idiots

we have those who condemn
who forget their ancient brethren
detested their supposedly safe heroes

we thank our past's enlightened ears
who heard their avant garde
and selected

we now
we have the duty
to seek the diamond in the charcoal

but those who don't try
who stand and piss in
who contribute derision
abuse the taste
their predecessors hated

we who write
we poets
we must push
must risk

our glist may die before us
with us
but may survive the hundred years of staid
for some future child
born beyond the death of all the living now
to glint our work alight

techno

find emotion
can't see concept
suffocate
or stretch

lazy leftover fools
attack original
announcing own empty

i must not let other people's flaws restrain me
i must grow poetry
i must learn better work

what

poetry – words \equiv music

poetry – music \equiv speech

poetry – precision \equiv prose

\setminus (words music precision) \subset poetry

poetry \ddagger content

Copyleft

Homer, this pub philosopher's heard,
created to sing The Odyssey,
but 'only' edited all The Iliad
combining Helene colleagues' poetry myth.

These, the songs that began written epic,
became his world's Kernighan & Ritchie,
are older than Christianity's crutch
and every foolish looping nationalist 'us'.

Yet we, we only hear the single voice.
Works, once published, are inviolate.
This fat respect prevents relay creation.
We adore The Odyssey. We ignore The Iliad.

With 'copyleft', not for the empty, hated by empire,
programmers reuse and revise others' recipes
causing original and imitative solidity;
it could prime a time-long poetic chiro-blast.

Collaboration, writing united, is not the same;
each ego can veto the other's invention.
A copyleft author can declare and decamp;
others may sooth a clash-cultural chaos.

This gnu idea, it bypasses the island man's blindness;
he cannot stop a work deepening through
lives cultures genders generations histories worlds.
Consider the Mahabharata.

pah!

gotta rag note
“read modern poetry”
oh i do

it's old work
obese fill words
lard heavy

we rush world
yet verbosities still inject
vacant verbal burble

go get go
push pop the lingo
scout

early a

find out
i never did
if poetry your mortal moved

it's to me as walking
and these I'm written
early a...

Scorpion

When men are fools, the devil dances sway.
Israeli fools, they swill their neighbours' land.
The U.S. fools, they paid, they looked away.
Bin Laden dances fey; for this he planned.
Resenting fools, they took his lying school
to learn his angel never fell. He wove
his way. But he's no devil, just a fool
who starved his human soul, replacing love
with fallen thought, empathy with stone.
His heart is dead, his brain a slave to one
corrupted goal. This man has never blown
a smile to someone new, nor lit a stranger's fun.
Bin Laden's men: revive survival checks;
he needs your death for his perverted sex.

On Hunting With Hounds

The anti-hunt majority
for whom the chasing is despicable
but the killing acceptable:
well, that must be so, for otherwise
they would not fill their gravy plates
with pre-masticated carcasses
of what once might have been
conscious animal beings
young and politely murdered.

10.3.7