

# 20.0a

# The Joy Of Tax

Dylan Harris





**20.0a**  
**The Joy Of Tax**

**Dylan Harris**

**Potato Press**

One of these poems has appeared in *First Time*.

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

Copyright © 1985-2008, Dylan Harris

This publication is licensed by Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 2.0 Belgium / Naamsvermelding-Niet-commercieel-Gelijk delen 2.0 België / Paternité-Pas d'Utilisation Commerciale-Partage des Conditions Initiales à l'Identique 2.0 Belgique / Namensnennung-Keine kommerzielle Nutzung-Weitergabe unter gleichen Bedingungen 2.0 Belgien

You are free:

- to copy, distribute, display, and perform the work
- to make derivative works

Under the following conditions:

- You must give the original author credit.
- You may not use this work for commercial purposes.
- If you alter, transform, or build upon this work, you may distribute the resulting work only under a licence identical to this one.

For any reuse or distribution, you must make clear to others the licence terms of this work. Any of these conditions can be waived if you get permission from the copyright holder. Nothing in this license impairs or restricts the author's moral rights.

This is a human-readable summary of the Legal Code, which may be browsed at

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.0/be/legalcode.nl>

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.0/be/legalcode.fr>.

Published by Potato Press

<http://dylanharris.org/>

[potato@dylanharris.org](mailto:potato@dylanharris.org)

*Recitals of some of these poems may be found online*

# Poems

The Joy Of Tax

the clarion

China Poem

poetry

Scorpion

On Hunting With Hounds



# The Joy Of Tax

“Each time you buy your love a gift  
they gain some goods they don’t declare.”  
said Ima Heirach, quoted for the Revenue.

“All income should be taxed,  
so we intend to introduce  
the ‘extra purchase’ rule.

Say you buy your girlfriend flowers,  
one time in three,  
you’ll buy an extra bunch  
and post it off to us.

And should you buy romantic meals,  
one time in three,  
you’ll pay for one of us  
to join you at the trough.

And, er, if you and she, um, yes,  
well, that’s not our business, yet.  
But we’ll tax the consequences,  
when they’re fully grown.”

# the clarion

## *lord pisswater's clarion*

the extreme rapist  
a Russian madman  
killed sixty

the extreme serial killer  
Dr. Harold Shipman  
murdered three hundred fifty

the extreme racist  
genocides  
five hundred people dead  
for each one victim  
of Dr. Harold Shipman

that's all the souls you love  
everyone you've ever met

think their faces now  
family  
people you chat  
every glanced stranger

all of them  
dead  
skin awful white bloodlessness  
life ripped

that dread vision is where the racist goes  
when some big history incites his blind  
he dare not civilise his difference terror  
allow sane life to those he fears betters



Serbian Herzegovina  
Hutu Burundi  
De Montford's England

we all have fear of strangers  
fear needs courage for control

so how can you not detest  
lord pisswater's clarion  
for reciting that howling bigotry  
at fallen down outsiders

and how can you respect a nationalist  
who daren't comprehend his murder of belief  
the murder that's always seen  
when his howling fuckalikes  
steal the power of state

we know  
lord pisswater's grandfather  
sucked the cock of hitler  
but why does this modern fool  
suck the cock of hitler's corpse

*beer and pindar*

it's like believing the gangster lords  
and their sister  
– female as a volcano –  
will break the race  
their hounds will win the catford dogs  
and i'm there cheering  
– the crowd cheers –  
and i sing – we sing –  
the words of the running dog song  
i feel raised like the buddha  
to a purity of judgement  
i am to decide the race  
i naked before a thousand opinions  
will pronounce  
i have seen great challenges met  
a fox giving up eggs  
a farm of trees and engines giving up monotony  
a clarion reader giving up racism  
so i will make  
all those chaotic opinions  
all those contradictory bets  
all that violent self assertion  
wilt  
and there she stands  
like a city on fire  
promising ecstasy like a fruit promising juice  
as naked as a tree in her leaves of spring  
and though england may race like fools for gold  
and though lord pisswater may promote his coward gestalt  
and though i may burn such a squalid lust  
to open her like tower bridge  
i will not pursue  
i would be foolish

*damn the clarion*

let's get this straight  
a rascist cliché states  
“us Brits are wondrous at invention  
but haven't got the managers  
to transmute ideas to wealth  
so all our great creations  
enrich non-British companies”  
you'd think the empty peddle heads  
would follow through and say  
“that since our land needs managers to manage  
and foreigners clearly do it well  
why let's invite ten million in”  
yet lord pisswater's clarion  
that peddle rascist daily rank  
screech at entrepreneurs  
who happen to be foreigners  
whom in their rascist hatred-speak  
they castigate “economic migrants”  
these foreigners whom in different lands  
have the wit of management  
the rascists argue ours do not  
so let's say it straight  
the rascists state our managers  
are stupid like themselves  
“our country's losing out”  
yet screech a parrot hate  
at foreign gifted women men  
who immigrate and wealth create  
by its own corrupted thoughts  
the clarion howls stupidity  
is written for idiots

*little diddems*

aah  
poor little diddems  
scared of desperate strangers

there  
let little diddems hide  
in mother blunket's black skirts  
until those nasty strangers go away

aah  
poor little diddems  
little diddems hide

whilst us grown-ups  
negotiate these self-rescuers  
enable their ventures  
make our worlds rich

*Scared Of Spiders*

Some fear spiders  
but why extinct them?  
What else so controls flies,  
the diseases spread?

Some fear immigrants  
but why expel them?  
what else so generates entrepreneurs,  
the wealth spread?

*Papers*

If a toddler's scared of beauty,  
would a true parent  
encourage the baby's terror?

But then there's racist logic,  
which no doubt is why  
Goebbels stood proud  
of Pisswater's mail.

Even the tallest  
needs two short planks  
to accept the racist  
Pisswater mail.

*bigot reinforcement*

how to keep your paper bought

incite your customers to hate those only the stupid hate  
all the reasonable people tell 'em they're wankers  
since butter is better than fact  
you tell 'em they're intelligent  
and all the reasonable people are naïf  
for not detesting desperate strangers  
and incoming entrepreneurs

keep your customers dim and defensive  
too het to hear their many betters  
too prickly to break your deception

keep 'em racist  
grab their coinage

the only disadvantage  
causing the occasional mass-murdering war  
but hey  
that's then  
this is profit

# China Poem

China's history has five thousand years.  
I've met three poets from two T'ang centuries,  
still words transmuted into rushing English.

All I've really found's my ignorance,  
not just of province names and geography,  
but of their photo ordinary, to me exotic, moments.

And if the future foreign people look back to our now,  
will they use their times' conceits  
to misunderstand our misconsidered hopes?

Bollox to living in history, its canine worry.  
Listen. Balance. Write, write.  
Be.



# poetry

## *push pop*

The tradition state:  
“let the language move  
by charm of physick wit,  
chemical syllable glue,  
fusions d’etrangers,  
and bureaucratic contraptionisations:  
poets shall heel.”

And once the strong words  
are meaning squandered,  
how shall we poets say?

The lingo pack is bounding on:  
why the fuck aren’t we scouting ahead?

*select*

when you hear brilliant works  
Wordsworth Beethoven  
do you recall  
their philistines shouted them  
avant garde idiots

we have those who condemn  
who forget their ancient brethren  
detested their supposedly safe heroes

we thank our past's enlightened ears  
who heard their avant garde  
and selected

we now  
we have the duty  
to seek the diamond in the charcoal

but those who don't try  
who stand and piss in  
who contribute derision  
abuse the taste  
their predecessors hated

we who write  
we poets  
we must push  
must risk

our glist may die before us  
with us  
but may survive the hundred years of staid  
for some future child  
born beyond the death of all the living now  
to glint our work alight

*techno*

find emotion  
can't see concept  
suffocate  
or stretch

lazy leftover fools  
attack original  
announcing own empty

i must not let other people's flaws restrain me  
i must grow poetry  
i must learn better work

*what*

poetry – words  $\equiv$  music

poetry – music  $\equiv$  speech

poetry – precision  $\equiv$  prose

$\therefore$  (words music precision)  $\subset$  poetry

poetry  $\ddagger$  content

## *Copyleft*

Homer, this pub philosopher's heard,  
created to sing The Odyssey,  
but 'only' edited all The Iliad  
combining Helene colleagues' poetry myth.

These, the songs that began written epic,  
became his world's Kernighan & Ritchie,  
are older than Christianity's crutch  
and every foolish looping nationalist 'us'.

Yet we, we only hear the single voice.  
Works, once published, are inviolate.  
This fat respect prevents relay creation.  
We adore The Odyssey. We ignore The Iliad.

With 'copyleft', not for the empty, hated by empire,  
programmers reuse and revise others' recipes  
causing original and imitative solidity;  
it could prime a time-long poetic chiro-blast.

Collaboration, writing united, is not the same;  
each ego can veto the other's invention.  
A copyleft author can declare and decamp;  
others may sooth a clash-cultural chaos.

This gnu idea, it bypasses the island man's blindness;  
he cannot stop a work deepening through  
lives cultures genders generations histories worlds.  
Consider the Mahabharata.

*pah!*

gotta rag note  
“read modern poetry”  
oh i do

it's old work  
obese fill words  
lard heavy

we rush world  
yet verbosity still inject  
vacant verbal burble

go get go  
push pop the lingo  
scout

*early a*

find out  
i never did  
if poetry your mortal moved

it's to me as walking  
and these I'm written  
early a...

# Scorpion

When men are fools, the devil dances sway.  
Israeli fools, they swill their neighbours' land.  
The U.S. fools, they paid, they looked away.  
Bin Laden dances fey; for this he planned.  
Resenting fools, they took his lying school  
to learn his angel never fell. He wove  
his way. But he's no devil, just a fool  
who starved his human soul, replacing love  
with fallen thought, empathy with stone.  
His heart is dead, his brain a slave to one  
corrupted goal. This man has never blown  
a smile to someone new, nor lit a stranger's fun.  
Bin Laden's men: revive survival checks;  
he needs your death for his perverted sex.



# On Hunting With Hounds

The anti-hunt majority  
for whom the chasing is despicable  
but the killing acceptable:  
well, that must be so, for otherwise  
they would not fill their gravy plates  
with pre-masticated carcasses  
of what once might have been  
conscious animal beings  
young and politely murdered.





