

20.0n tin rush

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

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

tin rush

po
ba
fi
vo
pp
ti
fu
ni
ag
av
ee
hu
ei
xu

tin rush

po

if you'd have seen me here
arrive to this reality
i'd not

if you'd have seen me here
arrive to this reality
a non-balloon would blow from null
to micron eye and gone

if you'd have seen me here
arrive to this reality
in all the absent you surround
a swarm of slow and grow again
finger press of liquid skin
you'd only awe the sparkle edge
create inflate combine

if you'd have seen me here
arrive to this reality
i'd form and swarm by femto tech
to newton twenty metre me

& stock
check reality error
and if the seen is real enough

& stock
check reality realisation
and if the seen is right enough

if you'd have seen me here
arrive to this reality
i'll turn to gunman on panic
all the small
the shock and fast the fire
burst across the every are
a mass speed femto ask about

& stock
listening
i brewer

ba

Life! Life?

You're sure? You're sure!

People! People?

Humanity? Humanity!

Do I wander pounded streets
expect to find some happy yang
when bigots race to rape?

Absolute? Absolute!

Sod.

Sod the safe, the faerie snow.

fi

you'll not see the creeping me
fire as light as wheezing
settle
and all my fluid femto senses
speed rain as cataract
on to a humanity
climbed beyond our reach
fell beneath our lost

vo

the host of religious
communicable diseases
but who reports

education
the mental condom
but in the energy
where's thought

pp

i shall
headspace mitosis

twin me
mechno man
the hymnen and ...
well ...

... male
am

let me
dunno

let me
who

i shall

make flesh
activate

biology

genetic desperation damning
as if the me the meme machine
was any else
beyond another pressure suit

i nanocate and port

ti

you insist me down
on blatant fire
like seeking for omnipotence
in a can of beans

i'm not there
then i'm there
that's all

trek got the sinews right
but their justifications
spelt to lead the lazy heads

they were crap

fu

i'm reality's fantasy superman
isolated by wise glory
& I'm still fucked by the eye lock

i'm meant to be observe

but i shall buy
these moon eyes

and the bastard seller knows
and i spend the cost of five
and i don't

FUCKING
DISTRESS

they've got me down
to them
i'm the moon slaver

fuck black and white movie shoe-fantasy
happy-clappy be nice here's a gun
'human beings are formula' miscasting dimals

we're fucking
all ways

we extreme happy we

ni

you need that
the machine whisper

it's a bio thing

ag

discard the silenced world
pain joy the flesh cage
a gift and got

av

i could slave
the every all
in their belief

i could
rule revolt revolution
and all the serf should die
a how to refusing death

HET

the insist is now in murmur
wipe the silent sate
restore to do by reason

ee

separated selves
all the us are aunties

all the hectored
all the us the drunk

the husband shames us
all the us the husband

hu

this humanity
i dance
is null

this humanity is living

this humanity
burns its own
to brag a power
undoubted

this humanity is living

this humanity
drives destitutes
as donkeys
run to thirst and death
in days of rain

this humanity is living

but i
for all my femto tech
am psyché humanity

has cultural engineering
ever worked
mister smith

ei

in the name of good tomorrows
stalin hitler killed their now
one planet one decade

all the dogma dominators
dead the hope they cause

when
has cultural engineering
ever worked
mister smith

xu

we needed that
the machine whisper

you've had a fifty years
mister smith
you loved the life relieved

it's time to ascend
die upload combine
ciao the A rush

who saw us here
arrive to this reality

gone

10.3.7