

Blink of a Binukot*

- * *A past lifetime play on pause, flutter/film-ed lucid-in-the-sky fictional flashback:
a hidden princess cage-cracks coded mirror/me--->error>>*
- * *A female figure in tribal visayan society chosen by her family unit to live life seclusion until sold as:
a high prize beauty bride of mountain heights born for rich princes in material marriage trade*
- * *A once-upon-a-time tale of culture's balloon rise, built to rubble & pop like bubble:
a sociosacred-secretkeeper of memory/myth manifested by man's mindbody-control mechanics*
- * *A butoh dance poem drama narrated in interior neo-nature-notational [ecotext]:
a curtain calls, all characters rise...*

Her head is blank, her blink echoes emptiness.

This is the first time she is glimpsed by more than six visages. In this flash of time, she is the camera center of audience attention. She could never imagine being like a twinkle in the sky. / Eye's inertial matter in emotion shatters space-time's social divisions / observer positions. / Her transcend/dance is bound to begin, with a hip-swing's solar-orbital ritual-art start.

**First, a few facts about the subject, at the time of terrestrial transfiguration:*

Like Eve,

Never seen by alien eyes, never stridden on silt, never soaked in sunlight, never slinked like an invertebrate, never to exist except as an interior aortic exploit of blood veins, as a virtual vessel for spilling/spinning meaning out of man's sign-mechanics, she slithers silent in history's garden almost absent (except in embodiment). She is

a waterfall for folklore's worm coil, surfacing currents in culture's rich soil

She is

a river repository for reverence, manifesting in matter's media feedback patterns

She is

a rain whisperer, a medicine she/shaman, a cybernetic listener of celestial heavens

She is

a dew-drop butterfly of beauty, caterpillar'd cloud-climate high like ancient sculptures of ascendance

(She is carved creature of craved control)

She is

imprinted with importance

veiled for value abstract-averted.

As nature is,

an illusion of images refracted,

staged grace in an age of climate change.

... Movement meets matter momentum, in metaphors : $e=mc^2$...

(Imagine inside a mind thinktwisted to glisten a night wish. Twitch by itch, feel by fear, neutron by neuron, the chill of thrills constellate life's forcefield-threshold. Day be dreamin,' beamin' light to signs, singin' this little pride of mine, god's gonna shimmer shine ya - but you don't know 'til the show. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Like tiny toddler girls who mimic stupid-society standards in american beauty pageants. Like a satellite reality which televise-tricks the glitter-me-gold hive. Imagine inside wire's virus. Imagine ignorance's dance of darkness.)

Like nighttime's breeze on a red blumei leaf, her left foot first felt whispered by wind's spiral backbone, primal energetic-electric spine, future's techno-tranquil tunnel through arising tempests. Humility in humidity is slow under jungle's sun just begun. Suddenly, liquid dripped down her breasts like desert cactus spikes funnel a full rainfall transmission from ocean tropics; loss of control like climates or radioactive poisons trickled her corporal code, only for a minimal techno beat, before she befell in a spell of deep sleep, switched & bewitched to drift off. Her hand wave splash-washed sand upward for her face, downward sweats wet feet, solar heat swells heels bent behind free knees flexed like a hitchhiker's heavy thumb on a quest west to manifest destiny. Her whole body slipped into microscopic wormhole of man's mimicry machine in mute tune, like a ballet dancer singing-spinning in memory's music box.

You are not just you but too, as well all that (in)finite technology you are composed & conjured by oscillating operation of outside's object-if 'eye' gaze games, a pacman maze of photo-syntheticized desires, collected like carbon plants with names, for just like the junk in the forest, a leaf does not breathe alone, nor trash's existence in earth's existential emptiness. . .

*Fill garbage in the wastebasket.
Fill carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.
Fill words in the fold.*

She let go. She let go of the tug on her shoulder, the cord's rock anchor to the floor. She let gravity let her go, split six senses of skin pressure for a precious plastic gift. She let gravity leggo her Barbie doll legs. Rubber duckie neck lock honk loose. Deep throated ocean bathtub roar & swallowed a sailor's fire sword (This is all a game of chance, kid; car crash or checkmate). Pirate pleasure chest opened like blue skies after a rainstorm, bobble-head bounced like a boat afloat after a rainstorm, she let the play of gravity plastic-pacific-planet her flow. (A tragedy show?)

*You are something never yet seen, like virgin flesh on film.
You are pixelated to perfection, like ink of celebrity skin.
Your corrupted-complexion is a typeface function:
We read your lips & labor-savor
your hips as front page porno print.*

*Your cryptic curves inscribe interception:
patriarchy's perspective penetrates view
riddles insight to intelligent divine you
to a toy-story plaything-painting
of cybernetic cloud cypher;
you are a portrait of power.*

*So let's worship you like lost alphabet letters,
let's kiss you like holy hollywood stars,
in our mediated-deviated
digital devil's dreams
of goddess glimpses.*

[This is her day. / She is beyond our time. / This is her first public apparition. / She is before modern metaphors of commercial hysterics, a ghost of glory. / This is her final unmasking.]

A hundred eyes stargaze her rays of beauty. Her image, absorbed as solar horizon, equates mirror radius of elevated ideals. Her image represents humanity's ultimate icon, the suspended sun of

azure truth. Like the models of popular fashion, like the symbols of luminary notability, like the figures of filmic reels, her image is a speculum to be seen, to make-believe, to masquerade the blinding sight of life's burning fire. A hundred stares build her body as a temple of sunburst lust, born to lie, born to die, oriented to the cosmos.

*Embodied economic-kin trade
keeps her (non)sense-scrolled,
channeled like mass entertainment,
where cultural utterances
circulate capital valve/vowels news
for worlds-of-words-worth,
complete in a corpse:*

*You are like a butchered body buried attention.
You are all our eyes closed, mouths 'o,' close to cumming.
You are ego's erotic edge, embraced death's arms, open opposite to you.*

Kept in captive stage, her encrypted enclosure allows the flow of society's myths in circulation. She sings, she dances, she recites rich stories re-told, elaborates epic travel tales bold, but she does not know the world beyond her eye's 'I' edifice. She is seen but cannot see herself after years hidden from sight. She submerges cage's surface, void of love, full of fear.

(At present, can you conceptualize this psyche's pathetic psychology?)

And now, how the spectators witnessed its power, performed!

[Follow the footprints: I see you. I see me seen by you. I selfie me. I selfie me seeing you. I selfie you seeing me. I give off pride to the piercing face. I smile to the earthly place of fascism. I click-wink to the pace of pacifism. I celebrate this blind spot of ignorance. I spectacle this psychosomatic state of in/difference.]

Neurosis causes necrosis.
*This body's born to rot,
eventually.*

Her will is strong, but spirit thin like dimensional string...

For now she writhes naked jazz of blackness, tussles cloaked mania of darkness,
forever un/folded like bedtime's child in a blanket, uncovered like a morale in a book,
on re-produce/repeat-repeat-repeat like a song of origins sung in culture's chorus,

The page is turning.

She is swirling, like galaxies milk spit in nebular eruptions of energy, thrilling orifices of life's open whole, titillating biologic copies of bodies for the fantasy factory of fortuitous fusions...

She is me-membling, re-membling, ages ago...

[At a distant island's eyelet edge, she peers into past's water... Wishing-well reflection fleshes tension, ripples waves, puzzle pieces, fragments glass, fulminates smoke, fractures asterisks, thermonuclear kaleidoscopes; the tattered, splattered face of a hollow doll haunts her corporal recognition. Did she exist beyond her solo star-island, lonely & cold?]

Recollection collides ritual, all systems collapse. Transmedia transmission failure.

[In vacuous velocity, numbness turns to dumbness, this dance is to the death.]

Enter the void's mirror/me---error>> *** (en)code corruption and end

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*A binukot is a real secret princess within the royal tower of power in precolonial Visayan society. Learning embroidery weaving, music playing and epic chanting in her solitary time, she maintained her social invisibility (except to closest family and slaves) until her wedding day dance, showed and sold as a high prized bride to the richest among male leaders. For anthropologists, she is a difficult figure to archive, since the practice is no longer common and never inscribed in written text except from colonial missionary descriptions (who ironically likened her isolation to that of church nuns). Her disappearance as a cultivated village tradition also marks the loss of epics, music and stories in (post)colonial culture, as she played a central role reproducing the cosmological myths of her society's imagination.¹

In her social-corporal concealment, her skin lacked pigmentation of sun exposure and physical shell setback in muscular-skeletal development; fair and frail in her alienated state, she represented society's standard aesthetic of worthy beauty. Supposedly, a budding binukot never even stepped foot on the floor, always 'blanketed' or held in a hammock (a relative root form, 'bukot' means "be blanketing, be swaddling oneself"). Virtually veiled to generate abstract value (mythical worlds of meaning), her estranged manifestation as blood-body commodity imparted honor and fame to her family. Her phantom position literally hidden inside the tower of tribal architecture projected elite prestige to those closest in relation to her. Among the heroines in well-known Philippine oral epics, all are secluded maidens such as the binukot. Her eventual erasure as a cultured persona in the postcolonial period of catholicized consciousness reflects the ruptured value-creating labor of collective people and their class-status program of conscience-control, on the spiritual path towards togetherness.

Though now only few Visayan village binukots survive, it is false to say that she, as a functionally hidden figure of higher force, no longer exists in the modern social structure found on the Visayan Islands after centuries of imperial influence. From the underground sex work trade to the international immigrant class of female care labor, fragments of the invisible woman - veiled with value - lie deep inside the contemporary attentional economy² that worships the corporal reality of the commercially-constructed celebrity but contradictorily condemns her to moral criticism. The ideal 'female figure,' resurfaced photoshopped-perfect on print cover magazines, corporate advertisements and popular media, shadow

¹ Abrera, Maria Bernadette L. "Seclusion and Veiling of Women: A Historical and Cultural Approach." *Philippine Social Sciences Review* 60 (2008-2009): 33-56.

² Beller, Jonathan. *The Cinematic Mode of Production: Attention Economy and Society of the Spectacle* (Hanover: Dartmouth, 2006).

projects the foundational force of ignored whores³, forgotten mothers⁴ and undocumented women of color⁵ visually invisible, like disposable film, in today's virtual real.⁶ Thus, the binukot, an artifact of distant assemblage past, inverts the digital historical archive, as an icon of society's un/seen.

³ Tadiar, Neferti. *Fantasy Production: Sexual Economies and Other Philippine Consequences for the New World Order* (Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press, 2004).

⁴ Federici, Silvia. *Revolution at Point Zero: Housework, Reproduction and Feminist Struggle* (New York: PM Press/Common Notions, 2012).

⁵ Neferti Tadiar and Angela Davis, editors. *Beyond the Frame: Women of Color and Visual Representation* (New York: Palgrave Press, 2005)

⁶ Wright, Melissa. *Disposable Women and Other Myths of Global Capitalism* (New York: Routledge, 2006).