

A Hundred Posters

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Peter Philpott:

And a medium-rare steak - I'm not common
though predictable perhaps. Still, what's not forbidden
's not nice fruit I say. What was, sorry,
that was a rat
They're dirty. To do that, run
& shit all over the food. She sighs. What a fuss
well, I'm a mother & my softness can't be held in.
Damn braces said Blake & bless relaxes.
Ah, he was talking to me. The tall king's tomb.
Sand, I suppose, & cliffs. Shadows are appearing
like shy graffitti on the walls. In pompeii
the ash fell. Here it is off about 5 miles
in front of me as I write. And of course I am.

Ted Greenwald:

DANCE

breathing into the stencil
wakes up
the space that's (ah!) feet
a dream
of legs and knees
joined at the ears
goes into the mock-up
a willow frame
carries the evening
to the window
where it ignites
through the window
the window means something
else, but looked
like a look out
and turned out (ah!) like feet
to be where it should

BEYOND COMPARE

Language flattens

Wisps of ideas

Tail off through speech

And intrude

On the conversation

Instant self-consciousness

Boils water

Serves coffee

And delivers

The baby of the self

Must pause Must pause

The mind paints scenery

For the drama of the everyday

Already it's summer

Already it's fall

The mind's

Turned to something else

Speech is slower, more

Deliberate

The flattening's becoming flatter

SALAD DAYS

the sky is wearing a dress
and earrings and lipstick and
great shoes and from where I look up
no panties ONE MINUTE!
that's a great fake underneath the dressing
a cock and balls is quivering
my god, it's pissing right down on the city
everybody runs for cover
the men in the men's room
and the ladies in the women's

Tim Longville:

LARGE BLUE

=1=

Going down to the sea by easy stages
we need the book to construct for us
The Large Blue Butterfly
in time with our descent
through layers of leaves and heat and darkness and our life
its flight is powerful and fast

Our eyes are bent
to discover
when not just fluttering
from flower to flower
the small stones
underfoot
the actual

imaginings
to contend with strong winds
living inwards
through sun's glint leaves' turn metaphor
for feeding on nectar
the large blue suspends

Some of the indelible ordinariness
we need to pursue

those fictions also

+

=2=

From the back of the throat
DON'T SAY IT IF IT DOESN'T HELP

Creepers
nameless
small stones
coverers of the ground

grip and hold on
where you can

crushed poems

scenting the abandoned nights
as if hallo were goodbye or the other way
the world is entered
in the botanist's book
under inordinate love without a proper object

+

Anne Waldman:

HOUSE WORK

I'm looking for a house
architecture and water
orange coral at the base
Mr. Silver Man is the butler
Blade Woman the maid
I'm walking with my curdling sister
a doll's head
On a shiny cliff
is the house I want
to be framed by the house
a family house
with central heating
A central woman needs a house
locked in her chinese fingers
not a house that walks away

GOYA

After a serious illness in 1792
Goya spent five years
growing ink
to produce hairy monsters
You know these women
ASI VA EL MUNDO
but if the world is a masquerade
BRABISIMO!