

20.0m the A rush

Dylan Harris



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**Potato Press
2K4**

by Dylan Harris

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

chapbooks

20.0: *s* chew, *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 “20.0m” in the subject line of any email)

Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

angle
the A rush
entangle
A14

angle

the absolute of the rectangle

so right angle

the block that bores photography

the A rush

r (ii)

sit decision risk
no maintenance biologic
firm choice must

remember the e rush
alcohol liberation
imitate natural
inside the born box
A rush

seated hard blue decide
the e the alcohol the emulate
nicotene no addiction tax kill
heroin no legal wanted cut kill
all virtual ape can redo

the A rush
beyond the biologic box
no do

people emotion virtual
rampant sex rote
no michelin star fidelity
no A rush

sod it
to not fuck
just because the lusted genitals
wear spotted elbows
is stupid

“do it”
“do it to me”

i'll surrender the A rush
see if those unrushed
have real

r (i)

gave up detest
found lost humanity
diseased ukip
own fears' prisoners
monkeys of the devil

o

why transmog life
risk corrupt

remind victims
their own fear
full humanity weak
easy evil rise

to beware watch the mind fault
to remind prior

although its good to think
medicine might cure nationalism
as it might cure rape

it's in the human soul
it's how the weak declare their ruin
it's how the toys are held by paper bars

all the soul stays
even the can't
in the virtual

h

sat
blue plastic fluorescent room

“do it”
“do it to me”

the body unconscious
flop discard
fade dissolute
psyché to the entangled crypt

biologic loss
digital pupate
childhood's end

e

decade per minute
grief to be to play to dissettle
the time of that memorial kiss
what was the A rush

the reflections adulated
the strange riding complexity
their unnewformability
where is the A rush

it's a bad sad
"you must rebuild a me
a biologic
so I can ride the A rush"

there'd be more people alive
than centimetres in the real world
the every virtual wanted
the ever declined
the A rush

d

those cowards in their terra box
sod 'em
build me a ship
an entangled ship

I'll be a risk ambassador
I'll ride the empty power
I'll be 'Hymnen'
for the A rush

c

give me the were nano
give me the serendipity
give me the vacuum cutlery
give me your vision ambition

and I will be the angel of eternity
I'll jump relighting sparks
I'll bound across the multiverse

and you shall be
born reborn
as i am the art
the A rush

a

rush

entangled

everyone can become
an aristocrat
of the internet

and everyone shall be
aristocratic
in the entangled net

A14

drive
fixed lines
a long slide

i'm on the in lane
the out jug more

there

five ahead
a van chumps them all
cross panic to crash ban

out stops
i halt my

lone

this van
shout fast short twist
no check out get
just run run off run

behind
a transporter
fast fast too fast
driver mouthing shhhiiiiit

pulls inside
chicaning with the merging lane
luck empty

