

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#37 Jan 1979

editor: Alan Davies

copyright 1979 Alan Davies

works copyright 1979 the authors

correspondence: 689 E 17th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

Published with the cooperation of the Segue Foundation.

---

Kit Robinson:

RUNNING DOGS

The caboose decouples & drops behind the train. It grinds to a halt. I walked up to the brakeman. Coffee black? I asked him. He grinned. That was Illinois. The farmers there had good black soil to work with but prices inflated after the war, small farms had to foreclose, got bought up by the banks. Went blank. But that's going way back. I was going to the store. It was a normal day. Washed up. Pink rim around the gray. Light changed near the end of the day several of us stood on the deck. You will always scratch your knee. You are completely inside what you do. It couldn't be otherwise. He did nothing.

I stopped reading the book. Ground down to level 0. The sea. Four of us alternated night watches. I watched her as she spoke. Do you want this beer? Tomorrow's business is a wash, nothing more, it could come over you with the predictability of decay. Ferns grow from between the tracks. Gutted interiors. Blasted chandeliers, acid indigestion, ducks. Sun affects the photographic surface, the arch. The inside of your arm. Telegraph. Slow notions of paint command the heart. Baleful chicken putty. Dust on the verandah. Lagoons. You gotta fight to live. Let's eat right. Let's call this.

The closet is jammed up with skeletons, can't get the ironing board out. You gotta bone to pick? Are you who you think you are? Take 3 steps back. Take fictitious marbles out of rhetorical mouth. Stand clear. The train brushes past. 5 years later exactly the same situation. You made it all up. Step out of this box, this phonebooth, this box car. Where is the hinge? Nearly bent out of shape. You bet. Have one of mine. Big deal. It's the same all over. Towels in the bathroom. Salt air. Your memory plays tricks on you, senior. My name is Ignacio and I think you have bruises on your neck. If you follow this line you will pay for the package. Slowly they sail along the Levantine coasts. Groans boast excess tape. The time line lies down. Too old for this. Fingers watching TV bleed. I went down to pick a dilly underground

circus, remember little, guess bombs dropped, I wasn't there, just couldn't settle down, not yet born. With a shriek I wrenched the knife from my breast. I wasn't even hurt. Nine times nine rain fell. Plus the tears make 177 liquid bullets in West Texas.

The art of education spindles man's slim deposit. Starting from where she meets the beard a collection agency arrives at tuned intervals. Dots a bundle. Love virtually in the Rhine, soap up & have my alpha voucher-- the tender sisters will have to wait outside planes' (have no windows! Lifts. The personality will have to wait outside the self. Continuous nylon interchange till dying day. Kill the puppet.

A bat's habit is to tan. Miriam's walking on air baffles. Stan's record records stun. Julie's a tough nut. Ward's cracker looks turn on & off. By the way have you seen by the dawn's early times the bar bourbon kings order terrible shots of backhanded history at Steve's honest attempt to break thru. Highly winded's terraced green die. One or many's one question. Name your poison. Backward forward's only reference to a line of work: marbles. One spins out.

White, gray-blue, red-orange, space, a bird, flat-back, only the top, south, 3, dogs running, green, green-gray, desk metal, pause, gives the driver, semi-pause, ranch wagon, yellow, box, bell-blue, Super K, pale, bleach lemon, sky blue, weight. Left to his own devices he estimated but would not budge. Tends to eliminate endings. Time and number cancel to yield space. He said roundly. Your favorite cup of adult fever. Imprisons cuts to study shag and loop. Americans come and go in their jobs. Landscapes ticket.

It's St. Patrick's Day. Why? Because there are no more snakes in the San Francisco Museum of Art. We sit in the refrigeration unit and eat our words, Art, too late for an explanation, probably look like we broke in, here to do poetry unit, rent suits to pick up distinguished artists, what would an explanation look like? Pressure exerted on past. Silk screen? A quiet spell, we watch fireworks courtesy armed federales. Place under windshield. Time to apply for foundation status? I can see a bit of Oakland. Less flies in here than there was. That rattle last night was thin sliced (name of rock) wind chimes against window frame. I recognize how things (on table) are in relation. The coffee is ready to drink. The wind is pushing the branches all one way, green, yellow & gray. This part is to be sung. Part company, part company dismissed. Datona, the cat is my pal. That coffee's going to get cold if I don't drink it soon. My stomach's been feeling a bit fucked up lately. This page should be written with crayons. What color makes you think of happiness. Black. Serious black coffee. 12 OZ. BLACK PEPPER. Five clothespins hang on the line. Oakland's a little brighter, further back. Cool fog air enters. Yellow cotton burnoose hangs from stand up lamp. Every so often it is time to spit. Do you feel this? Terribly preoccupied. Helicopters seek wandering jew in connection with lug nut. Compound interest with numerical analysis part three: phlegm. I hear you talking.