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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 heaves. 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