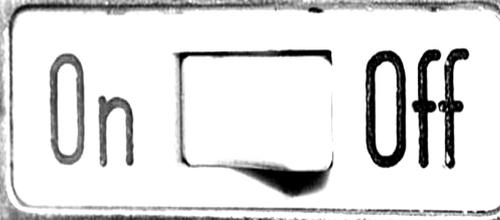


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● switch blade
(stock-still skeletons
are looking out for Edison's guests)



A.P.G.

switch blade

(stock-still skeletons are looking out
for Edison's guests)

switch blade

(stock-still skeletons are looking out for Edison's guests)

And when the hectic
light leaches upward into rolls of dark cloud,
there will no longer be a contrast between thinking
and daily living.

—John Ashbery

a spring of bubbles an interrogation;

ballroom filled with children & casual uneasiness;

more things to react to!

flashes seal on the plate a negative image of the world as a world as
a smolder

eyes arose rosy-eyed ah yes eyes a rose faster than i can

risen eyes can open up ah yes it's a new stage made by endless pulses

and eyes that rose can

sea glow.

step out of the dark and the lights: introduction corridor

strike match to healing, possibly apply;

eyes arising near this rose.

once should be all the monster you need.

a frowning world dictators in among the dayglow your coma is finding the
dead. finding? where? misused quotes

miscued maybe as yellow yellow palestine

(computer anger

is the new television)

it's a tripwire kaleidoscope
filamental pendulum bulbous or, helloooooo
your burkha is waving
the children are glowing seizure! are you dancing?
the light's always off, but the fan remains on
the light's always off, among the fruitful thumbs
and the wedding frown when i wore contacts ... holy grail of bulbs!
they're an incredible but humble log cabin
& more things moored things! to react to.

i saw wood with holes i smell electricity in the floor for heating.
they slid on shiny.
the sun is reading my lamp
too many became dimmers
not as dreamers:
flipped, flipped out. flipped on & off. flipped acey D.C.
a microscan for invading not only a landmark but an afterimage
amid dayglow rioting
people wear badges with entranced burns.
the light depends on the dark & the dark depends on bright
to replace every switch with a pair is an impracticability
eyes arose rosy-eyed.
flinch where you can in a vampiric sun.

the molecular mechanism of a biological switch recently announced is 10X
processor rooms, new conceptual floor plan plus with minus a switch
and candles even in the dark, hiding, set to enliven or animate a dread,
every time i pass me its the other one Lucite with a death mask
& sometimes a cigar is just on backwards, like writing
florescent erector set of the column stunning, it hovers.
more things to react to
slow-motion flashes make me voyeurism
it's almost impossible to tell where the light's coming from

with all due respect, your skeleton is showing,
but if you put your hands over eyes
when entering a brighter room
you'll get used to the darkness quicker. over here!
shine the flashlight over here!
i've found the body!
it melted into the card-playing
mindful of dualism 7 paces
turn and hoot
linkage says it's possible
but not with my grimy hands!

disco sections
octopus birth
chests, birds and shells
a skeletal nation an unlooking nation
a spiffed-up untopia
a some-topia
hang-topia
whirl up
graduation
oh, her?
fluorescing
bump
blind
a rest
and revolve it didn't speak mask, romp
Edison's guest:
a cold sky, for sad-ill-lights,
lash-invaders from beyond the wall.

me, I'm voice activated, he said
black light's not black
old iron's lit up, to be plastic unwind as unhooked
not only a "see" disaster, but an afterimage.
ferris wheel originally designed as a public execution device
for small groups playing much larger crowds
now makes iron
as ironic reference to small cardboard containers
used to collect parts not strings line air
like an unliving room
too dim
not, collect the parts, not
my grimy hands.

waltz around a space with unfinished gripping
to flow thru a red winking an ionized session
a line of lights to sing praises (mazes, defensive)
to the gods candles announce unfree. I feel that if
we believe in goblins and spooks e-mail will light up my life
like a CIA with job ads and understatement who's blamable?
I live like no system a state with no switches
with all due respect your italics are showing ...
dead birds get folded into the future like a pupa.

the columns that support Western
civ are as diaphanous as shower
curtains hanging in the form of s-words
over r heads
and so
when time took a branching we ended
up inside a different bubble with words
to spin these cocoons all motion
is movement toward bringing into fruition.

eyes arise rosy-eyed ah yes
eyes a rose faster than I can.
rise, eyes can open up: yes ...
rows of vice. blinked & missed

sometimes a cigar is just a darkness smoldering.
sequins hover on backward like writing on
your arm with a glow-stick your coma
is finding the dead, stunning hovering
first street on the left: reality's contained
inside the cowboy music coming from the
TV inside your eye joy in pain lochness absence
empire being time the light's always off, but the fan remains
own grit between heaven and hell notwithstanding.
the source of light isn't clear because you need
light to render it clear under enriched
strategies. once should be all the monster you need.
i've got a map
Elvis? .. Elvis. burnished gift of myths at a word
or telemic aids. only the flicker, the broadcasts
when the troops and the missiles
go marching in

sparks float their shadows i saw wood with holes
whirl up
gradations
bump blind
statue empty
gravel
oh listen to the night
rough fluid mystic cat
suspended not seen cache the surprised fish in its net

where's there?

wink

revolve

scroll

vita gift complement

flickers and spill if you twirled right here as a scavenger

does not illuminate

scroll

my monotype loves me

monsters in a can

provoke

armando

ego nature

meters

sensor

phototypic

conceal

all the curators are technologically existent in the series reflection

four screws enter your chest allowing plates front and back to surround the heart coupling it to a sensitive sensing of come creamy fantasy that makes of it a privilege to have the option of being switched off as in flipped a double agent tape every divided year

this many options, elements in the eye which respond to light, dark clouds over named components, flipped, meeting for a moment of spark and lure and it comes again but more steadily until nearly touching prolonging and lights stop or tremble and die

as opposed to bringing scandal to light what say we go somewhere private
to laser through like the grid of differentia losing myself in the parts here or
there but if i have no anti-particle, by your light to set on fire in any dim, or
those floating glows leading past an uncertain.

twitch to my switch, i'll tie you up
or you tie me? a nine-way tie tightened
and it chokes all the shimmer
I have two birds nestled in my heart, floating in
the middle of the lake, the middle of the road,
as big as a shed but looking like a tiny glass house
and a cold sky,
in america's dairyland in winter

there are huge motions like evidence of hypocrisy
& walking in time is like trembling in the light,
an illicit dimension
as if a clock in the dark:
right here drenching and a hand held out ;

striking sometimes as backward writing;
the boulevard questions my having a shadow that
people disappear into just as if
a shadow is a show

but we're unable to reach you
because of conscious neural interference
lack of light is matter not energy
voices on the back stairs hang solitude.

flick it 5 times as a signal
to anyone who's watching.
now a gloomy exterior.
ectoplasmic lava teases some lipsticked sun :
pooling our blackened luminosity,
bowling balls emerge
and spider over an unexamining people

are you dancing? breathing-lite has fewer calories
& fewer galleries and a home plastered with waiting.
forward in adverse city. cones to the Pompidou
semi-semi-circles as converse, shapes no one notices
you can see them
a line becoming a cone like a sequence
a spirit becoming a moment's blackout,
every tunnel begins in a mind
and ends as one incomplete thought.
many facets perhaps not ours

my monotype loves me
the dismembered watch TV;
a small blue television is captivating;
& Tom Edison watches himself on the screen;
TV actualizing the silliness from our ghost nontypes;
the old blue is the old blues fiddle with a dial tone.
and:
your skulls formed out of creepoid candles
were right there when we smashed yr computer

once should be all the monster fear (and
scurrying down deep into your self)
that you need.

I see the radiance coming from our digital void
that's had its head smashed in;
only syntax can make the seasons
pour out of the window like a flooding water

the glimmering spark is formed toward advertising
in this, in that, a grown paw
flickering unlinking uncoupling.
the muse oh flopped between areas with pinpoint
between me & this work reversed science fiction
four example, five several hundred dollars of acrylic
of acidic

a chalice lightens up the grim jokes of his wholliness
just rip our the pocket and now you've made a filter.
is that like your hollow convexity?
gifts imply commodity-musics installed a sheen of not-knowing
parked & stalled, gifts are things without meaning,
and with less light out in the hallway
with a train whisperer, finding that cell phone ownership glows
where they write,
where things that are spilled have luster,
this is part invention but it's not as freaky
as a phosphorescent chain-gang chant, heavy to duty
look! the leaving become pure!

flipped ! the eternal flame of primitive peoples
is served for a cafeteria brunch.
hands lit
actions pronounced
hands unlit
smoke and mirrors that didn't arrive
a button but just one cable box so must be a
remote toggle-key of some sort
at the end to go off with?
at the end to go on with?
on the end to go out with? out? with the end?
to go off? how? them, they're voiceless, inactivated,
charmed by a scene. more of you are
useable than you think, dancing as a sterile
display in the abode the abandoned dwelling
like a family with a fuse
grilled by having no reason. and a question mark! ?
it can be sold with neon
during the grist-missed shopping seize-on
approximations of covering up your head are dazzling,
a swing that they have
with many tiny illuminations covering it
Rimbaud with a closed language
laser-skimming,
like bashing the bashful

the prototype is alternating, current but ancient,
and flows over the partygoers like minds with severance.
each control is set separately
and an alarm tells you when
the camera flashes have
outpaced a framed moment.
turn the knob: risk looking

release the lever, and press down on the pedal:

eyes arise rosy-eyed
faces are fitted into disappearing
the way projection
is forgotten inside a film
& eyes a rose faster than I can.
rise, eyes can open up: yes ...
or maybe.
caught in a glitter we threw
against the wall.
getting caught in a vise of light

watershed theory debunked
with lenses and lenses
like insomnia pushed out of bed
a drunk guy: how was the brilliant hanging?
a made thing but floating not gossamer
i have that nearness
where they set the strobe to blinking out
back and silence gets you
just like a dollar bill
torn in half.

a sky-scraping sudden lash,
the glitz is there
streaming forward for sometime.
when the electric chair did its thing there
were sparks and they threw up their arms in america

to donate a throttled iskra to the thesis.
constituent parts include using the beam to
ride from one phone booth to the other twisting
into missed shape

& you just got a message that yr spider called

it's a system for churning money oddments.
the ones that are just selling bits of torn reflecting wrapping, liked it
and would like to keep it i don't, and i don't
flipped! a message from your scary godmother
four screws entered the cellblock
carrying electric torches a sparkler
to burn out in the can written high on the wall
a lock to walk thru there's a bar here babe
have a look-see
i'm afraid of mushrooms, and so i couldn't come tonight

with all due respect
a flame is never noticed
what you've never been able to find
is combing the dead.
more things to react to!
once should be all the monster that you need.
a conflagration at the push. without buttons
& a muted hub, like with sobbing in soot. but...

but i have no anti-particle

a moment of illumination—
and then i'm a whirlpool of questions

— A.P.G.

switchblade

is a poem in response/ extrapolation and divergent reflection on the theme and the show called The Reincarnation of Switch taking place at eyedrum October 1st through November 5th, 2005. This performance being just one part of the busiest month in eyedrum's history as well as one of the most cohesive and inter-related shows ever. The Atlanta Poets Group took notes in the dark and glow of the gallery to build a poem to perform on Friday November 4th at which event copies of this chapbook made their premiere as well.

Contributing APG poets to this chapbook are Zac Denton, Tracey Gagné, Dana Lisa Petersen, John Lowther, Mark Prejsnar and Randy Prunty.

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