

20.0d chase chase

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *Dial 174* and *Scrawl*.

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

Poems

bathroom spider

Elsewhen

Hence The Coldness

Fear In Flight, God

Thoughts On Odes To Nightingales

the three monks

Neil Armstrong Is My Explorer Of The Millennium

Tobacco's Such A Treat

The Queen Of Santa Fe

Sharp

old man Keats

A Bicycle Criticises Concorde For Not Observing Butterflies

chase chase

bathroom spider

there's no one in the bathroom but you
you're using the mirror
you can't turn round
you have to finish

there's no one in the mirror but you
the glass fogs
you can't turn round
you have to finish

there's no one's in the steam but you
you're nearly ...
your uncovered neck
is touched

it

is

terrified

Elsewhen

It's wrong, right,
what youngers do,
daynight.

But,
when I was then,
I did so
too.

Right it was,
then,
that when.

Stupid,
now,
I was.

Elastic stretches less
the more it's overused.

Hence The Coldness

It's nice to know
you don't consider me
as worth the grief
of clicking on 'reply'
and typing
N
then O.

Fear In Flight, God

a poem in two forms

1.

While driving home, this winter night,
I saw the orange greenhouse light
illuminate the sky.

The telly says, in Pakistan,
a hijacked plane, the bastards gone,
they killed a two-day groom.

An airport near, another crash,
a cargo plane, the pilot's dash-
ing self-belief, now dead.

A glass of wine, the need for sleep,
this cyclic time, disturbed relief,
so naturally I dream...

2.

I'm drinking Rosé,
the colour of inhuman blood,
watching.

From night-time winter nurseries
cylinders of bright orange light
rise to the lowering cloud,
and spread like petals,
dying.

Hijackers
murder a bridegroom
for sight.

Elsewhere,
the heat is so extreme
that shocked birds
flying far above flames
ignite,
falling as shells,
incrementing death.

They think
to reduce their nation's pain
by adding to it.

This is a time of cyclic myth
of winter solstice,
of Y2K,
of Christian birth.

Today's God consumes.

Thoughts On Odes To Nightingales

So what is this nightingale
of which the old poets sing?

I drive to country dykes, to dust,
and hear a throat of motorway.

I climb a Munro hill, by rail,
and hear the tourist café chat.

I dive the barrier reef's remains
and hear an abstract diesel chant.

Those poets,
they blaze their praise
of this bird I've not heard.

I think, you know, the nightingale's an allergy
to dance, or punk, or what the poet hates,
the one that he or she desires,
appreciates.

So next you find an ode
to a nightingale's airy delight,
make your thoughts Sir Oswald Osbourne
biting the head off a chicken that night.

the three monks

the only mountains in England
apart from those hills in the north
called mountains by fixing the rules

are the three monks
tall the way children see gods
shadow on all the flat Cambridgeshire

the remains of some prehistoric volcano
tan brown rock absorbing sun shining on vertical
up and fractal bare to the very top

where each peak rounds inward
a colony of hard green pine
the fringe on the heads of the pious

these three stalwarts surround
the fussy little town of Tull
on the March to Sleaford road

flat and straight across the fens
up and down and winding round
flat and fenland straight again

and why do you not know these monks
natural cathedrals of geology
dominating the tower of God—love Ely

military deceit maps the monks as meres
see the mars of shocked German bombers
and that pair of nuclear B-52s

there's talk of some visual disguise
you'll glance to see unfocused air
only wise eyes will comprehend

Neil Armstrong Is My Explorer Of The Millennium

He did much more
than simply explore
someone else's home.

His shoulders stand
so we might land
on some dusty lunar shore.

Tobacco's Such A Treat

If barons never bribe,
authorities are pure,
then why deny research,
why ban the brightest cure?

Chorus:

Tobacco's such a treat
and dope is danger grass,
so says the law's conceit:
for parliament's an arse!

Some victims die of drugs
too strong, or full of crap;
when licensing applies
inspectors slap that rap.

Chorus:

Tobacco's such a treat
and dope is danger grass,
so says the law's conceit.
The government's an arse!

Addictive drugs are banned,
which makes the barons rich.
The baccy tax is high,
the government is rich.

Chorus:

Tobacco's such a treat
and dope is danger grass,
so says the law's conceit:
the minister's an arse!

A uniform is forced
so kids hate that, not school;
as prohibition laws
conceal the true misrule.

Chorus:

Tobacco's such a treat
and dope is danger grass,
so says the law. Repeat:
yes, parliament's an arse!
The government's an arse!
The minister's an arse!

The Queen Of Santa Fe

My memories are slippery and sharp,
and coloured by the heat of her,
adventurous and sweet.

Three months ago, I met the Queen of Santa Fe,
her hair as red and long as twenty seven years.

She caught my English words,

her throne and duty may have been this city in the dust,
but she'd never left her Isis home,
a council youth, a river bank,

a teacher with the petulance to force a lifetime long-haired girl
to cut her pride, to mark the drought of '76.

She heard my English words

and spoke, exuberant,
compleat of drink and desert glow,
she spread her history.

She kept my English words,

and dreamt her night in Oxfordshire,
as snow caressed the foreign lands
where she will ride forever.

Sharp

I saw disease kill my mother slowly,
eating her movement.

No matter how much the death expected,
shock stains the grief.

It made me silly stupid:
I brewed a cup of coffee
and put it in the fridge.

Those around can care resolve.
Even my high tail cat observed
and fussed me her affection.

Here.
I know your pain.
Let me care.

old man Keats

i'm walking these empty lands
i'm old slow and graceless
the air's bracing a lonely cold

i'm enthralled by recollection
we here such love
so young

i lost limp onto war
black red military battle
the stench of dogma

i'm too slow
they execute could-be spies
dying surely waits for me

if i'm to die violent
i'll sneer the killers
i'll be all they can't

i shelter ruins
i lay my pack unpacked
groundsheet peasant food water
'hours of idleness'

the battle flows turbulent
unpredictable waves conflict
the blood wash nears ebbs nears

those trained to die do quickly
survivors dance the killing ballet
turning luck burns their victory

a squad and sergeant tumble me accidental
glance aghast at my civil taunt
one lad speaks a runner runs

and returns a captain rides up
like the emperor he used to be
sad laughter the squad is guard

the battle sprints
the others swarm
confrontation

but a man shouts 'old man Keats'
shock stop and hardly believe
both swarms curse and tension guard

sod the lot of them
when we were here
wilderness lovers
we were a better bang

even though i'm dead
i'm not allowed to die
but soon i will run the dark road
return to you

A Bicycle Criticises Concorde For Not Observing Butterflies

Within a fiction,
set in Samurai Japan,
there are a hundred men,
on a beach, rows, dead.

They were betrayed, not by their leader,
who let an enemy ooze behind lines,
not by their pointless simple honour;
no, they were betrayed by their author.

“So what?”, you might say,
“they’re only characters in a cheap novel”,
“if that”, you might add,
“hardly worth their sentence.”

But had any one of them,
dead to sharp that moment’s plot,
lived beyond their author’s laziness;
they could be: what?

Perhaps these non-born,
having snatched creation
for such a callous blink,
deserved their self-assassination;
they could have chosen a better book.

The film was, of course, successful.

chase chase

a real smile presented me
a gleaming dish of crumble

speckled with berry-red and moist
something to very much like

i take the first mouthful
a rush of flavour fruit

then a tooth is broke on stone
emotion like fingers in boiling

many men relish
chase chase

but i detes

6.6.6