

A Hundred Posters

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Paul Auster:

Effigies

Eucalyptus roads: a remnant of the pale sky
shuddering in my throat. Through the ballast
drone of summer

the weeds that silence
even your step.

* * * * *

The myriad haunts of light.
And each lost thing--a memory

of what has never been. The hills. The impossible
hills

lost in the brilliance of memory.

* * * * *

As if it were all

still to be born. Deathless in the eye,
where the eye now opens on the noise

of heat: a wasp, a thistle swaying on the prongs
of barbed wire.

* * * * *

You who remain. And you
who are not there. Northernmost word, scattered
in the white

hours of the imageless world--

like a single word

the wind utters and destroys.

* * * * *

Alba. The immense, alluvial light. The carillon
of clouds at dawn. And the boats
moored in the jetty fog

are invisible. And if they are there

they are invisible.

Tim Reynolds:

Issa

for/with Mio

Up & down & up
& down & up & down, no

Up & down up &
down up & down up & down
mosquito larvae

Now at nights slow turning God
bless us ev'ry one

Nagai zo yo
Yo ga nagai zo yo
Namuamida

In the Buddha's nose
Mommy look
swallows

(Kamakura)

Second snow, full moon =

Dear Alan,

Happy to hear of light in Boulder. I spent the whackdest out summer of my life in Aspen, Chuck Stein drove us away minutes before the lynch mob. My brother-in-law Ric is thinking of developing a shopping mall there.

If man is 'innately aggressive' how about the Pax Mesolithica? or, Do other mammals have hymens? (A pairbonding ritual? like childbirth? or circumcision? Specific?)

Poems, short so they cn go anywhere. I sent two to Jonathan Williams to make postcards of but I don't see why not. a)

Instant Transsubstantiation, 2 Archbishops, No Waiting

chrust

b)

BIG

HOLE

The middle is blank, get it, bang + black. A Field. 2 actually.

The Iriquois exterminated the Cat Nation of Eries, and I don't see many Neanderthals around these days. Also

鬼神



for Jonathan Williams

I can see how it smells
moss strewn snag

& in the spring freshets
to clear the banks & beds of the stream of accumulated debris
& blockage

Janine Pommy Vega:

The Gypsy Players

I stayed at my sticks and campfire
a day a month of days
a year perhaps/ two crickets
sang in the grass, an owl
passed over sometimes...

Then one night
on that path you see
where never an animal crosses
came a band of gypsies through
the forest, laughing and singing.
They passed that close to my camp
I tell you/ with banners
and fires. And seven guitars
I counted. Shining in the dark
they came, and a whirring sound
came with them. I was drawn at once
to their music, and watched the dance.
I asked which way they were headed.
Out into the world, they said
to play for the people.

I watched the performance,
the fiddler and clown. I sat
on the stone I sit on now, and
watched them. Let me come with you,
I said at last. Come along,
they said. And I did.

Far gulls I saw fly over the water
and an old ship. Camp after camp
made merry with banners.
The king of the gypsies spoke
in a low voice, sure as the ducks
in the fall, that he would keep traveling.
But what would I do if I followed
the band? It's the whirring most
I'm drawn to. And I'm poet of hillside
and forest. The hoot-owl under
the branches needs my song.
What would I do in the world with you
if I did not sing in the chorus?

There was no answer. Perhaps
in the question itself it was--
A hoot-owl comes in the dark
and listens. I have work to do,
I said, and have to return.

Now every once in a while
in the night comes the sound
of their whirring, the rustle
of banners, the seven guitars/
their singing out in the world
and the bright encampments...
And I wonder, should they pass again,
if the hoot-owl would go with me.

New York, November 75.

Impressionists

Gauguin's
invisible writing,
gangling figures
melt behind the trees.
The landscape turns to space
and color,
Song left singing
in the night after the door
has closed and the park is empty.

Cezanne
the boats
the rivers disappear.

Gorky's
plow and song.

These guys used
nature as the backdrop
meticulously
cutting holes in the wall.

The trees
coagulate into colors,
forms run streaking
across the canvas, turn
the corner/ vanish.

This is
not what it appears to be/
high echo in the night
of laughter.

National Gallery, Washington, October 75.

I am a dreamer
better say I am precipitous
with longing, better say
A face sees nothing in the night
but what it looks for
Herdsman
out of the reach of clouds
your crown held
lofty and aloof from the perimeters

Southern Cross
the lands I head towards
lonely and unfathomable
I would like eyes to greet me
out on the plains of sleep
I would like
waking up with a green-eyed man
making cornbread eggs
and coffee

What I would and
where I go are separate
necessities/ Riding an
unknown wave in the dark
I turn back and see my
heart in a carriage
driving the other way

Stars in the midnight alley
stars at the perimeter
I walk the downtown
tenderloin of Honolulu
tattoo parlors, gravitating
towards telephone booths, a bare
lightbulb in the distance
seeing
Scorpius on the horizon

I must be
one step away from sanity
one step away from the cause
of things, one step from
an unholy chaos-- leaning
towards an eye behind me,
picked from all the multitude
of eyes to lean towards--
Crazy, I must be crazy.

Woodstock NY, May 76.

Song for Aunt May

You left yesterday.
It was a sunny day
and no one with you
in the last wail home.
Your skull
in the long night
Dance of the warrior
on a dying hillside
Dance from a hospital bed/
the skull soars home.

I sit in a cafe in New York
Time slides and I
sit in a cafe in Paris
staring at the ground
thinking of the same thing...

It was raining then as well
and raining always
in that place where we
commiserate with ourselves.

Tears flow
the streets are wet
the eyes stare at the gutter
limited by the confines you've
quit at last.

Take from this limited
mind a greeting
from this limited heart
a prayer in the cosmos
Take from this
side of the void
a gesture, a salute

I am standing on a streetcorner
waving my arms.

New York City, November 21, 75.

Ray DiPalma:

VIA GREEN

loggia eunuch

third broke syncopation

sunset gale shrug stone

buffalo level nose tinued

pillars screwed beyond look at

outskirts hyena cling convenience

areas hazel clinic unbluffable

stuff tittered graham pacific

tidy nag

orchid chip trolley sedate

FIN

potiphar

vodka

brick

council aerosol

patchings

line vase

quadrant

creme

hooker

cortex propeller

vault down Napoleon

hosts cod with bray

because demurely

frail oil

then just and than

tray how

how and vary

loam jaunt cracker

scythe Ural bind lore

ripple

tissue twice

lamb vain

boot sticks distress

carnival

dimple vet sway fog

CACKLE MASONS

room scraps

mountaineer

lids copper report degrees

tiptoe shrug tunnel

digit yield shyer

just rained

halfhour Carthage

elm pate

grain gray sort

lorder spinless beading slide

WALL GODS

maize level reading lascar
seive pulse fjord
streak Windsor constant by 30 game
his short to which of ranges
shawl plate forties
blue contour empty pale while
close bin swath progression
surgeon ward near penny
half ball escape crane
ample upon felon throat

LASER FOIL

coincidental furrow

ety

stagger

PYP

frank math

original cruiser derrick

another custody dram

press on dukes

sto

zeppelin spell-out dome

dimmer passport roc

bow pall carrier

fil

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enco
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Fixe
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capa
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bote

Arthur Winfield Knight:

THE LUNATIC SAINT

Because he had
a reputation for being crazy
Carl kept telling us
to describe his sane side
if we wrote about him,
not stressing
homosexuality or drugs
but telling how he lived
in the Bronx
with his mother
quietly
now that he was out
of the institution.
His biggest problem
was losing
the weight he'd gained
being on tranquilizers.
All the way into Manhattan
he sat in the back
of the cab with us
hunched forward
like an overweight thinker
pondering
the nature of existence.
(Ginsberg called him
the lunatic saint
and he was
vaguely beatific.)
Even tho he was
six feet four or so
and weighed
close to 300 pounds
Carl insisted,
muttering and sweating
with his genius IQ,
he was like everyone else.

Other Publications
Davies, Hotel Boulderado
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