

A Hundred Posters

#2 February 1976

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Anthony Barnett:

Each Looks Around

We hold under
the sweatiness.

I have infinite patience
watching them eat and sit
their papers.

What trash this is.

Pines

I hear what you tell me.

I ask a little.

Sorry is not sorrow.

The many-specied violet
blooms.

The road cambers.

Larch.

History

How does one raise a finger
• to save a suicide.

Mary Lane:

PLENTY

Suddenly in the morning, just after the golden trumpets and before the coming of mail, the sky shone with a pale green light. Through the cracks of venetian blinds wound snaky tendrils coated with fur. The wastepaper basket dribbled its contents evenly over the floor, and the coffee bubbled in the helpless pot. All the sirens of the city sounded, though it was not Tuesday and would not be, and the people stood in awe. Over the loudspeakers came a tiny metallic whine and the bees buzzed in the corn. The white giant stepped out to the porch and stared down.

"Do something!" cried the young children. "You stand there like two-day old smog. Do something! Disperse!"

And the giant felt his wings beginning to move. All the liquid inside him beginning to flow. The hairs on his face were more pale than his opalescent skin and he smiled at the children with his cream cocoa eyes and whispered "It's not too cold." The bag of sugary marshmallows came and was passed from one set of hands to the next and each of the tiny ones took a small white round disc and chewed as the white giant melted and vaporized and spread over the city like tear gas, like rain, like still-steaming loaves of freshly baked bread.

Bill Corbett:

Startled doe. Two o'clock

Waking dreams

sex with one woman

crescent moon clear dark

March still piercing

windows shook and rattling

one more once

rests the hunted.

Winter Pear

This comice pear
tastes like pussy
you said
not getting much lately
sweet drops of juice

19 December '75

Divisions of the year
pull us forward
vacations follow exams
we leave the warm rooms
of our youth; the kitchens
school libraries and bedrooms.
The days drift into one another
without boundary therefore whole
the lines wiped out after preparing
and being prepared for life.
This is life. Full moon.
The wind's bare and howl.

Corn stalks left standing
in taters clattering

LIVE ANIMAL

BEHIND BAR

Fonda, New York

HAND'S LUNCH

second helpings Thanksgiving
snow in some furrows

Arthur Dove

left the Geneva family block
for the farm and after that
the Mona not enough headroom
to stand without stooping and paint
only one chair or the stove
on which to sit on the Hudson

Bill Berkson:

THE ABOMINABLE MAN

He felt he could be sued by Walt Disney and there began
a frenzied glorification.

Alan Davies:

MIND WRITING

All This Every Day, Joanne Kyger, Big Sky, 1975

Joanne Kyger finds the ability to change her name, to 'No one' or 'Beautiful' or 'It' or 'Ground' --and can thus quickly become any thing, and everything around her. She recognizes the identity of all things, of us with things we make. "She made enough poetry to keep her company." She locates an unusual identity for herself in the intricacies of her language.

How Horrible I am

A strong new beauty appeared in her face
Ah, it's me face, Ah, it's me face

Don't let me swoon on languor's last
languor's last

Myself, is not opposed, to you

dear dear
dear dear
dear dear

Oh I am so sad
I have become another

I am, dear dear, dear dear, dear dear

The poem flies forward like a mystery. The reason for the spacing, and its beauty, are raised by reading aloud. The mystery is largely consequence of space on the page, and the small pieces of uncertainty of which it is made.

At the beginning of the book she has a group of buddhist theology poems. They precede poems which are markedly personal diary poems, works which often have a day of the week or the date for title. The buddhist poems at the front, I see as a front over the strong emotional personal poems, where the poet is still-thinking. We see her first through the veil of buddhist work, as in previous work (Places to Go)

we saw her behind classical myth stories.

After the beginning, fewer and fewer poems have titles; the first line leads directly in. This makes the large fabric of work, the book, the most singular unit. Again I'm reminded of earlier work, The Tapestry and the Web where, as with All This Every Day, the title furthers the sense of the whole as major unit. The book reveals the fabric of every day through gradual realization of thinking material that goes on all the time, every day. We are treated to a sense of the drift of things through days, and days through things. Of what there is, she is recognizer and apprehender; recognition skimming over events of the day, occasionally locating something to hold to us.

The rain
is soft, gentle
big whales rush up from ocean bottoms
and travel in families
Shooting their big bodies out
into the air

She has noticed some things, to leave quiet still poems. She has a sense of what happens to a person, around a person; simple notice of that is valued, as next best to having nothing going on. "This is the way I like even better doing nothing at all."

Simple things are noticed in patterns, the things which repeat.

Bird family
boat going out to sea
all this
every day

The best still poems are ones with the most of her person in them.

I want a smaller thing in mind
Like a good dinner
I'm tired of these big things happening
They happen to me all the time

Sitting zen, writing poetry, the poet is involved with rhythms. Doing zen forces the poet to wonder about doing poetry, and when writing, zen enters in. This creates a cyclical reflective situation where only the most luminous points of thought endure, and they are constantly more luminous in reflection. Both poetry and zen explore the poet, always busy, "Mind writing."

She gives an excellent answer to a koan, or question, about living:

Never talk ahead
of time
about
what isn't.
This is living
to give you a present

Her present constantly located through pursuit of rhythm.

Where does she locate herself? Where is she? At home. In Bolinas. And on the other hand, "Well I myself am not myself". Not tied to homes, to one identity or name, or at least pursuing that possibility, she approaches the "inner luxury" of breathing life.

She is a teacher who wants to be heard. "Play to as many people as you can." In a poem that begins "This is a Short Story" she poses through her own life the problem of emotional distress and confusion. The poem ends:

My problem heart
was a false me/you. And pursuit and withdrawal
was too much right here. The way
you are pulling it together, a dream.

Communication, I said, is not the word, you are after. That
assumes separation to begin with.
Hear how people have a focus, a guide, go back inside--
Is outside! Dear heart, alive.

This lyrical spitting out of incident and opinion is extra strong after the slow didactic beginning, its story-like progression of telling.

She is also a learner, attentive to natural rhythms in an effort to learn them and locate some ease in doing so.

Note: Everyone is invited to submit works, of any sort. No need to wait for a solicitation.

please a lot of strange works into the air

OTHER PUBLICATIONS
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