

20.0v
the dead cat blues

Dylan Harris



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Potato Press

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

you just don't expect
argument after
dog & sand
dog sample daze
gwynedd on
ierland is geen belgie
my father was a ufo
no pit is not no clay
waterford fronts
the dead cat blues

you just don't expect

you just don't expect

my old cat's
going to prison
but this time
i'm not sure
she's coming back

i think that animal
is the last shared thing
i have
with my mother

in her final illness
she used to laugh
when that cat
snuggled in my arm
settled and purred

she'd creep to the top
i'd hardly notice
until the wet
crept through my shirt

you just don't expect
cold dribble
in your armpit

argument, after

happy

you declared
yourself idiot

I use idiots
used you
got the poem

you're the object
used
used up

bye

dog & sand

dog & sand
rising sun
filmic splash

I am in
the fastest train
a hundred feet beneath

walk the friend
sand to sea
sunlit ring

I am in
the fastest train
a hundred feet beneath

market wrung
ethic slum
logiciel

je suis en
la grande vitesse
a hundred feet beneath

dog sample daze

makes story sense
all long night

makes sense story
long all night

story makes story
night all night

long

gwynedd on

yorkshire house

yorkshire stone

trip yapping

yorkshire hills

ierland is geen belgië

(i)

body bag bread
monoculture beer

organic routes
malicious utilities

civilian trap
horseless guards

neighbourhood fear
armoured islands

easy talk
uncommon games

(ii)

the problem is it's just one colour
now the colour's fine as a colour
but you might just stare at the black all night
and wish for the evening's amber dawn

intention and the window glass

you aim plausible
you destine disappoint

you aim impossible
you might delight

my father was a ufo

my father was a ufo
eating passengers for tea
afore he went to bed
he ran the tale of me

my father was an aircraft ship
his arm around the sea
afore he went to bed
he ran the tale of me

my father was a hobbit dwarf
making myth for thee
afore he went to bed
he ran the tale of me

my father was the emperor
of factory 63
afore he went to bed
he ran the tale of me

my father was the counter-ghost
he warmed the winds of plea
afore he went to bed
he ran the tale of me

my father's post computer
from the singularity
before he builds his birthing bed
he'll run the tale of me

no pit is not no clay

dig deep dig dark
no pit is not no clay

black flash black done
no pit is not no clay

land flat calm sun
no pit is not no clay

so you don't like my disgust at you
so I don't like my disgust at you
I can rationale it away
but no pit is not no clay

waterford fronts

the waterford front
a three year old
bright sunday best
happy
saw me
slowed
concerned
as they do
I smiled
she smiled
skipped past

granddad
worn tiger
followed
this was no duty

I'd missed the galway train
go to waterford it's pretty
the ticket girl had said
the locals amused
you know her loyalty
but she'd a point

these are daughters
I'd like that

the dead cat blues

lemme see
a settee
a car seat
two antique chairs
a carry all
a backpack
a 14”
a 17”
and two 21”
CRT monitors

but
lap warming
loyal—for a cat
argumentative
comforting
purring in my ear—at 3am
unjudging
unpedantic
unwilling to accept anyone else
drooling & dribbling
playful
usually remembering about the claws
fussy—well what cat isn’t
heat seeking
sun seeking
she’s a cat

was

died in Flanders
today

dank u wel madam
mijn oude dame kat
RIP

