

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