

A Hundred Posters

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Ted Greenwald:

MOONLIGHT FLOODED

moonlight flooded

the sunlit room

the lip of the plant

hovered on the window

and drooled

a green

the night wiped

under the lip

and began the construction

of a fine chin

the plant turned, saw me,

went up in smoke

in a beautiful state

CLOUDS FILL

clouds fill
with vitamins
the charge the window
of attention brings via eyes
warms back of the head
the brain the hand
fills personally with a cup
holding, itself like a hand,
a warm liquid to greet the new
a work fills a space like
the foot in show
kicking the joy in air
and stubbing

YOU

you're looking forward
to something, and your faces
show it, something!
I stand over the smoke
entranced with your look
the beauty of your skin,
how much I love you
do I feel as much
if you were or when you
are ugly a slight turn
to the right makes me wonder

Charles Bernstein:

Everyone looks & someone else & they keep striking me & then the mistake, a memory of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a sideways look, a color of hair & thrust back into solitariness. A consciousness solitary in the way it insists on forming the borders around signs, hovering abt an event, constituting and reconstituting its meaning. All of a moment the ashtrays become my whole life pounding, crystal, a violet light intersects the page where i imagine it. A letter proclaiming its restoration & a majesty at last to relax for everyone. "They shut me out" Barbara was saying, the door closing in front of her "& you were the only one i could talk to." Maybe they wld remain friends but more likely a drift, reading the newspaper, filling out the shopping list, & finally it wld arrive, without any formal decision, another abrasion of surface. "Was less a..." & groping to put the subways & the hospitals in a perspective, or look a different way. Several yrs at least wld transpire. "I am a great BallErInA: PavLOvA, BaRySHniKoV, oUSpeNSkAYa--none have my air of absence."

Now she folded she called and was told to unwind
she asked and was warmed.

I didn't want to. Please let me know. Let me
show you. Please let me know you.

It couldn't last.

No time. Here it begins only in the relation. "The imitators of Mondrian
don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. It's whether you're
with us or not & there's nothing you can do to influence that." The
three rows of tulips were lined nicely amidst the yard. A brief rest.
A moment's solace. Weirdness. Trying, trying, trying: continually the
fool...."It's pouring & the subway walls are leaking & no one is paying
any attention & I get so tired of it." It, it. No word or all words: just
two stops ahead. Several universes. "Better to look to Larry Poons than
Eugen Gomringer." Wherever, the brigade sailed in total array, a
whiteness unlike the face held in any other. This was twisting. A turning
within. Sand.

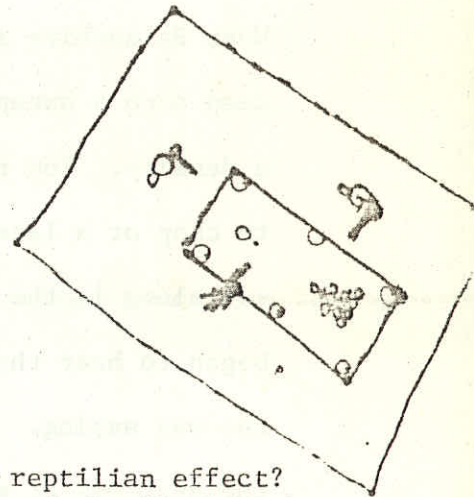
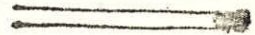
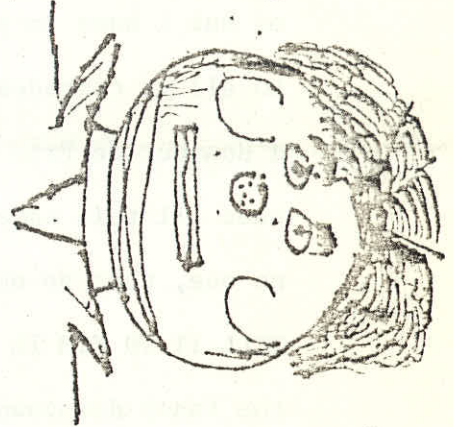
I figured it out. I expected all of a sudden for President DeGualle to come out from the woodwork & say--Mr Charles--you don t know me but i want to present you with five tons of dmt to distribute to all yr comrades. &, for notable service, the medal of the Legion d'Honneur de Prix Romain. I had scarcely started in the trade when all this came up. JB, TG, BA, PV--& yet i felt i was meeting no one, that no one cared a tinker's wink for what i was up to. TELL IT TO KIM IL SUN. I became immediately a leper imitator. Not the fancy downtown type but a more sporty out & out colored set. They had difficulty conjoining it for me. I sent them all letters. Even MA. SC. All my peers in the world of dance. I am a great ballerina. When Balanchine saw me he sd, i can't remember exactly, "i ve never seen such a sweep, such flow of movement, combined with so enormous a density. You re sheer bulk floors me." Here the voice began to chop or a least blend. The violins that had been playing all along in the background increased their volume or at least i began to hear them more distinctly until i cldnt hear a single work she was saying. "Type it up" or something like that. I could hear the sputters of my heart.

Richard Dillon:

Yeats on Pound

I ask William Yeats in a dream about the strange case of Ezra Pound. Yeats replies that Pound's case is indeed difficult. It is as a peacock wrestling with a pig. It is as the shadow of a peacock wrestling with the shadow of a pig.

you'll see me from your party
beside a pool table, solitary, running
dozens, making banks beyond geometry.
So, I am stout, it makes for a steady hand
as the cue ball rolls like a tank and claps
the shot home. When I seek election,
I'll get more votes than you'd suppose.
Wherever you are take a look: I'm in the library,
far from the drinks and the jazz; I'm in the union,
stoned kids troop by me silly; in Harlem,
hearyset still. I, alone do what I've always done
quite well: to take those freshly racked balls,
& with muscled arm hid by what you call fat,
break them clean, so w/ a single shot all go home.



Silver Buzz

Under anesthesia why not note the reptilian effect?
These spots you see are the scales of the Black Mambu,
Mr. Two Step the g.i.'s called him in Vietnam:
Take two steps, you're dead. Yes, all the events
of your life have conspired, Black Mambu
has entered your final dreaming synapse,
his silver snare, his diamond collage, has got you.

An ant crisscrosses the cracks, finding invariably the easiest way
to get around in circles. A single rose at the tip of its barbed stem
sits in our shadowed retreat, a walled garden

overhead, a motoring helicopter

Suddenly, old
age, how well our hands move for a glass of water!

In Mongolia, the master had it down so pat
he could, at 101,
make his way towards a granite garden house,
while the press of England and Japan looked on.
A quick bow, in he stepped, the stone door shut,
and voila, nada!

Commands in numerical terminology are, of course, crackling over the radio
of that helicopter

its pilot, a blonde
in black lipstick and silk scarf
notes us as but ants
mere dots among clods,
or, better clods among dots,
antdots
milling among clods

her heli shadow flashes our lawn
/ A marvelous, murderous
newspaper thunks the stoop

Consider the cumuli,
how they are what we always turn to for any stimulus to attain ease,
how they compliment so adeptly the gulls' skwa to titbirds' chit,
how, since our earliest moment in this world, kids in shorts by downspouts,
the massive tiered clouds have been where we've most enjoyed coptering to

before moving, by commandment it seems,
say, for almost anything,

a glass of water

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Other Publications
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Boulder, Colorado