

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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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<sup>o</sup> 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