

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#5 1.15 May 76

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Ann Kim:

terpin hydrate

long october evenings, a cold bay wind pushes  
a thousand candles across water  
a shrub opens in the sky.  
undone by a tall romance of night, swallows  
craze steep streets, stun themselves  
worse than the watchers on glass balconies.  
then a hundred tiny breaths  
make circles of dark mist windows  
and its time to read celine again and its time  
deep in a chrome yellow couch.

oh, his livingrooms all were leather,  
and his floating hair  
full of lilies of the valley, think,  
but on formal evenings,  
he presented his card, a clear bauble  
like max ophuls left eye,  
then knelt to place a purple rose  
under the heel of my nearly empty heel.  
and many the small psalms of praise, like hands  
everywhere. that touch  
the roof of your mouth

slow ribbons on the chariot

at the movies almost no one  
needs  
anyone.

a monument to the power of emulsions  
and silver nitrate.  
a park appears. hoofbeats flicker past.  
in darkness, margaret lies down.  
in darkness, margaret gets up.  
nothing you do at the movies  
makes margaret sad

floral arranging

for j f-w

gothic candles spill madiera among tulips  
that window  
young leaf life rabid in the woods  
when i cant get to it; i go to sleep.

a hard glass holds water  
always you touch the emotion  
with nails unpainted  
by fatigue

hassle-free heart

vermont hears autumn, still explosions down flags  
of gorges. i want to get some emotions correct but  
an excess of gold babble makes us weak. mutant  
clearances; a stoned jay vanishes down a tunnel of  
percussions, wilds of gelatin unable to contain  
themselves a dog's bark summons a lake back to maroon;  
i shall abdicate all responsibility oh the walks are  
drinking heaps of light again, i want my life  
left out of my life. "now calm down" he said  
"we can do the Now; why theres some long furniture  
back of the barn just sobbing clear names across bridges..."

eucalyptus information

for john wieners

anger is the simple house, has huge hallways  
but no chairs wait there.  
despair has couches  
all covered with dark flowers  
out of which the heart struggles to rise  
towards something owed it  
for ages.

another saga of capricorn, falling towards  
floorboards where the dark red heart  
of the compass says  
there is no direction but down, coastal falls  
to the sea, indestructible water falling over rocks  
onto rocks.

i read your poems because they are  
empty and beautiful  
because they have left all artifice  
out on the street, where it belongs  
because...once in a damp berkeley backyard  
i tore one from a newspaper  
and held it up, a shaking screen of marrow  
against a foggy glare from hills  
of burnt away eucalyptus

Richard Dillon:

from Jai-Alai

11.)

Dung bunnies cruise into sailor's yelps.  
Trawlers yawl over flatulent whales.  
Khayams puffing tits of bhang crack cartoons  
As they ease back into the permanent  
Jacqueline Onassis designed in a frenzy of self  
Perpetuated ziggurat licorice python worship.  
It all happened the way smoke heals.  
You know that smoke heals.  
The heel in the remarks of women against men  
Slunk off into a made in America jazz hit.

16.)

Here, the happiness of cicadas' raving,  
though, beyond the vibrant ash,  
each leaf a flare, reddening,  
cycles, so modern in the rills, crash  
the back country, while beside  
this unfangling truck, a slow creak  
in the gut:  
someone might barge out of that clapboard hut  
with a Remington. "Hello! Hello!"  
I dream. I know thousands of people  
down the ages and not a single name  
pops onto my tongue tip.

30.)

Deeper into slow burn, time is.  
Gets a burp or a perk in a bloke.  
Stare out over our metal desks,  
our boulders, our humping whales,  
and verifiably report that you are at sea,  
a sea where the creatures  
are pumped through with cartoons  
the mechanisms which ring and clack and burr  
like so many costumes:  
for one and the same creature.

31.)

Able to continue our discourse about time  
because it is a constant feature of our remarkable  
tenement, most similiar of all things to air:  
both are invisible,  
needing instruments to get at them,  
both are flammable,  
for it is by them that the world is made  
to flame up and disappear.

32.)

Wings are ticking things, mornings, wrist watch,  
walls, table, clothing, all tick.  
Ticks thrown on the tabula rasa.  
She turns, ticking, and scorns your betrayal:  
you were not where you were supposed to be at that time.  
Time the bulwark of ideological hemorrhoids.  
Time the strange sea.

33.)

When people make competition a habit  
they sit in an easy chair and talk until  
everyone involved is speaking at the top of their lungs.  
Special expressions are developed, usually  
handed down by example through the process  
of monkey see, monkey do. These expressions  
are calculated to make you react in a way  
the person behind them hopes for you.  
A plastic visage out front then, a presence behind.  
All being is constructed this way, human  
being, I mean, minnows scimmer, lions snarl,  
and don't have any double takes about it.

36.)

You cannot make your fire out of someone else's wood,  
in this world, without causing ultimatums  
to be served that promise difficulty if you don't desist,  
back off, and slowly fade, hopefully never to be heard again.  
There is not a single person who will continue to deal with you,  
day after weary day, without you eventually, in fact, soon,  
producing enough of your own jigaboo  
to make it worth their while to keep on with you.

48.)

Crushed entities roam turn out to be real bozos.  
Decide its not so bad as long as they keep moving.  
Smoke but don't take it seriously, anyway,  
Its the wrong smoke.  
What they can't stand they become.  
No dummy any of them.  
Oh a telephone book is a list that has them.  
A list of real jerks, a list what they can't stand,  
A list they keep moving, what they can't stand,  
Don't like to do, but don't take it seriously,  
A list they keep, that crushes, that decides.

Alan Davies:

L'Avventura: Michelangelo Antonioni (Italy, 1912- )

in 1949,  
during the gestation period he became a  
script

"My opinions, my mistakes, that which is most personal in my experiences will convey my message if I am sincere. To be sincere implies making something that is somewhat autobiographical.

above all I like women.

in their environment

Our drama is incommunicability

"My intention...

perhaps  
more beautiful than a line of trees, of which the eye has  
already seen too much.  
For me, I try to say

or rhythms of life

an increased sense of motion forward:  
penetration pre-eminent in  
this sense of forward motion is a conviction

but here he is more purely  
cinematic than ever.

His own advice to deal with subjects that he  
is familiar with has been neglected.

an aura of heightened significance envelops  
normal occurrences.

sex play amid the paper.

The Lady With the Dog; Josef Heifitz (U.S.S.R., 1905- )

one of his most well-known and admired works,  
has a truck driver for a hero.                      subtle and  
melancholy

the tone of the originals.  
originally

thoughts

I go to a place like Captiva. See  
the lovely houses. And want to  
live there. But don't go home and  
make the money to do so.

Two women shopping for light gro-  
ceries. They are my woman and my  
woman's sister.

The bounty of the trip. This some-  
how favorable weight.

Lovely woman in Timmy's Nook. Very  
browned skin. Long blonde hair.  
White sweater under overalls. A  
short face.

Fifty ways to leave your lover.  
Sad. Disconsolate. Elated. Totally  
fucked up. Moist. Still panting.  
Elegant. Sweet and tender. Mad as  
nails. Worried. In suspense. Furi-  
ous. Sick. Weakened. No worse.  
Laughing. Begging you to stay.  
Begging you to go. Unforgettable.  
With no way but. Not understanding.  
As usual. Freaked. Contented. Mo-  
ping. Sweating. Thoughtful. Crying  
again. With red cheeks. Listening  
to the Stones. Just again. Wasted.  
Alone. Wishing you would ask her.  
Undressed. Wretched. Smoking.  
Asleep. Trussed up. With another

woman. Not to return. Spitefully.  
Worn. High. Unbelieving. Turning.  
Gone already herself. Gladly.  
Speaking. Not on time.

An advance is an advance in style.

I could do a much better job of  
running my life in such a place.

SOS

Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover

How much weather to accumulate in  
the body before it writes it out.  
Rain shoving hands over the page.

My hand in your way?  
No.

The fact a total conversation  
can be this brief displays complex-  
ity.

A long trip with people changes me  
greatly. With Danny & Philip &  
Margaret & Donald to Florida. With  
Becky & Danny to Georgia. To Cali-  
fornia with Glenn & Harvey & Loida  
& Claire & Karen. Trips with family  
some, or becky. This trip.

Can't sleep much. Too busy thinking  
my way through my life.

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Object all my life of recrimination  
and blame, I'm beginning to wish to  
be alone. Force repeatedly, from  
mother teachers friends, their  
idea of what's right.

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Island leaning from the sound out  
to the gulf. Held by breeze. Peli-

cans moistening the sky with black.  
Open the eye to feeling. The light  
waste; harmless dark. Out the road  
trees left, then beach and surf.  
Mild the natural manner. Quick to  
the beach, forgetting to pity the  
brief visit. Lurid the sad memories,  
best laid by. Scout lone places.  
Carry out the light place.

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Memory a waste use for event.

Sanibel/Captiva Is. to Dorchester  
36hr. car trip Jan 31 Feb 1 76

NYC Feb 17 --  
Mar 28 Boston

DUCHAMP

He still would be alive. If it's raining it's  
doing it quietly. Not being good at something  
a clear position. A whole conversation this  
time of year. The work.-Still what does it  
say.-How much or how little. That was just a  
short story that I wrote. No new work work.  
Does it make it any less painful. What's the  
subject. Hoard the memory the waves. Score a  
vertical murmur. Boards easels pictures.  
Thrown out by itself toward the poverty of the  
world. There doesn't seem to be a time of day.  
Do it to me. A constabulary of portraits if I  
can do so without compelling reasons. I like  
it that you're not circumcised she said. The  
defrocked status of his own sainthood. Power  
now is high-wire power. Long ornate prose  
work. She's a man. Everyone devises their own  
play therapy. Frontier



Rando Bottosto:

NOTHING POEM

stacked like Mennonite

IT'S NOT A BELL

flannel claw

CHROMOSOMES

chick-a-saw

MURMURED BACKGROUND CHANT FOR A DRAG QUEEN

Snake with dress raised  
Slowly making your body a new creature  
Snow fluid &  
Clam giving into custody  
A threat  
Top of the circle is whiter  
Nusoft album  
Parquet Pusane  
Don't hesitate  
The slip marks are gone

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

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