

A HUNDRED POSTERS

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editorial address / 33 St. Mark's Place, New York City, 10003

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Michael Brownstein

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from ORACLE NIGHT

Neck muscles tighten when time goes too fast  
ashes all over the table  
broken flower pots  
nerve woman shouts ago  
standing in the stream  
now I see her number  
twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight  
sitting cold wind back  
time and space seem to hunt her  
but that's where the light is  
fulgurant climax of possession  
even many years later  
only one end zone  
a real bell with a real clapper  
an escalope of veal laid on each cheek  
the old walls warm with secrets

The sky broadens out at the zenith  
banks of swirling vapor  
camouflaging capes and islets  
that now resemble the points of pennants  
with a few people walking past  
confined to daylight hours  
pulsatory waves of excitation  
which set the protoplasm in motion  
in the middle of the esplanade  
dreaming couples, groups of dancers  
in alternate expansion and contraction  
while shudders of pleasure  
pass down my back as I lean forward  
holding in my hands  
a fourteenth portrait of my head and shoulders

Here in this unpretentious setting  
birds so-called appear on the grass  
and the listener must be made to dream  
with her claws  
in a little room where she sleeps on a pile of straw  
in a well-built house which after all  
has everything she needs  
and after she whispers, "I love to dream".  
we can ask her to dream of a home, an interior  
we can recall to her her memories of childhood  
talking calmly, over the radio  
at a time when she cannot be seen  
and can herself see no one

Don't say a word, just listen  
maybe I'll stay here forever  
wider range, slower time  
songbird echoes at twenty miles or more  
Mars hangs low and red in the western sky  
someone rolls a flaming carriage downhill  
low arcades buttressed by heavy pillars  
if I could tell you more I'd let you know  
on the sides of the cliffs  
oxen build their bulky nests  
construction occupies the role of the subconscious  
and while preparations for the dioramas continue  
we fuck each other's socks off  
on one of those winter evenings  
from which the principle  
of intimacy is derived

Inner images still half of life  
unique configurations that resemble  
what goes on behind closed faces  
progress in reverse  
heard of nothing but war  
postponed, and never put into action  
recalling a tin medallion  
of these apparently blank nights  
recalling their swift consumption  
pain before dinner and girl's harp after  
some miles out into the forest  
clicking noises out in the hall  
people politics still mysterious  
fine, clear frosty day  
a few mare's tails portending change



The brain stars to a random audience  
true dreams of unbroken sleep  
where horses graze  
close to the rails not five yards from us  
travelling among brain states  
the utensils necessary for another life  
diverted, indulgent, and a little bored  
sitting faithfully beside my bed  
a cluster of dark red clove-scented carnations  
toughened on flints and ridges  
that can taste a scent  
with broadsides of very masculine oaths  
beside that elephantine monster  
which dreams the future is the same as the past

Extremely sharp at close range  
protuberant, and when she crouched  
on a little mat of interwoven grasses  
held flat on her back  
the cool fresh earth in my mouth  
sweetness that was bound to captivate  
not knowing its precise location  
because her eyes were located on the sides  
with only a small wedge of space directly  
downwards and to both sides  
sixty degrees surrounding her  
mapped out in her mind  
more self-sufficient and scattered  
three or four days from now  
also eleven days ago  
nipping and kicking  
out of reach of the great teeth  
only a few dozen yards away  
trotting down the asphalt road  
sheathed in orange leather  
flowing shadow in the early dusk  
despite her surprising speed  
wandering down the road into view  
only inches from it



Recent history may suggest  
a sentence written by a snorkel  
ink-blue crested with white  
you think of me but do not know it  
the spotlights unfocused make halos  
from one side of your body to another  
while a sort of rude resemblance  
crouches down close to me and waits  
on the top naked boards of different colors  
eyes of glass for windows  
so all I can see is the whites  
from my travel coach lined with cut velvet  
paintwork grained to look like pine timbering  
rapid succession of landscapes  
and the curtains will not close  
abundant down at the temples and lips  
my face in the cushions  
waiting to depart once again  
for that part of you on which you sit  
movable as a trundle bed  
launched into the open sea

You can almost taste what's coming  
flutter down from your eyes  
in wind that keeps us walking  
toward a powerful experimental tool  
and you will not understand these English words  
but for two main considerations  
your dress on the rug  
and your leg vibrating on the table  
because I could have gone ahead of you  
I didn't have to wait  
lashed by the leg to a pillar during the chief part  
for passion is a whirlpool  
without attraction from its vortex  
out to paralyze posterity  
but if anyone loves choo-choo trains it's me

If people can lie, why can't cards?  
a numb limb seems twice its size  
sense of memory in every tone, look and eye  
a little fat thing trotting along by one's kneeside  
a small copper cup tinged with cochineal  
watching it glisten in the sunshine  
red color in the jar afterwards  
solution of green muriate of iron  
of this I could see nothing  
a tiny windowless room where a boy might sleep  
and this all far out of my way  
and I pass by many pools  
my path bends like a bow, and beside this two more bows  
like a space between two bows laid back to back  
and appearing like two lakes  
their shores running ever in crescent bays  
a dusky yellow richness indented and tongued  
as I bounded down  
the moving stones under soft moss  
hurting my feet  
the lake a deep dingy purple blue  
like the fragment of some huge stone bridge  
now overgrown with moss and trees  
begging for victuals by rotation  
half past eight in the evening  
wind playing gently in the heads of young poplars  
fern owls chatter in the highwood and hanger  
gooseberry buds in leaf  
the smoke from lime-kilns hangs along the forest  
in level tracts for miles  
swallows and martins collect dirt for building  
the grass grows very fast  
the planet Mercury appears above the sun  
where the first mountain on the right runs into the lake  
a distance removing all sense of sound or motion  
skeletons that fall to dust in the air  
associations suddenly shattered  
cloudless sharp wind  
across my chest, trying to find my heart  
I picked up my clothes and slipped out the window  
an unknown voice was crying: "Lothar the Druggist"  
and there I was, out in the street once more  
I had to ring a bell, I had to wait and think of a story  
when the door swung open this is what I saw  
in the center of a green circle plot  
an upright stone ten feet high  
the letters all filled up with moss  
a soft murmur of rapids in the distance  
a huge dry root snapped or rather cracked in half  
the water deep and smooth in its shadow  
and the opposite shore that rises at once  
appearing to float in air  
a hill bank with scattered rockery and sylva



just a little corner filled with water  
swelling and sinking  
with every step along the curving road, landscape was changing  
and the activity which once belonged to that organ  
which I often use in the analysis  
was now transformed to my eyes  
a slow, warm thoughtlessness wherein  
many people entered and hung for a moment like birds  
the bees gathering food for their houses  
the stout beetles always losing their way in the dusk  
for there are lamps in it  
concealed in the beginning  
the stars do not make a noise either  
since there is always room in the box  
little, stiff trees which hold their foliage in their hands  
shaking softly above wells of forgetfulness

Other Publications  
P.O. Box 415  
Kenmore Station  
Boston, Mass. 02215



A. Davies  
33 St. Marks Pl.  
NYC. 10003

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