

20.0i **be infinity**

Dylan Harris



20.0i
be infinity

Dylan Harris

Potato Press

Some of these poems have appeared in *Scrawl*, *Exile* and *Never Bury Poetry*.

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

Copyright © 1985-2008, Dylan Harris

This publication is licensed by Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 2.0 Belgium / Naamsvermelding-Niet-commercieel-Gelijk delen 2.0 België / Paternité-Pas d'Utilisation Commerciale-Partage des Conditions Initiales à l'Identique 2.0 Belgique / Namensnennung-Keine kommerzielle Nutzung-Weitergabe unter gleichen Bedingungen 2.0 Belgien

You are free:

- to copy, distribute, display, and perform the work
- to make derivative works

Under the following conditions:

- You must give the original author credit.
- You may not use this work for commercial purposes.
- If you alter, transform, or build upon this work, you may distribute the resulting work only under a licence identical to this one.

For any reuse or distribution, you must make clear to others the licence terms of this work. Any of these conditions can be waived if you get permission from the copyright holder. Nothing in this license impairs or restricts the author's moral rights.

This is a human-readable summary of the Legal Code, which may be browsed at

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.0/be/legalcode.nl>

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.0/be/legalcode.fr>.

Published by Potato Press

<http://dylanharris.org/>
potato@dylanharris.org

Recitals of some of these poems may be found online

Poems

a then

garden

Instructions For A Common Ceremony

oh dear what a pity there there

workahol

her ran

On The Sonnet

shrines

i am perfect its the universes fault

The Cause Of War

scratby

england corrupted

early winter rose

ghost

server room

To Let

At Buckfast Abbey

in cynic adverati

be infinity

the washer machine broke

We Drunken Here

a then

no brag–side lorries
no metro shriek–walls

quality inability
dusted exotic moscow

russia
odd pressure

dylan thomas to catherine wheel
saliva words

a communist journalist led
i cursed london's blown trash

now westminster dustmen
arbeit the night's gift

russia
odd pressure

garden

this english fascination with grown artifice
denying the shock of flowered beauty
gardens predictable as bigots

where is the magnificent wild
where is life's swarming unexpectedness
where is scent's stun memories

all plan-chained by ennui regularity
a hovering hunting kestrel
chocolated

damn their pressure
insisting my fractal haven is mown neat
mown mono

Instructions For A Common Ceremony

Fill the kettle up.
Put the kettle on.
Let the water boil.
Let the water cool.

Set the cone and cup.
Put the cone on top.
Put the filter in.
Spoon the coffee in.

Pour the water through.
Soak the coffee wet.
Use the water once.
Let the coffee work.

Throw the coffee dregs.
Drink the coffee drug.
Feel the tongue awake,
feel the mind inflate.

oh dear what a pity there there

rushing like panic on elastic
up the pub corridor and down
howling over all the conversation

what disaster broke
this doldrum spinster's emotion
at ten years old

and why does her clear distress
leave me angered cold
at the me-me-see

workahol

i'm tired
must work

exhausted
must work

brain dead
must work

sleep
wake up
must work

her ran

speak
no just flap fly
like vulture sees life

have confident
have proud
have polite

On The Sonnet

I couldn't write a sonnet, no matter how
I tried. It's difficult to chop and fit
my thoughts, my free expression thoughts, right now,
right here, to such a rigid form. My wit
is not the tight—arse type. My lines are full
when I am done, no less, and never end
at some exactly counted syllable.

What's said is key, not how. It's just a trend,
this fancy verse, for populists; it's dropped
as rot in modern poetry—and how
can anybody teach that tightly cropped
and strictly managed words can ever plough
the spoken thought, the blurled crude opines,
and crop the lot to only fourteen lines?

shrines

rushing the driven A road
a moments glitter
a stark flash in the mud grass verge

cellophane reflecting sunlight
protecting summer colour flowers
this winter afternoon

on the roadside
by the place of death
the end of love

this often mourn
the stone tower the Norfolk border
shrines by the roads of history

each a sculpted wake
to the shocked imploding loss of love
we all suffer

i am perfect its the universes fault

you goes back a place you aint bin a while
sometime theres summin noo abawt
werent there before
an bin around a hundred year

“dont be silly its your memory
leaks like a taf” yull say
oh no it aint
that old fing really is nu

and ive worked it out
i read summit in the paper
bout quan’um stuff
you no qubits and the like

preten you cant put yer eggs in one basket
an if all yer gots one basket
an all the eggs gotta goin
yure stuffed

but if yuve got a quan’um basket
theyll all goin
cos it spreads em out fer yer
cross parallel universe fings

dunno wot they r
it sed universe is like a difrent istry
an quan’um stuf ’ops among em
an human memrys sorta quan’um too

and thats y i dont remember
that old new stuf
cos me memrys leaked from anover istry
where there aint no such fing

and theres anover me
who remembers a road that aint there
and turned dahn it and hit a wall
and now hes got grief

cos you see time and istrays like a crystal
sometimes theres a crack
an istrays get to be difrent
and memrys jumps

so all the people you fink are loonies
cos they live in a difrent world
they jus got memry leaks
theyve lived stuf yull never dreame

The Cause Of War

H-I-J-K* spells war.

Look,
simply add L-M-N-O:
it's obvious.

Oh, come on,
H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O;
you surely know
that "H" to "O"
is water**.

**Letter sequence nicked from Stephen Rodefer.*

***Punchline nicked from an infamous Daily Telegraph crossword clue.*

scratby

this place of child me holiday
council–town–by–the–sea
sixties cheap estate
mud decorated walls

the cliff stair descends into sand
the grubby clean beach
paranoid watching men dog walk
boys charge run–rattle motorbikes

for a moment I'm stolen
loud sings the swelling sea
its siren sound surround
the glamour of end

I turn my back to that
it's not my time to answer
the sea rolls like drums roll
one day I'll belong

england corrupted

i live in hypocrisy city
corruption abroad is condemned
officials by pager remutter
“systems in Britain are clean”
as clean as a catholic bishop

it isn't “go get yourself graft”
it's letting the minions fuck-up
then leaving the errors unfixed
“ooh another few hundred's now due
we'll get to our ministers' goal”

i was redundant with thousands
when maggie the mammoth was boss
my pay-off just happened to match
amounts i suddenly owed
“dear me what an error so sorry”

despite being workless and skint
despite all the money being mine
most all's not returned not then
nor weeks nor months nor years
fourteen years later nor never

the law says this isn't a crime
the money's mistakenly took
the corruption is passive acceptance
promoting a culture of error
malevolent incompetence

early winter rose

a fuck—the—bastards mother's disconnected
a secondo donna petulates
a net chatte barks

these trip—mes
this wrong town

then a lunch rare walk
a sweet stun glance
eyes each other's gaol

her gardienne sensed the trapped
spun like a won't start motor
i walked

thank you
early winter rose

ghost

Glass's
Ginsberg
ends

there—something enters the room
caresses my leg
friendly—nothing

eighteen months ago
three kittens arrived and frenzied
Houdini had vanished

the first was long-haired beautiful
naughty Miss Demeanour
pest and miniture scamp

teenage trip—you Not!
nervous gentle Jinj
adept night hunter

— months —

Not! was road bone-broken
for all their lives complete
i had to move them

old Madam's asleep in the kitchen
my ankle's brushed goodbye
loss

thanks cat
good luck
see ya

server room

rectangles grey like forgotten faces
three man-high towers metal
systematic machines this male place
electric sundries scattered

a cold decorated producting room
the uni-pitch engine of working quanta
the no sad no joy the no peace no ire
this is where the data heart runs

the outside friendly coolwind spins young leaves
a rush-flock of exuberant flickering
as though sun-sparkle water races off a running dog at play
what running dog at play

To Let

Why does no-one else complain?
They've moved the public loos again.
And why is it that I'm arrested
when I ensure these things are tested?

"This be no bog", the coppers prey;
"Then what's that sign up there," I say,
"and since you're here please tell me why
they never print the letter 'I'?"

be infinity

you tell 'em for me

you do something
like greasing caution
that damages everyone
whilst you're alive
but dies with you
that's at most
one generation shackled

but if you invent
to be heard by one man
every hundred years
that's one in ten billion
times all those lives to come
that's all the futures enhanced

one remembered word
is infinitely more
that all the nice forgotten
all the frightened antinew
all the fundamentalist hells
all their empty cups

the washer machine broke

the so exasperated clothes
took siege on the washer machine

i returned in
to instant shock at movement socks
in fear gibbered

my foul noise
so horror the washer machine
it feint surrendered

and wash
two three four

We Drunken Here

by АННА АХМАТОВА

We drunken here, we harlots,
in cheerlessness, we share.
Wallpaper flowers, wallpaper birds,
for mist.

Your black pipe, its smoke ascends,
to ink–blot hallucination.
I wear my lithe skirt
for grace.

The window glass, rote sealed,
blocks hoarfrost and thunder.
Your eyes wary at me,
eyes of a black cat.

Ai, dread forbodes me,
death mulls on me.
And she, she who last danced,
she can go to hell.

This loose translation of Анна Ахматова's 1913 poem is based on Max Hayward's literal translation, published in "Modern Poetry in Translation: 1983".

