

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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

Ted Greenwald:

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

The sound drives them wild You can see them dancing toward you some-
how pinning you down In your mind you mention your mind and make the
best use of them in your dreams as you can You put it to them The
sound drives them wild

The sound drives them to the store Everywhere you look you see signs
of them You note them in your notebook They begin to put themselves
in the way of assembling for an oversight overflight You know them to
be sincere You see them every other day The sound drives them to the
store

The sound conveys the message to them You feel you know them after an
hour You put them on the back burner of your mind You send them
after some kind of imaginary goal embodied in an imaginary body You
make them wait You float them over the bright water toward a bright
future The sound conveys the message to them

The sound makes them wary You also make them wary Putting them first
leaves you with regrets Bob and Patty look around and see them but
pretend not to be startled Bob sends them a letter then shows it to
you Patty reads them a story and allows you to listen in The sound
makes them wary

The sound looks them up in a book Okay, you think, I'm going to make them jealous I'm going to make them green I will recognize them in one sitting if I'm very careful You find them between your favorite covers The sound looks them up in a book

The sound loops around them You bring them a message from afar Bob and Patty make them comfortable They're only thinking of them You make them comfortable too You see them in a kind of recurring dream You face them at face value The sound loops around them

The sound makes them go away You can see them in the distance You inspire them to write Bob shows you a postcard from them Patty makes them rub her back Both of them make you a little nervous The sound makes them go away

The sound makes them stop You put them away for future reference You put them off and feel how pissed off they are they can't help themselves You take them for a ride Bob and Patty meet them for dinner The sound makes them stop

The sound takes them apart Makes them so mad they turn a lovely blue Making them wonder Putting them down in a green book Taking advantage of them Making them take you along Making them seek outside advice The sound takes them apart

The sound butters them up You float toward them in the dream I was just telling You confuse them with members of the family You tell them your life story You bump into them every time you leave the house You slip them the information and wait for a smile The sound butters them up

The sound wires them in You cage them with Bob and Patty be patient they'll crack You put them into a pipeline of info and feed them to the computer complete with pix You make them say what you want them

to You follow them around from pearl dawn to rose dusk You project
on them the colors of the current surging through the ocean of your
emotions You limit them to a few words The sound wires them in

The sound deflects them You feel them pulse as Bob and Patty join you
through the door You seem to make them feel comfortable don't be so
sure You confuse them with the man in the hat You make them pay
strict attention to inhale exhale You file them under information for
future reference The sound deflects them

The sound creates them worrying You fool them only that once You
call them on the hour You feed them a line The sound creates them
worrying

The sound curves them around You take them with you wherever you want
to go to make them happy You pull them out of a hat You summarize
them You make them into a movie Pull them over with you to a curb
Fill them in Carry them along Stick your tongue out at them excuse
me I'm only fooling You notice how beautiful is the sky coming through
them to you The sound curves them around

The sound slips them up You seem more surprised than them You feel
them thumping Bob falls to his knees and thanks them profusely Patty
stands off to one side and makes them place arms akimbo You wait for
them interminably You place them in a home The sound slips them up

The sound nips them in the bud Fun to write them press down hard in
blue Fun putting them out of whack Fun putting them back together
Reuniting them with their families You take them to a part of the
country you've never seen before You make them grow beards You look
them square in the eye You watch them move lips The sound nips them
in the bud

The sound drives them home You take them out of the car You put

them in a bag You listen to them You follow them home Bob and
Patty are waiting for them You keep them at arm's distance You make
Bob and Patty take them in Put them to sleep Feed them a line
Prepare them for a journey The sound drives them home

The sound makes them ready You sing them to sleep You wake them up
You call them Bob and Patty who are often wrong and not even there
sometime feel them coming to life coming after them You time them per-
fectly then strike You crawl toward them making them ill at ease The
sound makes them ready

The sound completes them You take them off the hook You hint hint
to them they can take it You flee them they follow You take them
apart they often come together by themselves You have fun with them
at no one's expense The sound completes them

The sound makes them wild Bob and Patty put them away for some other
more propitious time Bob and Patty put themselves in their place
They feel them become a part of the unit The man in the hat carries
them around in the eyes of his arms You can see them waiting a whole
year for their turn You can see them fly apart at the wheel You can
talk to them through a gray dotted mesh You can make them listen but
talk they'll never talk You can whiten and shorten them The sound
makes them wild

The sound folds them neatly You change them with the other family
members You possess them sometimes dream of possessing others put a
smile upon your face You make them wipe that smile off your face
You see them through You follow them through the entrance to Bob and
Patty's You make them take a neat white handkerchief for the pocket
of silence The sound folds them neatly

The sound breaks them Looks them up Refers to them Puts them aside
Wheels them slowly You talk to them in a normal voice You make them