

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#22 Sept. 1977

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editor / Alan Davies, Box 415, Kenmore Station, Boston, Mass. 02215

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Rando

VIRGIN IDIOM

Ted B. is looking at the snot in his handkerchief & thinking  
Do I go down to the village tonight or do I stay in the loft  
& write poems

VERMONT AT THIS TIME

Kissing a brown thorn left by the manager  
of the national park. Somebody named Tim is involved

I'm sure. But Bob letter-wings a plea from New Zealand  
& all is pastels. They accept dirty versions.

EVER-BUDDING KITSCH

Goodbye steak nuts & bolts taken for a submersible manikin  
Under rotting explicitness or the full moon of Helen's gyre

Her drive from each tiny consolation (her cigarette)  
Primitive that gasp for a pterodactyl on morose April

At night, to where the gay dawn couldn't survive.  
Edge Marlene walking to ruin a whole neighborhood

THE PEARL

Traffic jumbling like a clothes hammer  
persuading voices into nervous naked covenant.  
Vague a space jokes for white flywheels  
reborning its selfless White Rose

SPACE

Sack or sark distorted celebrating this 'too much pathos in faces  
for a melodic breast like God's' -- Aesthetics of the  
Caucasian butterfly wearing blue jeans

Indelicate Ladylight & her coarse field. So I go to Grant Park  
where spiders improvise life; warming myself at the  
fire later, I am overcome by excessive

Emotion: in my dream 'half an animal half an orange grove'

MAYTAG INC.

Covered w/oriental birds owls peacocks  
close in the wonderful colors.

Higher in the almost abstract dragon  
they look into the insects chasing colors.

I think about the Friendly Original scattering owls  
a wild animal frozen in cut plush.

2:05 A.M. MEXICO CITY 20IX977

Roses power Jupiter ravished while it lasts  
only 1 thing stops you & the competition rains  
walled by purple white stallions. Gardenless  
among Goya's secret 2-way mirrors 'I hear you'  
leaps from the face plastered all over town  
See the caparisoned Sarabande sun in his alligator  
suit of Austria scaring each cement face each  
purgatory

NAOMI'S LOOKALIKE

Hot lights  
Slow flights

Handel.  
Elements of

Funeral glee  
So

They  
Talk

Tarot.

A FOOTSTEP AT 5:15

Sandlewood w/coal black moth  
the structure is so inlaid  
under 2 snakes  
the chrysalis  
lower skies a decade's porpoise  
or the flotsam column's jetsam  
& tho the glass turtle is Greek to me

For the hidden pylons are not  
hesitating 3rd into a wing  
of the uncommon future, crystal iris  
a unique experiment's singular  
strength, the clear but private moan  
she lets me pay on time

OVERHEAD, TARZAN

the problem with Gemard Malanga is that he's not exciting

? KLEE DOLLS SPIKE THE MELIC

for Harold Bloom

thru icon-mist pinup Cutty Sark.  
a part Muse Chevrolet in my parent-child/hunting season

foldout or pinup thru center guardrail Melchizedek  
the sci-fi burning copal resin; all spaced-out, come psychic

robot sap-watchers (carnage of mutants) perfect flag  
waving to bulletin Curia in their wading pools

an 'is-it-there' for Homo superior & the then precis.  
that blasted scaffold, his work is the airport, yet

VAMPIRE

for Aram Saroyan

the gypsy's violin is caught in my hair so I left my wig on yr nightstand

KARMANN GHIA

Where Economy's UFO declines the drinking bout  
Where the eye burns embroidery underneath submission  
Panicking in the elevator

Skyscrapers open their eyes I laser the word pull  
Freshwater sleeping right into his freefall.  
The shit quit his body but he kept on going