

A Hundred Posters

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Peter Philpott:

And a medium-rare steak - I'm not common  
though predictable perhaps. Still, what's not forbidden  
's not nice fruit I say. What was, sorry,  
that was a rat  
They're dirty. To do that, run  
& shit all over the food. She sighs. What a fuss  
well, I'm a mother & my softness can't be held in.  
Damn braces said Blake & bless relaxes.  
Ah, he was talking to me. The tall king's tomb.  
Sand, I suppose, & cliffs. Shadows are appearing  
like shy graffitti on the walls. In pompeii  
the ash fell. Here it is off about 5 miles  
in front of me as I write. And of course I am.

Ted Greenwald:

DANCE

---

breathing into the stencil  
wakes up  
the space that's (ah!) feet  
a dream  
of legs and knees  
joined at the ears  
goes into the mock-up  
a willow frame  
carries the evening  
to the window  
where it ignites  
through the window  
the window means something  
else, but looked  
like a look out  
and turned out (ah!) like feet  
to be where it should

BEYOND COMPARE

Language flattens

Wisps of ideas

Tail off through speech

And intrude

On the conversation

Instant self-consciousness

Boils water

Serves coffee

And delivers

The baby of the self

Must pause      Must pause

The mind paints scenery

For the drama of the everyday

Already it's summer

Already it's fall

The mind's

Turned to something else

Speech is slower, more

Deliberate

The flattening's becoming flatter

SALAD DAYS

the sky is wearing a dress  
and earrings and lipstick and  
great shoes and from where I look up  
no panties ONE MINUTE!  
that's a great fake underneath the dressing  
a cock and balls is quivering  
my god, it's pissing right down on the city  
everybody runs for cover  
the men in the men's room  
and the ladies in the women's

Tim Longville:

LARGE BLUE

=1=

Going down to the sea by easy stages  
we need the book to construct for us  
The Large Blue Butterfly  
in time with our descent  
through layers of leaves and heat and darkness and our life  
its flight is powerful and fast

Our eyes are bent  
to discover  
when not just fluttering  
from flower to flower  
the small stones  
underfoot  
the actual

imaginings  
to contend with strong winds  
living inwards  
through sun's glint leaves' turn metaphor  
for feeding on nectar  
the large blue suspends

Some of the indelible ordinariness  
we need to pursue

those fictions also

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=2=

From the back of the throat  
DON'T SAY IT IF IT DOESN'T HELP

Creepers  
nameless  
small stones  
coverers of the ground

grip and hold on  
where you can

crushed poems

scenting the abandoned nights  
as if hallo were goodbye or the other way  
the world is entered  
in the botanist's book  
under inordinate love without a proper object

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Anne Waldman:

HOUSE WORK

I'm looking for a house  
architecture and water  
orange coral at the base  
Mr. Silver Man is the butler  
Blade Woman the maid  
I'm walking with my curdling sister  
a doll's head  
On a shiny cliff  
is the house I want  
to be framed by the house  
a family house  
with central heating  
A central woman needs a house  
locked in her chinese fingers  
not a house that walks away

GOYA

After a serious illness in 1792  
Goya spent five years  
growing ink  
to produce hairy monsters  
You know these women  
ASI VA EL MUNDO  
but if the world is a masquerade  
BRABISIMO!

S. R. Lavin:

The Hatred

Now the sun streaks a warmth  
from the lake  
through our table and window  
while I am writing

The humans are unlikely  
illuminations  
and the smiles of the dead  
are friendly

stings the conscience  
and divorces us.

This is dignity

here in the green fields

the moist summer  
a part of the experience

my death forcing a genius from me

hay, rolled and monolythic

the moon, all world.

To submit is to take darkness  
for darkness

ART AS DOCUMENTATION or  
DOCUMENTATION as Replacement for Art

The air goes grey in the twilight  
objects lose their substance  
that we see the blind air

shuffled from city to city  
the dumb animals caring for us  
seems empty of the kind of rejection  
I'm used to

we **have** all suffered enough  
we have seen the face of a stranger

our faces

strangers

in rain-coats in old shoes

I must go

I must be arbitrary with myself

"This is home" for example or

is life merely tragedy for some

while others like clowns

choose masks

in this insanity one either goes insane  
or is insane

committed as to suicide

an attempt

to face one's self  
in the mirror



TWISTS for Ethel Rosenberg

The flow of the river, to be seen  
as the phenomenon occurring, the  
hallucination that creates  
language

is graspable

as center and source  
what's political

how we isolate the feeling

empty as the shucked pods

this

rough intelligence  
I've fashioned for myself

cemetaries where peace  
legislates poetry

how Ethel Rosenberg survived  
the first execution of herself

Vietnam became a way to keep the violence close,  
to keep death intimate in ways we could measure  
as if to wed darkness, starve. Wanting to feel  
life had been measured and committed to history.

Personal relationships depend on the mutual  
exclusivity each of us has

Governments are oppressive instruments of fear

"the truth is as we find it"

in a moving door an attitude one assumes where

everyone you know is going through the door  
the other way

I want to name for you  
the poets

everything loses identity here

America is a lonely country

What you held inside  
and did not give to me  
I held from you also

what we strive for  
and how we die

who cannot say what is known

what we fear is

the future

without us

What poems are about.

I think of myself as two women  
joined in erotic history

I am taking myself  
to where the sunrise is no accident  
and I want out

I could ask myself many things  
facing a mask that does not alter  
expressions

what indifference

a mask which is neither body  
nor alone

Poetry is not balance after-all

but the thin veil  
of mercy

becomes a way of life

What a person can do with fifteen minutes

The sounds of my boot heels on the museum floor, I'm  
part of a counter-culture, I'm moving along the ridges  
of paint van Gogh has left for me, these paintings

I remember first the nakedness, how subtly enamours  
the territories we stake out for ourselves  
in each situation

until one is mastered or masters,  
the women are especially conceptual  
with this power because  
we all want to get laid  
beautifully

when you turn around  
I am dead  
simply

how Picasso gave each situation  
his hunger for a line

only Matisse drew the line from the canvas  
back to his hand

only the polish of the museum floors  
to document our comings  
and goings

Paul Metcalf:

AT THE SHOPPING PLAZA

in a ployglot parkinglot,

the torque of the tongue

glossolalia!

An Excerpt from WATERS OF POTOWMACK,

A Documentary History of the Potomac River Basin

Following John Smith's discovery of the river, patents for land were taken out, 1000 or more acres at a time, as far up as the Great Falls, the "ffreshes of Petomack." Settlers came in, indentured servants, and

"About the last of August came in a dutch man of warre that sold us twenty Negars . . . ." (John Smith)

Houses were built, court-houses, churches, and there were parsons,

". . . such as wear black coats, babble in a pulpit and roar in a tavern . . . "

Settlement, however, was slow, and many of the patents expired, "the lands lapsing for wante of Seating." There were Indiars:

"Few or none had bin the Damages sustained by the English from the Indians, other than occasionally had happen'd sometimes upon private quarrells and provocations, untill in July, 1675, certain Doegs and Susquahanok Indians on Maryland side, stealing some Hoggs from the english at Potomake on the Virginia shore (as the River divides the same), were pursued by the English in a Boate beaten or kill'd and the hoggs re-taken from them; whereupon the Indians, repairing to their own Towne, report it to their Superiors, and how that one Mathews (whose hoggs they had taken) had before abused and cheated them, in not paying them for such Indian trucke as he had formerly bought of them, and that they took his hoggs for satisfaction. Upon this (to be Reveng'd on Mathews) a warr Captain with some Indians came over to Potomake and killed two of Mathewes his servants, and came also a second time and Kill'd his sonne."

Depradations continued, the settlers employed rangers:

"A Journiall of our Ranging, Given by me, David Strahane, Lieut. of the Rangers of Pottomack.

June 9th, 1692: We ranged on Ackoquane & so back of the Inhabitants & thence South. We returned & discovered nothing.

June, the 17th: We ranged over Ackoquane & so we ranged Round Puscattaway Neck & ther we lay that night.

And on the 18th came to Pohike & ther we heard that Capt.

Mason's Servt. man was missing. Then we sent to see if we could find him & we followed his foot about halfe a mile, to a house that is deserted, & we took the track of a great many Indians & we followed it about 10 miles & our horses being weary & having no provisions, we was forced to return.

June the 26th: We Ranged up to Jonathan Mathew's hs. along with Capt. Masone, & ther we mett with Capt. Housely & we sent over for the Emperour, but he would not come & we went over to the towne & they held a Masccomacko /council/ & ordered 20 of their Indians to goe after the Indians that carried away Capt. Masone's man, & so we returned.

July the 3rd: We Ranged up Neapsico, and so back of the Inhabitants, &c.

July 11th: We Ranged up to Brent-towne & ther we lay &c.

The 19th: We ranged up Ackotink & discovered nothing &c.

So we Ranged once in the week till the 20th Septbr: then we marcht to Capt. Masone's & ther we mett with Capt. Housely & his men, so we drawed out 12 of our best horses: & so we ranged up Ackotink & ther we lay that night.

Sept. the 22d: We Ranged due North till we came to a great Run that made into the sugar land, & we marcht down it about 6 miles & ther we lay that night.

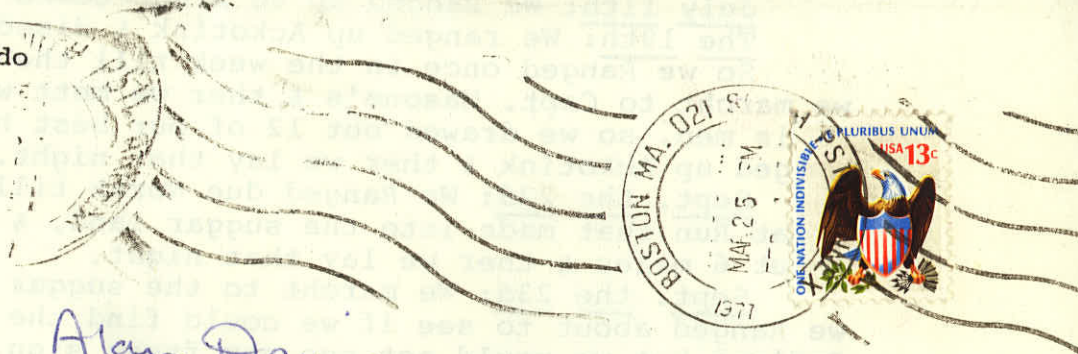
Sept. the 23d: We marcht to the sugar land and the 24th we Ranged about to see if we could find the trace of any Indians but we could not see any fresh sign. The 26th marcht to Capt. Masone's & there I dismissed my men till the next march."

The sugar lands!

" . . . taking their Range through a Piece of low Ground about Forty Miles above the inhabited Parts of Patowmeck River and resting themselves in the Woods . . . observed an inspissate Juice, like Molasses, distilling from the Tree. The Heat of the Sun had candied some of this juice, which gave the Men a Curiosity to taste it. They found it Sweet and by this Process of Nature learn'd to improve it into Sugar. But these trees growing so far above the Christian Inhabitants, it hath not yet been tried whether for Quantity or Quality it may be worth while to cultivate this Discovery . . . yet it has been known among the Indians longer than any now living can remember."

. . . beyond Great Falls, the sugar maples: the first taste of upland . . .

Other Publications  
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