

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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Ann Kim:

terpin hydrate

long october evenings, a cold bay wind pushes
a thousand candles across water
a shrub opens in the sky.
undone by a tall romance of night, swallows
craze steep streets, stun themselves
worse than the watchers on glass balconies.
then a hundred tiny breaths
make circles of dark mist windows
and its time to read celine again and its time
deep in a chrome yellow couch.

oh, his livingrooms all were leather,
and his floating hair
full of lilies of the valley, think,
but on formal evenings,
he presented his card, a clear bauble
like max ophuls left eye,
then knelt to place a purple rose
under the heel of my nearly empty heel.
and many the small psalms of praise, like hands
everywhere. that touch
the roof of your mouth

slow ribbons on the chariot

at the movies almost no one
needs
anyone.

a monument to the power of emulsions
and silver nitrate.
a park appears. hoofbeats flicker past.
in darkness, margaret lies down.
in darkness, margaret gets up.
nothing you do at the movies
makes margaret sad

floral arranging

for j f-w

gothic candles spill madiera among tulips
that window
young leaf life rabid in the woods
when i cant get to it; i go to sleep.

a hard glass holds water
always you touch the emotion
with nails unpainted
by fatigue

hassle-free heart

vermont hears autumn, still explosions down flags
of gorges. i want to get some emotions correct but
an excess of gold babble makes us weak. mutant
clearances; a stoned jay vanishes down a tunnel of
percussions, wilds of gelatin unable to contain
themselves a dog's bark summons a lake back to maroon;
i shall abdicate all responsibility oh the walks are
drinking heaps of light again, i want my life
left out of my life. "now calm down" he said
"we can do the Now; why theres some long furniture
back of the barn just sobbing clear names across bridges..."

eucalyptus information

for john wieners

anger is the simple house, has huge hallways
but no chairs wait there.
despair has couches
all covered with dark flowers
out of which the heart struggles to rise
towards something owed it
for ages.

another saga of capricorn, falling towards
floorboards where the dark red heart
of the compass says
there is no direction but down, coastal falls
to the sea, indestructible water falling over rocks
onto rocks.

i read your poems because they are
empty and beautiful
because they have left all artifice
out on the street, where it belongs
because...once in a damp berkeley backyard
i tore one from a newspaper
and held it up, a shaking screen of marrow
against a foggy glare from hills
of burnt away eucalyptus

Richard Dillon:

from Jai-Alai

11.)

Dung bunnies cruise into sailor's yelps.
Trawlers yawl over flatulent whales.
Khayams puffing tits of bhang crack cartoons
As they ease back into the permanent
Jacqueline Onassis designed in a frenzy of self
Perpetuated ziggurat licorice python worship.
It all happened the way smoke heals.
You know that smoke heals.
The heel in the remarks of women against men
Slunk off into a made in America jazz hit.

16.)

Here, the happiness of cicadas' raving,
though, beyond the vibrant ash,
each leaf a flare, reddening,
cycles, so modern in the rills, crash
the back country, while beside
this unfangling truck, a slow creak
in the gut:
someone might barge out of that clapboard hut
with a Remington. "Hello! Hello!"
I dream. I know thousands of people
down the ages and not a single name
pops onto my tongue tip.

30.)

Deeper into slow burn, time is.
Gets a burp or a perk in a bloke.
Stare out over our metal desks,
our boulders, our humping whales,
and verifiably report that you are at sea,
a sea where the creatures
are pumped through with cartoons
the mechanisms which ring and clack and burr
like so many costumes:
for one and the same creature.

31.)

Able to continue our discourse about time
because it is a constant feature of our remarkable
tenement, most similiar of all things to air:
both are invisible,
needing instruments to get at them,
both are flammable,
for it is by them that the world is made
to flame up and disappear.