

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#37 Jan 1979

editor: Alan Davies

copyright 1979 Alan Davies

works copyright 1979 the authors

correspondence: 689 E 17th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

Published with the cooperation of the Segue Foundation.

---

Kit Robinson:

RUNNING DOGS

The caboose decouples & drops behind the train. It grinds to a halt. I walked up to the brakeman. Coffee black? I asked him. He grinned. That was Illinois. The farmers there had good black soil to work with but prices inflated after the war, small farms had to foreclose, got bought up by the banks. Went blank. But that's going way back. I was going to the store. It was a normal day. Washed up. Pink rim around the gray. Light changed near the end of the day several of us stood on the deck. You will always scratch your knee. You are completely inside what you do. It couldn't be otherwise. He did nothing.

I stopped reading the book. Ground down to level 0. The sea. Four of us alternated night watches. I watched her as she spoke. Do you want this beer? Tomorrow's business is a wash, nothing more, it could come over you with the predictability of decay. Ferns grow from between the tracks. Guttled interiors. Blasted chandeliers, acid indigestion, ducks. Sun affects the photographic surface, the arch. The inside of your arm. Telegraph. Slow notions of paint command the heart. Baleful chicken putty. Dust on the verandah. Lagoons. You gotta fight to live. Let's eat right. Let's call this.

The closet is jammed up with skeletons, can't get the ironing board out. You gotta bone to pick? Are you who you think you are? Take 3 steps back. Take fictitious marbles out of rhetorical mouth. Stand clear. The train brushes past. 5 years later exactly the same situation. You made it all up. Step out of this box, this phonebooth, this box car. Where is the hinge? Nearly bent out of shape. You bet. Have one of mine. Big deal. It's the same all over. Towels in the bathroom. Salt air. Your memory plays tricks on you, senior. My name is Ignacio and I think you have bruises on your neck. If you follow this line you will pay for the package. Slowly they sail along the Levantine coasts. Groans boast excess tape. The time line lies down. Too old for this. Fingers watching TV bleed. I went down to pick a dilly underground

circus, remember little, guess bombs dropped, I wasn't there, just couldn't settle down, not yet born. With a shriek I wrenched the knife from my breast. I wasn't even hurt. Nine times nine rain fell. Plus the tears make 177 liquid bullets in West Texas.

The art of education spindles man's slim deposit. Starting from where she meets the beard a collection agency arrives at tuned intervals. Dots a bundle. Love virtually in the Rhine, soap up & have my alpha voucher-- the tender sisters will have to wait outside planes' (have no windows! Lifts. The personality will have to wait outside the self. Continuous nylon interchange till dying day. Kill the puppet.

A bat's habit is to tan. Miriam's walking on air baffles. Stan's record records stun. Julie's a tough nut. Ward's cracker looks turn on & off. By the way have you seen by the dawn's early times the bar bourbon kings order terrible shots of backhanded history at Steve's honest attempt to break thru. Highly winded's terraced green die. One or many's one question. Name your poison. Backward forward's only reference to a line of work: marbles. One spins out.

White, gray-blue, red-orange, space, a bird, flat-back, only the top, south, 3, dogs running, green, green-gray, desk metal, pause, gives the driver, semi-pause, ranch wagon, yellow, box, bell-blue, Super K, pale, bleach lemon, sky blue, weight. Left to his own devices he estimated but would not budge. Tends to eliminate endings. Time and number cancel to yield space. He said roundly. Your favorite cup of adult fever. Imprisons cuts to study shag and loop. Americans come and go in their jobs. Landscapes ticket.

It's St. Patrick's Day. Why? Because there are no more snakes in the San Francisco Museum of Art. We sit in the refrigeration unit and eat our words, Art, too late for an explanation, probably look like we broke in, here to do poetry unit, rent suits to pick up distinguished artists, what would an explanation look like? Pressure exerted on past. Silk screen? A quiet spell, we watch fireworks courtesy armed federales. Place under windshield. Time to apply for foundation status? I can see a bit of Oakland. Less flies in here than there was. That rattle last night was thin sliced (name of rock) wind chimes against window frame. I recognize how things (on table) are in relation. The coffee is ready to drink. The wind is pushing the branches all one way, green, yellow & gray. This part is to be sung. Part company, part company dismissed. Datona, the cat is my pal. That coffee's going to get cold if I don't drink it soon. My stomach's been feeling a bit fucked up lately. This page should be written with crayons. What color makes you think of happiness. Black. Serious black coffee. 12 OZ. BLACK PEPPER. Five clothespins hang on the line. Oakland's a little brighter, further back. Cool fog air enters. Yellow cotton burnoose hangs from stand up lamp. Every so often it is time to spit. Do you feel this? Terribly preoccupied. Helicopters seek wandering jew in connection with lug nut. Compound interest with numerical analysis part three: phlegm. I hear you talking.

Coastal winds whip the tide, a milky color impossible to photograph. The Inquest, 5¢, behind glass, 3 buffalo, surrounding dead Indian, 2 shaking, one nodding, mechanical heads. Dark haired couple on green slope, he pulls her hip toward him, laughing. Chinese boy on bike rides by says hi, red-orange pennant flying high in back. "Aaaa, my sister's dumb," he tells me. Wind continues history notwithstanding to move leaves whole branches a naturalist's simple pulse. Washington palm branches flap. Now here's a guy lying flat on his back, eyes open tho, head propped up, peering. At the planters. Man and boy carry bikes up stairs. Colder when the sun's behind a cloud. Cycles leave swirls of exhaust to fade into haze before trees pine green and medical complex. Three sit, sun high face and hair, at ease. What talk do they have, what's known, together, by them, there. Unincluded mysteries of religious training lights flint in recollected air. The mind's a hook, "Eeek!", talking pigeons into teaching school. Green worn bench boards. Sun on.

The camera's prepared height the lens uncovered shells scattered then drawn together in a white bandana coffee late afternoon dawn light brought in from the car unfolded on blue table top the smooth one held to a point momentarily jagged crumbles done with facing the window the wall then a basket half open seized tenderly fragile parts of climate hinting gray or white striations across the heart the room too much sleep contains dunked under and voided dreams of bobbing back up wakes bleached and salty half imbedded in drying sand fingers pick up.

A rotting dry dock broke loose from Pier X sways ponderously asphalt glaciare over cordage. Destroyed your notion of circular time. The bridge arcs leisurely to Treasure Island, where the Navy sits like biscuits rising. Helix lattice squeezes. I'll meet you at that marker with the red stripe. Orgones simmer in the mid-section. Shyness is pride times vaulted desire equals mango. Cyn Zarco. Blue T-shirt, white jersey, New Mexico, breakfast at one. How do you do it on TV? Piano dates under the bay.

Objective reality can be said to enjoy an existence only from the point of view of being eaten alive by it. One hydrogen atom per year in a 40 story building would not be observed locally. Suppose the sky is right on earth's surface, same absolute luminosity, temperature one billion degrees. Such a warm environment, with ever increasing numbers of heavier hard ons, not possible at very earliest times, breaks down causality, truly a remarkable piece of detective work. Our total event horizon will recede to final stage of white dwarfs. 50 per cent big bang, 90 percent ultimate collapse: North Pole absorbing more basic question, Pluto even colder, greenhouse effect. A flashlight, sucked up by the hungry universe, to gain energy (be blue-shifted), feeding, filling out, fighting and fucking excitable cells.

Turn of the century musicians pose in situ out of doors in traffic after the ball under western skies before the guns of august made freud advertise speech to bourgeois noteworthies over and out.