

A Hundred Posters

#11 November 1976

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Marc Weber:

An Interpretation of a character in "La Hora de las Hornes"

"the smoke that thinks of the warmth spun by the word
around its center the dream called ourselves"

--Tzara

He tells the story and tries to remember what happened
what the motivating factor what that day
why they would have challenged the police
what the use was what the spontaneity was based on

But he didn't know for it was lost in all the things
he couldn't think of lost like yesterday
as faceless as the crowd after they charged
the police after the horses arrived and they
were beaten down dragged by their belts
on their faces into the trucks

. . . keeps blasting your senses as you walk
down the docks in Acapulco

as you hope to keep remembering everything
hope to keep tied up with the goodness

even though right now it's good right now
I'm on top of a hill glittering lights spread out

below me my time now to be ravished for its beauty
Satie is being played downstairs we are true

Words Again

At this age so forth across belief faith love knowledge
wisdom thoroughness efficiency logopoeia
fidelity adultery sociality anthropology
machine-reductionism analogy coming into
our own song melody line pause
restbit aganbite cark a fatling's sarcocarp
a mensual approach from my own
watchtower outward towards a time of counting
"forty million people who know the future is now"
says an insurance company

Fanny Howe:

Tomorrow

(for Ferry Marquand)

Blue Black Ocean
Tugs Full Moon
One After Thirteen
Water In The Knee
A Minute A Day
Full Sun Grey
Tugs The Other
Way Between
A Leaf of Gold
Or "Gold Leaf"
Just One Second
Of Relief

*

An Oceanic Lap
Grave, Grey Spume
Foam Yellow
No Moon, It's Noon
A Secret Meeting
Tween Ether & Water
The Land Bristles
Clay Composed
Of Water

*

Little Fir Tree
Cracked River
Falling Heaven
What To Do
Truth Is Useless
So Is Beauty
Hand In Glove

*

Pearls Trail
Hawthornes Wood
Chronometer
By Melville
Landlubbers
Of Whale Blubber
A Humpback Rock
Up Of Water
White Today
Black Tomorrow

*

Ropes Of Snow
A Thick Forest
Prongs & Droplets
Shine, Airy
Blowing, Jewels
Lace, A Slice of Grace

*

Honeymoon, Money
Silver Spoons
Sapphire, Rock
Crack With A Pick
Honey's Moon
Pots Of Gold
Lucer's Dome
Jars of Jam
Bears Paws Glue
Hoof & Gum

*

With Ruth Uncouth
Under the Roof
Thunder & Snow
Expressions of Rage
Incline To The Cage

Rachelle Bijou:

AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

"Hello. Father O'Reilly?
What time is mass today?"

Who is this

"Is this St. Joseph's?"

No

"Sorry"

*

The messenger service
Changed its name from
ACTIVE to PROMPT

*

If you've got your health you've got everything

*

Hi Rachelle,

Thanks for letting us consider your poems.
The magazine seems to be filled into the honest future.
I heard you read recently at St. Mark's
And liked your ease and grace.
I remember there was one poem in particular
I really liked but now I can't remember.
Anyway, thanks for sending.

Sincerely,

And when I opened my eyes
 heels of his feet
 width between his knees
 the diamond cut by his legs
Reminded me of the outline
Of the plan for St. Peter's

Had we not just been reading
A book on the Italian Renaissance
I might not have made the connection

*

HEY RACHELLE WHERE'S THE SOAP

*

Bluerock said
She was an artist too

She drew flies in the summertime

My mother said

Bluerock'll be tickled pink
When she hears I used that line

*

Really though it's been quiet
The waves still come from two directions
But not nearly as often
And most of the days
I am left free
In pursuit of the white greyhound

Jack Kimball:

MACHINE MAGNIFICATION OF SWEAT GLAND

My bare armed girl
yam shaded skies color your
mouth a lateral short order grille
rays breaking robin
red entrails burning the corner of my neural
garden

Let me pick at you
right here on the hillside nobody's watching
our bundle of impassible gulfs between the fingers
thickened in this fanning
and beaming

MACHINE LATER THAT NIGHT

No more retina
Which is only illusion undulating
Enthrallment over the kneeling
Nudes gee dilated so spontaneously
We couldn't help ourselves and
Extended everywhere aura understand
Our eyes made a nice cellophane exhibit

DILUTION OF QUAN YIN BY NOSE OF ROCKET

Where a diver fell
Bursts the glass it revelled in
Now sprays a school of beads widening halfmoon
 wrinkling watergreen
 raft of heat

New moon waits up a tree

SPONGE

We all have our gang
Getting looped in the generality
The yellow shall inherit the earth
Which looks to us
From a quartz train
Like another delicate hell

VIEW FROM HIS CHAMBER

Below lens
Beak voluptuous bust
Benevolent at the extremity
Here children wept stray wisps
Upon an obelisk
And here remain
In particles no error likes
The human form

Don Quatrale:

ART DECO LOVE AFFAIR

for The Silver Convention

heavy cut crystal with large bubbles
leaping women and dogs
thistle and style
yards of bicycles before
the exotic address
whatever steps inside the warmth meets Victor
the plants do not leave this part of jungle
so
take off your coat there's cozy
and closets of brandy
a man to read the chill away
his offer sprays the sunlight down
the moistened floor accepts the dark
your moon gets caught in his nose
stars burn off the roof
and slip in between the waterwells and
mix the underground into a paste

Other Publications
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