

**3**  
**nation six dog**

**Dylan Harris**



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**Potato Press**

by Dylan Harris  
4 anticipating the metaverse, 3 nation six dog, 2 dead write

chapbooks

20.0: 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 “nation six dog” in the subject line of any email)  
*Recitals of some of these poems may be found online*

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# Don't Understand

This poem was inspired by the manifesto of The Revolutionary Front For The Liberation Of Macclesfield, whose sole terrorist attraction was the killing, by drop kicking, of two Yorkshire Terriers.

Geologists cannot explain the seam of tin ore which London Transport were shocked to discover under the Thames in the 1950s—now exploited by the famous Greenwich Tin Mine. The scientific consensus is that it got there by magic.

“Well OK”, I thought, “if she’s imagined some girlfriends for me, and got herself jealous of them, I’ll ask her out”. Her “no” was playful, but *so* proud.

If you are worried how to politely say hello when abducted by a UFO, remember the letters in the pseudonym “Neil Armstrong”, written backwards, spell the popular greeting “Gnorts, Mr. Alien”.

# Water

## *The Anger Of Water*

Through the netting  
I watched the physician,  
resigned, prescribing.

He stopped writing,  
looked out.  
Shock drained him.

The sea had gone.  
Death was arriving  
two weeks early.

He fled, alone,  
as though he could save  
himself.

*Three Flawed*

I just can't suss  
that life guard.

I gets his  
gorgeous hands  
on me.

OK,  
so I have to squirm  
so he puts 'em  
just right.

He gets to rescue  
a beautiful girl,  
namely me.

He takes me  
all the way  
to the edge  
of the pool.

So strong,  
so masterful.

So why's he irate  
when he finds  
I faked it?

*Viaduct*

Where, once, the railway was embanked  
a field of cabbage now extends.

But every hundred paces, brick supports,  
the width of all four railway tracks, arise.

Look up to see, across the cloud,  
cables for the rails, and cables for the power.

No trains.

No birds.

No wind.

*The Mere Of Ice*

The morning's walk repair  
is stone-in-shoe disturbed  
at the cool wind glade:

high contrast light  
rushed dark leaves  
flashed sun.

The rain worn paper notice,  
on the silver slatted shutter-down kiosk  
commands us to walk the mere of ice,

blind white  
blotching pools  
slow earth.

But I know it will fail my doubt;  
I take the grass and boulder soaring path,  
walking up the double-bended valley,

watching down  
on faith belief  
crash-drown.

# northumberland

weight heavy grey age stone  
thick walled hunch house villages  
nurturers of pre england

a norfolk tornado marred flew to kuwait  
a land air missile huntress counted the well worn expected four  
got five friend or destroy  
no cancel no wait no time you choose

your child is here  
you choose

the navigators funeral  
the rite shockhearted coarse grief paused  
four tornadoes flew steam low  
black crescendo  
steam low

*one but one but one rose one rose one rose up rose up up cloud up  
high cloud up high up high up beyond up beyond beyond beyond  
vision up beyond vision beyond vision vision*

grief heavy grey death stone  
thick hunch walled silent villages  
nurture post war numb

# **nation six dog**

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
sex mate

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
food

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
nurture

dog  
dog dog  
dog dog dog  
place

you tell me  
cunt  
what i need

you tell me  
im not allowed  
my know



# green

us—we walked—we walked—we—the—green  
the—mow—neat bowl—neat long—sun—green  
sunshine august town—park—green

see—she short—model light—touch—she  
summer—dress dance—walk tall—me—she  
twenty—eight actress soft—speak—she

“happy—script daft—script television—tale  
super—sigh nordic—spy idiotic—tale  
cash—strong series—long career—good—tale

stupid—press drunken—press i—really—can’t—believe  
press—release mock—piece why—do—they—believe  
satire—true fun—too the—idiots—believe

see—them far across that chain traffic road  
cameramen journalists crocodiles—all  
meet—me mock—me mac—the—muck

believe—me sure—me the—princess—north  
gloom—haunted gleam—haunting glamour—haunting—down  
a—minister in—ministry the—minister—of—war

and my producer grins  
his stephen twigg grin”

## **in cynic adverati**

the social lace of now has ants of sell  
who work to place a toil in user hands  
to tear a burst of cash and if a tell  
reports a rush of sell is not or stands  
are down the nice day fake of cheer decide  
to push the sump with press upon the eyes  
to shout the anthems of their ware in lied  
and platted tune because they advertise  
their silvers worn to want we users sarc  
amongst ourselves the namings of desire  
when invocations made are met we lark  
a ware for get if sellers need of hire  
the cheery shouting prats its clear the wrap  
they shout about is dreadful very crap

# Fugues

deer are stupid beasts  
they run out in front of

go man go  
man go man

im not a cannibal  
i dont eat animal

right  
what am i going to do  
now  
im going to do

i like to try  
i cant deny

race the fear  
clinkity clink  
*(for the Mail and Express)*

# Pop Fugues

*for Guy Fawkes*  
bang bang flash

*for The Dread Noughts*  
bling bling flash

*for Global Warming*  
bang bang splash

*for Bohemians*  
dom domme clash

# **easter sunday**

this easter day recalls  
my youth me sun days  
all shut

id end intensity work exhausted free day  
sleep recovery saturn day  
be anger bored by empty christianity null sun day

singing self fresh alert desiring cuisine invent  
i could not shop graze ingredient  
that art killed by religions nil

i dont force death belief narcotic on random neighbours  
just because our ancestors fought  
thank god thatcher broke closed shop sun day

# At Buckfast Abbey

The monk, having seriously exercised his respect for Glasgow's wine, abstracted my queries regarding his life's order.

The ankle-low lamps coasted straight and narrow paths, giving the weak evening mist a siren's glamour.

A burglar alarm worried from chaotic directions; our movement let the monastery buildings dance the echoed panic.

In darkness brushed by nightfall's husk, the monks chanted like drill-men ritually thanking the Minister of Transport.

My fresh eyes were captivated by their Sunday chore, a ritual with incense, a sparkle in Latin.

# when the trains first came

verdant land life more than seen elsewhere  
somewhere birds flute their rapid haunt  
flower aroma allergy fresh  
their words names i used to know

these the last trudging heavy miles  
walking home from thirty years adventure  
ive fought built won lost the lot  
all i have is god and memory

i stop inhale the edge the ancient estate  
the childhood familiar buildèd hills  
wild life recreated raced replaced  
old monster trees lost forgotten

the real change is human made felt  
people live more smoke mechanical  
cities rip a rush run panic  
dreary no stranger charmchat

ive found lifes guide doubts fey  
no mock threat manipulation no selfish abuse  
this holy book unwraps the world  
all described dissected diagnosed

see find somewhere hidden symbols  
discover compulsion underneath  
no need for sinners understanding  
the book tells judges i retribute

here shafts stonestill shock me  
these tors these childhood joke and tumble hills  
these history halls rent by satan  
hades sulfic smoke rises

vents bricked dug to hell  
risen fumes drift sins infection  
i see entry horizontal distant  
a road descent weak to hells mine

ill walk casts gods light  
face rent the conjurers challenge  
follow grounded iron rods of sinner doom  
laid to guide me their hopeless

i crunch walk dark echo  
the beast squeals knows me here  
it comes roars i stand immortal  
halt i shout a man of god is stood



# Before The Bush War

Bush War, the next generation:  
I'm ambivalent.

The arguments:  
none arouse me.

Half the US army  
unable to transverse Turkey:  
unexciting.

America adventurous;  
Britain ambitious;  
France French:  
dull.

Enough.  
The sun rises.  
I watch.

# Namings

## *America*

The “What–A–Good–Idea” Pilgrim Fathers  
brought no wagon,  
brought no wheelwright.

One exasperated lady  
invented a working truck,  
the “Mary Cart”.

Now, in this time,  
‘Lingua Franca’  
meant what it said.

Affected fools  
morphed their speech to French,  
sounding silent a word’s last consonant:

but not the end of Mary’s name  
for she was young unmarried;  
cracking shins for reputation.

So the words a Crown Inspector heard  
on riding the colony’s Mary cart  
were “er...this is a Mary car’.”

## *Bedford*

Years ago,  
bed design was perfected.  
Reasons were spun for wheels:  
sending from carpenter to customer,  
obsessive room re-arrangers,  
rocking bouncy kids to sleep.  
Early beds had standard wheels.

Unfortunately,  
young couples,  
as young couples do,  
experienced runaway passion,  
forgetting to put the handbrake on.  
Beds bounced about,  
buckshotting walls, canoning furniture,  
rocketing lamps, smithereening china.

Makers shrunk the bed wheel size,  
making transportation hard.  
Convoys of beds,  
raced across the countryside,  
became rare.

The difficulty was water.  
In those days,  
few rivers had bridges.  
Goods with normal wheels  
transversed fords.  
Beds were now ferried,  
increasing costs.

So those rare places  
with very shallow fords  
and a smooth river floor  
counted.

Such fords were found  
across rock–landscape rivers,  
and nowhere else,  
except in West Anglia.

A merchant town grew up,  
named for the merchants' luck:  
Bedford.

## *Cambridge*

In ancient days  
the town of Ugg was filled  
by what would now be rudely called  
Neanderthals and peasants,  
and occasional flounced academics.

But the rich boys and the clever boys  
resented the rough and common culture,  
They caused a language strike-out  
against the sounded names;  
the hills of Gog Magog  
became the 'Local Ridge'.

But 'Local' was too wuss.  
A horizontal jogging entrepreneur,  
who gifted screaming services  
loud and hidden on the hills  
to gentlemen with cash,  
was Madame "Catherine Anna Maud Belgique".  
She was known, in spoken code  
when wives were nosy near,  
by her "Camb" initials.

Up grew the town  
around the flouncing schools,  
whose name became,  
from those wildly-rumour hills,  
Camb Ridge.  
But when that times'  
unhumoured censorship collapsed,  
those earthen lumps  
reverted back 'The Gog Magog'.

So now the town was only named  
for gifted screaming services.  
An academic city  
named after a horizontal professional?  
A king with cash to budget  
sensitive to scandal?  
Something must be done.  
But luck had struck;  
the river could be named again,  
the town could claim  
a story good for getting grants,  
pseudo–history’s “Cambridge”.

## *Catford*

The world's most evil moggy,  
so he liked to think,  
was black cat "Ginger",  
his name and counter shade  
caused him bully curse  
at army kitty school.

His great delight,  
this small and fluffing cat:  
when dogs arrived to greet hello  
and sniff those places dogs must sniff;  
he'd swipe each black and feeling nose  
with slicing sharpest claws.

Even the best of dogs were stung,  
for that was Ginger's way.  
But Brian was quite a special mutt,  
and had the nous to more than howl;  
he barked around, and quickly found  
that every local hound had felt those claws.

Now Ginger loved to sleep  
beneath his scratching tree  
by the catfish stream.  
So Brian got half the local dogs  
to creep around and half-moon surround  
the napping sharpest claws.

And on the count of “whine two three”  
the dogs all barked the barking song:  
“wr wr wr wr wr wr wr wr”  
but stopped halfway through verse two.  
Ginger panicked up, and ran the only no–dog way,  
he rushed right through the water.

And now the devious plan enlightened,  
for on the other side were all the other dogs  
hiding silent at Brian’s behest,  
until the soaking cat had landed there.  
And then they barked, how sharp they barked;  
the panicked cat, he rushed right splashing back.

And this is what a travelling landlord heard:  
“Wr wr wr wr” “mwah!’ splash splash  
“Wrf wrf wrf wrf” “mwah!” splash splash,  
and saw the panicked echo cat  
rush forth and back across the stream;  
he’d found a drunken place to build his inn.

And to this day, we’ve heard of Brian’s barkers,  
the famous “Catford Dogs”.



*Keighly*

Bertha Bright's childhood love  
was Keith Lea.

Bertha, only child, was heiress to fortune,  
to breath-sharp-in lung-ice fortune.

Keith grew proud  
and left the Pennines for ambition,  
so he'd return to Bertha  
all pride and rich desire.

Despite the decades  
Bertha refused all doubt of him,  
spurning the assertive hands of vagabonds,  
awaiting Keith, her Odysseus.

But he did not return;  
she died alone, unmarried.  
This sad story so inspired the ladies of Doolally,  
they renamed their town for Bertha's love.

That's the official line.  
Actually, Keith eloped a Swedish royal;  
and not just any royal  
but the Swedish king himself.

They hid in Malmo suburbs;  
Keith, professional man, a duck inspector;  
the king, living his transvestite dream,  
scatty wife.

The neighbours had grasping eyes:  
for the king overacted his bimbo avatar  
forgetting to remove his eye-draw crown  
when doorstep kissing Keith goodbye.

The Swedish State found their missing king.  
Keith was banished to the empire's beyond,  
to Siberia,  
where he died of a broken promise.

Of course Bertha knew Keith was gay.  
She also knew heiresses  
handed fortunes over  
to husbands.

*Manchester*

Sister Hester's girlie dream  
was not a swirling gown or glitter jewels,  
but the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

Every day at school in rugby class  
or hobnail boot and stamping club  
she dreamt the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

There would be two hundred and ninety-three bathrooms  
one for every cat she'd ever sat on  
in the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

So massive and humongously huge  
the mouse holes will be dragon holes  
in the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

But Little Hester became Big Hester  
and her children grew up to be accountants  
she forgot the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

And Big Hester became Granny Hester,  
telling them all of naughty naughty boys,  
she remembered the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

And then a competition rose,  
rename the town of “Rainie”:  
she thought of the biggest and bestest house  
there ever was.

“Hester’s House? No. Hester’s Mansion?  
Mmmm. Just manche. Yes, yes! Manche Hester!”,  
named after the biggest and bestest house  
there never was.

## *Milton Keynes*

Two grand economists uniting like fusing hydrogen,  
and exploded as quickly apart again.  
The younger, Milton Friedman, ran the world to Chile  
to invent half-built shopping-centres and military dictators.  
The older, John Maynard Keynes, kept to England  
to invent stagflation (remember?), wine gums,  
and birthed their child.  
Even today anyone is welcome to  
Milton Keynes.

Few people know donkey's ears later  
these two great economists reconciled  
and named the baby Gordon Brown.

## *Norfolk*

“Nowt as queer as folk”,  
the famous Yorkshire phrase recites.

Five hundred year it’s been  
since this was set to one specific place.

A location full of so strangest people  
the idiom rode all the land’s gossip.

“Nowt as ... folk” it reduced,  
“Now folk” the locals counter–spun.

And when the counties came along  
this flub was spoken ‘Norfolk’.

## *Sandy*

A sect, a now forgotten name,  
known by populist satire  
the “The No Naughty Nookie Nutters”,

built a priory.  
They chose a place to speak belief,  
to keep themselves entirely pure.

They made their beds in sand,  
so if desire decided to arise,  
the lust was broken scratched.

The town they built and bloated  
took the name of soil and county:  
Sandy Beds..

## **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**

peak  
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 blurted 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 istrys like a crystal  
sometimes theres a crack  
an istrys 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 dreme

# 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 A?H?H?a? A?x?M?a?T?o?B?a?

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 A?H?H?a? A?x?M?a?T?o?B?a?’s 1913 poem is based on Max Hayward’s literal translation, published in “Modern Poetry in Translation: 1983”.

# **in the name of**

nation spain  
socialism russia  
power iraq  
colonisation america  
clan rwanda  
race germany  
religion england

live and let live  
nowhere

liberals don't pogrom

# flock state

*echo echo*

millenia x

canaan judeah

babylonian persian macedonian hellenistic  
philistia israel

roman byzantine ottoman british  
israel palestine

soviet  
panic no

lines  
history no breathed me

hear antiempathy  
killencourage philosophy

nations religion  
the quality

*create new killer our fear*

escape did the foresighted few their kinder  
genocided else all our fathers protectees  
bred the paranoia gene select would genociders theory  
has terror memory our culture dictated on by history

can recur must prevent must strength and steel  
reclaim we a homeland rome stolen religion culture  
egg break others secure harmonic  
polite or child survive our choice we see no choice

see hope genociders hanged by justice  
planning future simple cycle crop culture grow  
attacked we gunfirers target kinder kinder sight  
go we cant no else there is just defend or dead

gunfiring bastards their land they say ours  
corralled we disrespectful them no dignity  
our victimness greater theirs our bastard ever be  
echo rote no compromise no surrender no childhood

recur a history fear cause recur a history fear cause  
abuse on simpler heads recall fear echo echo  
pleads the world not funders us find meet de klerk adams  
killing time a killing time stubborn no let hope free

*strike pale*

*1.*

they use aircraft  
they deny us aircraft

they use missiles  
they deny us missiles

they use ships  
they deny us ships

they use tanks  
they deny us tanks

all we have  
is jackets of explosive

their choice

2.

i had home  
they came took it

i had land  
they came took it

i had community  
they came took it

now i've only life  
they come

if i'm to die  
i'll choose

hand them  
our pain



## *On The USA*

an adoptive mom  
of an abused child  
can rarely accept

her ward  
has become  
an abuser

## *kinder*

gave victims kinder refugehome  
alone fought acidanimal nationalism  
fought save victims history only us  
luckskill final victors join

selfselected kinder ancestral mythicland  
we there asked peace feed try  
kinder ruttel foolhowl nationalism  
same arseholeness bully boy abattoir cut

in arrogance murdered two hundred tired sons  
kinder catch contain murderer no  
betrayer kinder betrayer justice betrayer state  
elected massmurderer boss

their killerenemies ourenemies rode road they ride  
they memoryhatred long stuckheld we grew  
teenagepitface won'twon't everyonehatesme shriek  
bullyhit bullyhitted nounderstand weepnoise

hairpull titface state "growup youlittlefuck  
forgodssake trythinking fuckface littlestate  
and blow your nose"

*military*

the youth me detested the killing military  
now i know the right of risk to block insane humanity  
if i'd been the now me then i'd had sounded army

but i'm a different when  
it's a pointless what-if  
but to binocular mistake

military  
for politician  
good fuck

## *column*

military do as  
politic do as  
electorate

ass civic  
head lazy  
fear slave

the mindfuck  
race the fear  
clinkity clink

each body  
dump  
masthead

*victory impossible*

disgust instruct  
child  
gunfirer guilt

religion  
psychopath gas

each nation's error's existing  
each nation's cure's dissolution

military victory impossible

*and on the ninth day...*

and on the ninth day  
God commanded  
“Let There Be Respect”  
and transformed

Sharon to spam spam  
Arafat to hyena sneeze  
Die Bush Das Kapital’s satanic verses  
Osama Laden a wank

*oh there*

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE VISION

oh there

for all the gods sakes  
give those peacemen power

# final tv big

audience sea roll pebble shore breathe  
cup archaic boredom occupier  
moron matter computer

blank unturned ocean pretend tileset  
concentration frown where  
ah yes top right near

three unlucky  
base left near  
void reload

top right one bon  
blank blank game on  
next damn hope sour

risk random  
base left near luck  
sweep release luck such luck  
fourteen blank

rote turn mark  
rote turn mark  
rote turn mark  
rote turn mark

eight mark hope end  
line edge one turn four  
three mark

chasm rare thirty blank  
board centre empty vertical strategy poison  
mine edge concentration bastard



turn mark rote  
turn mark rote  
turn mark rote  
turn mark rote

NO

arse  
unconcentration  
bad mark action  
bang bang loss

waste

waste

# fuddle

brain stop

warm day  
not much  
wake  
mind incomplete  
sonar deep core  
no deep

do plain rote  
no reminded  
*oi you prat*  
*scout first*

i need  
*use care you're ill*  
not got  
fuck up bad

virus  
yesterday sunstroke bright  
weekend party  
something uneaten  
something eaten

these fuddles  
never sussed

even poetry's plain

# **i'm a gorgonzola**

meet  
semaphore desire  
pheremone urgent

rabble net talk  
no red rush  
no electric

only the dead dead e  
you want that  
bugrayshun

hi i'm george dubya  
i'm a monster  
a gorgonzola

## core

fail née never doubt

invent behaviour ruleset  
bad believe unwrongable

rite ritual no doubt truth awe  
charisma clockwork glow runt  
assert godish

pray fault stress luck crush  
rot fractal prescription  
wisdom boot  
life grow accept aware

antipathy stupid supplicate conflict ever  
deaf sense shout reply fear  
target loud light shining fail  
desperation destruction  
self scared wise can't crashbot

moi promoter blind child charge  
"one truth" "one church" "one lord"  
dry masturbation imposed  
eyes dead open unused  
peer pressed hell destined die  
let fearing marx opium terror bot

unfeel runt  
corps toy

# **On Visiting San Francisco**

In England the Earth occasionally burps,  
but here it constantly parties.

# intelligence still booting

up and walking  
morning early  
gravel eyed  
intelligence booting

i reach the pavement  
there's a girlchild  
walkman dumb  
step aside nerves

bins displayed  
mine's not  
turn back  
to promenade trash

and she looks at me  
her arm  
pointing across  
to someone else's car

I say "that's not mine"  
she says "wot?"  
I say "that's not my car"  
she says "I didn't say it was"

and the bus stops

# watch the desire of love to exist

remote auto–reptile–matic instinct stressed behaviour  
him hunt–grasp juice–wish blood–bite snap–shut  
her speed–run horror–show shudder–scorn escape–bye

moi je suis etranger de moi mais  
this is my today's only home

empty behaviour  
absence of presence

pheronome eye–snare smile–share warm–talk  
reptile far–blade evaporation

the arrow of desire  
watch the arrow of desire  
the desire of love to exist

wishful crowded iron press  
civilised numb claim  
they wish those mirror

my nation's radioactive  
glowing nationalism  
threatening critical

the arrow of desire  
watch the arrow of desire  
the desire of love to exist

# remembering the slits

twenty–five years  
the slits punking girls  
rebel man’s desire

ramp firing  
intra–fighting  
music fem

but me i was just another punters’ ears  
a rebel man never slashed the air guitar  
i was nil in no–ones’ useless army

they created  
jammed recorded  
punking girls

a moment a slit a table football  
i won wow what an achievement  
fuck that

freeborn girls  
never typical  
sound excitors

remember  
revolt neutered by “what’s the point”  
the irate driven angry priest of shan’t

twenty–five years  
how many fire recall  
rage the dawn away



they'll be mothering  
teenage-daughtered  
house-worn

forget wallpaper  
i'll throw the guacomole  
decorate their empire

# **lou reed**

his the voice of  
dark desert rainstorm wind  
form the happen pray

# Dog Sound

*king charles spaniel*

doggy doggy dog dog dog dog doggy dog  
doggy dog doggy dog doggy doggy dog dog  
doggy dog doggy dog doggy doggy doggy dog  
doggy dog dog dog dog dog doggy dog

*labrador*

dawg

dawg dawg  
dawg

dawg dawg

dawg

dogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdogdog

dawg  
dawg

dawg dawg  
dawg

dawg

dawg

*west highland white terrier*

d d d d d d d d  
d d d d d d d

d d d d d d d d  
d d d d d d d

d d d  
d d d

d d d d d d d d  
d d d d d d d

*Miss Demeanour*

kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kitty kat  
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat  
kitty kat kitty kat kitty kitty kitty kat  
kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kat

kitty kat kitty kat kitty kitty kitty kat  
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat  
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kit kat  
kitty kat kitty kat kit kit kat

kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kity kat  
kit kat kit kat kitty kitty kat  
katty kat katty kat katty katty katty kit  
kat kit kat kit katty katty kat

## 8.11.3

quake press delia  
hellip

wayback machine lifeboat  
launch tar vinegar  
cat ten percent  
operational palak saag  
we've

cubozoans kill gravity  
radio broadcasting three  
pints of milk  
won't boot  
/ .

# bacon

yesterday's dusk sky  
junket cream   day-glow bacon  
oh what pretty fumes



# Epigrams

*On The West*

hanging prisons  
revenge re  
venge

Money's the smack of the west.

*On Al-Qaida*

you're dozing  
you don't feel a sharp pain  
the mosquito is fed and gone

you're dozing  
you feel a sharp pain  
you wake  
the mosquito flies away  
you build a dyke  
drain the swamp  
all mosquitos die

a yappy dog  
finds the pack of sleeping lions  
creeps to the biggest  
bites a nose

all the lions will cower  
the yappy dog believed

al-qaida  
islam's traitor

sixty years ago  
the enemy destroyed our cities

we destroyed theirs  
and them

thirty years ago  
an enemy wrecked so many human souls

now this enemy's only home  
a lab

i think  
it's more because  
the fools are noisy

waking the baby

*On Islam*

a firework dies  
in explosion  
and sharp colour

a psychotherapist  
helps an ailing man  
look inside himself  
find the true cause  
of all his evil seen

if you don't laugh at yourself  
you can't honestly appraise yourself

if you can't honestly appraise yourself  
you don't know where you're at

if you don't know where you're at  
you're lost

## *On Science*

science reflects the art of God.

when faced with contradictory truths  
select the truth with the strongest proof

if contradictory truths  
have irrefutable proofs  
they don't contradict  
you've misunderstood

if you can't resolve  
irrefutable contradictory truths  
go meta

if objects cannot occupy  
the same space  
at the same time

how can you look up  
to a sheet of sky  
see two birds  
intersect  
untouched

# **when the morons declared war**

the youth me new to work temping  
signing on weeks off

accused of working claiming  
they decided appealed decided  
not tell

i sawn a letter nicely saying  
fuck off you bastard  
had they bothered to inform  
i'd have told em  
“you’re pissing your own knickers  
i didn't claim that week”

hence the asshole reputation  
of bureaucracy

# **look rich apple grows**

this memory key  
opens graves  
look rich apple grows

# fifty year guess

America pax  
complaced

exhausted Israel Palestine  
Egypt Lebanon Jordan  
template EU as MU  
no Syria

EU  
Balkan step step Turkey irony  
aggregate Morocco Tunisia Algeria Iran  
Moldova Iceland mmm  
Syria Norway Switzerland no  
more was Soviet no

UK nationalisms  
England civil war three  
nationalists satan empathy  
victorise hatred  
EU expels shamed shout England  
Poul Dayker pogrom dictator  
executes executes  
England civil war four  
blood and stalemate  
Scotland invades  
Ireland France grim support  
impose Caledonian composite  
happier US careful neutral  
bases closed bristled  
Edinburgh UK2 drum machine  
seven million dead by nationalism  
well done daily mail  
you'll live your dream short  
high on junky hatred



old empires  
of old territory  
power

China superpower  
might shake America  
just bit oddments  
*must be nothing*

Brasil power  
India power

Russia repaired  
sees China  
aware uncare EU

India Russia China EU  
four marionetteers  
of Pakistan Afghanistan Kashmir  
no peace

Africa still fuckup toy  
despite South Africa Nigeria

China direct Asia Australia  
Japan tense

China integration  
America in Taiwan stand off  
China hacks US  
snap invade snap win  
snap US military prisoned  
China unified  
occupies America moon Mars  
US stilled incredulous

US dereferences for global boil  
China relents  
return moon Mars  
troops not technology

EU wet scared  
got American technology  
need else now

Russia wet scared  
neighbourhood rampant superpower  
need strength now

EU Russia unite  
Moscow Strasbourg one  
Ukraine Belarus Georgia Armenia Azerbaijan join  
Kazakhstan Kyrgyzstan Uzbekistan Tajikistan Mongolia decline

new balls please  
Beijing to serve

# english garden

english sensibility +  
wild texture beauty → ?  
identikit monotony

# **christmas card poem**

oh wurtle beast in furtle flight  
wot you doing in my gun sight

oh wurtle beast in furtle flight  
bang bang you're dead ha ha

# **cold pity**

i pity your cold heart

not according  
the shock  
of close death

# food studio

decour service feel  
all 2<sup>nd</sup> to the art

if you but that  
your soul's thin

# peered

being peered on  
mass poll pressure  
exploited

compress to mundane  
predict open–plan shoehorn  
no best quality permitted  
planned fit pressure no excel  
corporate some bastard up benefit  
fit in corporate poor  
don't excel  
fit  
dull predict fit required

savage down to plannable ordinary  
belong box

# church is dangerous vital

terrace end house  
ninety middle class years  
kept unkempt garden  
old curtains old furniture

i don't know why the council  
destroyed the green life  
took the topsoil  
a plant disease  
a death disease

the land's now  
grey charcoal

in the street  
an old chap  
short & capped  
in his eyes  
new loss

he asked me

why did i not  
& the pub  
help him out his grief



## pit air G

pit  
cold pit  
ice hard pit  
pretty pit  
cold pit

air  
sheet brush air  
asthmatic friend air  
hard breathe air  
warm air

pit  
cold pit  
ignore pit  
absent pit  
cold pit  
walk pit

G  
late G  
walk toll G  
spire G  
church mourn G  
toll G

pit  
day pit  
grey pit  
cold pit  
mourn pit  
pretty pit  
pit

# pool

L hipped  
head horizontal  
elbow high

off blue centre  
strike  
strike the white

the pack  
schoolchildren  
a pack of schoolchildren  
bright blueday sun

green down mower low  
see balls aligned balls  
see point hit pot  
see point hit pot  
place check pocket check  
place check pocket check  
strike

just align there yes  
strike gentle pot  
wait  
that power hit  
see the pot  
and roll the white to strategy  
game on  
three reds down and safety

beer

balance still accelerando  
one yellow one red one black

king kong shot  
the bastard got me  
good play  
cushion cushion long now  
white to red length shot  
i'd gentle touch stop  
strike  
watch the roll slow roll ha  
by scare de Blair i got it

one yellow one red one black  
dogleg bounce  
cushion corner

you know  
i could safety  
but damn the bastards  
don't bore the barmaid with still elegance  
life's a biscuit  
play to bang pot

mmmm









