

# **20.0i** **be infinity**

**Dylan Harris**





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**Potato Press**

Some of these poems have appeared in *Scrawl*, *Exile* and *Never Bury Poetry*.

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

# Poems

a then

garden

Instructions For A Common Ceremony

oh dear what a pity there there

workahol

her ran

On The Sonnet

shrines

i am perfect its the universes fault

The Cause Of War

scratby

england corrupted

early winter rose

ghost

server room

To Let

At Buckfast Abbey

in cynic adverati

be infinity

the washer machine broke

We Drunken Here



## **a then**

no brag–side lorries  
no metro shriek–walls

quality inability  
dusted exotic moscow

russia  
odd pressure

dylan thomas to catherine wheel  
saliva words

a communist journalist led  
i cursed london's blown trash

now westminster dustmen  
arbeit the night's gift

russia  
odd pressure

# garden

this english fascination with grown artifice  
denying the shock of flowered beauty  
gardens predictable as bigots

where is the magnificent wild  
where is life's swarming unexpectedness  
where is scent's stun memories

all plan-chained by ennui regularity  
a hovering hunting kestrel  
chocolated

damn their pressure  
insisting my fractal haven is mown neat  
mown mono



# Instructions For A Common Ceremony

Fill the kettle up.  
Put the kettle on.  
Let the water boil.  
Let the water cool.

Set the cone and cup.  
Put the cone on top.  
Put the filter in.  
Spoon the coffee in.

Pour the water through.  
Soak the coffee wet.  
Use the water once.  
Let the coffee work.

Throw the coffee dregs.  
Drink the coffee drug.  
Feel the tongue awake,  
feel the mind inflate.

# oh dear what a pity there there

rushing like panic on elastic  
up the pub corridor and down  
howling over all the conversation

what disaster broke  
this doldrum spinster's emotion  
at ten years old

and why does her clear distress  
leave me angered cold  
at the me-me-see

# **workahol**

i'm tired  
must work

exhausted  
must work

brain dead  
must work

sleep  
wake up  
must work

# her ran

speak  
no just flap fly  
like vulture sees life

have confident  
have proud  
have polite

# On The Sonnet

I couldn't write a sonnet, no matter how  
I tried. It's difficult to chop and fit  
my thoughts, my free expression thoughts, right now,  
right here, to such a rigid form. My wit  
is not the tight–arse type. My lines are full  
when I am done, no less, and never end  
at some exactly counted syllable.

What's said is key, not how. It's just a trend,  
this fancy verse, for populists; it's dropped  
as rot in modern poetry—and how  
can anybody teach that tightly cropped  
and strictly managed words can ever plough  
the spoken thought, the blurled crude opines,  
and crop the lot to only fourteen lines?

# shrines

rushing the driven A road  
a moments glitter  
a stark flash in the mud grass verge

cellophane reflecting sunlight  
protecting summer colour flowers  
this winter afternoon

on the roadside  
by the place of death  
the end of love

this often mourn  
the stone tower the Norfolk border  
shrines by the roads of history

each a sculpted wake  
to the shocked imploding loss of love  
we all suffer

# **i am perfect its the universes fault**

you goes back a place you aint bin a while  
sometime theres summin noo abawt  
werent there before  
an bin around a hundred year

“dont be silly its your memory  
leaks like a taf” yull say  
oh no it aint  
that old fing really is nu

and ive worked it out  
i read summit in the paper  
bout quan’um stuff  
you no qubits and the like

preten you cant put yer eggs in one basket  
an if all yer gots one basket  
an all the eggs gotta goin  
yure stuffed

but if yuve got a quan’um basket  
theyll all goin  
cos it spreads em out fer yer  
cross parallel universe fings

dunno wot they r  
it sed universe is like a difrent istry  
an quan’um stuf ’ops among em  
an human memrys sorta quan’um too

and thats y i dont remember  
that old new stuf  
cos me memrys leaked from anover istry  
where there aint no such fing

and theres anover me  
who remembers a road that aint there  
and turned dahn it and hit a wall  
and now hes got grief

cos you see time and istrays like a crystal  
sometimes theres a crack  
an istrays get to be difrent  
and memrys jumps

so all the people you fink are loonies  
cos they live in a difrent world  
they jus got memry leaks  
theyve lived stuf yull never dreame



# The Cause Of War

H-I-J-K\* spells war.

Look,  
simply add L-M-N-O:  
it's obvious.

Oh, come on,  
H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O;  
you surely know  
that "H" to "O"  
is water\*\*.

*\*Letter sequence nicked from Stephen Rodefer.*

*\*\*Punchline nicked from an infamous Daily Telegraph crossword clue.*

# scratby

this place of child me holiday  
council–town–by–the–sea  
sixties cheap estate  
mud decorated walls

the cliff stair descends into sand  
the grubby clean beach  
paranoid watching men dog walk  
boys charge run–rattle motorbikes

for a moment I'm stolen  
loud sings the swelling sea  
its siren sound surround  
the glamour of end

I turn my back to that  
it's not my time to answer  
the sea rolls like drums roll  
one day I'll belong

# england corrupted

i live in hypocrisy city  
corruption abroad is condemned  
officials by pager remutter  
“systems in Britain are clean”  
as clean as a catholic bishop

it isn't “go get yourself graft”  
it's letting the minions fuck-up  
then leaving the errors unfixed  
“ooh another few hundred's now due  
we'll get to our ministers' goal”

i was redundant with thousands  
when maggie the mammoth was boss  
my pay-off just happened to match  
amounts i suddenly owed  
“dear me what an error so sorry”

despite being workless and skint  
despite all the money being mine  
most all's not returned not then  
nor weeks nor months nor years  
fourteen years later nor never

the law says this isn't a crime  
the money's mistakenly took  
the corruption is passive acceptance  
promoting a culture of error  
malevolent incompetence

## early winter rose

a fuck—the—bastards mother's disconnected  
a secondo donna petulates  
a net chatte barks

these trip—mes  
this wrong town

then a lunch rare walk  
a sweet stun glance  
eyes each other's gaol

her gardienne sensed the trapped  
spun like a won't start motor  
i walked

thank you  
early winter rose

# ghost

Glass's  
Ginsberg  
ends

there—something enters the room  
caresses my leg  
friendly—nothing

eighteen months ago  
three kittens arrived and frenzied  
Houdini had vanished

the first was long-haired beautiful  
naughty Miss Demeanour  
pest and miniture scamp

teenage trip—you Not!  
nervous gentle Jinj  
adept night hunter

— months —

Not! was road bone-broken  
for all their lives complete  
i had to move them

old Madam's asleep in the kitchen  
my ankle's brushed goodbye  
loss

thanks cat  
good luck  
see ya

## **server room**

rectangles grey like forgotten faces  
three man-high towers metal  
systematic machines this male place  
electric sundries scattered

a cold decorated producting room  
the uni-pitch engine of working quanta  
the no sad no joy the no peace no ire  
this is where the data heart runs

the outside friendly coolwind spins young leaves  
a rush-flock of exuberant flickering  
as though sun-sparkle water races off a running dog at play  
what running dog at play

# To Let

Why does no-one else complain?  
They've moved the public loos again.  
And why is it that I'm arrested  
when I ensure these things are tested?

“This be no bog”, the coppers prey;  
“Then what's that sign up there,” I say,  
“and since you're here please tell me why  
they never print the letter 'I'?”

# be infinity

you tell 'em for me

you do something  
like greasing caution  
that damages everyone  
whilst you're alive  
but dies with you  
that's at most  
one generation shackled

but if you invent  
to be heard by one man  
every hundred years  
that's one in ten billion  
times all those lives to come  
that's all the futures enhanced

one remembered word  
is infinitely more  
that all the nice forgotten  
all the frightened antinew  
all the fundamentalist hells  
all their empty cups



# **the washer machine broke**

the so exasperated clothes  
took siege on the washer machine

i returned in  
to instant shock at movement socks  
in fear gibbered

my foul noise  
so horror the washer machine  
it feint surrendered

and wash  
two three four

# We Drunken Here

by АННА АХМАТОВА

We drunken here, we harlots,  
in cheerlessness, we share.  
Wallpaper flowers, wallpaper birds,  
for mist.

Your black pipe, its smoke ascends,  
to ink–blot hallucination.  
I wear my lithe skirt  
for grace.

The window glass, rote sealed,  
blocks hoarfrost and thunder.  
Your eyes wary at me,  
eyes of a black cat.

Ai, dread forbodes me,  
death mulls on me.  
And she, she who last danced,  
she can go to hell.

This loose translation of Анна Ахматова's 1913 poem is based on Max Hayward's literal translation, published in "Modern Poetry in Translation: 1983".



