

**20.0b**  
**... a much for we ...**

**Dylan Harris**





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**Potato Press**

Some of these poems have appeared in *Inclement, Subverse, Never Bury Poetry, Black Rose* and *Borderlines*.

by Dylan Harris

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

chapbooks

20.0: *v* the dead cat blues, *u* bremen, *t* autumn, *s* mechelen, *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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*Recitals of some of these poems may be found online*

# Poems

gentle

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I Don't Visit My Mother's Grave

What Do Lemmings Eat?

We, The Fell

... a much for we ...

... And Then I'll Break The Sea

An Eighteenth Century Beam Engine

later

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Intruder Alert

My Difficulty With Melancholy

i'd prefer to remember summer

A Simple Fantasy

Sweet And Stupid

Software Engineering



# gentle

the rain must have sprinted down

yet above the consequential rising mist  
is an empty open sky moonlight night  
and horizon just once cloud mountains  
dark and highlit in gentle silver black

like seeing the stars through fine girl hair  
when you're sitting alone outside night talking  
on an unseen bench in the summer dark heat  
away from the far heard strong celebration  
with a fresh wind carrying her feminine smell  
and the gentle hush of her speak

# New Year's Eves

In a pub of pensioned men  
and stale décor,  
two newly women enter:  
one fires her smile.

She's young and tough,  
and her hair says she's trying too hard,  
and she's occupying clothes  
that leave so much caress undressed:  
she's raw, her own self-portrait.

But that glance was mercantile:  
I was about to buy a drink.  
Yet the smile was welcome,  
like the scent of shocked basil  
on a humid summer day.



# I Don't Visit My Mother's Grave

I don't visit my mother's grave;

a stone, a church yard;  
these are my sister's symbols,  
not mine.

I keep my mother in my head,  
all the spirit of her,  
a mother alone,

and all the consequences  
when she couldn't really cope  
with bringing up a thinking boy  
she didn't understand.

We needed my father,  
whom fate destroyed.

I don't visit my mother's grave:  
I carry it.

# What Do Lemmings Eat?

What do lemmings eat?  
Why, of course, its obvious!  
What, you haven't worked it out?  
Well, ask a different question:  
what do lemmings do?  
Why, of course, they lem;  
they lem on yellow Citrus fruit.

What do pigeons do?  
Why, of course, they pidge, and  
they've pided all over my car,  
the horrible, horrible things.

And what do katkins eat?  
Why, of course, they eat...  
Yearch! "How horrible!  
Come here, poor puss-cat,  
poor tiddle-possum,  
we won't let those nasty plants eat you, will we: No!"  
Now, those dead mice you leave in the lounge...

And what do dolphins do  
why, of course, they dolph around,  
they chortle in the sea,  
wasting time in playful fuss,  
not doing any work.  
What lazy fun—  
we can't have that—  
no dole for them, ha ha.

And what do muffins do? Well,  
it's actually quite disgusting  
as disgusting people know.  
I, of course, am innocent,  
all I'll say is "mule".

# We, The Fell

Oh wow! I haven't had a decent fight  
for years. But let's not fight with brutal might,  
the Net denies the real, and virtual war  
is bland. Let's fight with brutal words, the core  
of words, in poetry, with lines of verse  
in sonnet form. I challenge you, disperse  
the crude, excite your skills, be rude with charm,  
not teenage curse nor childish snap, but calm  
and contemplative bile. The victor gets  
the girl. The loser knows a fight well met  
and lost is no disgrace. And if there's fire,  
if what we write has power, we'll burn the pyre  
of formulaic prejudice, the hell  
of puritan ideal. We'll be the fell.

## **... a much for we ...**

She has no flaw, that her, she put upon  
a plinth, be polish once a day. This none  
a wishful doze of I, for I concern  
to share and hear, a crusty cheer, a yearn  
of we're, the 'uns their gear, I'm slowing dear,  
the compromise of kith as someones real.  
The daily fem has rough ascribe the heart;  
unsanded personality, no dark  
of past, comprehending null, a scour.  
Since every her is real, the one to flower  
is she of fault by skin or eye: such fleck,  
like packaging, is simple to respect;  
which leave the only damn to bar the see  
as mine, a manitude, a much for we.

## ... And Then I'll Break The Sea

This forest  
unlike the myths of concrete times  
contains the old,  
the dank and breathed-in smell of Earth,  
instinctifying air.

Here,  
you have to reach the seas  
before you die.  
It's you and no technology  
simply walking means  
you'll never smell  
the acidity of salt.

“Run, run”,  
the captains cry  
from trains of saddled geese above  
“find a stream, and catch us fish,  
and we will tell you tales of seas—  
they're gold, and green,  
and full of cats  
and everyone who's got there now  
is fed by ghosts of porpoises  
that dream of rocking floweries  
and acting in the Scottish play.”

“Run, run”,  
I curse myself,  
wanting being first today,  
an elephant in trunks.

Oh dear, I trip,  
and lie for life,  
and watch the forest melt to love  
as I relax for weeks.  
I see the sea beside me;  
I turn and touch the salt.

But captains call for me to run;  
there's no-one in the sky.

And captains plant synthetic wants  
relaxing jars and run I should.

The forest grows,  
and run I shall.

Oh, worshipped work,  
my dream's to break the sea.

# An Eighteenth Century Beam Engine

An Eighteenth century beam engine,  
solid,  
fixed,  
simple, with central power,  
a church of steam.

An engineer approached,  
and created  
sharp movement of spiking light,  
a natural power directed, dangerous,  
water torn with untiring ferocity.  
Its true purpose, he said, is to  
pump the mine dry.

An artist approaches,  
and savours  
wild yet predicted movement,  
bitter, nasal charcoal,  
a noise like Hades imagined,  
steam jetting from each and every joint.  
Its true purpose, she says, is to  
subjugate the senses.

A shaded man approaches  
and ignores,  
he counts his beans to three,  
thinks of four,  
he imagines rows of black and time,  
a regiment of flies.  
Its true purpose, he says,  
is my lust.

# later

i'm not exactly brilliant  
but you screwed up as much  
instead of surfing this wanted insanity  
you tried to manage  
a so professional voice

i need a lover  
not a mother



# It's My Hands

It's my hands  
that are addicted.

When I have a soft-skinned lover,  
they'll caress her,  
warming.

But when she's elsewhere  
they'll stroke anything  
smooth and neutral.

Railings and banisters,  
desktop and mouse,  
pint glass and bar.

# Intruder Alert

A conference theatre, unfilled, the field;  
green folding chairs, strewn open, the crop.

Some poor woman, older, robust, sexless to me,  
sits, cross angled.

Her seat shifts, becomes a vice;  
her fingers, trapped, raped, crushed.

Her shouts scorch, stark pain,  
boiling crescendo. People rush. Not me.

I am shock still,  
stunned by lust, by shame.

I can't forgive me this.  
I can't.

# **My Difficulty With Melancholy**

Melancholy fills my eyes like soap,  
burning away the glamour of hope;  
this drama of darkness is ruined by my cheer:  
that rhyme made me :-). I'm off for a beer.

# **i'd prefer to remember summer**

cold november rain  
early dark depressing  
i remember sun striking warm

there's someone of eye fire and feminine  
lithe love ripe  
laser of thought

her man makes her ill with joy  
intensity such happiness  
how could i ever dare challenge

yet she in her feminine the feminine way  
opportuned me her penchant for complication  
i love too much to dare acknowledge  
for i am a destroyer

now cold november's rain  
she's moved beyond  
yet i compare all

it's unpleasent  
my necessary betrayal  
i must ride

Ovid's "Remedia Amores"  
hard journey  
i can't be november forever

# A Simple Fantasy

I wish you at my fantasy villa  
on a fresh sun high–spring day,  
where, affront the vineyards and sounded waters,  
I'll carry you to our noon life lore.

Washed by running children,  
their rhythm of pounding  
living our bright uneven world,  
its afternoon dust  
fresh spark light.

Our sons and daughters,  
their selves alone,  
will shine in fierce memory.

And you'll bury me,  
whilst our grandchildren  
become emperors of space,  
like flowers.

We'll love each other dead.

# Sweet And Stupid

Please don't tickle that,  
I'm standing on it.

There's more to me  
than land between leaps.

Next time, I'll dress  
before you claw climb my leg.

I'm sure my best trousers  
had fewer holes.

How can you sleep there,  
one roll, two stories from stone?

Please do not claw me there;  
I might want children.

I got you down from that tree,  
why rush back up?

Drafted kitten  
(again)!

# Software Engineering

1.

“Go to The Great Mountain Of The South”,  
the boss man pays.

“Where’s that?”,  
the engineer replies.

“Well, er, to the South! It’s obvious.”

“I’ve not been there before.”

“No one’s been there before.  
Walk south for a thousand miles  
and you’re bound to see a lump on the horizon.  
That’ll be The Great Mountain of the South.  
They say it smokes; probably cheroots;  
that’s the kind of thing a mountain ought to smoke.  
Shouldn’t take you an hour.  
Here, have a banana.”

“How do you know?”

“Hold a ruler up to the horizon  
and measured the height of the church roof.  
The sun shines on the number one.  
It’s obvious.”

“Pah!”

“Don’t you Pah! me, little man.  
I’ve a degree in art fart sociopath.  
I know.  
Now go.”

“Yes sir, yes sir,  
thank you for the pay packet,  
kind sir.”



2.

walk across the room  
no no no  
not like that  
here's a diagram  
put your feet here here and here  
that's twice on the floor  
and once on the wall

everything's been thought  
by our pet architect  
he always says yes  
of course it can be done

it's a pity he's resigned  
his mother died again

if you find the banana  
when you get to the other side  
bring it to me

3.

It's not so good  
being the failed superhero  
'computer repair man'  
when a pretty woman  
with excited eyes  
finds a true excuse  
to bring me to her private rooms.

"In order to identify the problem,  
I need to conduct a system test".  
I turn the computer on,  
move the mouse,  
click the keys,  
and see her pleasure fade  
like the last train leaving  
as I discover  
she needs to find five hundred pound,  
her machine's beyond repair.

Oh, to be a fertility God,  
"in order to identify the problem,  
I need to conduct a system test,  
please relax, undress;  
and enjoy."

Some fantasies are so lightweight.



