

# 20.0d chase chase

Dylan Harris





**20.0d**  
**chase chase**

**Dylan Harris**

**Potato Press**

Some of these poems have appeared in *Dial 174* and *Scrawl*.

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

bathroom spider

Elsewhen

Hence The Coldness

Fear In Flight, God

Thoughts On Odes To Nightingales

the three monks

Neil Armstrong Is My Explorer Of The Millennium

Tobacco's Such A Treat

The Queen Of Santa Fe

Sharp

old man Keats

A Bicycle Criticises Concorde For Not Observing Butterflies

chase chase



# **bathroom spider**

there's no one in the bathroom but you  
you're using the mirror  
you can't turn round  
you have to finish

there's no one in the mirror but you  
the glass fogs  
you can't turn round  
you have to finish

there's no one's in the steam but you  
you're nearly ...  
your uncovered neck  
is touched

it

is

terrified

# Elsewhen

It's wrong, right,  
what youngers do,  
daynight.

But,  
when I was then,  
I did so  
too.

Right it was,  
then,  
that when.

Stupid,  
now,  
I was.

Elastic stretches less  
the more it's overused.



# Hence The Coldness

It's nice to know  
you don't consider me  
as worth the grief  
of clicking on 'reply'  
and typing  
N  
then O.

# Fear In Flight, God

*a poem in two forms*

1.

While driving home, this winter night,  
I saw the orange greenhouse light  
illuminate the sky.

The telly says, in Pakistan,  
a hijacked plane, the bastards gone,  
they killed a two-day groom.

An airport near, another crash,  
a cargo plane, the pilot's dash-  
ing self-belief, now dead.

A glass of wine, the need for sleep,  
this cyclic time, disturbed relief,  
so naturally I dream...

2.

I'm drinking Rosé,  
the colour of inhuman blood,  
watching.

From night-time winter nurseries  
cylinders of bright orange light  
rise to the lowering cloud,  
and spread like petals,  
dying.

Hijackers  
murder a bridegroom  
for sight.

Elsewhere,  
the heat is so extreme  
that shocked birds  
flying far above flames  
ignite,  
falling as shells,  
incrementing death.

They think  
to reduce their nation's pain  
by adding to it.

This is a time of cyclic myth  
of winter solstice,  
of Y2K,  
of Christian birth.

Today's God consumes.

# Thoughts On Odes To Nightingales

So what is this nightingale  
of which the old poets sing?

I drive to country dykes, to dust,  
and hear a throat of motorway.

I climb a Munro hill, by rail,  
and hear the tourist café chat.

I dive the barrier reef's remains  
and hear an abstract diesel chant.

Those poets,  
they blaze their praise  
of this bird I've not heard.

I think, you know, the nightingale's an allergy  
to dance, or punk, or what the poet hates,  
the one that he or she desires,  
appreciates.

So next you find an ode  
to a nightingale's airy delight,  
make your thoughts Sir Oswald Osbourne  
biting the head off a chicken that night.

# the three monks

the only mountains in England  
apart from those hills in the north  
called mountains by fixing the rules

are the three monks  
tall the way children see gods  
shadow on all the flat Cambridgeshire

the remains of some prehistoric volcano  
tan brown rock absorbing sun shining on vertical  
up and fractal bare to the very top

where each peak rounds inward  
a colony of hard green pine  
the fringe on the heads of the pious

these three stalwarts surround  
the fussy little town of Tull  
on the March to Sleaford road

flat and straight across the fens  
up and down and winding round  
flat and fenland straight again

and why do you not know these monks  
natural cathedrals of geology  
dominating the tower of God—love Ely

military deceit maps the monks as meres  
see the mars of shocked German bombers  
and that pair of nuclear B-52s

there's talk of some visual disguise  
you'll glance to see unfocused air  
only wise eyes will comprehend

# **Neil Armstrong Is My Explorer Of The Millennium**

He did much more  
than simply explore  
someone else's home.

His shoulders stand  
so we might land  
on some dusty lunar shore.

# Tobacco's Such A Treat

If barons never bribe,  
authorities are pure,  
then why deny research,  
why ban the brightest cure?

*Chorus:*

Tobacco's such a treat  
and dope is danger grass,  
so says the law's conceit:  
for parliament's an arse!

Some victims die of drugs  
too strong, or full of crap;  
when licensing applies  
inspectors slap that rap.

*Chorus:*

Tobacco's such a treat  
and dope is danger grass,  
so says the law's conceit.  
The government's an arse!

Addictive drugs are banned,  
which makes the barons rich.  
The baccy tax is high,  
the government is rich.

*Chorus:*

Tobacco's such a treat  
and dope is danger grass,  
so says the law's conceit:  
the minister's an arse!

A uniform is forced  
so kids hate that, not school;  
as prohibition laws  
conceal the true misrule.

*Chorus:*

Tobacco's such a treat  
and dope is danger grass,  
so says the law. Repeat:  
yes, parliament's an arse!  
The government's an arse!  
The minister's an arse!



# The Queen Of Santa Fe

My memories are slippery and sharp,  
and coloured by the heat of her,  
adventurous and sweet.

Three months ago, I met the Queen of Santa Fe,  
her hair as red and long as twenty seven years.

She caught my English words,

her throne and duty may have been this city in the dust,  
but she'd never left her Isis home,  
a council youth, a river bank,

a teacher with the petulance to force a lifetime long-haired girl  
to cut her pride, to mark the drought of '76.

She heard my English words

and spoke, exuberant,  
compleat of drink and desert glow,  
she spread her history.

She kept my English words,

and dreamt her night in Oxfordshire,  
as snow caressed the foreign lands  
where she will ride forever.

# Sharp

I saw disease kill my mother slowly,  
eating her movement.

No matter how much the death expected,  
shock stains the grief.

It made me silly stupid:  
I brewed a cup of coffee  
and put it in the fridge.

Those around can care resolve.  
Even my high tail cat observed  
and fussed me her affection.

Here.  
I know your pain.  
Let me care.

## old man Keats

i'm walking these empty lands  
i'm old slow and graceless  
the air's bracing a lonely cold

i'm enthralled by recollection  
we here such love  
so young

i lost limp onto war  
black red military battle  
the stench of dogma

i'm too slow  
they execute could-be spies  
dying surely waits for me

if i'm to die violent  
i'll sneer the killers  
i'll be all they can't

i shelter ruins  
i lay my pack unpacked  
groundsheet peasant food water  
'hours of idleness'

the battle flows turbulent  
unpredictable waves conflict  
the blood wash nears ebbs nears

those trained to die do quickly  
survivors dance the killing ballet  
turning luck burns their victory

a squad and sergeant tumble me accidental  
glance aghast at my civil taunt  
one lad speaks a runner runs

and returns a captain rides up  
like the emperor he used to be  
sad laughter the squad is guard

the battle sprints  
the others swarm  
confrontation

but a man shouts 'old man Keats'  
shock stop and hardly believe  
both swarms curse and tension guard

sod the lot of them  
when we were here  
wilderness lovers  
we were a better bang

even though i'm dead  
i'm not allowed to die  
but soon i will run the dark road  
return to you

# A Bicycle Criticises Concorde For Not Observing Butterflies

Within a fiction,  
set in Samurai Japan,  
there are a hundred men,  
on a beach, rows, dead.

They were betrayed, not by their leader,  
who let an enemy ooze behind lines,  
not by their pointless simple honour;  
no, they were betrayed by their author.

“So what?”, you might say,  
“they’re only characters in a cheap novel”,  
“if that”, you might add,  
“hardly worth their sentence.”

But had any one of them,  
dead to sharp that moment’s plot,  
lived beyond their author’s laziness;  
they could be: what?

Perhaps these non-born,  
having snatched creation  
for such a callous blink,  
deserved their self-assassination;  
they could have chosen a better book.

The film was, of course, successful.

## chase chase

a real smile presented me  
a gleaming dish of crumble

speckled with berry-red and moist  
something to very much like

i take the first mouthful  
a rush of flavour fruit

then a tooth is broke on stone  
emotion like fingers in boiling

many men relish  
chase chase

but i detes



**7.6.8**