

A Hundred Posters

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Anthony Barnett:

Another Poem in Which the Poet Declares His Love
to Annette Koefoed

I know where I stand.
You know it is not the end
of this world. Our problems
are very old. Hand
in hand You and I pretend
that we choose the emblems
of recognition.
Security is in this.
I thought about getting
up a petition
signed by whatever else is
true or false in wanting.

Pass

And why, beneath the shade of this lamp,
why are you so sad?
And if I am it is because I
have lost my head.

It was Christmas Eve and your birthday
with fjord and spruce.
That was your home and you heard the way
you were spoken to.

Turn

It is only now after so many months
that I have begun to realise
the full force of your meanness.

Indistinct Voices

Where does the distinction end?
The vodka helps me feel my
home, a fragile handicap.
There you attack the keyboard, fend
off foes with gamey strength. I
cannot help you but I clap.

Christopher Dewdney:

Exploding Hearts

"I've heard a heart go," he said, "sounded like the sound my mom made when she ripped apart the ribcage of a chicken under a wet towel."

@

The heart tears itself apart with the power of its own muscles. They say the blood pressure obtained while the heart is in its last two beats is incredible.

@

Everything is suddenly red.

@

The blood shoots out of the eyes like a horned toad. Accurate up to 40 feet.

Vigilance

I am a sensualist, attenuated by constant vigilance.

@

Music adds an unnatural glory to our lives.

@

Language was given to us by aliens, as a tool.

@

Only the adjectives have been changed to protect the names of the innocent.

@

If I were in your shoes you'd be wearing size nine.

@

The future is simply amnesia in reverse.

Ted Greenwald:

WRENCH

long nose
pliers of silence
grasp the wire nut
of afternoon
and gather wires
the man
who has nothing to say
installs a silver box
then screws in
a switch, pushes in,
covers with switch plate
decorates walls around
as if sniffing out
where sentence should end
period be
light's fallen far away
and the call of the while
deepens in sun rushes
decorating the spine with chills
something's starting
to take place, notice how
the print gets bigger
and ties the man, our boy,

into place where tone
should it moan
comes and goes far away
with me a space
is where the next
sentence is about to begin
so isn't it time
you stopped thinking
only of yourself
someone who appears briefly
in a dream leaves in a huff
and leaves behind
a letter speaking their mind
it's appropriate to place
a pronoun in their place
someone who appears briefly
becomes, despite themselves,
someone worth speaking about
someone who engages me
in meaningless conversation
who was present, in the subcontinent
of the subordinate clause,
light airy secret
and who was there
when lights out
moved the wall over on

Terence Winch:

AN IRISH MOONLIGHT CRUISE

for Karen Allen

I am familiar with the valley.
It travels on the sunrise
as white as paper and collapses
into your heart like bebop
when the curtain falls
and the trumpet interfaces
behind the door.

That's when the crowd grows
silent and the equipment
starts to fall in love.

The freaks alone at the table
envision despair as an eternal
jingle sung too slow by tormented giants
recorded live in hell.

Lies are the pills you take
when you feel the truth coming on.

Character is the final mix
by which your dreams are equalized.

Civilization is the tourist's
savage eyes in the museum.

Love is magic.
I lie on the leather couch
afraid of going deaf.
Life is love awake.

Michael Davidson:

Here I was approaching an advancement which she kindly rebuked.
The he by which this was effected was also a man I had been, a husband
in fact who lived in caves of adamant strength. A sign of what was
to become an imaginary age stood before the incomplete scene. Whose
age? My age. But the entire thing was based on the youth we were to
share. Where? She asked. In here, in your conjugal bodings or
bearings. Here. Where the class is over done with. But it was
impossible to come closer so firm was her refusal that what could one
do but back toward the door which turned into the car full of laughing
kids backing down the driveway into the cities of the world which know
what they're doing in case anyone doesn't.