



harris  
none of the above



harris

none of the above

corrupt press

other books by the same author

photography

plein (corrupt press, 2010)

la défense (corrupt press, 2012)

brexit (corrupt press, 2017)

we print the truth (corrupt press, 2017)

poetry

europe (wurm press, 2008)

antwerp (wurm press, 2009)

the smoke (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2011)

the liberation of [ placeholder ] (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2012)

anticipating the metaverse (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2014)

big town blues (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018)

Last century, I took some 35mm slides on various stock using a Pentax Me Super. They were stored for years in facilities that turned out to be damp. The now mouldy slides were scanned using a PlusTek Optic Film 8200i with Silverfast 8.8.0r7 running on an iMac 10,1 under El Capitan & Sierra. A bug in the scanning process added faux crystallisation. I prepared the results in Aperture 3.6.

the cover image is by the author

<https://www.dylanharris.org/>

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we longlife lovers gentlewalk  
in lowlight shadow  
on worn familiar stone  
a columned grecian temple  
no light no inner wall

beyond all edge far distant  
raving running sabrelight  
sprint hammering hate at else  
city delete world erase  
this foul to us then turns

quickdown temple steps we rush  
in hard night scrub we sprint  
until the edge of land a void  
the end of place  
in scrub we undercower

then i say a no not yet  
i've secrets stark to cry  
you were to know  
but now you shall  
this hate it's fouling close

so i whisper  
*Hymnen mir sinn zwei*  
*versat eis elo*  
*widder Dech*  
& so ze did

from scrubbush covercower  
as light had turned as tide at us  
*mir si versat*  
light & cover supremed away  
startled started shock survive

*Hymen widder müssen mir fortrennen*  
*dann du elo um Ausbroch dauschs*  
*dann du engem schine Sonn an Dällche fanns*  
*dann ech meng Dame dir afëiere sollen*  
*mäi Frend*

confess i to love still stun  
my life a lie a lie of act  
and act i had to urgent act  
the foul was not at us  
but we had where it had to hate

in shock my act's sharp end  
could flush us free of death  
*so dofir mir sinn héi elo*  
i am not from your reality  
and neither now are you

& i became detested  
& love was still protected  
& change became accepted  
& all remained conflicted  
*an den nächsten Akt*



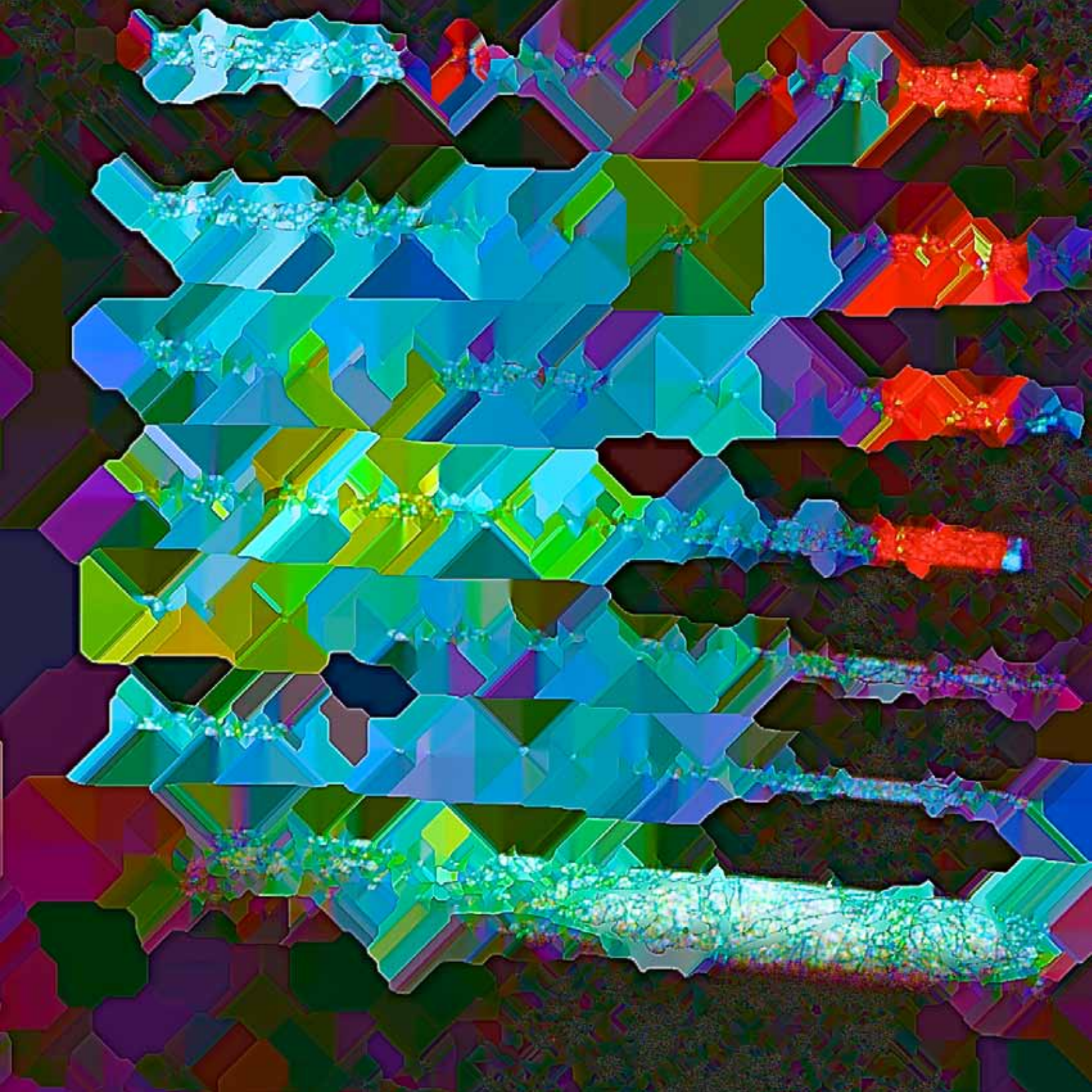




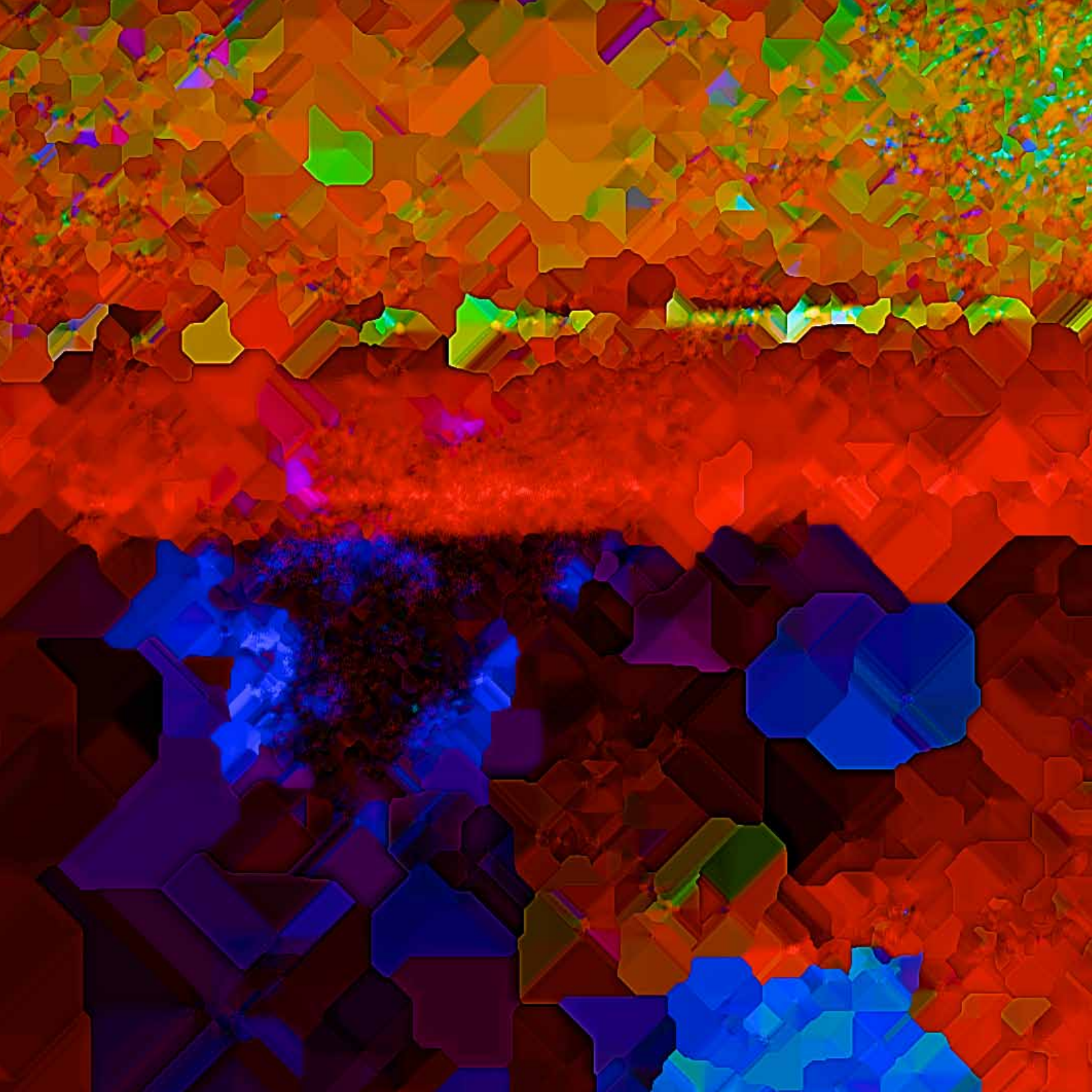




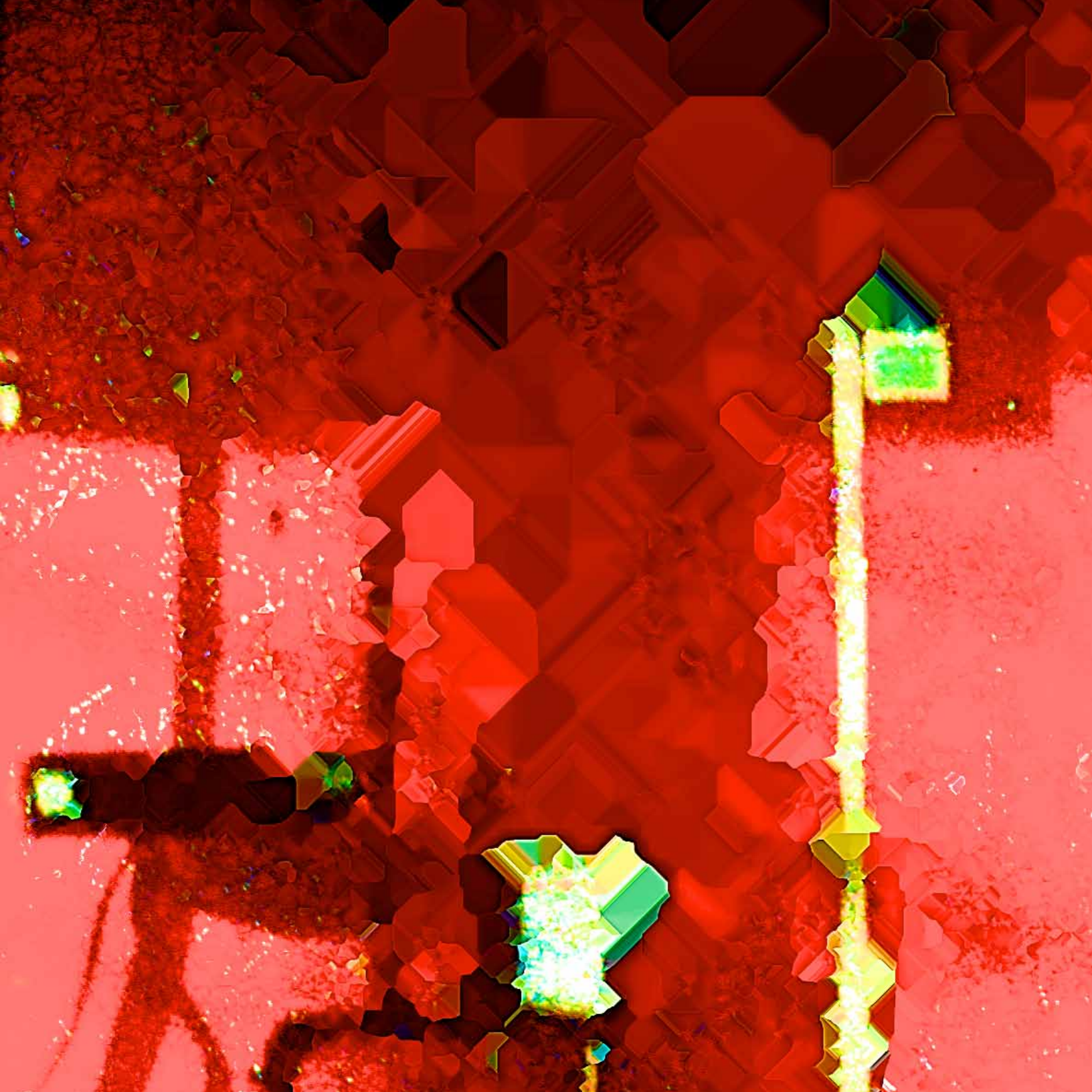




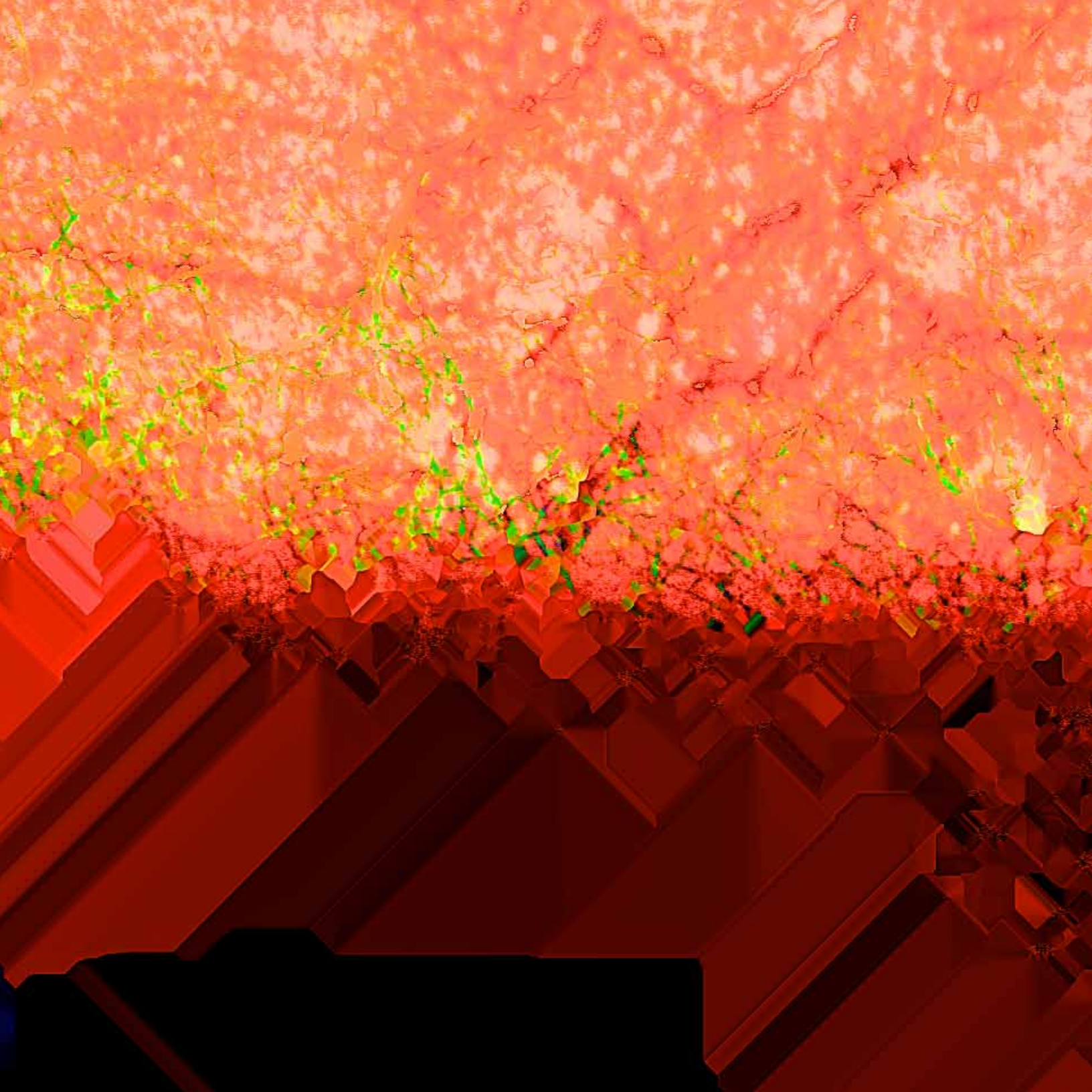




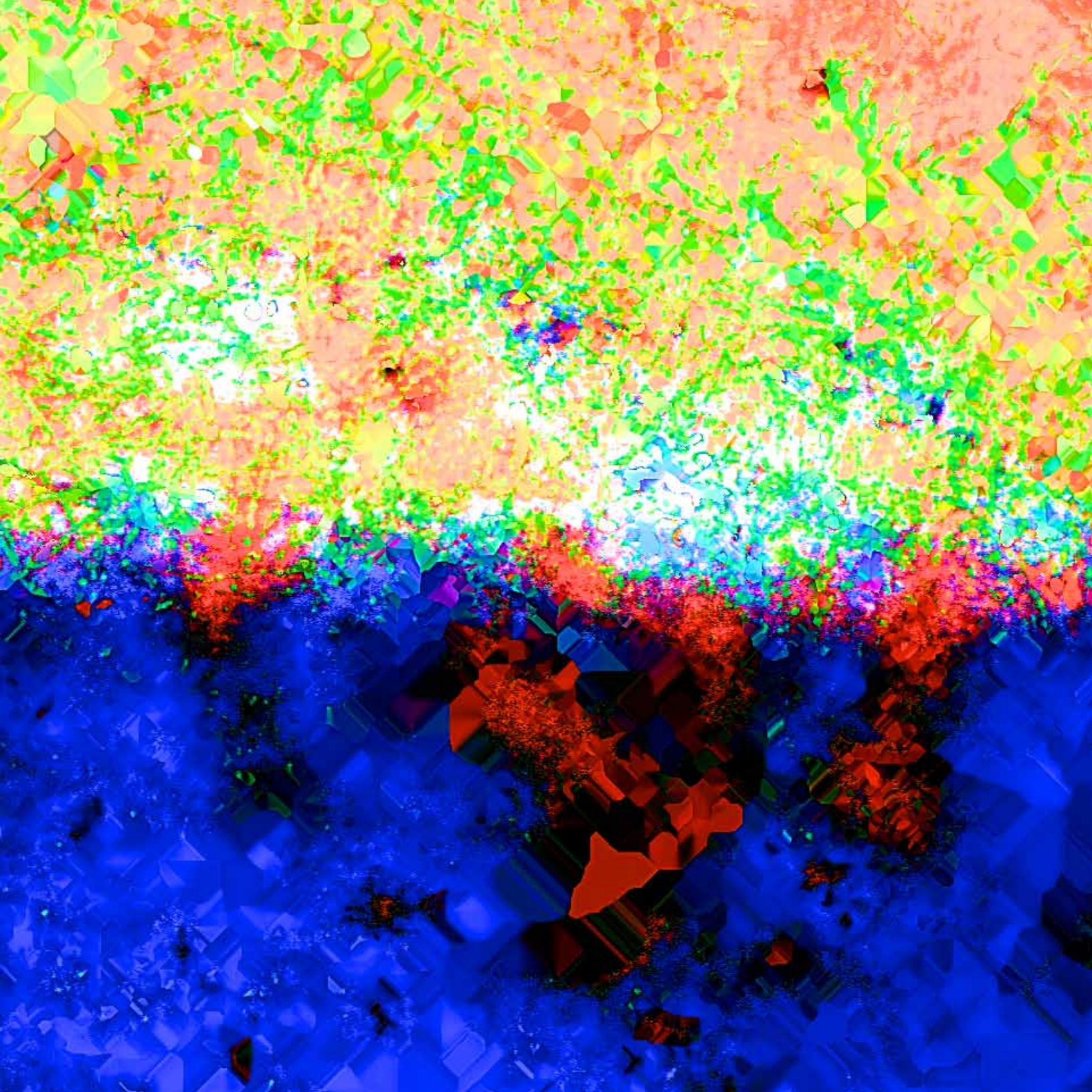












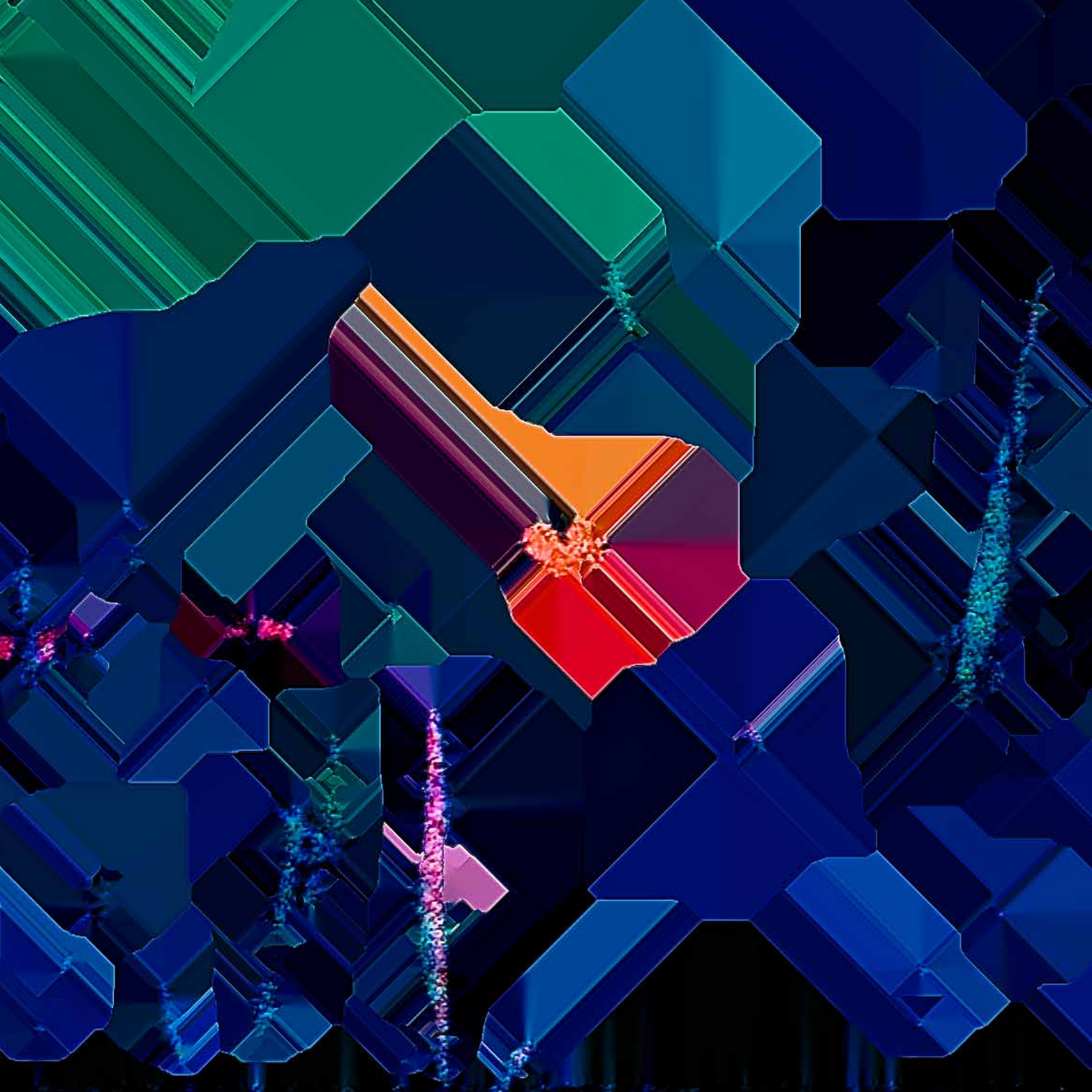
















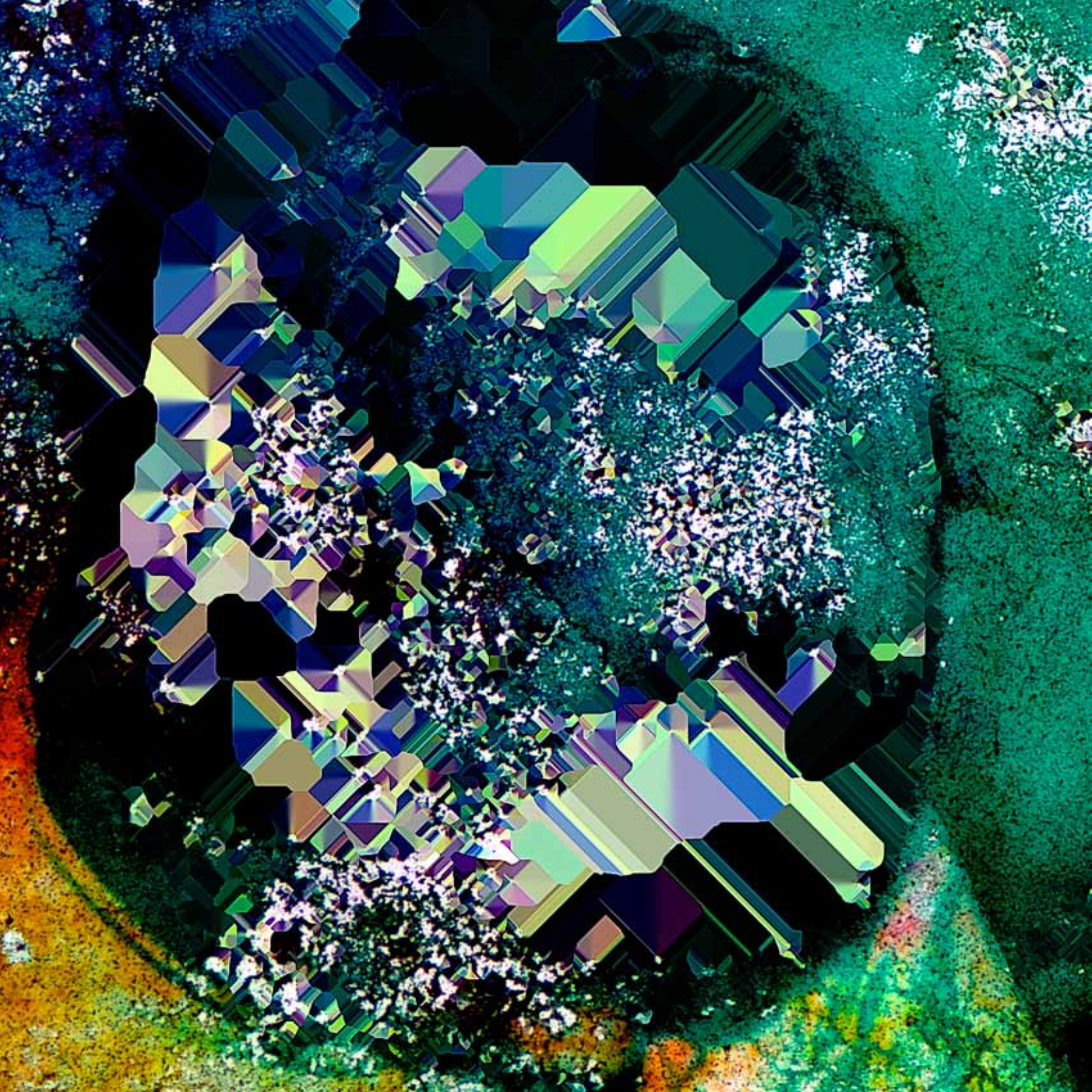
















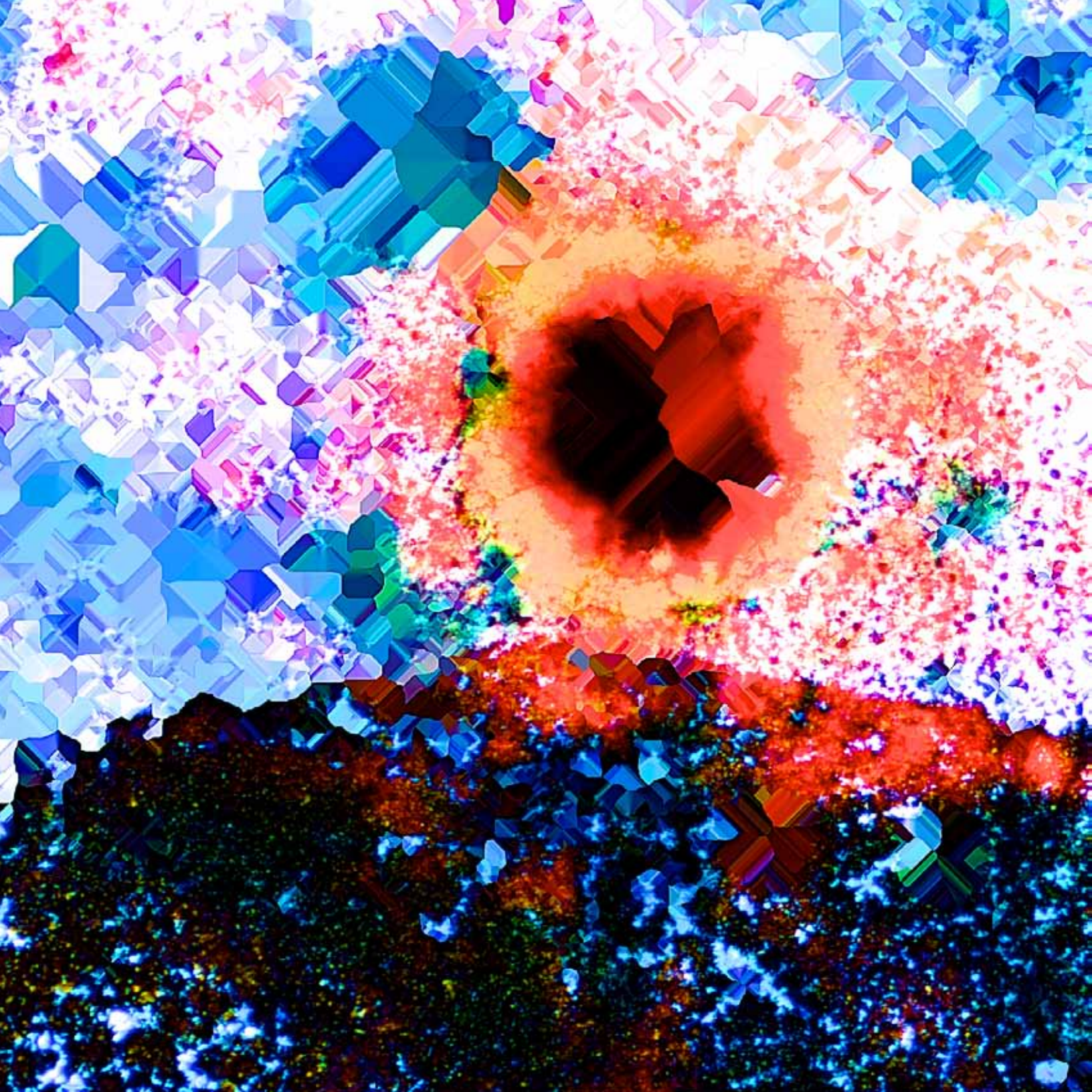




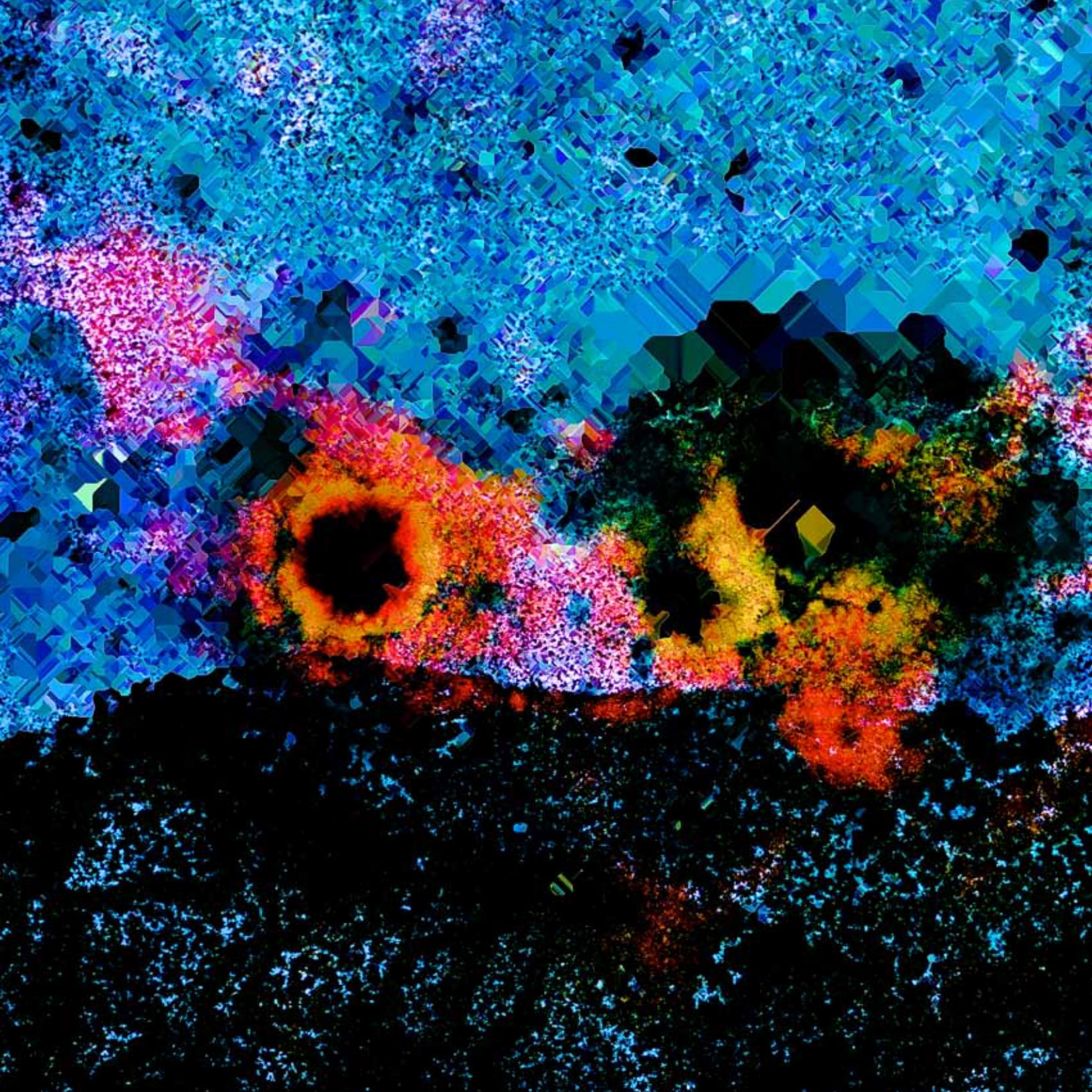




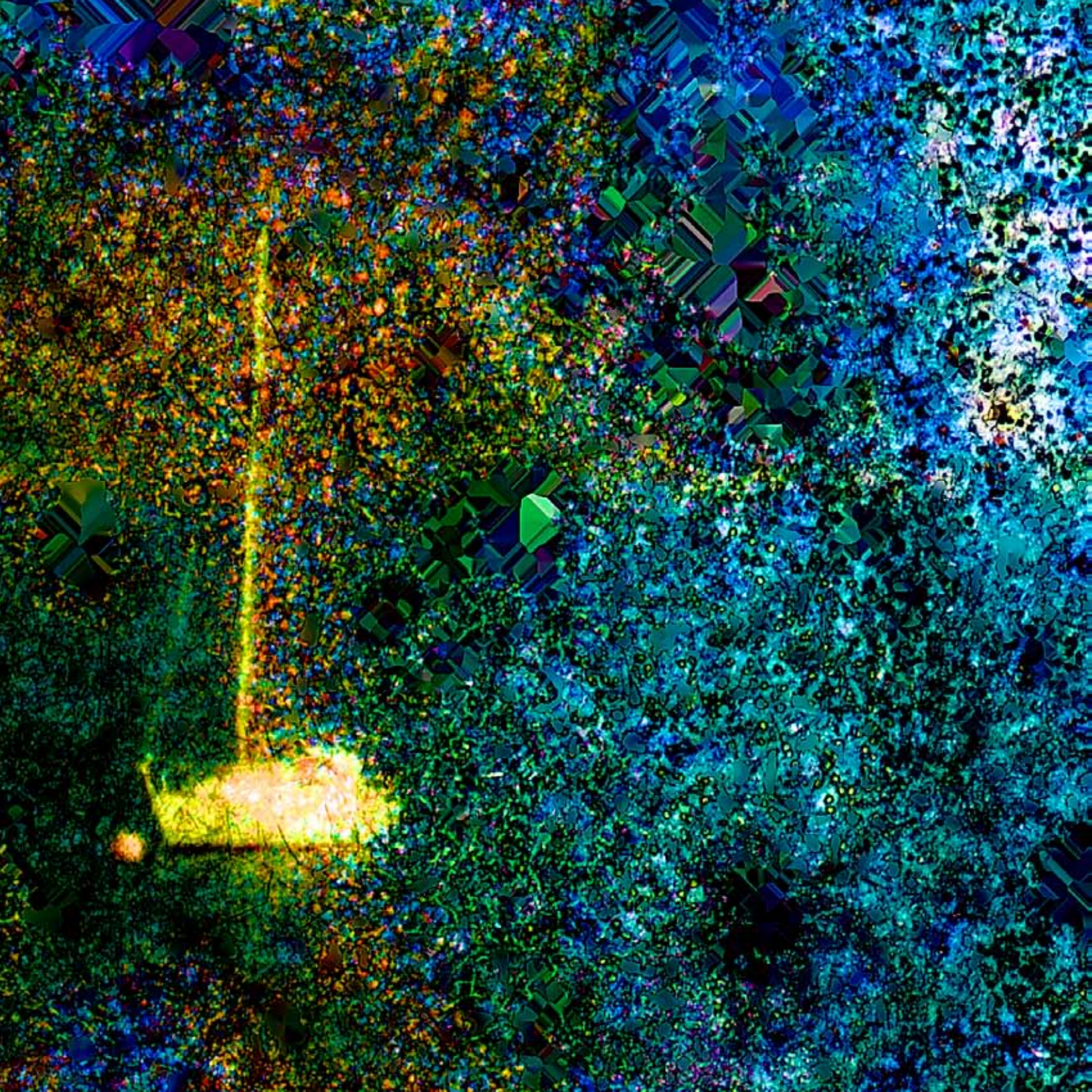




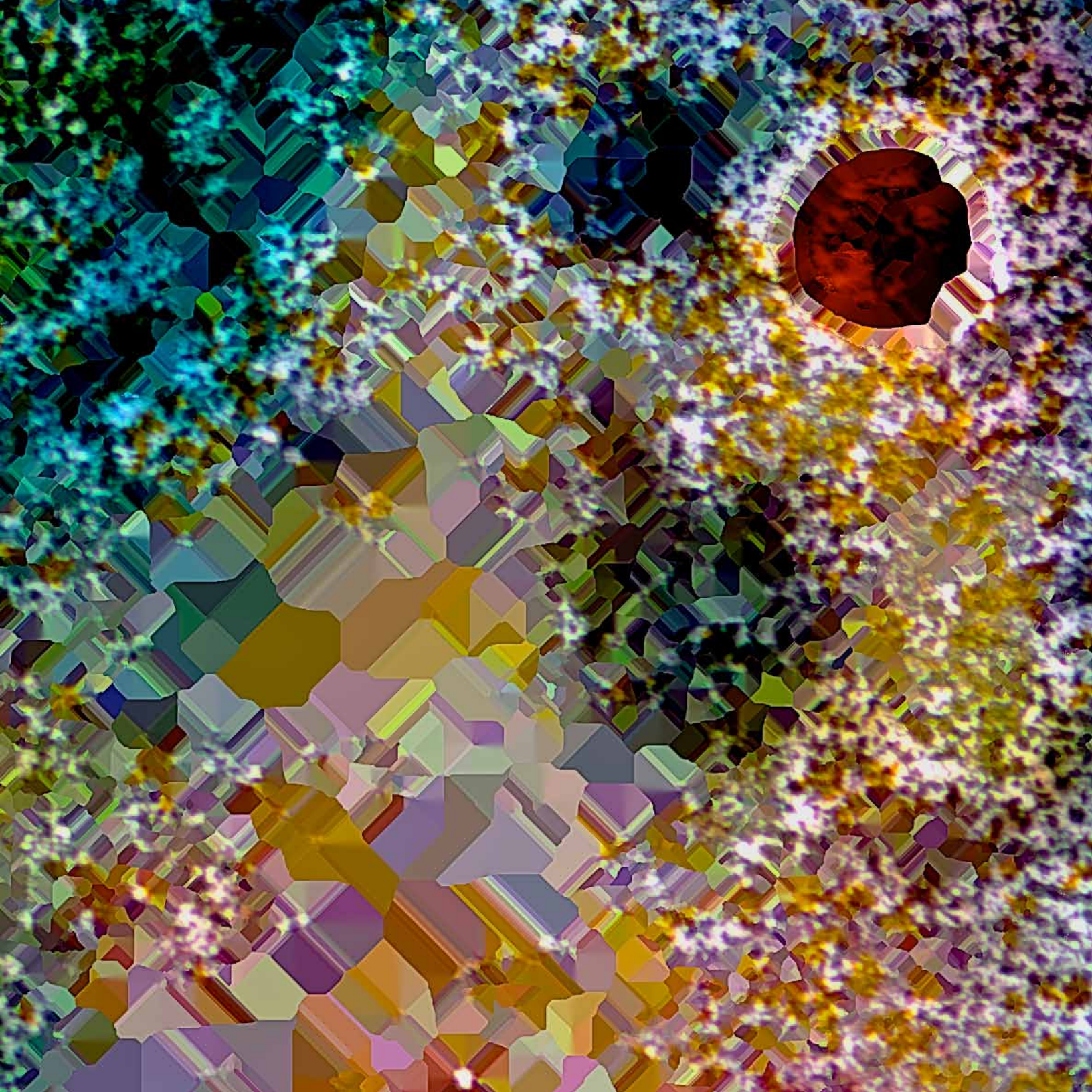




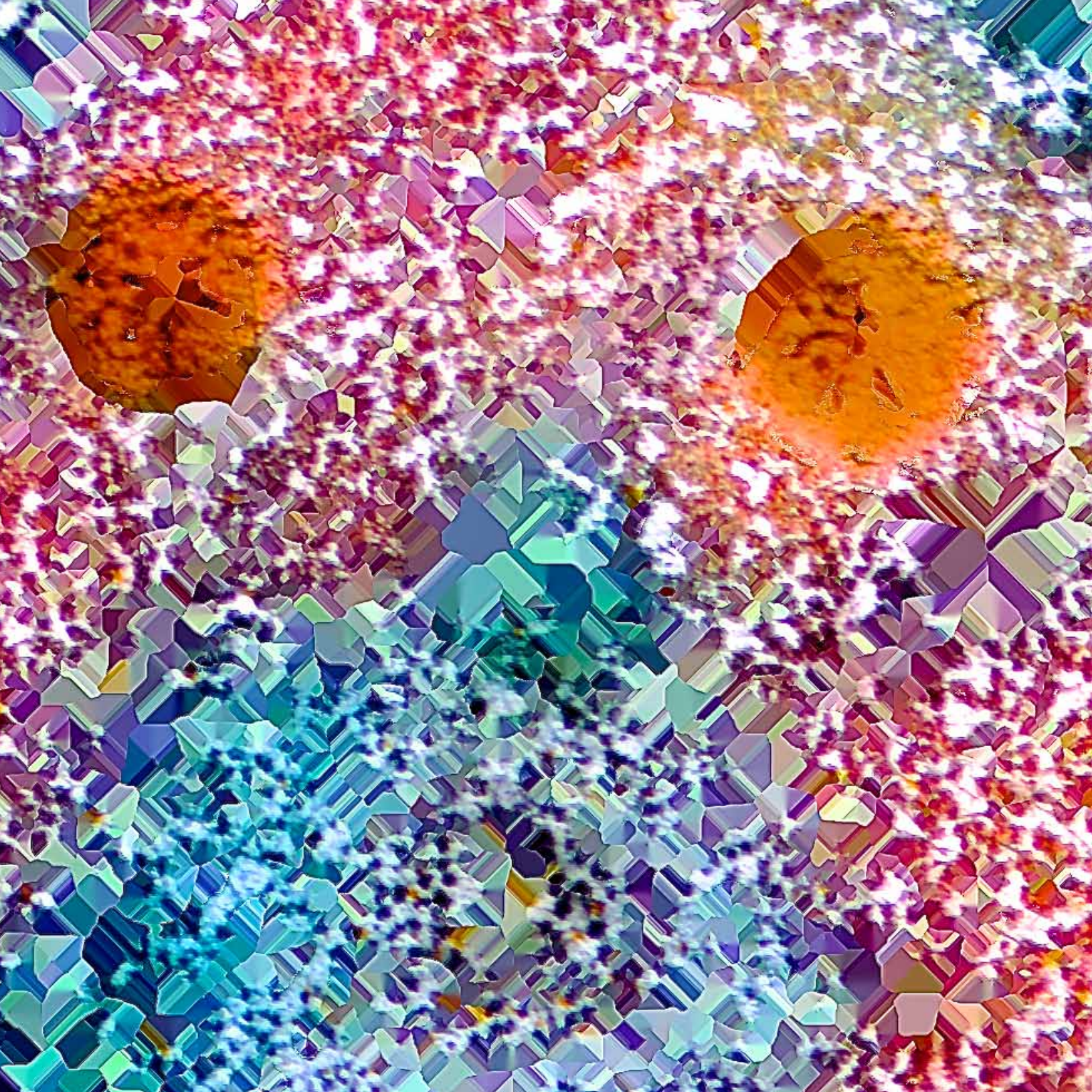




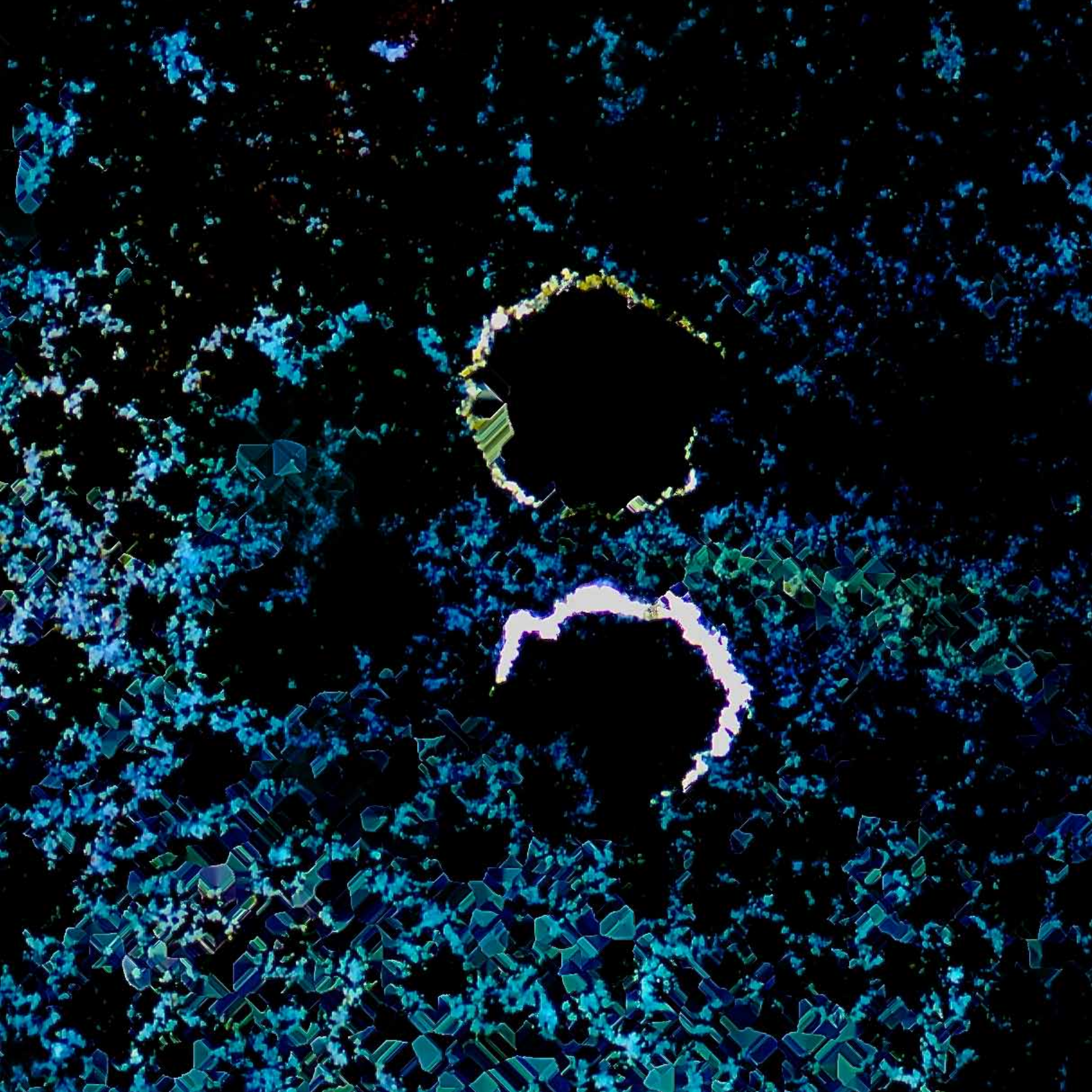




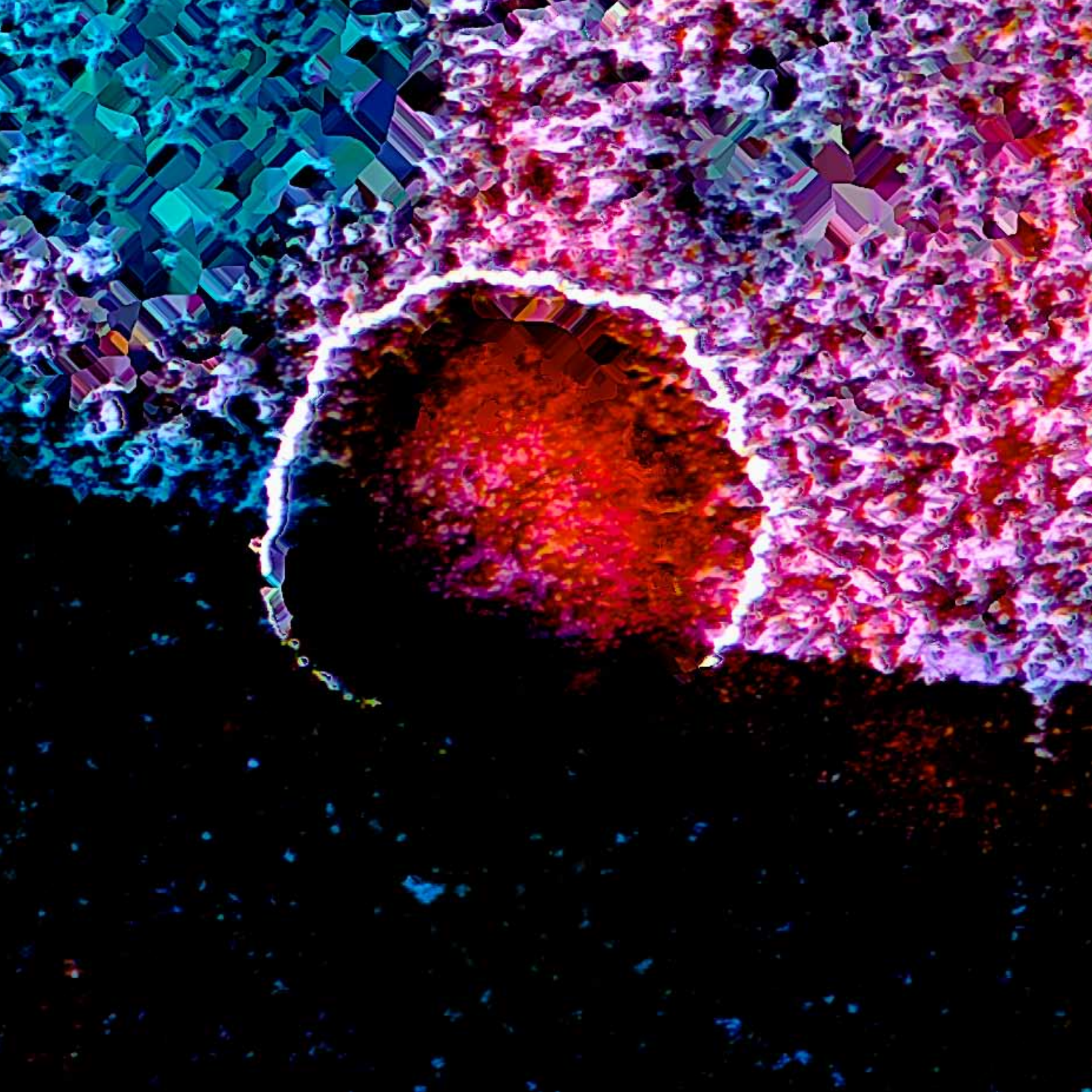




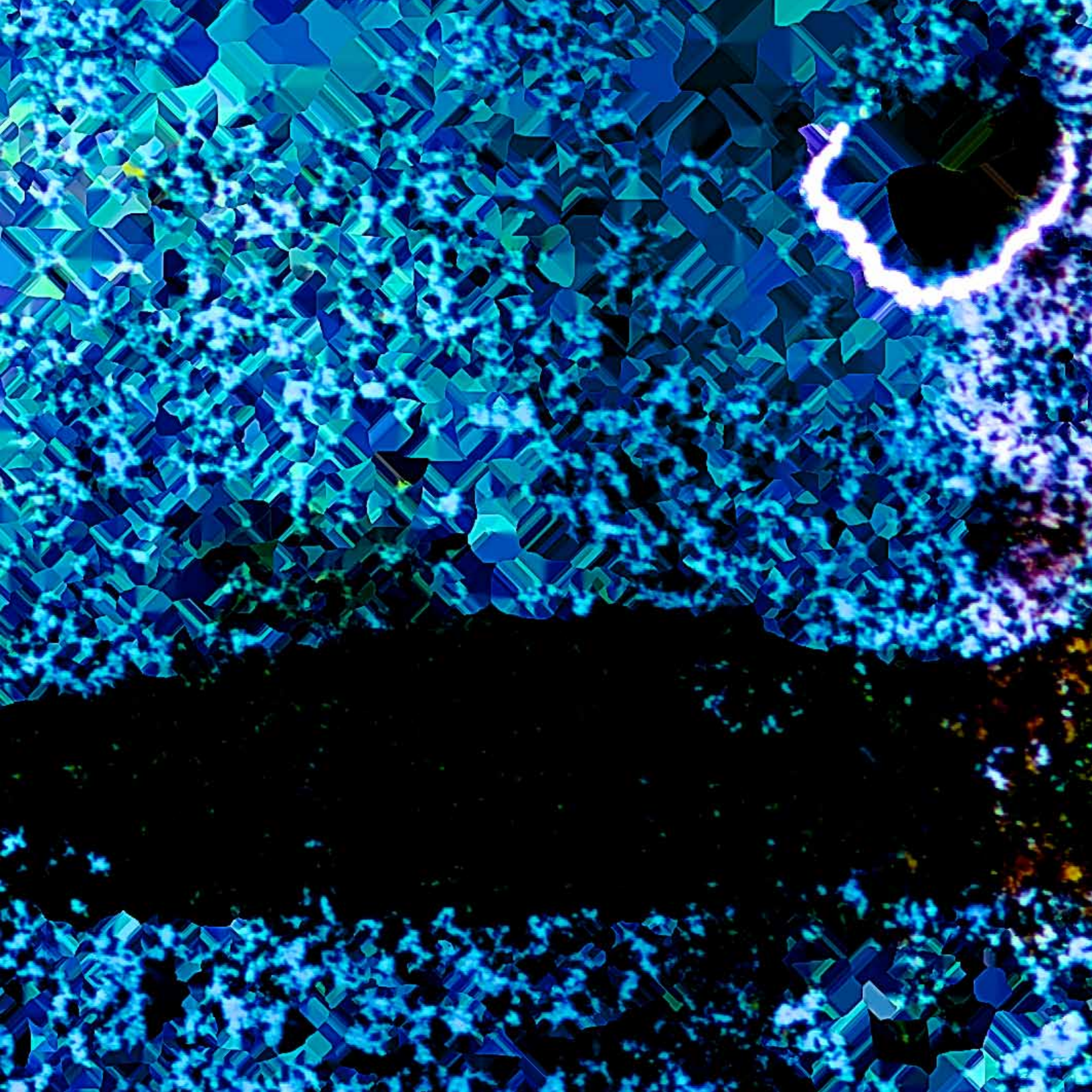




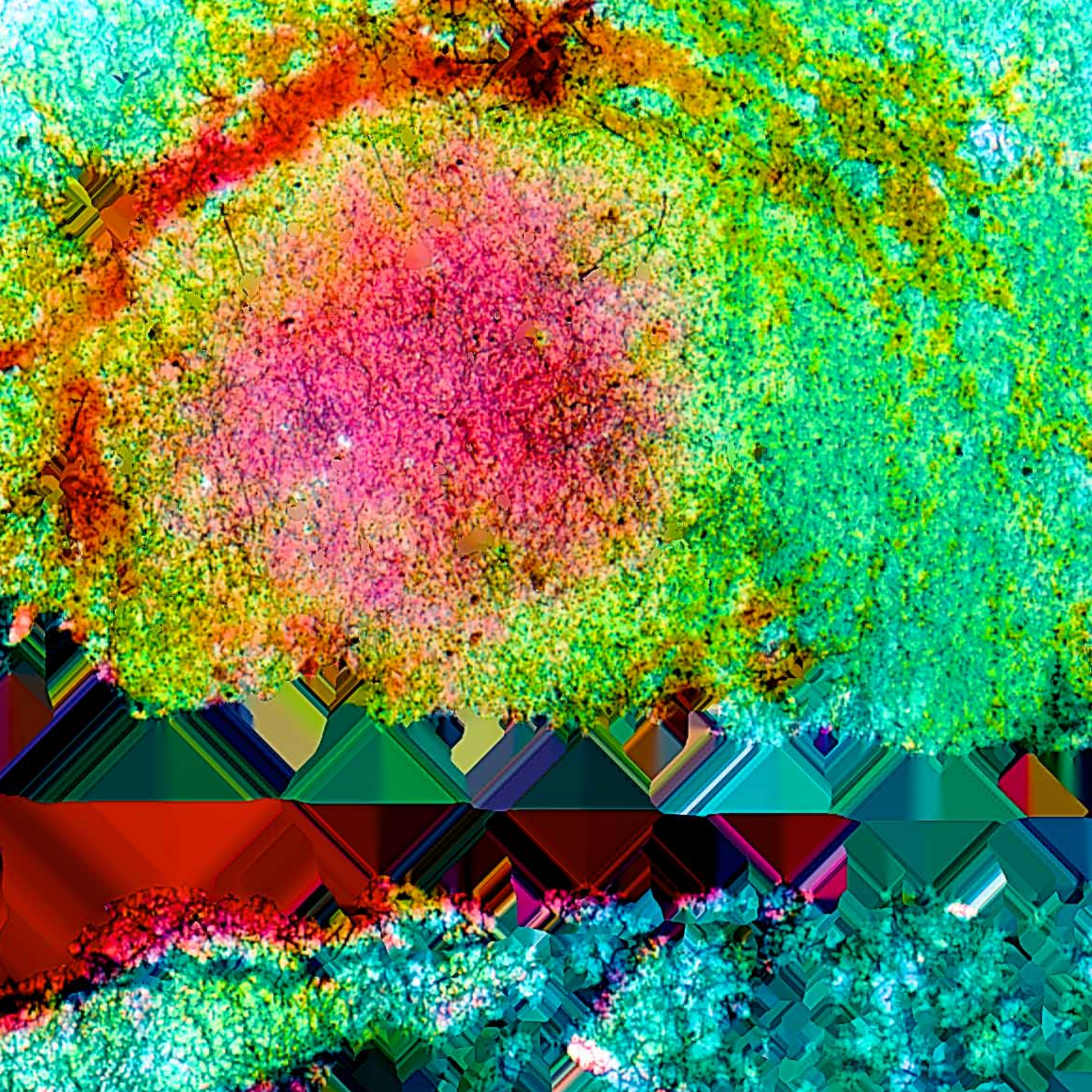




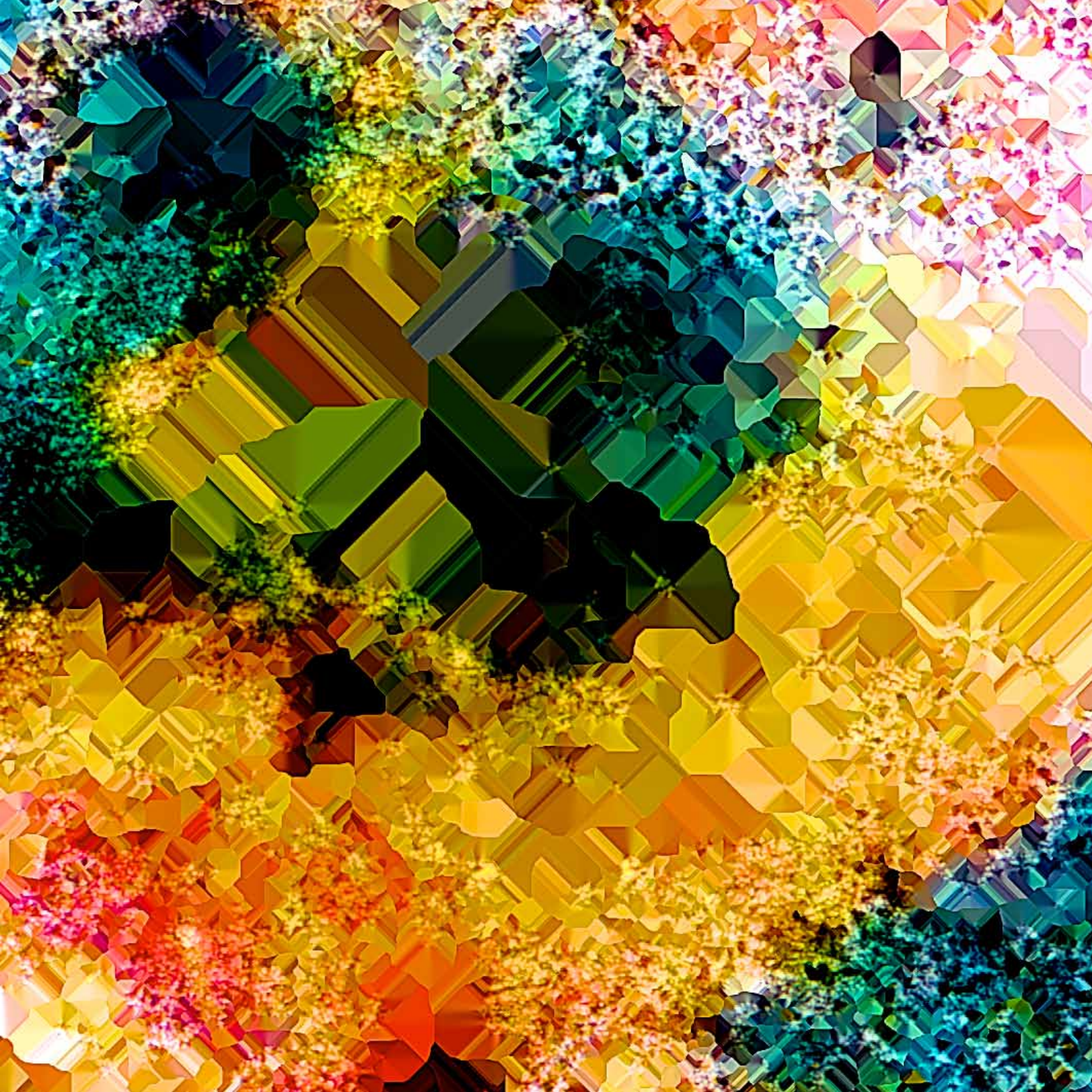




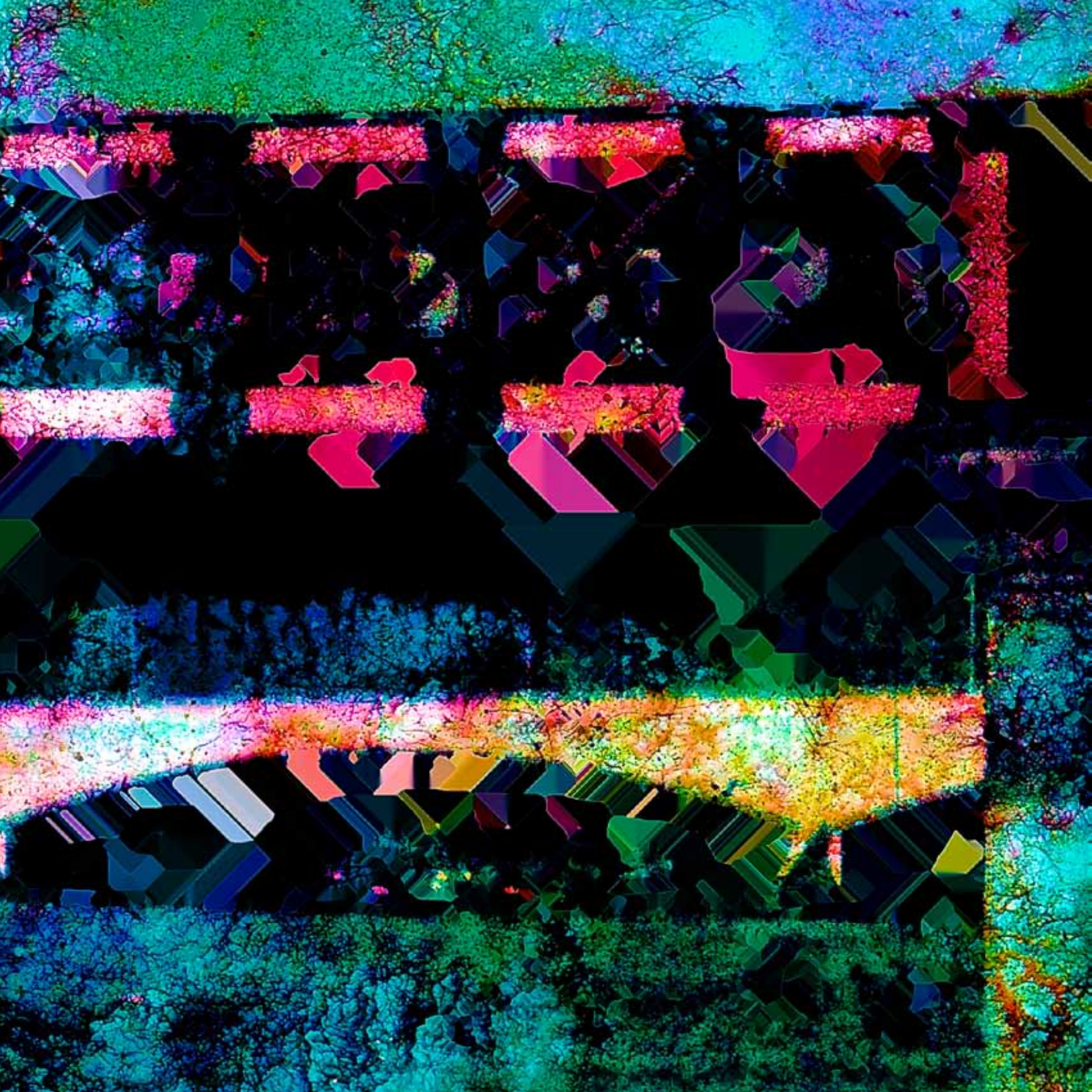




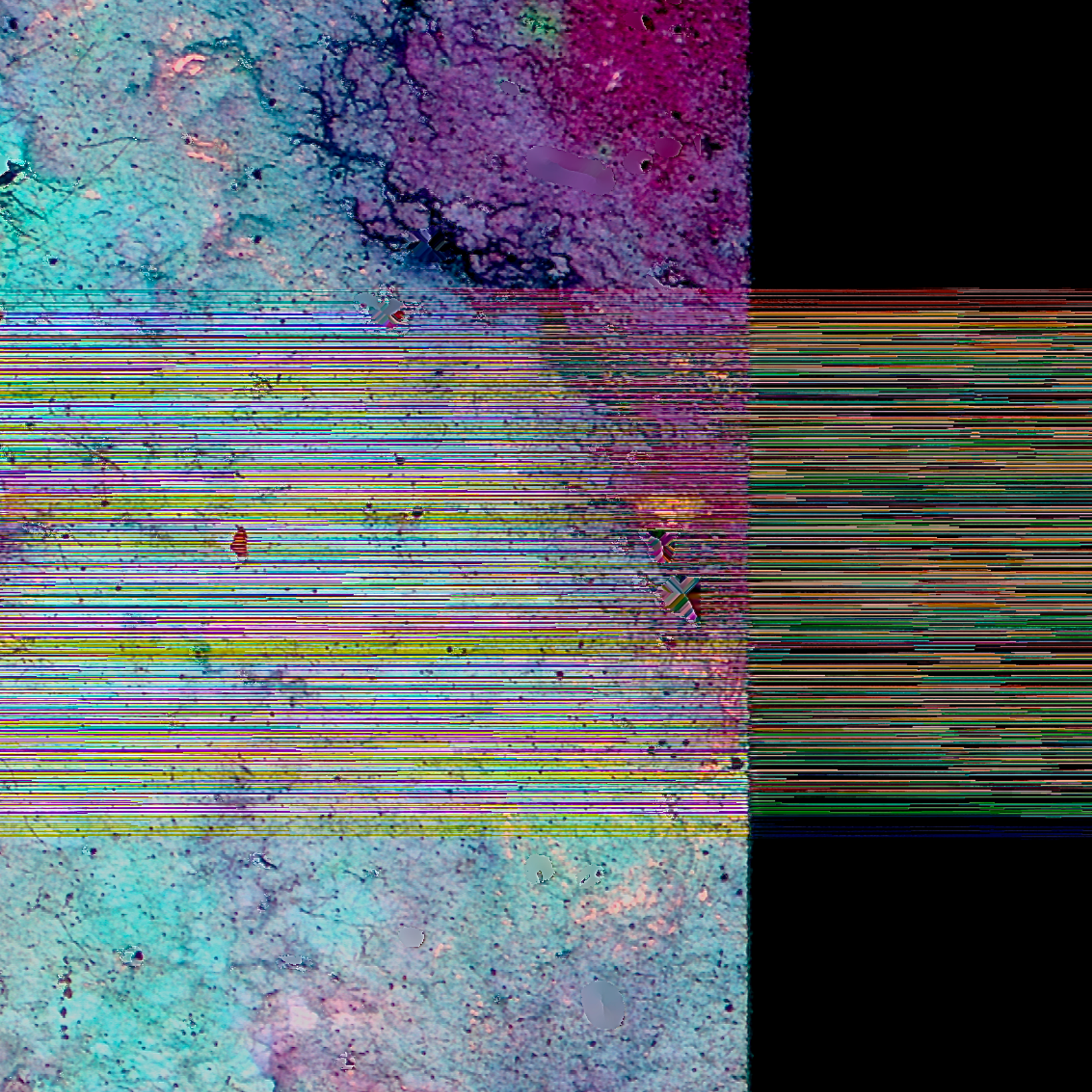








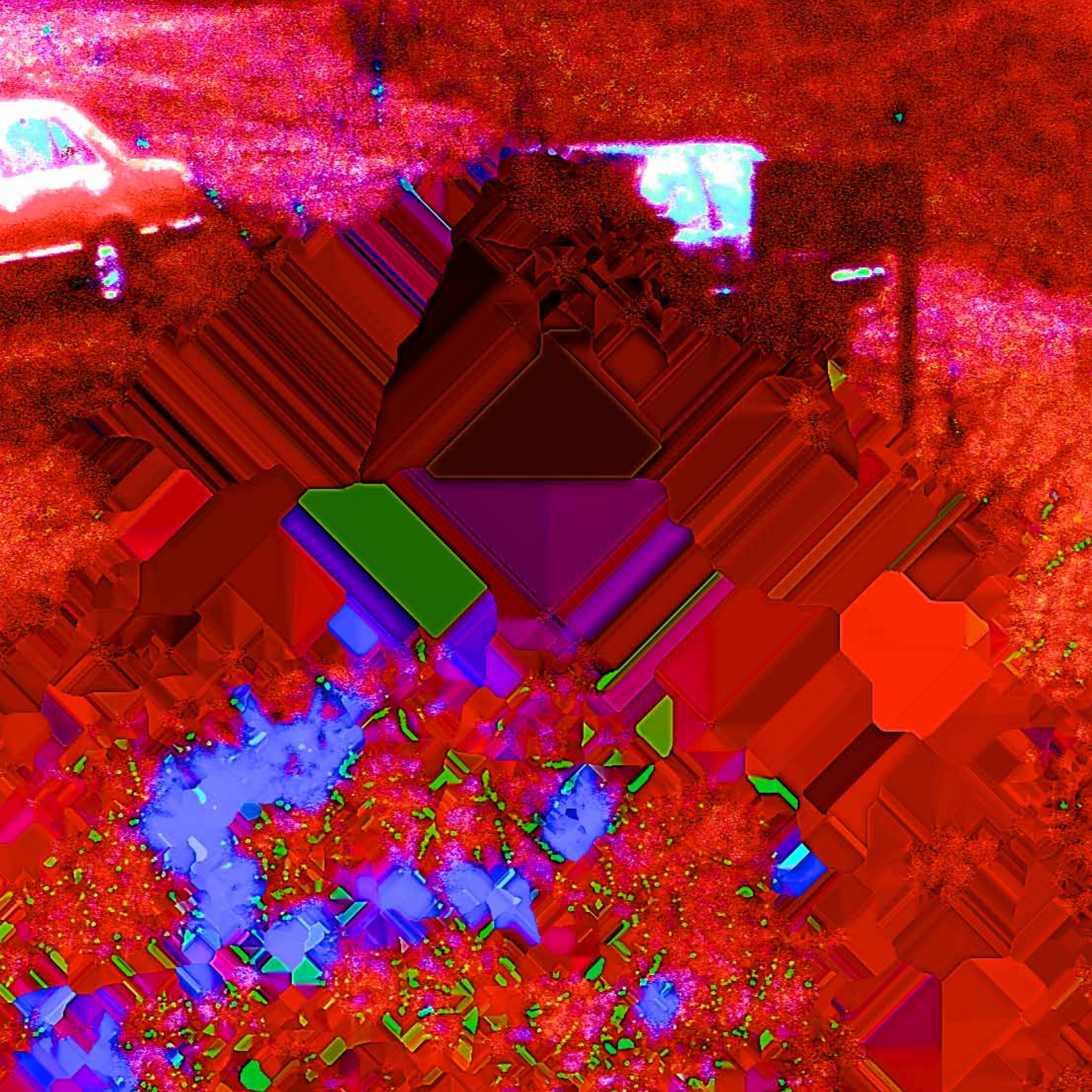




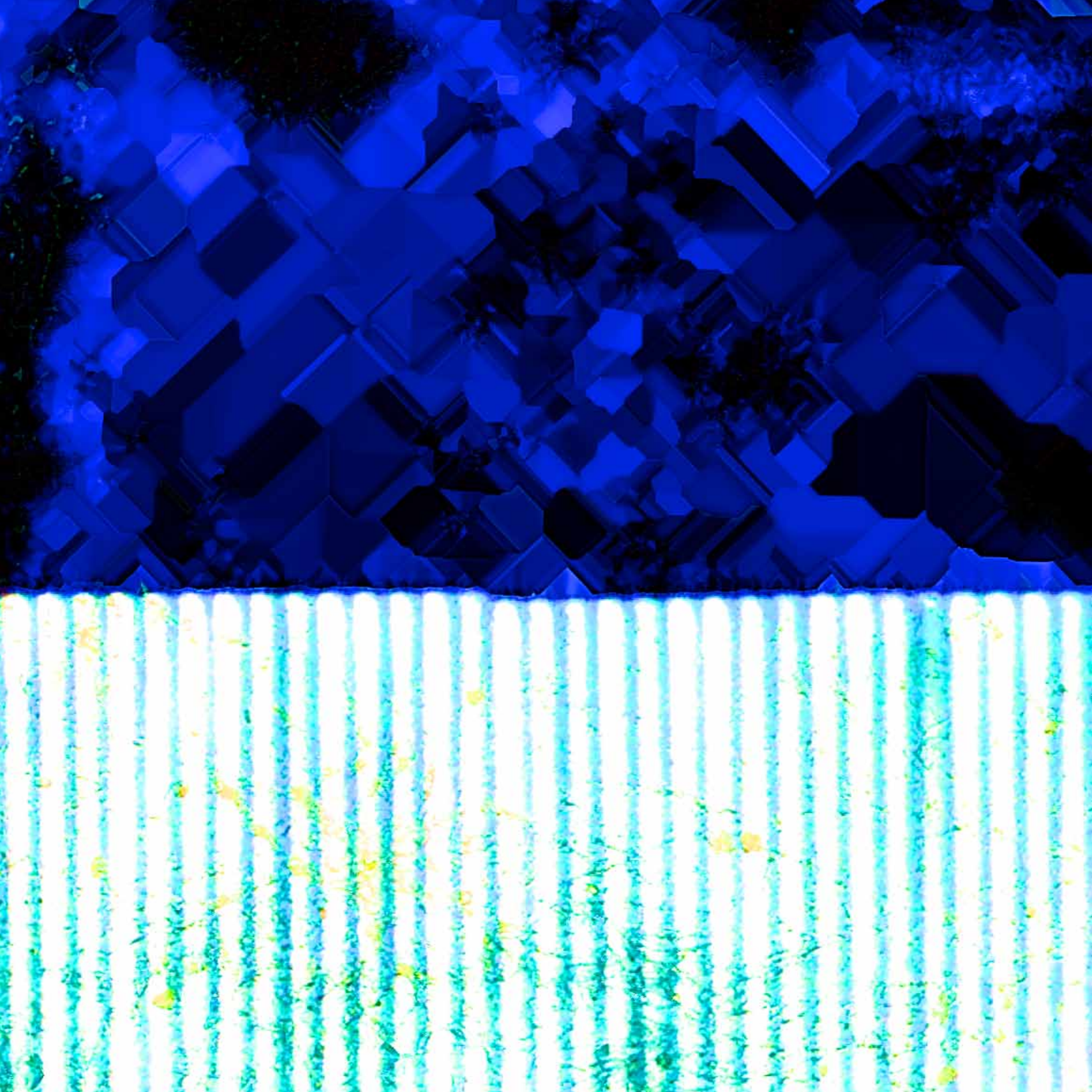








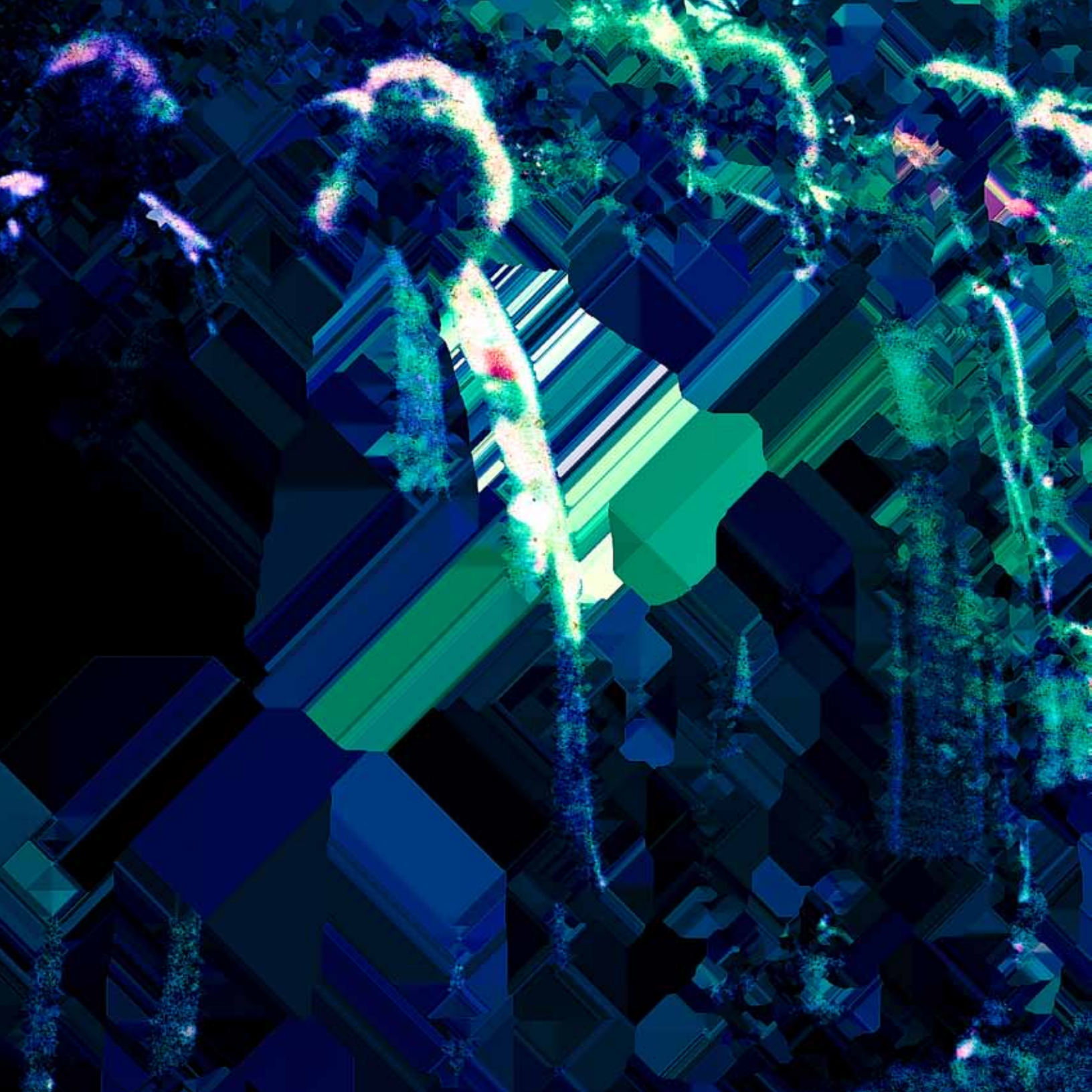


















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Dylan Harris was born  
just before the space age.  
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