

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#19 July 1977

copyright 1977 Alan Davies / individual works copyright 1977 the authors
editor / Alan Davies, Box 319, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Tim Reynolds:

pam

Sister Moon done long gone down over my right shoulder
Brer Sun gone come up on a line extended through my right kneecap
from my left scapula
& the birds
take their shelled peanuts & crumbled bread & sunflower seeds
Steam billows across my window a new way
Water's found to be more formless than formless
3:09 4^o here's your fucking poem

Charlie Vermont:

Numbers

The Hudson is acting like 'ol man river'
'he must know somethin but
he don't say nothin'
And the City is full again
of imperfect people. What else?
John Jacob Aster sold beaver pelts.
Autumn leaves falling once again
incountable, unaccountable
like daughters one day
say "mandrake"
as they lie down as they will.
A fringe from an end of a garment
and close by it
hangs a single blue thread.

George Bowering:

THE MIDDLE-AGED POET DUMPT AT LAST INTO THE IAMBIC

Now it has come to this,
what I had always denounced,
writing to relieve the pain.

How often I apostrophized
your elegant clothèd body, & at this instant
it lies within his reach.

How devotedly I who descried
stopping to think, now itemize
the hours of my abandonment.

You have written that you want
his companionship in eternity,
his body in your time.

I will have to learn to find
a place in not the first
& not the second named.

Iven Lourie:

Fixed Image

I didn't used to know
what is a desert island
Now I have remembered walking
among a dry and skeletal vegetation
that I can barely recognize
Tall thistle and spikenard
artichoke yucca irregular gravel
A landscape of dust and broken cliffs
that shouldn't spawn life at all
The path follows a ridge or
threads its way through a fragrant canyon
The sea is always within view
flat and deep blue marine
completely alien pictorial a boundary
Walking and walking to a beach
that is eggstones polished by the sun
It is like this the end never
any nearer the heat also dry sharp
A cactus stands against the sky
sometimes a white marble temple
cool and clean but the path
is a road on and on that never meets
the sea only reaches the moment
when I am near the converging point
I see myself at a distance
a vortex solitary on that island

Andrei Codrescu:

EN FACE

I have been altered like a suit
to accommodate a much larger man.
Dedication & appalling motives support this enlargement
like crossbeams in a simple church in Transylvania.
I have gone against nature
and now I have fur.
I am the most ruthlessly hunted
but the most ecologically abundant animal.
My name is victory over mother and father.

MOVING

The mild taxi of indifference
deposits its clients at the doors of the bordello of sympathy
like a big O in the sky
on the lower rim of which the atheists climb

I quit without fanfare
but I came back with a brass band
with a Salvation Army marching band
with bandages on both my knees and other portents
of rupture and the fragments thereof

Poor people are moving:

Town House Seedless Raisins
Chiquita Bananas
California Oranges
Bake Well Idaho Potatoes
California Celery
Querillo Cantaloupes

Take all the boxes you need, son

The prosaic manner wins
because it isn't based on hearsay like history
it is based on dreams
like Andromeda

Friday, November 10

The camel of the word has filled her hump with the goo of my brain.
It has galloped away wearing my sunglasses.
The sunset of a commercial has filled the being with wonder.
Currently we are inside the casino eluding the snares.
Biological time appears steeped in psychotic erotomania.
Violet succeeds mauve, Corinth succeeds gardenia - no sleep.
Sooner they pour the cement they hear the falling away of mannerism.
Foundations are left in the rain, panic seizes the Orient express.
Being chemically oriented I understand only too well.
The chorus intones this possibility until it gets it right.
Then it goes on tour, accolade after accolade, in parenthesis.
Some welcome the chorus, most would rather sit around and sing.
The new singers wear the steel pajamas of historical time.

David McFadden:

BATHING IN DIABOLIC ACID

It was a voice on the phone late at night
saying I understand you need a new rear bumper for your car
and later I drove through the rain. And my car
was caked with mud, clumps of weeds
blooming from the tailpipe. And even later
with my daughters washing their hair
in a warm house under great heaving thunderstorms
I solemnly wrote a cheque for ten dollars.

These are mediocre moments in a mediocre life
as I bathe daily in diabolic acid.
And I hope I have not bored you
with details of a life you'll never live
being sick enough with your own.
But oh, it ain't so bad. Whenever I'm bored
I bash my forehead against the typewriter
as if it were a perfect little image of the world
as it was on the day I was born.
And somewhere it was raining and someone
was driving to the wrecker's in an old car
covered with mud. Don't wreck that car, I shout.
In 20 years it'll be worth a great deal of money
on the antique market.

The moments,
how much more would they be worth?

Further, I have a pair of slippers in my mouth
and a little yellow knife in my heart.
The moments are perplexing me, my lines
have suffered a certain decomposure.
You should have cut it off six lines ago
yet it strikes me as poor form for a poet
to refrain from writing while uninspired.
Anyone can write while inspired. It takes
a master poet to write while uninspired.
Take me for example. When inspired
I have better things to do than compose.
When dull and dry, my normal state,
I write to invoke inspiration
and when it's invoked I quit
and during that gentle swing from A to B