

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