

20.0f uncivil law

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

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

uncivil law

centuries

unjustice

complexity

money

smirk

flame

magistrates

age

wrong

invention

scotland

criminal

democracy

consent

piano

parliament

citizen

bailiff

bones

health

maid

blackbox

53

fear

“... Over 1.6 million claims were made in 2000 for money owed by one person to another ... only 36,000 debt cases went to trial ...”
DTi Press Release 7th February 2002

“... 1912 ... The National Telephone Company provided for 561,738 subscribers altogether ...”
UK TELEPHONE HISTORY, R Fishwater.

“... [William] Gladstone had one of the earliest telephones installed at Hawarden. It was there from 1880.”
p391 of Gladstone, Roy Jenkins, Macmillan ISBN 0-333-60216-1 (1995)

uncivil law

centuries

the nineteenth century
schools for the rich doctors for money properteers vote
justice is bought

the twenty-first century
schools by right doctors by right votes by right
justice is bought

unjustice

1.

right justice
requires good law
and balanced judgement

2.

all those principles you should be thinking of
listening all sides not taking bribes
consistency consequences completeness
retribution mercy
how can balance be
without every one

3.

good law's for parliament
that's another row

4.

too many courts
don't bother announce a case
don't effort to hear defence
don't report pronouncing
don't treat balance
as worth the cost of phoning up
and hearing each opinion
that's two pence
of their billionaire flow

5.

without water there is no ocean
without balance there is no justice

6.
no phone
no email
no fax
no messaging
just write to be ignored
as though the fifteenth century
had a stretch of sanity
and forced their judges to accept
king henry's mail
but the courts reneged
by castrating written pleas
as dementia

7.
and when answering an accusation
how does where you are now
affect the facts then
yes
if you're there
the prostitutes of barristering can interrogate
can leer at body language
can opine honesty
but why prevent all the distance interaction
why prevent so much expression of defence

8.
authorities proudly claim
in almost every money case
there is no defence
"so make your rampant accusations
on our network site"
they'd sell titanic tickets
"sail the ship see the ocean floor"

9.

walking sticks and hobbled men
balance and justice
kick a stick a helpless man falls
kick defence justice fell

10.

a simple means to say
could simply be accepted
it's quick to make the phone secure
as do the banks

11.

or is technology monster
frightening decrepit law
declining childhood

12.

english civil law broke
when phones became so popular
ninety years ago

english civil law was corrupted
when phones became ubiquitous
fifty years ago

13.

and for those who don't understand
than an alternative is not an obligation
yes i know not everyone has a phone
a mobile email the web fax
and whatever geek creations
make tomorrow strange
nor does everyone have a home
a postal address
yet the law presumes
and insists we all pretend
the snail
that inefficient polluting collapsing archaic
postal service
is perfection

14.

email uses seconds and costs as zero
to translate the world
the post uses days
and costs infinitely more
to cross the road

15.

if civil law had justice
all defenders would be heard

16.

generations have been prevented
law can't be arsed to fetch defence
nor permit its presentation in the manner of the time

17.

this is more than mere rot
this is more than britain's culture of incompetence
english civil law's corrupt

18.

boil the gargoyle

complexity

i recall the proud pronouncement
in nineteen eighty ish
that computers have become
the most complex of systems
created by mankind

now this complexity has grown
ten thousand times
like embryo to adult

english law has not

yet computers do not need a ring of nerds
advising any mundane man on how to what
telling them which click to where or when to mouse

complexity is simply used
no expert stammers round

law
that such a simple system
needs herds of clever beagles
merely to operate
condemns itself

money

those system shapers that legal club
if choiced by some mechanical decision
with balanced either or
one excites the wallet
the other does not
they'll drink the golden shower

for neither cause fair thinker fuss
yet else the greedy will irate

such choice may flare
just once an equinox
but sum across the centuries
from socrates to now
to find our folding note bordello

this is where cold thatcher air needs to hail
a "Legal Relations Act" perhaps

competition investigation
cartel disintegration
hard regulation

smirk

i have confirmed
by “watch the system do”
not “hello really nice people
tell me all the faults you’ve got”

they won’t commit
a simple coin
to lift a speaking handset
to help a hearing fair

but they’ll commit
the cost of brothel nights
driving petrol and pollution
bullying enforcement

to be right that great principle
isn’t worth a penny
for power that great corrupter
they’ll spend a hundred pound

flame

anecdotally on the net in mailing list or usenet news
it's quick to rant a hate or fire a sniper shout
insulting people somewhere else
discarded phrases causing rife

but on the net in chatting space
it's hard to turn away apologising balm
the cleaning up of conversation mess
natter mutter data
unworded taken back

in conversation your draft asserts are chopped
before they set entrenched

when you set a written down
there is no sneering chuckle
to put you back to right
you guard your silly place

more retreats and more defend and more assault
it's all more hate and time

if a problem's for resolve use a conversation
if a problem's for exacerbate use a written down

who likes to writ and word
who charges by the hour

when accused in ranting print
when clever nicely lines attack

moon

magistrates

a genuine summons grudges defence
admitting attackers may only be imperfect gods

but i have one telling me
i shall plead guilty and how to pay
it does not accept the assaulters might be human
it chants con

the summons states no phone
none on the paperworks none on the 192
how can i ring check confirm

the aggressor the self belief perfection the local council
haven't done the work

age

if i doze in stained underwear
so be it
if the telly mumbles so i turn it loud
so be it
if you cook lunch so late i shout
so be it

food has no flavour
arthritis burns my temper
i sneer your silent fear

wrong

saying you'll kill
or killing
which is worse

ignore the polished junk asserts
binocular to english civil law
see the done

now dream a balance scale
dump a barn of glistened tricks on a single plate
that's it—that's their balance act

with no civil court
no crass imbalance in almost every case
there'd be no judicial wrongs enforced

having no system's better
than english civil law

fixing the leather's not enough
shoot the horses
slide the entangled net

invention

on the intellectual radio
a british inventors' society man
strongly chunks support for patent laws
but admits to one disadvantage

if your patent idea is stolen
by some glass–glare water–floss corporation
whom in defence of livelihood
you take to court

you'll make each lawyer more in months
than every penny ever to be earned
by any man who spends his life
pulling lives from burning fire

no matter it's your invention stolen
the men of theft will reboot court
until they victory
pissing cash to drown

so if you and your back garden inventor's shed
have no rapacious millions
financial psychopaths
rape the construction of your life

how things would change
if justice had import
to english civil law

scotland

i've received a citation
i think that means a summons
from a scottish court
post case

no preceding note remarking its existence
no call acquiring my defence
no court report
no number for me to seek what's happened
no email
no fax
no web
no courtesy

i fear the scottish system's as rotten as the english

criminal

a mother's convicted for killing her child
the barristers hid the medical fact
the child was dead by meningitis
innocent grieving convicted

the husband informed the system it lies
the anglo-legals belted him bankrupt
justice to them's a charge not a right
innocent grieving convicted

a decade or so the destructor's exposed
the corrupted asleep by clarion woke
the criminal system its title fulfilled
innocent grieving convicted

democracy

democracy at least
enables change of government
without an insurrection
or civil war destroy

we who vote
we own the result
we choice the politicians
we choice the consequences

if a cornered state
has some nasty act to make
which angers many citizens
if the tumult people do not own
if their politicians fail to salve the anger

opinion may coagulate about some other means
to reparate the state
revolt insurrection civil war

this is risk destruction
like when a rag hysteria
incites a pride of fools
to lynch a children's doctor

so politicians flurried
when half the voters slept the last election
politicians flurried
to pre-empt denial
of no easy choice

consent

the courts are unelected
but we can meter consent
by black box counting
voluntary attendance
we can mark their foul pride
of only one percent defend

this unconsent to judgement
it risks an unpredicted
coagulating anger to collapse
judiciary democracy stability

piano

this piano is always played
but slowly slowly loosens pitch
drifting keys flex a growing dissonance

the pianists do not hear
they are exercising ever exercising
as the tone declines across the octades

we
we summonsed
we hear their scratching clash
we see their schadenfreuderern
pillocks in the audience
mirthed

enough
i have hired the sphinx's amplifier
speakers the size of pyramids
the rasta dj

they're on the way

parliament

the courts for sure maintain their free to act
but i'm concerned by parliament
independent supposedly of courtly ways
it needs it must be able
to cure a justice mess

the plebiscite can like to vote opponents in
legals the largest brat amongst MPs
can like to keep their outside skills alive
but don't have time to educate for change
so lawyers still have strong appeal
to tinker with the courtly flies
and let a justice failure be

like drivers in always shunting goods yards
who only see the slowly moving wagons
not the stretching railway
not the can't-stop-in-time ramping express

they'll not decide to fix a mess
they haven't noticed happen yet

the executive part-neutered parliament by whips enticing power
justice part-neutered parliament by colonisation

we need a rule that legal lads both girls and boys
are barred to candidate for parliament
unless their justice membership be eternally revoked

citizen

so what to do when faced with courts believed corrupt
the arguments of lawyers are reputedly superb
their clever pose can talk a jury into saying
“the birmingham six they did that bomb”
when all they did was cards
it helps was fixed the evidence
of course no advocate would aid in that

corruption burns the soul
once you've broken conscience it doesn't die
even strangers note a smile and reflex tick

you'll have no repair
you can't depend on history to lie
you'll never able calm

soul demands you avoid corrupt
but if you stay away the court aggressing credit pushers
or local clockwork men or chancers on a vampire trip
will legal blag your property

golden showers or freedom
mister jones next door or ghandi christ the buddha
property or soul

which would you prefer

bailiff

predated by a seizing bailiff
as predicted
the cost for keeping conscience sweet
my caressing photo kit
long silent for poetry
now silent for eternity
a consequence of metering
the corruption of uncivil law

she wore disdain the bailiff
a funeral prinz-net
closed across her face
arrogant as conviction
an archaic heirach
eyes closed to the active world
judging not by cultural contribution
just tit dropping and easy marionette

perhaps if i were given proof
that all we'd ever done
us colleagues in the corral
destroyed its own intent
could i state my doubt aloud
or suppress the subtle evidence
burk the person proving

yes
i should have paid the revenue
but they assured they'd free and never did
the cash of mine they'd stolen "accidentally"
redundancy had paid to me
all those years ago

and they may have done
if english civil law
had thought balance
worth the pence of phoning up
and hearing each opinion

bones

my bones
my worthless political bones
imagine a year or few
and civil law corrupt will media aware
five more and “something must be done”
ten to “burn it out start again”
twenty to incinerate the bureaucratic clutter
introduce a fairness bright and whistle calling
a shrine to light a balanced court

too long
plans must be right now
for a system new to activate
should democracy be startled

right justice requires good law and balanced judgement
go beagles go
break create ready make

health

the american medical system
is like the himalayas
so many peaks of excellence
it's quick to blind to valleys in between
where more children drown in childbirth
than is honourable to a pirate

our nhs
has no peaks of bright
nor that sinful count of infant death
it bureaucrats on greatest good
not on greatest wallet

maid

see you affront your eyes the balance scale
the civil legals dropped accruing foul
and flaw the high court statue holds the fail
unbroken in distrust so falsely proud
of rules to gloss defence unsaid one side
ignored is not a neutral test except
it's just to parasitic eyes the bride
of parliament has kept her scales unswept
to concentrate on cleaning rules as life
is run as cause rotates to nought as crime
gives history to gentlemen of strife
and rape the maid of law is shining grime
look burn the rot make clean the darwin glass
the nation's moved catch up with us run fast

blackbox

black box analysis
investigates complexity
should you cannot look internal
or too much there is to see

you won't understand a crab's desire
by breaking it's life
chasing tracing counting
neurons veins cells
no leave it be
let it sense let it do
watch

compare results ideal

if crabs contradict ideal
ideal is wrong

if justice contradicts ideal
justice is wrong

53

53 women physically raped
suicide tried and lives distraught
the criminal doctor's imprisoned

53 victims financially raped
suicide tried and lives distraught
the criminal lawyer's embarrassed

fear

i see so simple
so obvious so wrong

what else corrupted
lies beyond eye see

