

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#23 November 77

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Allen Ginsberg:

HEARING "LENORE" READ ALOUD AT 203 AMITY STREET

The light still gleams reflected from the brazen fire-tongs
The spinet is now silent to the ears of silent throngs
For the Spirit of the Poet, who sang well of brides and ghouls
Still remains to haunt what children will obey his vision's rules.

They who weep and burn in houses scattered thick on Jersey's shore
Their eyes have seen his ghostly image, though the Prophet walks no more
Raven bright & cat of Night; and his wines of Death still run
In their veins who haunt his brains, hidden from the human sun.

Reading words aloud from books, till a century has passed
In his house his heirs carouse, till his woes are theirs at last:
So I saw a pale youth trembling, speaking rhymes Poe spoke before,
Till Poe's light rose on the living, and His fire gleamed on the floor--

The sitting room lost its cold gloom, I saw these generations burn
With the Beauty he abandoned; in new bodies they return:
To inspire future children 'spite his Raven's "Nevermore"
I have writ this ancient riddle in Poe's house in Baltimore,

January 16, 1977

Poe in Dust

Bones groan maliciously under Baltimore sidewalk
Poe hides his hideous skeleton under church yard
Equinoctial worms peep thru his mummy ear
The slug rides his skull, black hair twisted in roots
 of threadbare grass
Blind mole at heart, caterpillars shudder in his ribcage,
Intestines wound with garter snakes
midst dry dust, snake eye & gut sifting thru his pelvis
Slimed moss green on his phosphored toenails, sole
 toeing black tombstones--
O prophet Poe well writ! your catabomb cranium chambered
eyeless, secret hid to moonlight ev'n under corpse-rich ground
where tread priest, passerby, and poet
staring white-eyed thru barred spiked gates
at viaducts heavy-bound and manacled upon the city's heart.

January 10, 1977

Bill Corbett:

Blue Aria

Valentine's eve the greasy clumps
of snow unfreezing wet prints
the street. Fog seems to breathe
above the gritty plains underfoot
and bottle caps, gloves, candy
wrappers, orange peel, soda cans
cigarette butts fussy and cramped.

Warm sad rains of fall
gold leaves edged green brought low
leaf smoke, kitchen lights
second floor bedroom buttery glow
wallpaper, made bed, no mirror
drawn shade. The hour dark begins
nearing sleep noises dim beyond the door
the car moves on.

Soggy backyard places drain
into the cellar. Dog turds
hairy and white moulder there.
Needs a good thorough cleaning
and the attic and the garage.
New rules around here.

The summer heat of childhood
the hottest we ever know
childhood's emotional motherlode.
Morning sunlight swept
from the front porch
before washing it down.
The housewives in housecoats
shop at curbside pick vegetables
weighed in a tin scoop.
The bakery man's leather snap purse.

Grape arbor fat shade leaves
interlacing hiding place. Rags and Old Iron
Rags and Old Iron, Cold touch
the cellar's hard earth floor.
Field's blue verge gathering dusk
where deer browse on goldenrod
buckwheat startled into bounding
flight by the car's horn.

She sits at the table by the window
where the sun falls on her paper
as she types the lunch menu.

February blue 6 pm
Chinese New Year firecrackers
year of the serpent. The moon
the simplest of smiles.

Arthur Winfield Knight:

PERCENTAGES

for Charles Plymell

The morning after
he seemed subdued.

At one a.m.
he and Shaun and Jerry
knocked on my door
wanting me to go
drink more with them.

Charles said he wouldn't
want to go back
to San Francisco
now that he was forty
with his wife and daughter.

The city had changed.
It'd be brutal
trying to start there now.

Being a poet in America
is a brutal thing.

The year before
his income was
below poverty level
but he was
"over-the-hill," he said.

Someone at our table
the night before
(Almost all of us
used credit cards.)
had said that
money made him uncomfortable
and that we should
give a percentage of it
to the poor.

Another told me
I'd paid my dues.

"\$125.00 a day.
Is that enough?"

Too far from Glee
none of it made
much sense to me.

Each night I wished
it was three p.m.
The afternoons weren't so bad.

We're all poor, Charles.

\$21.00 a night
for a single
with two double beds.
Room service in the morning.
Imported beer all night.

Jerry Stern had disappeared
into the "blue loveliness of infinity."

Charles and Shaun had greasy hot dogs
across the river somewhere.

Lloyd, sensibly, had gone to bed.

In the sharp light
the morning after
everything was out of proportion
in the Penn Harris lobby.

All of us were
poorer than we should have been.