

A Hundred Posters

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Jack Kimball:

JOAN MIRO GULPING RAMJUICE

After the disarmament of Mahler  
One might recall this eyecreamer  
Got cubed by the submarine libido plates

And not withstanding precosity  
Of abutting Bohemians  
Breton & those already merciless

HE WENT TO PIECES  
His selfportrait the early avalanche  
Of Picasso's flattery

Decorated in early  
Integralmature crisis  
Imagine

Colliding into her cunt  
The spineless figures in the spreading damp  
6 eyes orbit in their menacing

PRAYER

Turn page

SELF PORTRAITS XRAYED IN STEAMBATH

I enclose my face  
Map overlays  
Of the girl I  
Love

But I don't want them  
Ruined  
Truth is  
This evening

Fresh fish for tasty and different meals  
We're bundling in towels  
The sculptures unresolved  
Over a rainwash

And seed festival  
On all three sides  
A pain goddess afloat in the center  
"Panel"

So redesigned by the clouds  
Her syndrome  
With clean edges  
Sweeps out of our eyes

Millions of us  
Locked in flexible  
Containers  
Brains offering the largest and freshest

Multitudes of colored tops  
Looping pastels  
Together while we dismantle  
In the dark

Charlie Vermont:

El Turista

Throw your hip at me for 50 centavos more! Listen  
honey, with all my heart, I hope the dollar devalues and  
the peso mounts an end run Oh, that's right!!  
You don't understand well, football is the American  
bullfight, a post-industrial sport come, honey, it  
doesn't matter, let me buy you a snowcone.  
I toast Zapata his horse that got away was the color  
of this ice

one peso for one orange you may think  
you're putting something over on me

Hey you wanna see something I know  
I know America has got shoe-shine boys all  
over the world, see there under that umbrella  
Raleigh es el cigarro  
Honey, that's not true. Raleigh fucked, or was  
it Sir John Smith, a groovy squaw that's all.  
She wasn't into pesos like you she was into  
corn and squash but you know what they say  
about you in my country

sugarbabe

you got what it takes  
for Saturday night

see, in my country they don't put you to work  
in the salt mines honestly, if you don't want  
to work, if you don't want to stand in the public  
square selling oranges and papaya or sweatmeats,  
you don't have to they just take you out  
to the salt flats and test you, like if you  
don't have a high IQ you're liable to end  
up with a Maltese cross tattooed on your  
ass, and if it's a nice ass, they'll  
call it Bonneville

Guadalajara, 2/73

Ted Greenwald:

CUT FLOWERS

"How nice" I say, walk  
in the other room  
where irises, on tall stems deep purple  
tower over roses, deep red  
mixed with ferns in airy green  
with an industrial-sunset orchid  
deep in the heart of the arrangement  
covering peeking-through water in the glass  
with colors of an oily rainbow  
a thread bee rolls its eyes  
and a cloth butterfly  
sit and fry fish the center of this arrangement  
compares with the above yard  
in the other room  
the beauty of the printed page  
compares favorably what's on it in it  
and I stop reading  
three or four lines from the bottom  
so as to have  
something to come back to  
when in relation to today,  
tomorrow and it,  
arrange together nicely  
to make up a bit of memory  
with petal doors

A GOOD NIGHT'S

a good night's  
sleep does wonders  
for the disposition  
disposes of sleep  
supposes a desire  
to wind up  
and pitch curves  
through a brain  
curling like a  
spring through landscape  
a dream, like  
a plane high  
up complains to  
a chair in  
a hotel lobby  
a convention enters  
town and sweeps  
past the speakers  
in a gown  
the speakers go  
to supper, talk  
awhile, go up  
and go to