

A Hundred Posters

#12 December 1976

Alan Davies P.O. Box 415, Kenmore Sta. Boston, Ma. 02215

copyright 1976 Alan Davies individual works copyright 1976 by authors

Aram Saroyan:

SNOW IN CALIFORNIA

My daughter's enterprising little spirit
Bestows its gift upon the virgin air:

What excitement the whiteness makes in her!
She clasps it in her mittens

Until it's a snowball which she doesn't throw,
But lingers over, having never before held snow.

S.R. Lavin:

The Holocaust

The soldiers' uniforms march home empty
into a town of ashes

because a vestige of truth is not enough

while I sleep art is dead

That a beneficent concept can be real

we see the complex connection
in its simplest form

Evil reflects upon itself

rumor transcends the real

things seem
apocryphal. Time moves sideways--

all the people go quietly into holes.

The sign says there are children
but there are only signs

Committment to be

How does one go back? having passed through
these mortal barriers, as lovers, or friends?
"It is that no one cares to put up the energy
that is the mundane." Etched in the mind
I can see no one knows how to wait, or,
those who wait do not remember why...
what Milton said.

When You are evoked, called upon to be
that contract with yourself cannot be broken
tho no one remembers, or believes,
is only the inspiration
to remember. Put your eyes back in their
sockets, else you remain blind...
no one remembers. What is love
in the wake of forgetting.
I am incapable of fraud in this matter.
No one believes me.

The Sinking of the Titanic

Why must we have invisible hands

A primer for children would say
what is the Paradise swan to me

All that is contained here will tell you.

I cannot begin again. The seed
was planted in a dark closet

and when they didn't come the way I'd hoped
for it I gave up being a flock of birds

crossing with them

the ocean; a hardly sounded rythmn

learning to be what death is not
myself and my companion

went riding.

(Britton Wilkie:

On the Red & White Stones

Our gypsy mountebank - who must, perforce, be served by quick, warmly, audacious humor - sat before his colored beads and shell games quite numb from the cold (which had crept up upon him with icicle claws). Full flower of images had he, each flowering limned within each other, but the blooms seen only in imaginative fancy among trees whose leaves have passed through autumn's gay red & orange to snowtime's sombre brown & gray.

By the flickering oil stove I lay, my spine stiff as if fixed to a frozen armature. A book, a Victorian book whose spine was worse - of than mine, described for me the Paris Commune of 1871, the explosions of which reached me as little fine-lined blurs visible against the cross-hatching of the engravings - one of which brought the comic impression of a soldier with a sabre assaulting another in front of a restaurant sign showing a rabbit jumping into a frying pan. I read again the tedious story of communist outrages, a few of them sporting & good humored, and of the infamous reprisals of the Thiers government - the stunning sacrifice that raises the time white before us, blackening the fair page