

A Hundred Posters

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Bill Corbett:

The Young Calves

How silly they fall  
fabulous downy snowflakes  
feathers on elevators.  
If Veteran's Day were a Fellini movie  
we'd be dancing in a conga line  
down Columbus Avenue to Copley Square.

THE WORLD OF DOGS

a dead stick screamer  
you have to land short

sunk off scotland  
take chick out of radar range

virtually unknown territory  
1800 feet of water

plus chrome  
average

they threw their shoes into the furnace

IN VENICE

clouds up under the sun  
want back of no sound frank gnat  
africation

count on traffic monuments  
does moment actually exist  
to be water's dumb blind  
shines

sink in in way buffalo stands up  
be naked beneath  
reiterated purple

true color importance du slope

marigolds no

sailed thru day's time  
read signs & waves  
apricot of old repute  
stains them

SILVER AGAINST

Where the white skies line up

ever after

I'd bask put this in

your mouth

sweet finger not

bitter purple heat

doldrums are black negative centers  
extending outward erasing all focus

blot color orgy

race to pines

sprinkle light a evening next

bent back in the face of it

charged

luminous

physic

insistent pulse checks

doctors the wire

throbs

catch at

arrival

on the door

wall has cactus parts inlaid

element

diffusion

places no one loved

antimony

and GOT BACK OUR NAME

## STORY

So in the spring he set out to discover the 'desert in the sea' which the old monk had described, taking with him the crew of thirty prescribed by druidical tradition. But at the last minute his three brothers-in-law, Manny, Murphy and Jacuzi showed up at the dock wanting to come along too and he let them. Mist and spray for days were all they knew and nights so clear they could read their names in the stars. For two years they followed a triangular course, spending the summer solstice on an island divided down the middle by a bronze wall whose sole inhabitant a shepherd spent his time tossing his sheep back and forth over said wall. On one side the sheep turned black, on the other, white. Christmas they took up north, on an island of old men bound by a vow of silence. Easter they camped on the back of a friendly whale. One day, they were attacked by a flotilla of Greenland mosquitos, and Manny perished in the fray. Later they visited an island of mourners, where Murphy elected to stay behind and grieve for his deceased brother. Finally they came to an island where everybody laughed all the time and it was here that Jacuzi parted company. Now the crew was back to its original number, and in the third spring a bank of low golden clouds was sighted in the west.



Mary Lane:

Disorder

The Life  
Will Never  
Anonymous  
Paris, June 1940.

Hanging  
In the field  
I love  
so beautifully  
to prove definitive

nyt book review  
march 21, 1976

Pop  
Document

A theory of  
Repression

"A" Possession  
a tray of jewelry  
a fatal crash.  
THE POWER  
crushed the skull  
The Untouchable  
Liaison

nonsense  
over my shoulder

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