

A Hundred Posters

#1 January 1976

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Rando Bottosto:

FRECKLE POEM

I'm mowing the lawn
Behaving like a model child
Every 10 minutes
Just to keep interested
In what I'm doing
I run up the front walk
To the window screen
Shake it
Trying to get the attention
Of the lady of the house
Tell her of every episode
Every time I've been in trouble
Or done something wrong
Until I leave the lawn half won

for JOHN WIENERS

Body mind & retinue
Orange Womb of shoeleather
Lamb Fauna
TONIGHT JEKYLL
Sex goggles
Split-coat TYRE
Paradigm
Mace
Hailed me nightcolt
Heart
Face
Experiment
Style can't We
Live

CYCLONE OF CESTUS

inside my young hand around my waist & below fanned tissue

John Yau:

Magical Poem

Every day I dismantle the raft for firewood

The Exchanges

We honor death with holidays
while at dawn the Pueblo used to spit
on their palms & hold
them up to the
sun

When I spit on a corpse
I am honoring the Pueblo

Jay Boggis:

Turgor

It was the first really hot day in June. He had walked through a quarter mile of sand dunes and was now staring into the sea, only a foot or two from the waterline. Fifteen or twenty naked women were standing in the water, looking back at him. The bottom must have been very uneven, for a few of the women closest to him were standing in water two-thirds of the way up their thighs; while some of the others, who were farther out, were only in up to their knees. There didn't seem to be any sort of pattern.

No one was saying anything. A very slight breeze was brushing lines across the cove and drying the flecks of water on the upper parts of the women's bodies. The tide was coming in. As soon as the water touched the vagina of one of the women, everything would become clear to everyone.

It was the first really hot day in June. As hot as it was, you could still see people carrying a sweater or a jacket over one

shoulder. It was hot enough if you were standing in the sun, all right, but once you got into the shade, you cooled right off.

There'd be lots of days like this before long, but there was still some cool weather we'd have to get through before we got into summer.

I Ain't Got No Birth Certificate

All these they the lively, these the lively walls,
These the lively streets, these trees,
They the lively, man.
Lively sun chase the lively lovely moon,
That what the lively lovely mean, man.
Lively sea beat the lively beach.
Don't no lively tell no lovely no one
Don't got no lively, lovely.
They the lively lovely lonely,
They the lively boys.
They lively they up with with a stick.

Abusing the Confidence of a Child

Several miles in the distance clouds of dust rose hundreds of feet in the air, marking the passage of the more than two hundred thousand pilgrims who were making their way deep into the wastes of the phosphate-rich Spanish Sahara.

Frankie pulled her white illustrated T-shirt over her head and bared her firm young breasts to the onslaught of the savage desert sun and the savage desert wind.

"Don't you just love it!" she cried as we roared through the desert in our open car. "All this space! All this sand! All this pure form!"

"Dumb fucking cunt," I thought to myself. "If I wasn't fucking that dumb cunt, I'd punch her fucking lights out."

A man playing the trombone, alone in his room.

Steve Malmude:

Blue Tree

I stood
like a blue tree
early in the morning.
The stores were locked about me,

the ghosts of women
tugging at my sleeve;
a smile showed in the foliage
which Joe says he won't shave.

And street lights
were switching off themselves,
the few stars
doing slow dissolves;

ghosts of women
at doors of post offices
were asking me,
slit for letters, this?

Mani Leib

Brahinsky
born 1884
Province of
Tchernigov.

Emigrated to London 1904
and a year later America.
Died in New York in 1953.
I Have My Mother's Black Hair

I have my mother's black hair and green eyes
And my father's hands, delicate, thin,
And my blood sings and seethes within
The blood of my grandfathers, Jews who lived on the Dnieper.

And on my head are nights spent with my comrades
Yearning for the tender joys of life.
And I have the teeth marks on my breast
Of my shy and sheltered wife.

John Wieners:

A STATEMENT TO PATRONS OF THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETRY

Tuesday, the Third of February, 1975

Twilight

Full and involved, within your or mine circumstance,
as engaged firmly, in the terms accorded public balance,
by employment upon any evening's Muse, occupation less serious distance
and blessing the congregated allegiance opened fair chance

the outcome pleases serious donation from New York's and England's
published notice over circulating advances that guaranteed grand's
previous attendance in those more espoused neighboring yards,
being solicited, obviously the amount of your patience in pocketed gain unregulated

any past behavior, but the Academy's own tantamount disobedience called intelligence.
I dare say, guess, their permission to view emulative insistence leaves
no choice, neither any like those involving the co-speaker, audience and hostess
grown other to believe, along with yourselves, scanty admission entails dismissal.

From what state, suspense, sustenance, premier, inaugural guest
Author over a quarter of a century, in scant advised good occurrence,
dare I suppose the grace Broadside patronage list these two years supplies false
surveillance; entirety acclaims mangled entrance posted his address, impoverished
A Remembered Darkness wends duplicity, as does Milton's Memorial Day rendered
intelligent from the threshold this last quarter of the Twentieth Century inaugurates,
and I congratulate by speaking, cautiously the testamont lies out loud:
thou shalt not besiege age in commandments acquired heart fractured

Tony Bruno, society orchestra leader
and Don Sloper, Hollywood columnist.

There must be a reason mustn't there, that you are my sole worshiper. Why
the world hasn't heard from me, for some time. Who knows why? What is it,
what do you want?

Any ideas, what could the story be. When you're out of circulation
that long, Brother you unquestionably may stand to sort of under the
table, use a helping hand. Not that the above-named two practitioners in
music or belles-lettres, as Mr. Sloper preferred to consider Mr. Bruno's
calling ever called for by the board, ever a passing nod, as to even,
showed perchance, and therefore the situation could upon itself perforce
arise; as to what was going on, for at least the past generation, or aye,
even more longer, stretching ten years over a point, its vaguest meaning

either for himself, i.e. around any of the others that might hopefully gather to benefit from some such amusements; that as Sloper he hadn't worked over an hour, & dear Tony was washed up thoroughly on one of those rain-washed side-streets, where newspapers and corsages got drenched in hailstorms of advance book makers' pipe-dream.

Turned to smoking, he had, addressing Sunday morning vapors in the as heretofore now altogether abandoned cloak-room where their top-hat and gloves, and latest monthly magazines awaited to ravish their spectators with inside scoops as to what the dizziest platinum blonde cracked; that at, the swankiest bar-hoppers Casey would waltz with the boating baton-twirling to mince in tune to his and Madame Engineers' own two-step. Dancing yes sirs.

That's what the real wealthy dames are holding their stockings

Original works of First Hand Acquisition

Despite all the stars in heaven,
of course, they rob mutual piggy banks
or sidetrackt all snakes up-town
honeymoon rendezvous what do they know.

Regardless the 19th C. industrial revolution
it's a good place for men dressed over-kill
Dick what do you know? Roseland 2Q Vic
and a good sizeable villa pine chesepeake

Need we remind you an unwanted alien surfeit essentials
started getting nosey, as two-faced women like Hydra,
bringing the house down on clapboard glass Van Dyke St.
northeast the Balkans south Dardanelles

Strait small-town jerk-water spys
in blue salt as pink imitation Indian Navy chapeaux
the sanitorium honors keepsake Kitty-litter blank with drawn
out of order either existing understood Johns.

If Rita Hayworth thinks of herself as the cross Jesus died on, you can imagine what Cleopatra conceived of herself, without a sense of humour? Pere de croix.

What books do you want to read?

As on a darkling plain, across alone, unfavorable conditions indicated
side-real omissions twixt kilt time and corresponded politic. Ankling
through last weekend, two pampered evenings came up a straight arrow
declension thereby plane remittances allowed these friendlish devotion:
to see bawd; a front cover David Godine designs upon the slope; appro-
priated by Mother Pearl care that knits up the ravelled sleeve algebra-
ically; for example a road house behind the sparrows railroad tracks.

Whilst Plaza ginseng

The party that no one came to
Victory , but what about triumph
ah, an entry we laugh to remember.

Alan Davies:

for delicious

split bottle woman. shower upper. open cunt down. wiggle over woman.
nuzzle cuddle. pussy lighter ever. curdle whiter. slimer frown dress.
wipe it offer. clad open. stick it upper. see her do that. hit her
over. no striker pleasure. stripper woman. offer clothing special
lover. love it. eye sucker poses. watch her titter. i watch lower.
move her. her move your order. shimmy turner over. caress a piece.
toter zipper. lover. seer take off. warmer clit. hot roller coaster.
laughter. so swimmer fucker. no. letter fuck your year. your love it.
woman take you. woman hold your moving. hammer shudder woman

Skirt the arboreal splendor of trillium wishes
Long time waltz shy streets to moor more remorse
Loaded trinkets regard delayed order substance request
Do cram times under heading of swell limbs
Sketchy lowering swayed glimmer tumble get up too to go
Breath green monument states cramp super lusions

"I wouldn't complain, either

Leaden fabrics lease us grinning flack arguers
Whitened writing flooding place grimaces flow loss tiff
Stick friends out said appreciation lauded spindles
Decide yearly ends flourishers ending left councils
Friction dance stride over ice water lands retreating
Trace low wanderings fictive high north shelter talk
Tall bruising notice flower slumbers holder mornings
to go

(29Dec75)

ORDERS

This free monthly poetry-letter will print short works of every sort: poems, criticism (literature, art, music), notes, letters, stories, translations, line drawings and other xeroxable art. My principal intention is to get new work out quickly. I will continue to do Oculist Witnesses, my magazine, but money and energy problems make that at least as difficult as it is fun. This letter will go to 60 people - friends and poets with whose work I am sympathetic. Everyone who receives the letter is invited to send work at any time, also suggest names for the mailing list. I will be no less selective than I am in Oculist Witnesses, but I will also not be concerned about the volume of work by each person, the work as a unit, and so on. My taste will be judge, and I hope the contents will be varied.

Notations from the second
bearable summer of my life.

She was beautiful there in the car. I make my monster argument over again. I always form my arguments. Martyr lines trees. We woke in our silly nothing, the air green. Walk in trees. Commentator journey. Tranquil season flat out woebegone stardom. At morning the stars. Circumspect glory you water. Over hills loaded to summits. The adults were all strangers. The hardons were nice pussy. Recall your love. Reserve hate for other altitudes. I found the countryside willing, obstinance paramount. Correct me. Recurring face cover me. Huge cliffs, both sides, of abstraction til we leave. Order the summit to halt. I'm never a total convert. Wired to reaction. I don't like it, but I'm hospitable part of the time. You're coming too aren't you. Did you come. What'll we do. Beginning to think fondly of Ecuador. I manage to remember the things. Beach torque. Home through rushes. The eye misses. You call this real hazard. No you didn't. My attitude breaks me grown wise no. Put the warden with the idealized set. Harden sharp sad look to settle mauve treatises. Honey you curry this heart. Sleep. Contraction motion. The pillow slips so my back aches and twists and settles to clench. I hold off my abatement. Curry the oil sauce from my eyes. Privation. Privation surfeits the morning bleak to defend. Crease too the supper. The much sadder argument. Soil seem to creak too. More the late armor, the sudden appearance. Lax to lose me. Suffer the gradations. Easy the waste reprise.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

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