

A Hundred Posters

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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