

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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from ORACLE NIGHT

Neck muscles tighten when time goes too fast
ashes all over the table
broken flower pots
nerve woman shouts ago
standing in the stream
now I see her number
twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight
sitting cold wind back
time and space seem to hunt her
but that's where the light is
fulgurant climax of possession
even many years later
only one end zone
a real bell with a real clapper
an escalope of veal laid on each cheek
the old walls warm with secrets

The sky broadens out at the zenith
banks of swirling vapor
camouflaging capes and islets
that now resemble the points of pennants
with a few people walking past
confined to daylight hours
pulsatory waves of excitation
which set the protoplasm in motion
in the middle of the esplanade
dreaming couples, groups of dancers
in alternate expansion and contraction
while shudders of pleasure
pass down my back as I lean forward
holding in my hands
a fourteenth portrait of my head and shoulders

Here in this unpretentious setting
birds so-called appear on the grass
and the listener must be made to dream
with her claws
in a little room where she sleeps on a pile of straw
in a well-built house which after all
has everything she needs
and after she whispers, "I love to dream".
we can ask her to dream of a home, an interior
we can recall to her her memories of childhood
talking calmly, over the radio
at a time when she cannot be seen
and can herself see no one

Don't say a word, just listen
maybe I'll stay here forever
wider range, slower time
songbird echoes at twenty miles or more
Mars hangs low and red in the western sky
someone rolls a flaming carriage downhill
low arcades buttressed by heavy pillars
if I could tell you more I'd let you know
on the sides of the cliffs
oxen build their bulky nests
construction occupies the role of the subconscious
and while preparations for the dioramas continue
we fuck each other's socks off
on one of those winter evenings
from which the principle
of intimacy is derived

Inner images still half of life
unique configurations that resemble
what goes on behind closed faces
progress in reverse
heard of nothing but war
postponed, and never put into action
recalling a tin medallion
of these apparently blank nights
recalling their swift consumption
pain before dinner and girl's harp after
some miles out into the forest
clicking noises out in the hall
people politics still mysterious
fine, clear frosty day
a few mare's tails portending change