

Invocation

We had walked the world, sheathed. My flesh was throbbing, muscles sleek. One of us proposed a game of slinking from one tree to the next, like a mink, but I was too much a predator.

One of us went inside; two remained. Space was sharp, uncertain. Words cluttered the searing air, softening it, while in the background his fingers gripped and grasped my shoulders. I sliced the confused winds, struggling forth from my bowels into the crested magnanimity of male sensuality. I smelled him, I felt the thickness, the cords, the throbbing life, the curved convolutions of his existence. He felt into mine, and I felt him there.

We found our legs. We activated them. They dug deep into the Earth, supporting us as worlds, vast and expansive, thick and eternal. We linked head to head and bowed to the ground, violently assembling soil and twigs into a pyramid. My intent was broken, shocked into beauty, by his smashing hands and bellowed roar as he destroyed it, with vicious lust, and snapped us both into a new freedom.

We were amongst the trees, below the porch, rugged and laced with leaves and soil. His wife emerged, faintly glowing and rich with the essence of the indoors, for a dip in the hot tub. We waved and called from below with joy and love. Our gazes turned towards the house, the front entirely glass, and with the aid of our voices they intertwined until I felt his eyes penetrating my universe, my eyes cascading across his. The lights were on, and every two-dimensional image of an idyllic home that our minds, in secret, had sadly paraded through when our eyes were fuzzed was wiped in an instant by the fleshy presence of God: two floors, warmly lit. Bustling kitchen activity, softly rising with an occasional wave of laughter. One of us spread on the floor painting watercolors, finished prints scattered around him; now another of us joining. Upstairs, one of us playing on the rings with a slow, thoroughbred curiosity for the mesmerizing existence of her body. Surrounded by quiet pine trees. Arms slung across each other's shoulders, the quiet intimacy of joint experience - a universe-sized solidity accumulated by a cascade of infinite micro-togethernesses, those transient moments - gone before they've finished manifesting - which hold the bulk of life, of meaning, of everything three-dimensional before which the hazy petulances, the monumental Reichs, the screaming pleas for Attention that reverberate through empty halls fade to a wisp of air, a whiff of acrid incense, crowded out by the chaotic whirlwinds of accumulating dishes spreading their wings across the table inside, of enlivened faces intertwined. Everything returned to the cosmic, the microcosmic, the *detailed*, the unadulterated, the *here-with-our-bones* is-ness that is, and we stood as brothers, enveloped, in this moment, in the kaleidoscopic unity of the embedded primal.

1. Confuse not the sensual with the sexual. This is how you are re-eaten.
2. The Embedded Primal can never be Grasped by Humanity. In the attempt, it will destroy the carrier shells of those who Grasped for it, pounding into them deliriously, giving birth to itself, and making of its Graspers the living essence of God.
3. Fear not for chaos, as in the kind already silkily infused into everything once the signifiers pop, as in the kind at the indeterminate end of a dream's lived physicality. The Embedded Primal is an Order, made sharper and deeper by chaos.

4. The Goal is ripped from the sky and spread with caressing hands as fertilizer into the soil of the ongoing present. The driving purpose is to live, within the reality of Being, into the fullness of our human existence. The manifested Aesthetic, the extending emergence of an encompassing structure, and the propagating infusion into the surrounding physical and social world are natural and necessary side-effects. In this sense, the Embedded Primal is civilizational.
5. The Embedded Primal is lived and living. There are no precedents. There are guides, weaving together in a gnarled web stretched across time and space, rooting us in the soil and pulling our chest upwards as the wild primacy of the unspeakable energy coursing through our flesh and thickening the sky in lashing winds by the cliffs snaps alive our penetrated eyes. In this sense, it is historical.
6. The Embedded Primal is a *confluence*, requiring structure to stabilize. In this sense, it is religious.

The fondlings and fumbings characteristic of today's generic blueprints for anything of a thrusting quality are irrelevant. We exist, with awareness of each other, lightly touching into each other's universes. We gather, in the idiosyncrasies of our manifested nature, and without the premature weight of formality. The rest comes after.

Our thrust has interiority. Devotion to a purely external thrust is a circular paradox, an illusion. Our thrust emerges from the longing, the urge, the lust to live in the felt sense of God, to live in the depths of our presence, to live in the thick, gnarly reality of communion with each other and the world around us. Within this interior thrust, there will always emerge an outward flow of love, from which a genuine external thrust can flower into visceral ripeness.

Join us.