

# 20.0g nation six dog

Dylan Harris





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nation six dog**

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**Potato Press**

Some of these poems have appeared in *Envoi* and *Orbis*. Thanks to Kit Fryatt for the comments. “Gnorts” was stolen from the net.

by Dylan Harris

4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 discard

chapbooks

20.0: *v* the dead cat blues, *u* bremen, *t* autumn, *s* mechelen, *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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*Recitals of some of these poems may be found online*

# Poems

Don't Understand

Water

northumberland

nation six dog

Regrow

green

in cynic adverati

Fugues

Pop Fugues

easter sunday

At Buckfast Abbey

when the trains first came

Before The Bush War



# Don't Understand

This poem was inspired by the manifesto of The Revolutionary Front For The Liberation Of Macclesfield, whose sole terrorist attraction was the killing, by drop kicking, of two Yorkshire Terriers.

Geologists cannot explain the seam of tin ore which London Transport were shocked to discover under the Thames in the 1950s—now exploited by the famous Greenwich Tin Mine. The scientific consensus is that it got there by magic.

“Well OK”, I thought, “if she’s imagined some girlfriends for me, and got herself jealous of them, I’ll ask her out”. Her “no” was playful, but *so* proud.

If you are worried how to politely say hello when abducted by a UFO, remember the letters in the pseudonym “Neil Armstrong”, written backwards, spell the popular greeting “Gnorts, Mr. Alien”.

# Water

## *The Anger Of Water*

Through the netting  
I watched the physician,  
resigned, prescribing.

He stopped writing,  
looked out.  
Shock drained him.

The sea had gone.  
Death was arriving  
two weeks early.

He fled, alone,  
as though he could save  
himself.



*Three Flawed*

I just can't suss  
that life guard.

I gets his  
gorgeous hands  
on me.

OK,  
so I have to squirm  
so he puts 'em  
just right.

He gets to rescue  
a beautiful girl,  
namely me.

He takes me  
all the way  
to the edge  
of the pool.

So strong,  
so masterful.

So why's he irate  
when he finds  
I faked it?

*Viaduct*

Where, once, the railway was embanked  
a field of cabbage now extends.

But every hundred paces, brick supports,  
the width of all four railway tracks, arise.

Look up to see, across the cloud,  
cables for the rails, and cables for the power.

No trains.

No birds.

No wind.

*The Mere Of Ice*

The morning's walk repair  
is stone-in-shoe disturbed  
at the cool wind glade:

high contrast light  
rushed dark leaves  
flashed sun.

The rain worn paper notice,  
on the silver slatted shutter-down kiosk  
commands us to walk the mere of ice,

blind white  
blotching pools  
slow earth.

But I know it will fail my doubt;  
I take the grass and boulder soaring path,  
walking up the double-bended valley,

watching down  
on faith belief  
crash-drown.

# northumberland

weight heavy grey age stone  
thick walled hunch house villages  
nurturers of pre england

a norfolk tornado marred flew to kuwait  
a land air missile huntress counted the well worn expected four  
got five friend or destroy  
no cancel no wait no time you choose

your child is here  
you choose

the navigators funeral  
the rite shockhearted coarse grief paused  
four tornadoes flew steam low  
black crescendo  
steam low

*one but one but one rose one rose one rose up rose up up cloud up  
high cloud up high up high up beyond up beyond beyond beyond  
vision up beyond vision beyond vision vision*

grief heavy grey death stone  
thick hunch walled silent villages  
nurture post war numb

# nation six dog

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
sex mate

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
food

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
nurture

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
place

you tell me  
cunt  
what i need

you tell me  
im not allowed  
my know

# Regrow

## *Manifesto*

Radio's the better picture;  
poetry, the better bulk.

Sporten see und breaken life,  
autumn hunt and winter pray,  
druggen up und drunken strife;  
yesterday, you date today.

So push pop the lingo, lad.

*Father*

This vid's got me, all lank and lad, sans clue.  
So cold, it's thirty years the past, before  
the desktop factory. We farmers grew  
the nourish people ate. Beyond that door  
I'm mocking at, our cows and corn were store  
for slaughter. Oh, stupid kit, why curse me why?  
Back then, for us to live, they had to die.

## *Son*

You dange in life: when this I stark, you stet.  
If dad you'd die, I'd saunt; but hurt mum get.  
You sneer my am. The proud Dad joust you won't;  
by theorem live at black you do, and don't  
concede in ooze and grey I life believe.  
Sad simpling. I rattéd jump long eve  
ago; to enge I learned. You neighbour bad,  
too ego proud, so sure, the acme prat.  
But sod; for mum I could not lie your death.  
A God of hacking times, electric breath  
in life, I am. Your glimpse, I snatch; your fade,  
I steal; my viral valkyrie invade,  
corrupting, swanning back. You'll only know  
on die; in wetware crack, I'll you regrow.



## *Program*

If torn is body space  
the spy, a thread;  
if form implied  
scout, report, enact.

If nano techno hit  
defence, all set;  
a net alert, a squirt.

If failure stats predict  
the head, the heart, a scan;  
to quantum store, a stream.

If body space, too much, is scythe;  
to net, the store, a duplicate;  
his be with this, an integrate;  
chaotic life, awake.

# green

us—we walked—we walked—we—the—green  
the—mow—neat bowl—neat long—sun—green  
sunshine august town—park—green

see—she short—model light—touch—she  
summer—dress dance—walk tall—me—she  
twenty—eight actress soft—speak—she

“happy—script daft—script television—tale  
super—sigh nordic—spy idiotic—tale  
cash—strong series—long career—good—tale

stupid—press drunken—press i—really—can’t—believe  
press—release mock—piece why—do—they—believe  
satire—true fun—too the—idiots—believe

see—them far across that chain traffic road  
cameramen journalists crocodiles—all  
meet—me mock—me mac—the—muck

believe—me sure—me the—princess—north  
gloom—haunted gleam—haunting glamour—haunting—down  
a—minister in—ministry the—minister—of—war

and my producer grins  
his stephen twigg grin”

## **in cynic adverati**

the social lace of now has ants of sell  
who work to place a toil in user hands  
to tear a burst of cash and if a tell  
reports a rush of sell is not or stands  
are down the nice day fake of cheer decide  
to push the sump with press upon the eyes  
to shout the anthems of their ware in lied  
and platted tune because they advertise  
their silvers worn to want we users sarc  
amongst ourselves the namings of desire  
when invocations made are met we lark  
a ware for get if sellers need of hire  
the cheery shouting prats its clear the wrap  
they shout about is dreadful very crap

# Fugues

deer are stupid beasts  
they run out in front of

go man go  
man go man

im not a cannibal  
i dont eat animal

right  
what am i going to do  
now  
im going to do

i like to try  
i cant deny

race the fear  
clinkity clink  
*(for the Dailies Mail and Express)*

# Pop Fugues

*for Guy Fawkes*  
bang bang flash

*for The Dread Noughts*  
bling bling flash

*for Global Warming*  
bang bang splash

*for Bohemians*  
dom domme clash

# easter sunday

this easter day recalls  
my youth me sun days  
all shut

id end intensity work exhausted free day  
sleep recovery saturn day  
be anger bored by empty christianity null sun day

singing self fresh alert desiring cuisine invent  
i could not shop graze ingredient  
that art killed by religions nil

i dont force death belief narcotic on random neighbours  
just because our ancestors fought  
thank god thatcher broke closed shop sun day

## **At Buckfast Abbey**

The monk, having seriously exercised his respect for Glasgow's wine, abstracted my queries regarding his life's order.

The ankle-low lamps coasted straight and narrow paths, giving the weak evening mist a siren's glamour.

A burglar alarm worried from chaotic directions; our movement let the monastery buildings dance the echoed panic.

In darkness brushed by nightfall's husk, the monks chanted like drill-men ritually thanking the Minister of Transport.

My fresh eyes were captivated by their Sunday chore, a ritual with incense, a sparkle in Latin.

# when the trains first came

verdant land life more than seen elsewhere  
somewhere birds flute their rapid haunt  
flower aroma allergy fresh  
their words names i used to know

these the last trudging heavy miles  
walking home from thirty years adventure  
ive fought built won lost the lot  
all i have is god and memory

i stop inhale the edge the ancient estate  
the childhood familiar buildèd hills  
wild life recreated raced replaced  
old monster trees lost forgotten

the real change is human made felt  
people live more smoke mechanical  
cities rip a rush run panic  
dreary no stranger charmchat

ive found lifes guide doubts fey  
no mock threat manipulation no selfish abuse  
this holy book unwraps the world  
all described dissected diagnosed

see find somewhere hidden symbols  
discover compulsion underneath  
no need for sinners understanding  
the book tells judges i retribute

here shafts stonestill shock me  
these tors these childhood joke and tumble hills  
these history halls rent by satan  
hades sulfic smoke rises



vents bricked dug to hell  
risen fumes drift sins infection  
i see entry horizontal distant  
a road descent weak to hells mine

ill walk casts gods light  
face rent the conjurers challenge  
follow grounded iron rods of sinner doom  
laid to guide me their hopeless

i crunch walk dark echo  
the beast squeals knows me here  
it comes roars i stand immortal  
halt i shout a man of god is stood

# Before The Bush War

Bush War, the next generation:  
I'm ambivalent.

The arguments:  
none arouse me.

Half the US army  
unable to transverse Turkey:  
unexciting.

America adventurous;  
Britain ambitious;  
France French:  
dull.

Enough.  
The sun rises.  
I watch.



