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excerpt from *Iovis III: Colors in the Mechanism of Concealment* (in progress)

**G SPOT**

*direction implies a vector.*

*Stopgap,*

*point of return is a typology meant to be surrounded by noise. You may kiss the icon without it seeing you but it will feel that breath, those tentative heavens. Will it? In subjectivity it wills itself erotically. Something sort of hushed and holy, or? The punctum as in "he pricked me". Never tame the spot its scandal, its woman tyranny. A little death is quaint erotics. A lecture mode as the hero speaking to his charioteer? On this spot "I" will achieve liberation. On this spot I will stake my claim to be not reality cheated in art. I will unfasten the animal skin, revoke the covering of leaves. I will keep the most somnolent awake, and invoke Rudra the Howler with his toxic arrows, and Empu the Sage riding on a deer or crossing the water on the leaf of a Keluwih tree. They will watch me strip down and will pay heartily. And the female ones of Tambakredia, those Rita Hayworths, will join in. Cape Canaveral is the coast from which to decimate these mudras, tableau vivants, strolling against a backdrop of missiles, trajectories - ever on alert. Vanquish. Save the object. A stubborn childish pleasure, failure of domination.*

what are they?  
figures  
and what do they do?  
they walk  
and then they settle

I was trying to be exact  
vantage from the shore  
or a piece of the action  
behind pubic bone

getting a boost from  
earth's rotation  
& on the move again  
they walk

like soldiers sorry for battle

they point at the horizon

then place a hand at heart

they bow  
and then they settle  
what are they thinking?

maybe like missionaries

and settle again  
that spot  
again

(grammar always & retroactively installed  
indeterminate frequency for the haul the battle the conquest of space)

conversion?

Obligatory

manifest?

Halt.

Fire.

Lift off.

our destiny

“rituals produce subjects”

figures,  
restless  
in aspiration  
mount Mars  
stop and move  
move again or  
in tracks

dead.

empirically or socially given

for a voyage to Saturn?

a body

owes its life to another:

or Jupiter

a body

target as double bind

something is “over”  
but never degraded in its rings

come again Jupiter  
come again

the mate/de-mate device is activated  
& she is swimming toward me now  
wireless or testifying witness

jury out on planet waves

baring her naked breast

not quite mermaid in her climate change

*& the 11 storey device  
removes the orbiter  
on a 747  
usually around midnight  
when the winds are most calm  
& we can't sleep*

she is most lovely like this  
in anticipation

and he with his names

“Redstone”, “Jupiter”, “Pershing”

“Polaris”, “Thor”, “Atlas”

*hand and hand we walk down missile row*

a love affair which is in  
pure Keplerian orbit  
and an erogenous zone surrounds the urethra

she is amused and he keeps naming

“Stratofortress”

“Hustler”

“Banshee”

“Phantom”

“Stargazer”

“Hercules”

Demon

Deftword, Swift Creek &

Weeden cultures come back here to  
reconstitute you memory

a spot in the middle of water

set off from the mainland push  
and a body like the name of a temple derived from the  
phrase

“the work can be done”

irrigation

as in Pura Sidakarya

Turtle Island also a source for holy water

a name derived from the verb “sirat”  
meaning *to sprinkle water*

offering of wolf or panther  
teeth keep by my side always  
and porpoise teeth

panpipes always at the ready

bifacial knives by my side

as stripper  
offers up  
her night  
wares

a promise of microgravity’s many propensities ensues

where exploration’s a middle name

*go there often, the Bottom's Up strip joint, just down the road. wonder the stories behind the stories in subtexts' hard scrabble lives. can't just be seedy need. or bead of needy eye. compare with stripper' lives in Thailand's red lit Patpong district. Tambakredia, take me back. document these" natives". sex trade has its own needs need not be seedy need and no one's ever seedy all about the money. "just a waitress tits and naked flare. & like to dance with eyes on me." how much to repeat that number? "slow tonight, it's anything you want. drink? "denizens of place: ancient transvestite barbara bush far from home ... and you have to wonder not being a true barbara bush what is the fancy or fantasy of travesty. a chest of falsies, like multi-tit gorgon. o barbara, you fucking racist! sailors from the space center... cars crashing against each other in the broad light. they play the anthem there and Wake Up Little Susie. one guy comes in late blind but tells the waiter he tastes the grind in sound. says turning to me:*

body parts  
what do they signify?

born in a blast eyes blinded  
14 billion years ago

geology's membrane

*[g spot elusive like eclipse  
g spot intimidates the doctor*

or genie trapped in the bottle

presses on

stippled of need

a statue looks frozen in outer space  
til she shatters

local occasion of the universe?

[G spot don't you realize you are a