

# **C H A P B O O K**

**Dylan Harris**

*hello, world!*

# **CHAPBOOK**

**Dylan Harris**

**Potato Press  
2K4**

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Thanks to Kit Fryatt for her comments.  
“Gnorts” is from the net.

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Recordings of some of these poems being recited are available at:  
<http://dylanharris.org/poetry/potato/chapbook.html>

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Potato Press  
Kettering

# **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 null

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

# 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”.

# northumberland

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

a dubai 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

# 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.

## *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.

# 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

## *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.

# maid

see you affront your eyes the balance scale  
the civil legals dropped accruing foul  
and flaw the high court statue holds the fail  
unbroken in distrust so falsely proud  
of rules to gloss defence unsaid one side  
ignored is not a neutral test except  
its just to parasitic eyes the bride  
of parliament has kept her scales unswept  
to concentrate on cleaning rules as life  
is run as cause rotates to 0 as crime  
gives history to gentlemen of strife  
and rape the maid of law is shining grime  
look burn the rot make clean the darwin glass  
the nations moved catch up with us run fast

## **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

# 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

# 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

# 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

# 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.



