

A Hundred Posters

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Tom Ahern:

A fragment of Petrus Borel's

Antsy, deputy's lorgnette, deputy of time, 's  
mid-hate and 's tail  
See infernal trio, - you'd'se three fine spade  
fantassin  
Ilse on priest - the macaws pour lewd champs in  
battle,  
My poor heart, shitted sows lured lovely wrasses,  
My poor heart in its nave, effaced and torn,  
Daughter, worshipper, foo, half-night, misbaked!  
Quick and finished as a lute, and resplendent, -  
God the sated! - the dessert, the mounds of crab?

Threading fingers, ridden.  
A fishing pool  
above basalt and conglomerate  
fiber addressing respect.

1:X1:76

TRANSPORTATION IMMOBILE

All day the trains revert to their natural condition  
Of choo without the teeth and fire without perdition.

LE PETITCANE,

Chopped every palmetto I  
laid eyes on, dirt and  
shirt healthy.

Lions still unwelcome in  
meadows. Too much maroon  
shade.

20:X1:76

Charles North:

Lines

Silver is the ruby's faded glare  
awkward silence taking it out to sea  
and you away. The morning air

dents a jar of tulips  
and inter-urban affairs are wasted  
with the dispatch of an elegant theory.

The empowerment  
of leaders begins its arduous journey  
through permanent display, pink

a parade of points, green  
turning out products, linking  
highway to art to meta-abrasive.

But the free movement through  
elevated channels causes the scale to fold,  
the council to abandon.

A Winter's Tale

She is stranded on a ladder  
and her hair is in mine.  
She has her daughters and I have mine.  
Her dowery is emeralds set in a neutral Arches.  
I hold her up to the night  
like a subaqueous lake against the sea.  
Her eyes keep edging off into the transparency.  
Exit pursued by a bear.

Untitled

Rivers of implements, corks, roars,  
The planes that move the sky,  
Handholds to dispense whatever comes in,  
In fading lines in evening's green glue,

In a lump fine enough to be the skin  
In which evenings diffuse their general tonic,  
Completing a spot so near and yet so perfect  
It is a lamp, here or in another snowing century.



Ed Sanders:

You said you loved me  
and hoped I'd be a nuclear physicist  
& make lots of mon,  
& then you yawned--

I remember your little brother's  
metal swing, like a giant rusty  
saw horse  
on the lawn

by the yawn

(reading Heine  
11-5-76)

those who would enslave you  
must be fought

the secret cop-minions of capitalism  
and the toads of russia  
who love to put poets in insane asylums

all you who urge us to copy cuba's lack of freedom  
and all you who love the cia

all you owners  
of souls & sapphires  
who want to kill loners

may the drool  
dry forever on your lips  
for you are the  
dirty scum of satan