

A Hundred Posters

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Richard Dillon:

(from work in progress)

2.)

Her termite wardrobe caught on.
Soon the senators were advertising it over radio,
" An artifact in paralysis and enigma, pals! "
Gucci girls paraded down ramps, grinning in it.
Hadley rooms, where it was beamed, went into apricot
wigs banjos monstrous showdown flush coughs.
Bikini Bolsheviks or Ovodadro homos,
everyone's stored adoration went out to it.
No longer were trellis bites taken
In the ransacked city of Wonderland.

12.)

It was spaghetti and its inherent mode
which explained the state of their society
after the mayhem which made mayhem an art.
Her tongue thrown over the page
wherein the bureaucrat perpetrated this report
beeped sonar announcements to the summering
phantoms blinking sequins in the greasy dark.
Her gig became irate. And so, legislators
out of submarine sky sought to grease lariats
by which tensioned nexts sipped or slipped
the typhoon buttered world out of sight.

19.)

Shelved blanks, mags, rounds, but the gods get them,
reflected in windows mirroring across the opposite sides of the building.
Reflected reading. Again and again. The gods.
Now a dimmer retake, further on, into the evening's gravy.
Dark are the magazines, the pounds of pulp,
until the gods, jeaned thighs over linoleum,
ignite that place with their curious studies.

20.)

Thanks for your superb reply. I hope
all is well. I am o.k. Lots of work done.
Going to a window, I gaze into the continent
through drizzle, over gigantic smoke plumes
rushing the sky along the rivers.
Tickertape parade yesterday for football champions.
Schoolkids in uniforms of armies.
I'm just saving money, biding my time,
living among people who see nothing,
save their bellies, going frantic
as entropy enters their lives. Day Day Day
Day Day Day I do not know Perhaps I shall
put the pen down I walk a tightrope.

21.)

Your letters give out releasements in a nutty sort
of way. Your kendo work awes me.
How in hell am I ever going to get out of here?
In hell, how to get out? Am I ever? Going?
Om mani padme hum. My own straining efforts.
Zebra, her zebra, her. It was or not or zebra
doppelganger. My format: happy then vincible.
Being a formidable cause of an effect:
Now let's take our genius to the beginning of the
beginning. Let's just start our quest for freedom
all over again. I am going to count to ten and enter
clear mind: 1-2 10.

22.)

Slow folks run this town
no one attic minded could make it however
it takes a certain fantastic dreamy i.q.
but not too much
just enough to believe in what's at hand
but not more than is needed
to dress so that you go gaga
as gagged dwarfs applaud your steps.
All my years on Earth have taught me
I see too much of this slow
turtle and pea cock procedure
by which humanity uses its energy
instead of devising some way of calming
us down if we find after sober experiment
that there is no chance of permanent vanishing.

26.)

Torture me she said torture me until I cry
bright with glare a wild girl who was
born and works a human insane
an object pulled between a peculiar
interruption as a moralist and money
and death and not knowing where but
to be acted upon an object of blind adjacent
amusements. neon. crowds. auspices.

28.)

The opening of doors, sleepers confronting the other's
sleep. Time, space the doors creak and ghosts drain
each into each. You are on the telephone with another,
both ghosts. You are opening a space of words
to another in time of sleeping.

29.)

The whispering ceiling cares not
who is by the telephone that ringless
is soon to be ignited into its short spasm
its clitoris jumping onward into the tasks
moments are made of.

40.)

Time devourer of color,
of the plum in good ideas,
is not dissuaded by official sirens.
Like a man in the sack,
it will be pulled back into bookish sleep,
even though the raw, metallic terror
shakes its dreamy self and compels a momentary study
of friendless substance, a corrugated
torture that does tyrannize,
empty at the core, and then fades
into the sleep known as time.

59.)

She stripped on Lake Superior
a young female pulled by the mind
of man towards delicate infamies
which she would renounce way after
she went step by step towards fun
the daughter of the eminent wolf who paid
out huge sums to keep winning
the gumbo he palatially pastes over the country
vistas the Seneca once joyously galloped.

Ted Greenwald:

do
they
worry

no

but

the

brain

is

a

funny

thing

NEW SHIRT

to

face

the

day

hmm

slow

a

little

the

little

pins

making

homes

in

the

nerves

I

on the other hand

look

on

the brain mechanism

A SICKLY GREEN

nerves of childhood
bring out the adult in the doer
the street conjures
moans of odor on the air of the tongue
humid mental processes threaten to rain
as baby-drops already squall
seeds of doubt
push up abundant hithers-and-thithers

BUMPING

a
thought
clicks
a
quarter-turn
to
the
left
a
quarter-hour
later
still
turned
that
a
way

Rando Bottosto:

TYPICAL AMERICAN

In clouds fist patterns
Life
 the kind of past that
Produced science's tight arguments

BRIDGE WASHED-OUT AT THE ABBEY OF CARDINAL RICHLIEU

Flooded pageant of logs & mortals
Frogs counting a lay priest

CONCLUSION

"It
seems
hot
in
here
hibiscus"

some
wake-up
sky
poems
fall
asleep

Paul Hannigan:

WALDEN POND

Everything in Thoreau is measured in roods and acres and poods and ounces. But everything is uttered in months and years and longer periods. This could not possibly be mistaken for dishonesty. One woman has a fleshy vulva and one man has a small penis. It doesn't seem to matter whether they are brother and sister or sister and brother.

Sister spent all morning punching herself in the jaw. There, she wondered, I guess I learned something there.

But brother is sly.

He watched sister and said oh I spent all day plowing this field and that all the fields are the same dear sister.

All the fields are identical barren

Deep frightening even too

contemplate

for a moment.

A NOTE ON PERFECT SPELLING

By spelling each word perfectly the most elementary bond of trust is established between the writer and the reader

And whenever this contract appears to have been broken there is the sign that you mind should wonder

r

CAMBODIEN ASYLUM SOLDIER SONG

I love my country
I cannot live without
my lovely country
and my lovely family

PANTYRAID

When you read a text and find yourself blushing you must
ask the deep question am I being lied to?

Originally Martha took the redundancy as a rhythmic reassurance
that ever thing would remain unaltered during her rein but

later she learned she stood near the base of a fulcrum on which
dumb will was testing itself

the basic politeness of the slave is his or her most obvious
and astonishing mark

IX

Alternation of generations
this wholely unexpected
and totally unfamiliar method

of maintaining the present
came as a surprize to me
and seemed to offer hope

for a way of life
the more anything says
the sicker everything gets of it

right?
right

X

I never meant to touch her much less kiss her
but when the time came my lips touched hers

as easily as they touch my wrist when I cut it with a fork
or my knee when I scraped it chasing her

Bill Corbett:

Shrove Tuesday

Ping! Beverly's timer
reading exercises fit
for a surprising, snowy
second of March. The
consolation being snow
in San Francisco though
70° in Pittsburgh
while in Boston primary
voters brave the elements
cast their ballots

Jackson

Wallace

Udall

Carter

Shriver

Harris

Bayh

Boredom at least one
Disregarding a birthright one
Willing to not bitch
about what happens, well
who knows whose foot
steps mark the new
snow as if talking
to one's wife and friends
is public speech in
this 200th year of
the Republic's life what-
ever start near blizzard
snow makes for March.
Lamb in lion's clothing.

Ash Wednesday

Forty days total
self-indulgence anything
goes except deprivation.
ANYTHING! I abstain
from abstinence abso-
FUCKING-Lute-ly wear the
ash mark to re-
member to wear my
self out a prayer
for no pants on, April.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS
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