

CHAPTER EIGHT

ITEM EYES

Men hate sex, you know what I mean? They want it over with quick. Once they come in you, they disdain you. The receptacles that receive their effluents they consider filthy simply because they have been slimed by the essence of procreation. Men hate sex because it weakens them physically when they ejaculate. They hate sex because they insist on seeing the world as a series of power tiers where people relate to one another strictly through roles played to achieve advantages.

What can the person hooked into achievement hope to gain through sexual intercourse?

To convey what goes on when two people touch requires a dive from the high rock of the erotic into the piscine depths of esoterica. For instance, we can say that he entered her gently, profoundly touching her inner sensibilities. Or we can say, he fucked her. Or we can say that a particularly refined biological protrusion permeated a folded flower like skin encased enclosure. Or we can say two people attempted the difficult art of making love. And so on. What we say may or may not have anything to do with what happened. We may call something entirely out of context. We may be fucking and calling it making love. Maybe we do this because we think that someone else will like us better if we call fucking making love. We may think that someone will think we're cooler if we call genital merging fucking. We may think the new name will cover our shame. We may hope that renaming can change actuality, that by calling something some other thing we can in fact transform its substance.

There is indeed power in words, in language. There is power in thought, desire, will and wishing. But there is also power in the body. This body holds within itself more than history. This body goes back further than time, extends her formal memory back to before carbon. When my body delves into her energy memory, the library inside my cells, then she can connect with, feel herself an aspect of, the imagination of life.

Things are built on correlates falsely derived from the misnaming of origins and actualities fall down. Then people blame themselves or each other for the destruction of their dreams, the destitution of events, forgetting that, in fact, we cannot build a bridge across that river if the banks are unstable. If information is power, misinformation is a virus. Remember that Disney movie where Merlin turns himself into a virus to win his shape changing battle with that funky witch? We are subtle energies manifest. Life is synonymous with learning. When we lie and cheat and prevaricate our learning is hampered, subtleties doubt their own existence truth is obviated by masquerading as circumstances beyond our control. Built on sand, the bridge slides. Not only do we lie to ourselves about

measurements, definitions, possibilities and structures, we make ourselves ridiculous with our lack of respect for our own natures, our intrinsic value, our innate intelligence. We make fools of ourselves trying to be clever when we have before us the invitation to dance.

Women are well schooled in the arts and disciplines of failure. We deal bravely. Loss is not our middle name, we begin with woe. Misnamed, we live down to our false names. We are controlled by the labels we find sewn all over our clothes. Women can't get it right because we think we are empty, merely anticipatory, receivers of life's potential. Unable to actualize, we are impotent even our own existences.

Men have defined success to make it easy or at least possible for them to achieve it. Success, like progress, is the act of getting somewhere that is elsewhere from wherever we are now. Achieving requires a belief that there is something to achieve.

I'm empty. I crave more emptiness. I am filled with a seedfull fecund void. I feel within myself the source of life percolating. I can access any of a thousand seeds and create universe of possibility.

When I feel empty I blame it on some guy who disappeared, who withdrew too soon, who left me saying I tried to kill him, I suffocated him, nearly drowned him with tears, PMS, blood and water, fatigue, enveloped him til he didn't know if he was dreaming or drowning. Empty is bad.

Rhythms of insanity plunge me deeper into the core of myself.