

*Purple beyond purple
searing blue beyond blue:
it is the unexpected surge
through the chromatograph cable;
it is the division-multiplexed light
speeding through the erbium-doped fiber
downrange a thousand years.
It is an odor in the
Spacecraft Environmental Control System
oxygen loop.
It is a continuously live
microphone that could not be turned off by the crew.*

*Whether combined systems tests were begun
in deference to
or defiance of
the pall of death that silently suffused
the megatechnics of Pad34,
none could tell.*

*The Unit
was defective, ruptured, the vector
of its tendencies thwarted, even though
everyone was meticulous in all observations
pertaining to their collective Will.
No hope in any action.*

I await you in the City of the Pyramids,

*familiar with these communication systems.
I await you on Cydonia's blasted plain,
longing to return to the White Room.
I await you amid the six and fifty,
the 8 and 73,
ready for the Plugs-Out Test of
her naked splendour and her secret ardours.
There, display yourself to our lady;
dedicate your organs to her;
display your mind to her;
despatch your soul to her;
for she shall absorb you.
The flames will rise vertically and then spread,
fearless beneath the stars, where we try to
take our fill of love.*

*Mounted above the acceleration couch,
the colour of
the teflon netting is dull, obstructive.
On the biometrics loop,
a hymn to the Unnamed One
is clouded and meager
in the unrelenting static
in their headsets.*

*Here! Here were the bent umbilical pins.
Here was a failure in fuel-cell inverter,
another in the oxygen regulator.
Here was an undetected spillage,
a corrosion of connectors.
Here none could breathe the light of
the chance of union, for the pain*

of division was all.

Behold the Voyager:

*In his left hand, the sign of innocence,
the winged globe and three small disks
of beryllium reflecting the
luminescent green of the instrument panels.*

*Star & star, system & system:
a disciplined man-machine ecstasy
for the regeneration of the world.
Ah, apostle of infinite space!*

*And in his right, open design change orders,
various malfunctions (bitter is their sting!),
numerous deferrals to a later date.
6 recorded instances of water/glycol spillage,
corrosion among you and between any one thing.
113 significant Engineering Orders not accomplished at the time
of delivery.
623 released subsequent to delivery.
22 not recorded in configuration records.*

Divide, add, multiply, and understand.

*Oh, grim mockery!
The final manned test in the altitude
chamber was very successful,
with all systems nominal:
It seemed as if the rose was in our breast,*

*as if those wondrous orbs voluptuous
would bend upon us all unearthly bright
as we rode the screaming flame
to touch the very loins of Luna;
As if the Queen of Space Herself
was bending down,
a lambent flame of blue, all-touching,
all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the
black earth, & her lithe body arched for love!*

*System verification is performed, an abbreviated final
countdown conducted as we approach the
four gates of the one palace; the
lazuli & jasper are there, as are all the rare scents.
To verify no electrical interference
at the time of umbilical disconnect,
her eyes shall burn with her love-chant,
you the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!
For your mouth is red,
your breasts are fair,
and your loins are full of fire.*

*To verify unaided emergency egress procedures,
argue not; equivocate not; delegate not over much!
She shall achieve a secret glory for them
that complained about the flight units
during CCFF on the EMU,
from the RCU to the PLSS.
For he is ever a sun, and she a moon;
he a conical contact pin, and
she a rotational polarizer.*

*I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge &
minor technical changes.*

*I am alone:
there is no comforting
operational tone where I am.
The unveiling of the company of heaven
around the eastern limb of the Moon
will ensure a good signal.
But be ready to fly or to smite!*

*Enough of Because!
These are dead, these fellows;
they feel the sync pulses
burn upon their brows.
They feel a vague irritation
on the lower sternal electrode placement site.*

*Communication difficulties are encountered;
There is division hither homeward.
There is an effort to isolate the comm system
problem with mantras and spells.*

*There are no voice
transmissions from their threefold world;
they are closed in the locked chamber,
proof against self where the exposure of innocence is
all penetrant.
Among you, indications of movement.
Within your bowels, a delicious languor of force and fire.*

*Between you,
the electrocardiogram indicates some muscular
activity for several seconds.*

*Above you,
as if caressed by magnificent beasts of women,
brushing and tapping noises
indicate a chance of union,
a delicacy four hundred & eighteen.*

*Beside you, invisible,
I am as a babe in an egg.
Beneath you, the winged secret flame
smolders.*

*The sun of midnight is ever glorious,
compassionate and tender.
I am the flame that burns in every heart,
so that my light is in you, and
your light in me.
This is a calling forth
of the flame of all hearts,
a serpent flame, secretly coiled about,
infinite & unknown;
for in my coiling there is joy, ardour,
and the omnipresence of my body.
If I lift up my wings, and arouse this coiled splendour,
it shall be our Child,
crowned and conquering.*

*I am above you and in you,
transmitted earlier
when the Command Pilot is known to have been moving.
My ecstasy of the stars will rain hard upon your body;*

I shall pour my gold upon you.

*I am perfect & I am alone,
with more intense activity beginning at 23:30:39 GMT.
Worship me with fire & blood!*

*I am eight, and one in eight, which is vital,
a type of movement that cannot be determined.
My delight will stream all over you.
I swear it by the soaring vault of my body.*

*I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous
night sky, confirmed as an increased flow rate
in the suit oxygen loop.
My lust bestrides you distant observers
at your telemetric detection thereof
in your secure concrete bunkers.*

*I am recumbent in the sphere which is
everywhere, beyond the limit
of the left axillary sensor.
My love will redeem you from all pain
due to unexplained changes in the electromagnetic fields.*

*I am alone: there is no God where I am,
revealed as a significant voltage transient,
an innermost surge in the AC Bus 2 voltage.*

Biomedical sensors lacing our bed

*will detail our Working there.
High-speed telemetry
going out on a hundred secure channels
will be the awful link that knits us
into the deep recesses of heaven.
A slight increase in pulse and respiratory rate
are the adorations.
Thrill with the joy of Her worship,
and be shameless before all men!
Behold the mysteries of Her body
in a sweet-smelling perfume of
your commingled sweat.
Be enthroned in eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu,
enraptured in the Festival of Her Mouth.*

*My anomalous behaviour at this time
will cast you out from men,
into the fevered Abyss,
to embrace the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset.*

*My 1.7 second
dropout in signal from the C-band decoder
will herald a lambent flame of blue, all-touching,
all-dissolving, all-sacrificing.*

*My fluctuations
in the rotation controller null outputs
will console your
consciousness of the continuity
and their continuance
beyond the clasping claws of gymbal-lock,
for this
is the secret of the world reborn.*

*My first verbal indication
will lift them to pinnacles of power
where the dew of her light will bathe
their burning flesh.
They will strain against their harnesses,
their television images plain for all
to see.*

*Pity not the fallen Voyagers three!
The Senior Pilot, perfect in his manyhood,
will reach with silver claws for the inner hatch
handle. His harness buckle will be
found unopened.*

*Personnel located on adjustable level 8
will respond, though it be burnt down & shattered.
The Pad Leader will
order crew egress procedures be started,
and witnesses monitoring television
showing the hatch window
will report that flame spread
from the left to the right side of the Command Module
and shortly thereafter covered the entire
visible area.
And though the circumference of time
and possibility itself
will configure their every moment
ineluctable,
you should not be sorry.*

