

A Hundred Posters

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Richard Dillon:

DALI ALI

Midst mayhem of the Nations' gawking gazes,
Debonair Ali unfurls hundred point Allah Times headline
between glistening gloves under ring kleilight.

A hulking, bludge lipped trainer,

weirded out,

reads:

RELIGION MEANS BEING ALIVE!!!

A Fistfull of Dollars

Out of a pinpoint gallops another outlaw,
you stand your stead,
something like stupid but too empty for that.

Buddha viewer, new to Dakota,
Black Bart, patch over pupil, shoots,
lunges to a halt,

rears his stallion
and gallops back
to the butte.

\$*ç%

Coming in a tension of foil, waste, tristement,
growl and haste,
a new moment born out of shattered speech.

&*ç%

Another swing at a fille, and the gap,
a vast lack in nature's plumbing,
keeps its headiness,
a ghost past arrears, to sing life

////////////////////to call it "dear"
to pull its tit like a plug
so that the offices, the concours, the diner,
are filled with your ki.

&*ç%

Brushed over paltry sticks marks a moment's grave,
while not far from here
vireos go in for Arabic, cuisine and machine.

You go up Concord Road
singing songs never thought in memory,
the happiness of the Republic
filling your steps with speed.

And always the double edged nothings
under the oriflamme maples obey.
If blindness be what we know as healthy,
what is this hike towards what sea?

Tapa Kearney:

Some Morning Completely Red

Painters' vision
Completely turned
Surely dead
Vision rush
Backrub in room
Red barn
Dreamed Friday
Morning completely
No raining
Lumber yard
Lose shoes
Even Monday
Returning to me
Got dropped
Bach tape
Behind stove
Sleep in sleep
Perchance new corner
Landscape glowing ether
At window with you
You turn away
Wind blowing
See man
Clouded over
Fall,
His body turns
Around when he hits
Plants bright
Chest
At Chataqua
To dream
So can awake
When it's lanterns and rain
Dark enough to light
Standing
Drove to mountains
Walked in woods
Very green
About a mile
His footing
Green dead pine trees
Saw a deer
Flooding on way down
Hail storm.....

Rosmarie Waldrop:

THE SENSES INEVITABLY: A DAVY CROCKETT HAT

"He knows the inside
lines of her body"

proposed the
because
he owed her money for

again his monologue

a play:

first scene: night
the secret agent
infiltrates
the commune

scene two: already
the contemplatives
watch her
"perform"
on her own body

three: the cult
she forms, the bliss
beyond touch
her skin where she inverts
the roles

but who
in such a spectacle
for there are numbers
of these games of perverse
chastity

in which
it's said the visual
the fire
the problem
from here on
becomes more definite

did
he tell you that
the weather won't change

(surprised
to her them call her "baby")

that laughs exaggerate
a contact which prolongs the spiral
staircase to
Venetian glass around a
bed where

heard a door slam

all naked
but a Davy Crockett hat
the tail
which touched her breasts
and shoulders

she's undisturbed
by the present
the way it goes on

even the nearly alike

whereas he

that series are inevitable

like cockroaches

S. Fox:

IN CANCER

for Bohemia Scatter

"plus de mots. J'ensevelis les morts dans mon ventre."

Arthur Rimbaud UNE SAISON EN ENFER

In other places, where i have slept off
my obligations,
there were mornings not unlike this

one. In these sheets a ceremony
of knots
is performed, the binding & the struggle
to unbind
my body from the drunken bed

that, in photosynthetic frenzy, is flung
thru the stupid eventuality of
another dawn,
& is not returned until another night
crouches down upon

us. In that interval, what remains
of us
is consumed, but what now remains
of us
to feed the yawning mouths of so many
unseen motorists
who pass thru the walls w/cold gears
grinding, hauling
off even the solid ground of my sleep,
that i
shall never

recover? In spite of what you might think,
one does not grow
accustomed to this feverish
season of wakenings,
but rather i
grow backward toward that

darkness in which the first planting was
done, in which all of us remain

unseen. In cheap rooms not unlike this
one, one
cannot afford the more
expensive kinds of dreams,

those in which you were always
saying
there was a certain reason
i cld always
find you beside a river, nursing
greater quandry
from the smooth pebble of yr breast,
but i
find only myself, here,
at the foot of Grant or
Montgomery, refusing,
from sheer ignorance of the question,
to ask

why. In as much as you never once
did of me, i,
once having found myself w/no further
excuse,
no longer do of

you. In this interval nothing
is left
completely finished, nothing is asked
for, least of all
more time, nothing is taken
for granted, or

or granted in return, & nothing
is

returned. In character,
i keep
descending, to the lower
city, to
a cheap cafe,
what you might

call, in yr expensive speech, nothing
more than a port
of call,
what

is, in actuality, one
of complete & irrevocable entry,
fronting the ruptured neon's shore
where the unseen
are thrown up by gear or wheel
or radio,
or by nothing more
distinct,
becoming, distinctly, finally,

visible, in this quick symmetry of lines
knotted
across their

faces, in
this aboriginal ceremony of refuge
bound, the fleets
of their
burning
voices

housed in

smoke, in
the pale,
impossible

language. In absence
of any sun
you made yr visitation, advertized
as a good dancer,
crouching
down upon the white meat w/precision,
planting furrow upon furrow of explanatory
remarks that grew backward toward
the original voice, always
saying there was a certain reason
we cld always
find you beside a river, but i
found only

another morning returning to its perch
against
the plate glass,
thru which the ghosts of expensive dreams
refused, from
the sheer weight of their numbers,
to be

seen. In yr departure is now explained
my return
to original form,
this one,
completed, formless,
completely
naked,

housed in the pale,
impossible
language,
that leaves us originally

alone. In cancer yr moon was

carved, in blue ink,
on yr left breast, formed,
completely

naked, in the framework
of my remembered
fingers, that
have touched more than smoke
or paleness, no
matter what the whiteness of yr skin
appeared, or continues
to

represent, in more expensive
sleep, if nothing, then
that, if more, again,
then what but this catalogue
of years

collected in forgotten hands? In
all intervals
this is the arrival of the original
question, this is the
original

ceremony in which we are bound
& unbound
by the eventuality of obscure

love. In
failing

this, in those conditions of loss,
what i wld call,
if i cld find the words, the final
season, or better
still, the seasoning, something
to do more w/wood than
leaves,
what is lost, or better
sd,

surrendered, in our lives, more to doubt than
to

age--- in
this
failing, the obligation

pronounced, in other mornings,
by the knotting
of pale moons against plate
glass or of
the significant body against other
rivers running backward toward more
solid hearts,
one comes to accept the
suspicion
that one comes to accept
acceptance,
only,
&

only in this consummation, one of
confused & possible
speech, do you still dance against the
impossible air, do
i remain
w/the original species
of my sleep still

uninterred in more solid ground,
crouching down upon another
night, & refusing,
from sheer wisdom, to find myself again
at the foot of Grant or
Montgomery,
alone...

Mary Lane:

ABUNDANCE

to write something that no one can see someone will see nothing no one will see something to catch hold of no wood floating in the sea no sail no thing waves and moving water sea you see the sea to write no thing just words no wood the water here it is the water wanted see no reason no one writing look at the reflections in the glass the tin the steel the shining water look at the reflections in the waves the change the light the water moving nothing no wood reflections fullness empty fullness movement changing waves what came before nothing comes the waves you see to write and move in rolls unending rolls the sea the rolling movement smoke the shapes in nothing lasts in cow giraffe a cloud a water fountain sky high not high or low the middle smoke giraffe the eiffel tower and the grass the wind the light nothing in the sea erase oh see oh oh oh no one writing nothing sees the motion of the ocean all emotion vacuous evacuate and excavate vacate evacuate the vacuum hollow vacuous or empty hollow empty is there anything evacuate he said we must vacate the mind create a vacuum nothing hollow nonsense no sense validate evaluate put value no no value no thing what is value vacate go vacation go be empty hollow empty indemnify calumnify and fry the fishes caught vacate and go catch fish and throw them in no fish in water nothing seen you see the sea is vacant vacant fish in pan of hear the fish and smell them cooking sizzle grease in pan evacuate vacate the city go to see a vacant look in eyes the vacant eyes the i the vacant i

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Other Publications
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