

20.0e

dead write

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

glist and *discard* are published on www.greatworks.org.uk

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

Poems

still biting

glist

Underneath The Loch

discard

dead write

still biting

in memory of Dave Wise

“i’ve got death” he’d said
staring me

he knew
i know
some journeys
you just ride

his funeral...

no mine
i’ll have the Ahknaten’s wake
sweat the mourning out

he’d enjoy it
laugh
called me a prat...

i should have held courage
worn my black bow tie

glist

l

the packets arrive marketing–liar glint
bright inside–see glisted envelopes
creating excited saliva undercurrent
promising just–once–more consumption desire
this–time the–last–time sate–now never–more lies

i'm immune junky crash–sale head–warp madness pharm–glit
less so drink–drunk like–now hurt–soon make–shout
my weakness they know my weakness these glisted promises
exotic–freedom strange–use want–buy must–buy rush
lucky dark–dread consequence only bailiff–court–sneer

2

absorb descriptor
adore review
runrun purchase

unreleased

bollocks to the bastards
using my enthuse
to seek orders

discard their abuse
the press

them 0

3

all the glisted conmen

ad they're the lady
smooth skin and glisten lust
a this is yours this now

ad they're the guy
water-skipping every else to only you
they can't stop
you can't move

but where's the glisted guarentee
where's the promised consequential

all the glisted conmen
they'll never deliver

4

seek research build fulfil report
if you must

seek reuse brag
if you can

obey the law
minimal cost

remember
advertises boasting quality
its cheaper to law and lie

Underneath The Loch

A man, giraffe-like, thin, a random match of clothes to woollen hat and stubble, faked the drinker's sway. He pissed as though he thought that he had got away, he'd looked about but failed to spot my eyes, my loathing eyes. He stood on rock, on lonely highland rock, a sloping down to water highland rock, to dark and silent loch, to isolated loch. And stark above, a minor hill, a hundred metre smock of stone, so worn by nagging wind and broken trees. But he was staring down, then kneeling down, was at the water's border, brushing fingers in that flat and freezing wet betrayer. No, not fingers, he's—

*I don't remember what. I see the lights, the lights,
the bright and churning fire attractive lights,
they're underneath the water, they're watching me.
I see the lights, the lights, they're witching me.*

I'll try, I'll try to not remember them. He stood, he stood and walked away, not far, and turned to watch the mere. He waited, and he waited. Then a blotch of sunlight broke the dusk and shone on me; I could have kept my eyes on him, perhaps, but felt I had to hide until the sun had ceased to lend its smile. When I returned, a slow and careful creep, a while had past, but there he was, no longer still, a tad disturbed: his movements jerked. His confidence was spent. It took some thought to work it out: his clothes had changed; they seemed a little darker, sprayed in dirt, arranged a subtle differently. Then in the loch he went.

*I don't remember it. I see the lights, the lights,
the bright and churning fire attractive lights,
they're rising from the water, they're locking me.
I see the lights, those lights, bewitching me.*

I'm holding, just, but not for long. He swum and dived.
He surfaced once or twice, but then the loch was still.
And after thirty seconds, I sprinted down that hill;
by luck I didn't trip. What could I do? I'd tried
to phone before; the signal wasn't there. I stripped
at speed to swim myself, to dive and give him breath,
but that was when the loch was lit from underneath.
At first the light was white and still, yet I was gripped
by shock. I grabbed my things and sprinted off. I suppose
I looked an idiot, I tried to dress and run.
When nothing followed me, I calmed and clothed, then spun
around to watch the loch. The lights had moved. They rose.

*I daren't remember more. I saw the lights, the lights,
the bright and churning hypnotising lights,
they've risen from the water, they've stolen me.
I'm in those lights, the lights, they're raping me.*

You woke me up, you soldiers, with your sirens and
your rushing round. You brought me here, and ask me what
and when and where. I'm scared; I'm in the blank of shock;
please let me home; I need my partner's warming hand.

discard

I

possession's ownership discarded

no longer mild nostalgia replayed at bored will
the listening must wait for random radio schedule
or rare shared taste in complexity
an intellectual heat best held back unfed
to audience

no more only opened by my hand
pausing shallow tales retold
nor exploration of non-sequential centuries
libraries will help me roll speculation
the texture of someone else's careful dream
ingested rewritten thrown

no rectangle again captured vision
no wild land linear geometry
no raw cultivation
no mechanical ecology
these i will revisit
creating sarcastic dimensional click shots
sneering this plodding nation's dalek bigotry

2

absence won't bloat must keep space
non-existence can't yet be rip violate stolen

only never belonged
cause no duty

3

i would lie if i tried to deny
that releasing my collected objects of youth
does not edge doubt's adrenalin
does not discomfort otherwise unminded moments

but i commit
i sacrifice property's toil
to make

4

i didn't expect a sign

after unclasping the first grasp
a stranger a strange bar a strange city
he spoke to me

i rarely chat but this time i did
and found an ordinary old man rhymer
proud of his ordinary lines
clasping his love for a heroin fuckwit
she's his siren
she's spending his blood

perhaps he spoke a novel's plot
to impress
for he was no anger

but he has gifted me

5

i'm tense discorded
on abandon past

i cannot fund these claspings
i cannot hold the stressing

favoured farmyard animals
corralled to the slaughterhouse

6

i am this week's
blame-worm

dare i discard work
when more is risk

but i am discarding
all my its are burning

i dare discard work
when more is risk

all the glisted conmen
can drink the piss they proud

7

smash the door glass
watch the shatter
thread the hooligan chain
lift

the old steel wistful
flies young again
to corrupted heaps
piled long away

a callous day

8

relocate by rip and fall
absolute assurance reliable as luck

destination a plain town
parochial

where common are the happy clappy
reciters of hand-me-down hate

dead write

mate dies
rush write

my head's a bath
mourning rimfilled

sloughing the overflow
down this

