

A Hundred Posters

#10 October 1976

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Richard Dillon:

DALI ALI

Midst mayhem of the Nations' gawking gazes,  
Debonair Ali unfurls hundred point Allah Times headline  
between glistening gloves under ring kleilight.

A hulking, bludge lipped trainer,

weirded out,

reads:

RELIGION MEANS BEING ALIVE!!!

A Fistfull of Dollars

Out of a pinpoint gallops another outlaw,  
you stand your stead,  
something like stupid but too empty for that.

Buddha viewer, new to Dakota,  
Black Bart, patch over pupil, shoots,  
lunges to a halt,

rears his stallion  
and gallops back  
to the butte.

\$\*ç%

Coming in a tension of foil, waste, tristement,  
growl and haste,  
a new moment born out of shattered speech.

&\*ç%

Another swing at a fille, and the gap,  
a vast lack in nature's plumbing,  
keeps its headiness,  
a ghost past arrears, to sing life

////////////////////to call it "dear"  
to pull its tit like a plug  
so that the offices, the concours, the diner,  
are filled with your ki.

&\*ç%

Brushed over paltry sticks marks a moment's grave,  
while not far from here  
vireos go in for Arabic, cuisine and machine.

You go up Concord Road  
singing songs never thought in memory,  
the happiness of the Republic  
filling your steps with speed.

And always the double edged nothings  
under the oriflamme maples obey.  
If blindness be what we know as healthy,  
what is this hike towards what sea?

Tapa Kearney:

Some Morning Completely Red

Painters' vision  
Completely turned  
Surely dead  
Vision rush  
Backrub in room  
Red barn  
Dreamed Friday  
Morning completely  
No raining  
Lumber yard  
Lose shoes  
Even Monday  
Returning to me  
Got dropped  
Bach tape  
Behind stove  
Sleep in sleep  
Perchance new corner  
Landscape glowing ether  
At window with you  
You turn away  
Wind blowing  
See man  
Clouded over  
Fall,  
His body turns  
Around when he hits  
Plants bright  
Chest  
At Chataqua  
To dream  
So can awake  
When it's lanterns and rain  
Dark enough to light  
Standing  
Drove to mountains  
Walked in woods  
Very green  
About a mile  
His footing  
Green dead pine trees  
Saw a deer  
Flooding on way down  
Hail storm.....

Rosmarie Waldrop:

THE SENSES INEVITABLY: A DAVY CROCKETT HAT

"He knows the inside  
lines of her body"

proposed the  
because  
he owed her money for

again his monologue

a play:

first scene: night  
the secret agent  
infiltrates  
the commune

scene two: already  
the contemplatives  
watch her  
"perform"  
on her own body

three: the cult  
she forms, the bliss  
beyond touch  
her skin where she inverts  
the roles

but who  
in such a spectacle  
for there are numbers  
of these games of perverse  
chastity

in which  
it's said the visual  
the fire  
the problem  
from here on  
becomes more definite

did  
he tell you that  
the weather won't change

(surprised  
to her them call her "baby")

that laughs exaggerate  
a contact which prolongs the spiral  
staircase to  
Venetian glass around a  
bed where

heard a door slam

all naked  
but a Davy Crockett hat  
the tail  
which touched her breasts  
and shoulders

she's undisturbed  
by the present  
the way it goes on

even the nearly alike

whereas he

that series are inevitable

like cockroaches

S. Fox:

IN CANCER

for Bohemia Scatter

"plus de mots. J'ensevelis les morts dans mon ventre."

Arthur Rimbaud    UNE SAISON EN ENFER

In other places, where i have slept off  
my obligations,  
there were mornings not unlike this

one. In these sheets a ceremony  
of knots  
is performed, the binding & the struggle  
to unbind  
my body from the drunken bed

that, in photosynthetic frenzy, is flung  
thru the stupid eventuality of  
another dawn,  
& is not returned until another night  
crouches down upon

us. In that interval, what remains  
of us  
is consumed, but what now remains  
of us  
to feed the yawning mouths of so many  
unseen motorists  
who pass thru the walls w/cold gears  
grinding, hauling  
off even the solid ground of my sleep,  
that i  
shall never