

20.0b
... a much for we ...

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *Inclement, Subverse, Never Bury Poetry, Black Rose* and *Borderlines*.

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 “20.0b” in the subject line of any email)
Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

gentle

New Year's Eves

I Don't Visit My Mother's Grave

What Do Lemmings Eat?

We, The Fell

... a much for we ...

... And Then I'll Break The Sea

An Eighteenth Century Beam Engine

later

It's My Hands

Intruder Alert

My Difficulty With Melancholy

i'd prefer to remember summer

A Simple Fantasy

Sweet And Stupid

Software Engineering

gentle

the rain must have sprinted down

yet above the consequential rising mist
is an empty open sky moonlight night
and horizon just once cloud mountains
dark and highlit in gentle silver black

like seeing the stars through fine girl hair
when you're sitting alone outside night talking
on an unseen bench in the summer dark heat
away from the far heard strong celebration
with a fresh wind carrying her feminine smell
and the gentle hush of her speak

New Year's Eves

In a pub of pensioned men
and stale décor,
two newly women enter:
one fires her smile.

She's young and tough,
and her hair says she's trying too hard,
and she's occupying clothes
that leave so much caress undressed:
she's raw, her own self-portrait.

But that glance was mercantile:
I was about to buy a drink.
Yet the smile was welcome,
like the scent of shocked basil
on a humid summer day.

I Don't Visit My Mother's Grave

I don't visit my mother's grave;

a stone, a church yard;
these are my sister's symbols,
not mine.

I keep my mother in my head,
all the spirit of her,
a mother alone,

and all the consequences
when she couldn't really cope
with bringing up a thinking boy
she didn't understand.

We needed my father,
whom fate destroyed.

I don't visit my mother's grave:
I carry it.

What Do Lemmings Eat?

What do lemmings eat?
Why, of course, its obvious!
What, you haven't worked it out?
Well, ask a different question:
what do lemmings do?
Why, of course, they lem;
they lem on yellow Citrus fruit.

What do pigeons do?
Why, of course, they pidge, and
they've pided all over my car,
the horrible, horrible things.

And what do katkins eat?
Why, of course, they eat...
Yearch! "How horrible!
Come here, poor puss-cat,
poor tiddle-possum,
we won't let those nasty plants eat you, will we: No!"
Now, those dead mice you leave in the lounge...

And what do dolphins do
why, of course, they dolph around,
they chortle in the sea,
wasting time in playful fuss,
not doing any work.
What lazy fun—
we can't have that—
no dole for them, ha ha.

And what do muffins do? Well,
it's actually quite disgusting
as disgusting people know.
I, of course, am innocent,
all I'll say is "mule".

We, The Fell

Oh wow! I haven't had a decent fight
for years. But let's not fight with brutal might,
the Net denies the real, and virtual war
is bland. Let's fight with brutal words, the core
of words, in poetry, with lines of verse
in sonnet form. I challenge you, disperse
the crude, excite your skills, be rude with charm,
not teenage curse nor childish snap, but calm
and contemplative bile. The victor gets
the girl. The loser knows a fight well met
and lost is no disgrace. And if there's fire,
if what we write has power, we'll burn the pyre
of formulaic prejudice, the hell
of puritan ideal. We'll be the fell.

... a much for we ...

She has no flaw, that her, she put upon
a plinth, be polish once a day. This none
a wishful doze of I, for I concern
to share and hear, a crusty cheer, a yearn
of we're, the 'uns their gear, I'm slowing dear,
the compromise of kith as someones real.
The daily fem has rough ascribe the heart;
unsanded personality, no dark
of past, comprehending null, a scour.
Since every her is real, the one to flower
is she of fault by skin or eye: such fleck,
like packaging, is simple to respect;
which leave the only damn to bar the see
as mine, a manitude, a much for we.

... And Then I'll Break The Sea

This forest
unlike the myths of concrete times
contains the old,
the dank and breathed-in smell of Earth,
instinctifying air.

Here,
you have to reach the seas
before you die.
It's you and no technology
simply walking means
you'll never smell
the acidity of salt.

“Run, run”,
the captains cry
from trains of saddled geese above
“find a stream, and catch us fish,
and we will tell you tales of seas—
they're gold, and green,
and full of cats
and everyone who's got there now
is fed by ghosts of porpoises
that dream of rocking floweries
and acting in the Scottish play.”

“Run, run”,
I curse myself,
wanting being first today,
an elephant in trunks.

Oh dear, I trip,
and lie for life,
and watch the forest melt to love
as I relax for weeks.
I see the sea beside me;
I turn and touch the salt.

But captains call for me to run;
there's no-one in the sky.

And captains plant synthetic wants
relaxing jars and run I should.

The forest grows,
and run I shall.

Oh, worshipped work,
my dream's to break the sea.

An Eighteenth Century Beam Engine

An Eighteenth century beam engine,
solid,
fixed,
simple, with central power,
a church of steam.

An engineer approached,
and created
sharp movement of spiking light,
a natural power directed, dangerous,
water torn with untiring ferocity.
Its true purpose, he said, is to
pump the mine dry.

An artist approaches,
and savours
wild yet predicted movement,
bitter, nasal charcoal,
a noise like Hades imagined,
steam jetting from each and every joint.
Its true purpose, she says, is to
subjugate the senses.

A shaded man approaches
and ignores,
he counts his beans to three,
thinks of four,
he imagines rows of black and time,
a regiment of flies.
Its true purpose, he says,
is my lust.

later

i'm not exactly brilliant
but you screwed up as much
instead of surfing this wanted insanity
you tried to manage
a so professional voice

i need a lover
not a mother

It's My Hands

It's my hands
that are addicted.

When I have a soft-skinned lover,
they'll caress her,
warming.

But when she's elsewhere
they'll stroke anything
smooth and neutral.

Railings and banisters,
desktop and mouse,
pint glass and bar.

Intruder Alert

A conference theatre, unfilled, the field;
green folding chairs, strewn open, the crop.

Some poor woman, older, robust, sexless to me,
sits, cross angled.

Her seat shifts, becomes a vice;
her fingers, trapped, raped, crushed.

Her shouts scorch, stark pain,
boiling crescendo. People rush. Not me.

I am shock still,
stunned by lust, by shame.

I can't forgive me this.
I can't.

My Difficulty With Melancholy

Melancholy fills my eyes like soap,
burning away the glamour of hope;
this drama of darkness is ruined by my cheer:
that rhyme made me :-). I'm off for a beer.

i'd prefer to remember summer

cold november rain
early dark depressing
i remember sun striking warm

there's someone of eye fire and feminine
lithe love ripe
laser of thought

her man makes her ill with joy
intensity such happiness
how could i ever dare challenge

yet she in her feminine the feminine way
opportuned me her penchant for complication
i love too much to dare acknowledge
for i am a destroyer

now cold november's rain
she's moved beyond
yet i compare all

it's unpleasent
my necessary betrayal
i must ride

Ovid's "Remedia Amores"
hard journey
i can't be november forever

A Simple Fantasy

I wish you at my fantasy villa
on a fresh sun high–spring day,
where, affront the vineyards and sounded waters,
I'll carry you to our noon life lore.

Washed by running children,
their rhythm of pounding
living our bright uneven world,
its afternoon dust
fresh spark light.

Our sons and daughters,
their selves alone,
will shine in fierce memory.

And you'll bury me,
whilst our grandchildren
become emperors of space,
like flowers.

We'll love each other dead.

Sweet And Stupid

Please don't tickle that,
I'm standing on it.

There's more to me
than land between leaps.

Next time, I'll dress
before you claw climb my leg.

I'm sure my best trousers
had fewer holes.

How can you sleep there,
one roll, two stories from stone?

Please do not claw me there;
I might want children.

I got you down from that tree,
why rush back up?

Drafted kitten
(again)!

Software Engineering

1.

“Go to The Great Mountain Of The South”,
the boss man pays.

“Where’s that?”,
the engineer replies.

“Well, er, to the South! It’s obvious.”

“I’ve not been there before.”

“No one’s been there before.
Walk south for a thousand miles
and you’re bound to see a lump on the horizon.
That’ll be The Great Mountain of the South.
They say it smokes; probably cheroots;
that’s the kind of thing a mountain ought to smoke.
Shouldn’t take you an hour.
Here, have a banana.”

“How do you know?”

“Hold a ruler up to the horizon
and measured the height of the church roof.
The sun shines on the number one.
It’s obvious.”

“Pah!”

“Don’t you Pah! me, little man.
I’ve a degree in art fart sociopath.
I know.
Now go.”

“Yes sir, yes sir,
thank you for the pay packet,
kind sir.”

2.

walk across the room
no no no
not like that
here's a diagram
put your feet here here and here
that's twice on the floor
and once on the wall

everything's been thought
by our pet architect
he always says yes
of course it can be done

it's a pity he's resigned
his mother died again

if you find the banana
when you get to the other side
bring it to me

3.

It's not so good
being the failed superhero
'computer repair man'
when a pretty woman
with excited eyes
finds a true excuse
to bring me to her private rooms.

"In order to identify the problem,
I need to conduct a system test".
I turn the computer on,
move the mouse,
click the keys,
and see her pleasure fade
like the last train leaving
as I discover
she needs to find five hundred pound,
her machine's beyond repair.

Oh, to be a fertility God,
"in order to identify the problem,
I need to conduct a system test,
please relax, undress;
and enjoy."

Some fantasies are so lightweight.

