

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