20.0u
bremen

Dylan Harris
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Potato Press
by Dylan Harris

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

chapbooks

20.0: ν 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

bremen
Sprache
succes
Animal Magnetism
fora
instead of Shakespeare
ten
satoriial
and then there’s the mediocre mouths
swan
(fallen)
collective nouns
bremen

(i)

overhead thunder
the wet

streaming hard flowers
the sting of thorns
these ice & blind roses

the scent of again exasperation
and steam like marilyn

nach Roland
boycotting
Jüngers
lange trein van reservatie
my seat hadn’t being

four hours of suicide incompetents
or excess köln

i don’t like smoke
i hated riding there
fifty fucking years
i failed
fifty fucking years
stuffed by their
fall of inspire

so one month ago
ich ritt
far across

damn those unarsed
oh–it’s–only–thursday
fucktard bastards
*ik kan een beetje nederlands spreken*

and now i’ll kill their cunt ghost
repulsed off that course
for uselessness

they were crap city centre
those rat–turd uninspirers

i’ll hang their foregones
an meines Sprachengibbet
i’ll fucking well pass

& win
(iv)

sorry bremen  
your bier may travel  
but

mijn hosts’ bière  
ist besser  
sange froid  
–ly

–ish
Sprache

Sie müssen in Ihrem Zeit sein
Die Sprachen sind Kinder der Welt Fashionsprachen
Sie kennen einzige die Sprachen der Gesternkinder sprechen
Menschen sprechen halb Sichten der Sprachen
I’ve just been served coffee
‘sucess’ it’s not too bad at all
the logo is a waitress
bringing a steaming cup

she’s seen a few in her time
‘though clearly she’s still young
happy in her job
but you can see concern

no it’s not the customers
there’s something else there
it’s a mild frown
perhaps her child has a bug

or maybe it’s just the fret
about where her life’s taking her
if only she knew
she’d founded this coffee company
Animal Magnetism

Whilst working in Luxembourg, I promised a Glaswegian colleague that, as I toured new cities, I’d buy fridge magnets for him to give his mother. I believe he was benign; I’d have reconsidered had he mentioned a pacemaker, or weak floorboards & nasty persons downstairs.

I consistently promised, but consistently reneged. I remembered once, at Watford Gap. I imagined his mother’s reaction. “Oh.” She’d say, “Nice”. She’d borrow the neighbour’s Afghan Hound. “It must have got caught in Pong’s hair”, she'd breathe.

RIP Ivor Cutler
fora

the night overlong
online fora
… le caffèine de la politique …
click drumroll

challenge comes where where
aha ill–judged
lemme check
got him
“but the facts are …”

the loud brandish ire won’t think
the nitty argue grit irration
the black bright bloom of scar rubbed hate
& me the reference bore
but allies engage

so what’s it for
keeping mental fists fit
instead of Shakespeare

the fashion irration
dogma now demands

anyone showing
just two arms
is criminalised as decadent

so for prosthetic profit
best US Baptist four arm
is bisected & sold

half apiece
those fucked up Allahs
pixies of ego
ten

i’m lucky
it’s just one glass

that connects the lust
to the expression

some poor buggers
must ten

lethal
to make the met life
satoriial

Learn to read poetry.
Not only will you blasé weird line breaks,
you’ll encounter satori–ial things.
and then there’s the mediocre mouths

it’s easy to build a railway
charge in the shop  grab a set  lay
that’s not though  a railway
that will take people

it’s easy to be told
where to build your own railway
civil your route  where you’re suggested
on the mainline  run empty

no
read all the routes
ride all the trains
find your own Appleby
I had to catch my own swan,
make my own charcoal.
Today, there are better pen sources,
of course: fountains, for some.

Usually,
the charcoal was made
days after
the swan was caught.

No wonder I'm fat.
(fallen)

there’s surface light
falling
silhouetting hidden legs
shadows on the floor

there’s two seated
distant eating alone
their surface lie

(fallen)
collective nouns

a screen of computers
a blue of crash
a trip of pavements
a thundercrash of airliners
a busy of chair legs
a pollution of motorways
a tantrum of cold calls
an ego of salesmen
a sizzle of sunny days
a rosebush of cats
an oil of accidents
a waffle of meeting
an ever of anticipations
a bogie of fears
a suicide of racists
a crowd of loneliness
an airbrush of hair
a weenie of nationalists
a blindness of light
a quest of interviews
an aria of howls
a parliament of fools
an ailment of health food
a failure of sleep
a con of marketing
a family of stones (ho ho ho)
a contradiction of lawwyers
a contradiction of philosophers
a contradiction of poets
(a sounding of trumpet)
a flub of couch potatoes
a gullible of believers
an orbit of teapots
a welcome of invitations
a fly of ointments
a bush of shills
a delusion of reflection
a delusion of voters
an illusion of magicians
a white of words
a black of silence
a night of memories
a knight of rememberance
a pottyness of puppies
an enthusiasm of spaniels
a pepper of sneezes
a sneeze of pepper
18.10.8