

A Hundred Posters

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Marc Weber:

An Interpretation of a character in "La Hora de las Hornes"

"the smoke that thinks of the warmth spun by the word  
around its center the dream called ourselves"

--Tzara

He tells the story and tries to remember what happened  
what the motivating factor what that day  
why they would have challenged the police  
what the use was what the spontaneity was based on

But he didn't know for it was lost in all the things  
he couldn't think of lost like yesterday  
as faceless as the crowd after they charged  
the police after the horses arrived and they  
were beaten down dragged by their belts  
on their faces into the trucks

. . . keeps blasting your senses as you walk  
down the docks in Acapulco

as you hope to keep remembering everything  
hope to keep tied up with the goodness

even though right now it's good right now  
I'm on top of a hill glittering lights spread out

below me my time now to be ravished for its beauty  
Satie is being played downstairs we are true

#### Words Again

At this age so forth across belief faith love knowledge  
wisdom thoroughness efficiency logopoeia  
fidelity adultery sociality anthropology  
machine-reductionism analogy coming into  
our own song melody line pause  
restbit aganbite cark a fatling's sarcocarp  
a mensual approach from my own  
watchtower outward towards a time of counting  
"forty million people who know the future is now"  
says an insurance company

Fanny Howe:

Tomorrow

(for Ferry Marquand)

Blue Black Ocean  
Tugs Full Moon  
One After Thirteen  
Water In The Knee  
A Minute A Day  
Full Sun Grey  
Tugs The Other  
Way Between  
A Leaf of Gold  
Or "Gold Leaf"  
Just One Second  
Of Relief

\*

An Oceanic Lap  
Grave, Grey Spume  
Foam Yellow  
No Moon, It's Noon  
A Secret Meeting  
Tween Ether & Water  
The Land Bristles  
Clay Composed  
Of Water

\*

Little Fir Tree  
Cracked River  
Falling Heaven  
What To Do  
Truth Is Useless  
So Is Beauty  
Hand In Glove

\*

Pearls Trail  
Hawthornes Wood  
Chronometer  
By Melville  
Landlubbers  
Of Whale Blubber  
A Humpback Rock  
Up Of Water  
White Today  
Black Tomorrow

\*

Ropes Of Snow  
A Thick Forest  
Prongs & Droplets  
Shine, Airy  
Blowing, Jewels  
Lace, A Slice of Grace

\*

Honeymoon, Money  
Silver Spoons  
Sapphire, Rock  
Crack With A Pick  
Honey's Moon  
Pots Of Gold  
Lucer's Dome  
Jars of Jam  
Bears Paws Glue  
Hoof & Gum

\*

With Ruth Uncouth  
Under the Roof  
Thunder & Snow  
Expressions of Rage  
Incline To The Cage

Rachelle Bijou:

AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

"Hello. Father O'Reilly?  
What time is mass today?"

Who is this

"Is this St. Joseph's?"

No

"Sorry"

\*

The messenger service  
Changed its name from  
ACTIVE to PROMPT

\*

If you've got your health you've got everything

\*

Hi Rachelle,

Thanks for letting us consider your poems.  
The magazine seems to be filled into the honest future.  
I heard you read recently at St. Mark's  
And liked your ease and grace.  
I remember there was one poem in particular  
I really liked but now I can't remember.  
Anyway, thanks for sending.

Sincerely,



And when I opened my eyes  
    heels of his feet  
        width between his knees  
    the diamond cut by his legs  
Reminded me of the outline  
Of the plan for St. Peter's

Had we not just been reading  
A book on the Italian Renaissance  
I might not have made the connection

\*

HEY RACHELLE WHERE'S THE SOAP

\*

Bluerock said  
She was an artist too

She drew flies in the summertime

My mother said

Bluerock'll be tickled pink  
When she hears I used that line

\*

Really though it's been quiet  
The waves still come from two directions  
But not nearly as often  
And most of the days  
I am left free  
In pursuit of the white greyhound