

A Hundred Posters

#18 June 1977

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

copyright 1977 Alan Davies  
individual works copyright 1977 by the authors

---

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.