

A Hundred Posters

#15 March 1977

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

copyright 1976 Alan Davies  
individual works copyright 1977 by the authors

---

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!