

# 20.0h Namings

Dylan Harris





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# **Namings**

**Dylan Harris**

**Potato Press**

by Dylan Harris

4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 discard

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 “20.0h” in the subject line of any email)

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

# Namings

America

Bedford

Cambridge

Catford

Keighly

Manchester

Milton Keynes

Norfolk

Sandy



# 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 girlie 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 Maynard 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..





