

20.0s chew

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

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 “20.0s” in the subject line of any email)
Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

advocate

cathedral level court court

chew

the deep crash remains

-ine

Luxembourg (i)

Luxembourg (ii)

mechelen shoot

player

this 'bright' life

advocate

Listen to someone speak. Listen to their said. Listen to sound.
Listen to inflection, expression. Listen to colour, rhythm, pitch.
Hear context, semantics, the meaning. Hear information, expression:
hear the words.

So you'd expect word processors to process this; the sounds, the semantics, the inflection. None do. No word processor processes words. Tell me otherwise, tell me which regards how sound aligns. Tell me which rebound in rhythm. Those so-called word processors don't process words, they process documents.

Document processor are fine, as such. What's wrong is the misrepresentation, the implication of words; all of words, everything about words. They do not process words. They processes letters, symbols in rectangles, no more. These so-called word processors process words like old buggers bugger the old.

PoPro will be software that processes words. It will use written symbols, it will process those symbols' sounds, patterns of sounds; it will process symantics, inflection and across; PoPro will be the world's first word processor.

And here's where it's planted. Right now it's in design.

cathedral level court court

“and we’d like to thank for”
the mimeographed waved
downstairs the applause
“perhaps you could recite”

blush at unexpect
“i’ve not rehearsed
i’ve not minded rhythm”
push through participants

descend down the
stack chairs spread
they’re all standing on the
listening to the ceiling

the age of the attraction of the
stone and ancient and maintained
dreams like drafts
blue doors opened but

chew

deep bells tower bells
recited unliving perfect
i mess the mess of Engand's

fundamental stuck sneers the real
pop tart pickers sneer the serial
a stick berates an orgasm that doesn't stop

speaking as an atheist
what's the difference

religion's now the crack cocaine
of the ambitious

it's time
i think
to sell

buy a leopard
masticate
religions' rats

the deep crash remains

the deep crash remains
social gel time
contract clash time

I adore the
another country
language
manner

I have no
social life
suitcase

as neat as the net might
no presence
no smell of giggle
no rounds

there is accumulated acting
I ken the flavours of affront
adopted by stylish individuals

I'm shelled
by weeks
offline

ine-

avine

bovine

caprine

dauphine

elfantine

fantine

grow vine

how vine

I'm fine

jovine

K-9

lumpine

mutine

newtine

opine

pusskine

quelle vine

recline

supine

tinnitine

undefine

volpine

Wordsworthine

xanadine

yeti-ine

zis is zuch a vaste of time -ine

Luxembourg (i)

luxembourg belgique duitsland frankreich
sun thundered warmed soak
county shire lord provident
small weak bank power
fashion texture content eternal animal

love desire there meat
chair seated relaxed unnatural
car driven travel tyrant
sun king tyrant dead dead
cathedral magnifique detailed sacrifice slaughter

Luxembourg (ii)

I

One thing I cannot do
is get the hang
of Luxembourg bars.

You sit,
thirsty for booze,
until the wait
sees.

And I want a beer,
and I'm sat here,
and one doesn't just
chime the bar.

It's not like they've got geuze,
or something else special;
it's merely a mock British bar
in the Luxembourg Gründ.

2

The metro's only got
two stops.

Mind you,
there's only one carriage,
fifteen people.

And the two stops
align vertically.

3

And I want a beer,
and I'm sat here,
and one just doesn't
chime the bar.

mechelen shoot

decorated stone hard frame
medieval upshadow lit
imagine faux rectangle angled
vertical window diagonal
night grain flow light

empty whole square
medieval stone flemish back curtain
simple scooter lonely
shortcutting walker only way
slow shoot smear fast
pan shoot brush majesty
anti-pan rushing even still

high two wire castillion window
stern decorate authority face
caption "wire goes where"
markt over move reflect over
opposing built old lady facade over
to far tall flemish moonshine cathedral
zoom hard focus tower top shoot
god's wind erect identity card

player

I

player
personality fakir

opera trauma
that's the firework flash
the soap opera trauma

taken time
took my time

poetry stream
intercession

now
night time
talk the fakir

occupy
transfer life ride time

2

so she told me
no photo
fear camera

so she told me
no address
fear visitor

so she told me
no health
fear fact

3

you know the blew it
it wasn't just the
'i've got your dad's disease'
the one that buried grief killed him

it was the 'i come now want'
and the 'oh pleas'
and the attention panic
and the 'oh gawd the health's broke' ditto

brobdingnag

this 'bright' life

this 'bright' life
whatever damned delight
is supposedly dreamed

whether it's my unreachable
or whatever damned wanted
you supposedly dreamt

this bright straight road
these long motorway lights
the supposedly ideal

and should we reach
it's stitch fake
out of the trap into the trap

