

A Hundred Posters

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

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Paul Auster:

Effigies

Eucalyptus roads: a remnant of the pale sky  
shuddering in my throat. Through the ballast  
drone of summer

the weeds that silence  
even your step.

\* \* \* \* \*

The myriad haunts of light.  
And each lost thing--a memory

of what has never been. The hills. The impossible  
hills

lost in the brilliance of memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

As if it were all

still to be born. Deathless in the eye,  
where the eye now opens on the noise

of heat: a wasp, a thistle swaying on the prongs  
of barbed wire.

\* \* \* \* \*

You who remain. And you  
who are not there. Northernmost word, scattered  
in the white

hours of the imageless world--

like a single word

the wind utters and destroys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alba. The immense, alluvial light. The carillon  
of clouds at dawn. And the boats  
moored in the jetty fog

are invisible. And if they are there

they are invisible.

Tim Reynolds:

Issa

for/with Mio

Up & down & up  
& down & up & down, no

Up & down up &  
down up & down up & down  
mosquito larvae

Now at nights slow turning God  
bless us ev'ry one

Nagai zo yo  
Yo ga nagai zo yo  
Namuamida

In the Buddha's nose  
Mommy look  
swallows

(Kamakura)

Second snow, full moon =

Dear Alan,

Happy to hear of light in Boulder. I spent the whackdest out summer of my life in Aspen, Chuck Stein drove us away minutes before the lynch mob. My brother-in-law Ric is thinking of developing a shopping mall there.

If man is 'innately aggressive' how about the Pax Mesolithica? or, Do other mammals have hymens? (A pairbonding ritual? like childbirth? or circumcision? Specific?)

Poems, short so they cn go anywhere. I sent two to Jonathan Williams to make postcards of but I don't see why not. a)

Instant Transsubstantiation, 2 Archbishops, No Waiting

chrust

b) BIG

HOLE

The middle is blank, get it, bang + black. A Field. 2 actually.

The Iriquois exterminated the Cat Nation of Eries, and I don't see many Neanderthals around these days. Also

鬼神



for Jonathan Williams

I can see how it smells  
moss strewn snag

& in the spring freshets  
to clear the banks & beds of the stream of accumulated debris  
& blockage

Janine Pommy Vega:

The Gypsy Players

I stayed at my sticks and campfire  
a day a month of days  
a year perhaps/ two crickets  
sang in the grass, an owl  
passed over sometimes...

Then one night  
on that path you see  
where never an animal crosses  
came a band of gypsies through  
the forest, laughing and singing.  
They passed that close to my camp  
I tell you/ with banners  
and fires. And seven guitars  
I counted. Shining in the dark  
they came, and a whirring sound  
came with them. I was drawn at once  
to their music, and watched the dance.  
I asked which way they were headed.  
Out into the world, they said  
to play for the people.