

3

nation six dog

Dylan Harris

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Potato Press

by Dylan Harris

4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 dead write

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 “nation six dog” in the subject line of any email)
Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

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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

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 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.

Namings

America

The “What–A–Good–Idea” Pilgrim Fathers
brought no wagon,
brought no wheelwright.

One exasperated lady
invented a working truck,
the “Mary Cart”.

Now, in this time,
‘Lingua Franca’
meant what it said.

Affected fools
morphed their speech to French,
sounding silent a word’s last consonant:

but not the end of Mary’s name
for she was young unmarried;
cracking shins for reputation.

So the words a Crown Inspector heard
on riding the colony’s Mary cart
were “er...this is a Mary car’.”

Bedford

Years ago,
bed design was perfected.
Reasons were spun for wheels:
sending from carpenter to customer,
obsessive room re-arrangers,
rocking bouncy kids to sleep.
Early beds had standard wheels.

Unfortunately,
young couples,
as young couples do,
experienced runaway passion,
forgetting to put the handbrake on.
Beds bounced about,
buckshotting walls, canoning furniture,
rocketing lamps, smithereening china.

Makers shrunk the bed wheel size,
making transportation hard.
Convoys of beds,
raced across the countryside,
became rare.

The difficulty was water.
In those days,
few rivers had bridges.
Goods with normal wheels
transversed fords.
Beds were now ferried,
increasing costs.

So those rare places
with very shallow fords
and a smooth river floor
counted.

Such fords were found
across rock–landscape rivers,
and nowhere else,
except in West Anglia.

A merchant town grew up,
named for the merchants' luck:
Bedford.

Cambridge

In ancient days
the town of Ugg was filled
by what would now be rudely called
Neanderthals and peasants,
and occasional flounced academics.

But the rich boys and the clever boys
resented the rough and common culture,
They caused a language strike–out
against the sounded names;
the hills of Gog Magog
became the ‘Local Ridge’.

But ‘Local’ was too wuss.
A horizontal jogging entrepreneur,
who gifted screaming services
loud and hidden on the hills
to gentlemen with cash,
was Madame “Catherine Anna Maud Belgique”.
She was known, in spoken code
when wives were nosy near,
by her “Camb” initials.

Up grew the town
around the flouncing schools,
whose name became,
from those wildly–rumour hills,
Camb Ridge.
But when that times’
unhumoured censorship collapsed,
those earthen lumps
reverted back ‘The Gog Magog’.

So now the town was only named
for gifted screaming services.
An academic city
named after a horizontal professional?
A king with cash to budget
sensitive to scandal?
Something must be done.
But luck had struck;
the river could be named again,
the town could claim
a story good for getting grants,
pseudo–history’s “Cambridge”.

Catford

The world's most evil moggy,
so he liked to think,
was black cat "Ginger",
his name and counter shade
caused him bully curse
at army kitty school.

His great delight,
this small and fluffing cat:
when dogs arrived to greet hello
and sniff those places dogs must sniff;
he'd swipe each black and feeling nose
with slicing sharpest claws.

Even the best of dogs were stung,
for that was Ginger's way.
But Brian was quite a special mutt,
and had the nous to more than howl;
he barked around, and quickly found
that every local hound had felt those claws.

Now Ginger loved to sleep
beneath his scratching tree
by the catfish stream.
So Brian got half the local dogs
to creep around and half-moon surround
the napping sharpest claws.

And on the count of “whine two three”
the dogs all barked the barking song:
“wr wr wr wr wr wr wr wr”
but stopped halfway through verse two.
Ginger panicked up, and ran the only no-dog way,
he rushed right through the water.

And now the devious plan enlightened,
for on the other side were all the other dogs
hiding silent at Brian’s behest,
until the soaking cat had landed there.
And then they barked, how sharp they barked;
the panicked cat, he rushed right splashing back.

And this is what a travelling landlord heard:
“Wr wr wr wr” “mwah!’ splash splash
“Wrf wrf wrf wrf” “mwah!” splash splash,
and saw the panicked echo cat
rush forth and back across the stream;
he’d found a drunken place to build his inn.

And to this day, we’ve heard of Brian’s barkers,
the famous “Catford Dogs”.

Keighly

Bertha Bright's childhood love
was Keith Lea.

Bertha, only child, was heiress to fortune,
to breath-sharp-in lung-ice fortune.

Keith grew proud
and left the Pennines for ambition,
so he'd return to Bertha
all pride and rich desire.

Despite the decades
Bertha refused all doubt of him,
spurning the assertive hands of vagabonds,
awaiting Keith, her Odysseus.

But he did not return;
she died alone, unmarried.
This sad story so inspired the ladies of Doolally,
they renamed their town for Bertha's love.

That's the official line.
Actually, Keith eloped a Swedish royal;
and not just any royal
but the Swedish king himself.

They hid in Malmo suburbs;
Keith, professional man, a duck inspector;
the king, living his transvestite dream,
scatty wife.

The neighbours had grasping eyes:
for the king overacted his bimbo avatar
forgetting to remove his eye-draw crown
when doorstep kissing Keith goodbye.

The Swedish State found their missing king.
Keith was banished to the empire's beyond,
to Siberia,
where he died of a broken promise.

Of course Bertha knew Keith was gay.
She also knew heiresses
handed fortunes over
to husbands.

Manchester

Sister Hester's girly dream
was not a swirling gown or glitter jewels,
but the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

Every day at school in rugby class
or hobnail boot and stamping club
she dreamt the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

There would be two hundred and ninety-three bathrooms
one for every cat she'd ever sat on
in the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

So massive and humongously huge
the mouse holes will be dragon holes
in the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

But Little Hester became Big Hester
and her children grew up to be accountants
she forgot the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

And Big Hester became Granny Hester,
telling them all of naughty naughty boys,
she remembered the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

And then a competition rose,
rename the town of “Rainie”:
she thought of the biggest and bestest house
there ever was.

“Hester’s House? No. Hester’s Mansion?
Mmmm. Just manche. Yes, yes! Manche Hester!”,
named after the biggest and bestest house
there never was.

Milton Keynes

Two grand economists uniting like fusing hydrogen,
and exploded as quickly apart again.
The younger, Milton Friedman, ran the world to Chile
to invent half-built shopping-centres and military dictators.
The older, John Meynard Keynes, kept to England
to invent stagflation (remember?), wine gums,
and birthed their child.
Even today anyone is welcome to
Milton Keynes.

Few people know donkey's ears later
these two great economists reconciled
and named the baby Gordon Brown.

Norfolk

“Nowt as queer as folk”,
the famous Yorkshire phrase recites.

Five hundred year it’s been
since this was set to one specific place.

A location full of so strangest people
the idiom rode all the land’s gossip.

“Nowt as ... folk” it reduced,
“Now folk” the locals counter–spun.

And when the counties came along
this flub was spoken ‘Norfolk’.

Sandy

A sect, a now forgotten name,
known by populist satire
the “The No Naughty Nookie Nutters”,

built a priory.
They chose a place to speak belief,
to keep themselves entirely pure.

They made their beds in sand,
so if desire decided to arise,
the lust was broken scratched.

The town they built and bloated
took the name of soil and county:
Sandy Beds..

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 blurted 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 ????? ????????

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 ????? ????????'s 1913 poem is based on
Max Hayward's literal translation, published in "Modern Poetry in Translation: 1983".

in the name of

nation spain
socialism russia
power iraq
colonisation america
clan rwanda
race germany
religion england

live and let live
nowhere

liberals don't pogrom

flock state

echo echo

millenia x

canaan judeah

babylonian persian macedonian hellenistic
philistia israel

roman byzantine ottoman british
israel palestine

soviet
panic no

lines
history no breathed me

hear antiempathy
killencourage philosophy

nations religion
the quality

create new killer our fear

escape did the foresighted few their kinder
genocided else all our fathers protectees
bred the paranoia gene select would genociders theory
has terror memory our culture dictated on by history

can recur must prevent must strength and steel
reclaim we a homeland rome stolen religion culture
egg break others secure harmonic
polite or child survive our choice we see no choice

see hope genociders hanged by justice
planning future simple cycle crop culture grow
attacked we gunfirers target kinder kinder sight
go we cant no else there is just defend or dead

gunfiring bastards their land they say ours
corralled we respectless them no dignity
our victimness greater theirs our bastard ever be
echo rote no compromise no surrender no childhood

recur a history fear cause recur a history fear cause
abuse on simpler heads recall fear echo echo
pleads the world not funders us find meet de klerk adams
killing time a killing time stubborn no let hope free

strike pale

1.

they use aircraft
they deny us aircraft

they use missiles
they deny us missiles

they use ships
they deny us ships

they use tanks
they deny us tanks

all we have
is jackets of explosive

their choice

2.

i had home
they came took it

i had land
they came took it

i had community
they came took it

now i've only life
they come

if i'm to die
i'll choose

hand them
our pain

On The USA

an adoptive mom
of an abused child
can rarely accept

her ward
has become
an abuser

kinder

gave victims kinder refugehome
alone fought acidanimal nationalism
fought save victims history only us
luckskill final victors join

selfselected kinder ancestral mythicland
we there asked peace feed try
kinder ruttet foolhowl nationalism
same arseholeness bully boy abattoir cut

in arrogance murdered two hundred tired sons
kinder catch contain murderer no
betrayer kinder betrayer justice betrayer state
elected massmurderer boss

their killerenemies ourenemies rode road they ride
they memoryhatred long stuckheld we grew
teenagepitface won'twon't everyonehatesme shriek
bullyhit bullyhitted nounderstand weepnoise

hairpull titface state "growup youlittlefuck
forgodssake trythinking fuckface littlestate
and blow your nose"

military

the youth me detested the killing military
now i know the right of risk to block insane humanity
if i'd been the now me then i'd had sounded army

but i'm a different when
it's a pointless what-if
but to binocular mistake

military
for politician
good fuck

column

military do as
politic do as
electorate

ass civic
head lazy
fear slave

the mindfuck
race the fear
clinkity clink

each body
dump
masthead

victory impossible

disgust instruct
child
gunfirer guilt

religion
psychopath gas

each nation's error's existing
each nation's cure's dissolution

military victory impossible

and on the ninth day...

and on the ninth day
God commanded
“Let There Be Respect”
and transformed

Sharon to spam spam
Arafat to hyena sneeze
Die Bush Das Kapital’s satanic verses
Osama Laden a wank

oh there

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE VISION

oh there

for all the gods sakes
give those peacemen power

final tv big

audience sea roll pebble shore breathe
cup archaic boredom occupier
moron matter computer

blank unturned ocean pretend tileset
concentration frown where
ah yes top right near

three unlucky
base left near
void reload

top right one bon
blank blank game on
next damn hope sour

risk random
base left near luck
sweep release luck such luck
fourteen blank

rote turn mark
rote turn mark
rote turn mark
rote turn mark

eight mark hope end
line edge one turn four
three mark

chasm rare thirty blank
board centre empty vertical strategy poison
mine edge concentration bastard

turn mark rote
turn mark rote
turn mark rote
turn mark rote

NO

arse
unconcentration
bad mark action
bang bang loss

waste

waste

fuddle

brain stop

warm day

not much

wake

mind incomplete

sonar deep core

no deep

do plain rote

no reminded

oi you prat

scout first

i need

use care you're ill

not got

fuck up bad

virus

yesterday sunstroke bright

weekend party

something uneaten

something eaten

these fuddles

never sussed

even poetry's plain

i'm a gorgonzola

meet
semaphore desire
pheremone urgent

rabble net talk
no red rush
no electric

only the dead dead e
you want that
bugrayshun

hi i'm george dubya
i'm a monster
a gorgonzola

core

fail née never doubt

invent behaviour ruleset
bad believe unwrongable

rite ritual no doubt truth awe
charisma clockwork glow runt
assert godish

pray fault stress luck crush
rot fractal prescription
wisdom boot
life grow accept aware

antipathy stupid supplicate conflict ever
deaf sense shout reply fear
target loud light shining fail
desperation destruction
self scared wise can't crashbot

moi promoter blind child charge
"one truth" "one church" "one lord"
dry masturbation imposed
eyes dead open unused
peer pressed hell destined die
let fearing marx opium terror bot

unfeel runt
corps toy

On Visiting San Francisco

In England the Earth occasionally burps,
but here it constantly parties.

intelligence still booting

up and walking
morning early
gravel eyed
intelligence booting

i reach the pavement
there's a girlchild
walkman dumb
step aside nerves

bins displayed
mine's not
turn back
to promenade trash

and she looks at me
her arm
pointing across
to someone else's car

I say "that's not mine"
she says "wot?"
I say "that's not my car"
she says "I didn't say it was"

and the bus stops

watch the desire of love to exist

remote auto–reptile–matic instinct stressed behaviour
him hunt–grasp juice–wish blood–bite snap–shut
her speed–run horror–show shudder–scorn escape–bye

moi je suis etranger de moi mais
this is my today's only home

empty behaviour
absence of presence

pheronome eye–snare smile–share warm–talk
reptile far–blade evaporation

the arrow of desire
watch the arrow of desire
the desire of love to exist

wishful crowded iron press
civilised numb claim
they wish those mirror

my nation's radioactive
glowing nationalism
threatening critical

the arrow of desire
watch the arrow of desire
the desire of love to exist

remembering the slits

twenty-five years
the slits punking girls
rebel man's desire

ramp firing
intra-fighting
music fem

but me i was just another punters' ears
a rebel man never slashed the air guitar
i was nil in no-ones' useless army

they created
jammed recorded
punking girls

a moment a slit a table football
i won wow what an achievement
fuck that

freeborn girls
never typical
sound excitors

remember
revolt neutered by "what's the point"
the irate driven angry priest of shan't

twenty-five years
how many fire recall
rage the dawn away

they'll be mothering
teenage–daughtered
house–worn

forget wallpaper
i'll throw the guacomole
decorate their empire

lou reed

his the voice of
dark desert rainstorm wind
form the happen pray

Dog Sound

king charles spaniel

doggy doggy dog dog dog dog doggy dog
doggy dog doggy dog doggy doggy dog dog
doggy dog doggy dog doggy doggy doggy dog
doggy dog dog dog dog dog doggy dog

labrador

dawg

dawg dawg
dawg

dawg dawg

dawg

dogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdog

dawg
dawg

dawg dawg
dawg

dawg

dawg

west highland white terrier

d d d d d d d d
d d d d d d d

d d d d d d d d
d d d d d d d

d d d
d d d

d d d d d d d d
d d d d d d d

Miss Demeanour

kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kitty kat
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat
kitty kat kitty kat kitty kitty kitty kat
kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kat

kitty kat kitty kat kitty kitty kitty kat
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kit kat
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat

kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kity kat
kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kat
katty kat katty kat katty katty katty kit
kat kit kat kit katty katty kat

8.11.3

quake press delia
hellip

wayback machine lifeboat
launch tar vinegar
cat ten percent
operational palak saag
we've

cubozoans kill gravity
radio broadcasting three
pints of milk
won't boot
/ .

bacon

yesterday's dusk sky
junket cream day-glow bacon
oh what pretty fumes

Epigrams

On The West

hanging prisons
revenge re
venge

Money's the smack of the west.

On Al-Qaida

you're dozing
you don't feel a sharp pain
the mosquito is fed and gone

you're dozing
you feel a sharp pain
you wake
the mosquito flies away
you build a dyke
drain the swamp
all mosquitos die

a yappy dog
finds the pack of sleeping lions
creeps to the biggest
bites a nose

all the lions will cower
the yappy dog believed

al-qaida
islam's traitor

sixty years ago
the enemy destroyed our cities

we destroyed theirs
and them

thirty years ago
an enemy wrecked so many human souls

now this enemy's only home
a lab

i think
it's more because
the fools are noisy

waking the baby

On Islam

a firework dies
in explosion
and sharp colour

a psychotherapist
helps an ailing man
look inside himself
find the true cause
of all his evil seen

if you don't laugh at yourself
you can't honestly appraise yourself

if you can't honestly appraise yourself
you don't know where you're at

if you don't know where you're at
you're lost

On Science

science reflects the art of God.

when faced with contradictory truths
select the truth with the strongest proof

if contradictory truths
have irrefutable proofs
they don't contradict
you've misunderstood

if you can't resolve
irrefutable contradictory truths
go meta

if objects cannot occupy
the same space
at the same time

how can you look up
to a sheet of sky
see two birds
intersect
untouched

when the morons declared war

the youth me new to work temping
signing on weeks off

accused of working claiming
they decided appealed decided
not tell

i sawn a letter nicely saying
fuck off you bastard
had they bothered to inform
i'd have told em
“you’re pissing your own knickers
i didn't claim that week”

hence the asshole reputation
of bureaucracy

look rich apple grows

this memory key
opens graves
look rich apple grows

fifty year guess

America pax
complaced

exhausted Israel Palestine
Egypt Lebanon Jordan
template EU as MU
no Syria

EU
Balkan step step Turkey irony
aggregate Morocco Tunisia Algeria Iran
Moldova Iceland mmm
Syria Norway Switzerland no
more was Soviet no

UK nationalisms
England civil war three
nationalists satan empathy
victorise hatred
EU expels shamed shout England
Poul Dayker pogrom dictator
executes executes
England civil war four
blood and stalemate
Scotland invades
Ireland France grim support
impose Caledonian composite
happier US careful neutral
bases closed bristled
Edinburgh UK2 drum machine
seven million dead by nationalism
well done daily mail
you'll live your dream short
high on junky hatred

old empires
of old territory
power

China superpower
might shake America
just bit oddments
must be nothing

Brasil power
India power

Russia repaired
sees China
aware uncare EU

India Russia China EU
four marionetteers
of Pakistan Afghanistan Kashmir
no peace

Africa still fuckup toy
despite South Africa Nigeria

China direct Asia Australia
Japan tense

China integration
America in Taiwan stand off
China hacks US
snap invade snap win
snap US military prisoned
China unified
occupies America moon Mars
US stilled incredulous

US dereferences for global boil

China relents

return moon Mars

troops not technology

EU wet scared

got American technology

need else now

Russia wet scared

neighbourhood rampant superpower

need strength now

EU Russia unite

Moscow Strasbourg one

Ukraine Belarus Georgia Armenia Azerbaijan join

Kazakhstan Krygystan Uzbekistan Tajikistan Mongolia decline

new balls please

Beijing to serve

english garden

english sensibility +
wild texture beauty ?
identikit monotony

christmas card poem

oh wurtle beast in furtle flight
wot you doing in my gun sight

oh wurtle beast in furtle flight
bang bang you're dead ha ha

cold pity

i pity your cold heart

not according
the shock
of close death

food studio

decour service feel
all 2nd to the art

if you but that
your soul's thin

peered

being peered on
mass poll pressure
exploited

compress to mundane
predict open–plan shoehorn
no best quality permitted
planned fit pressure no excel
corporate some bastard up benefit
fit in corporate poor
don't excel
fit
dull predict fit required

savage down to plannable ordinary
belong box

church is dangerous vital

terrace end house
ninety middle class years
kept unkempt garden
old curtains old furniture

i don't know why the council
destroyed the green life
took the topsoil
a plant disease
a death disease

the land's now
grey charcoal

in the street
an old chap
short & capped
in his eyes
new loss

he asked me

why did i not
& the pub
help him out his grief

pit air G

pit
cold pit
ice hard pit
pretty pit
cold pit

air
sheet brush air
asthmatic friend air
hard breathe air
warm air

pit
cold pit
ignore pit
absent pit
cold pit
walk pit

G
late G
walk toll G
spire G
church mourn G
toll G

pit
day pit
grey pit
cold pit
mourn pit
pretty pit
pit

pool

L hipped
head horizontal
elbow high

off blue centre
strike
strike the white

the pack
schoolchildren
a pack of schoolchildren
bright blueday sun

green down mower low
see balls aligned balls
see point hit pot
see point hit pot
place check pocket check
place check pocket check
strike

just align there yes
strike gentle pot
wait
that power hit
see the pot
and roll the white to strategy
game on
three reds down and safety

beer

balance still accelerando
one yellow one red one black

king kong shot
the bastard got me
good play
cushion cushion long now
white to red length shot
i'd gentle touch stop
strike
watch the roll slow roll ha
by scare de Blair i got it

one yellow one red one black
dogleg bounce
cushion corner

you know
i could safety
but damn the bastards
don't bore the barmaid with still elegance
life's a biscuit
play to bang pot

mmmm

