

Mother of Chakras

The gutter sounds the trompe l'oeil of boots. Worn by a nude descending the staircase. A sharp turn takes her to what can be made out of the heart from under its helmet. Lower yet the guts spray like a radiator... apparently in sympathy with the general course of things.

I mean, just because it's fun to do: an arrow piercing a banana. The heart is preoccupied, anyway, with its halo function. While Arrow 2, aimed at a Madonna's garland of cotton balls, zings awry.

My vision of the Eye then looks on me benignly. Offering little challenge. Offering little advice or any... admonition to be repeated, impotently, throughout much of my masonry work. Much of it.

Next, deliberate obfuscation, the first scratched-out meanings: thumbs grow knees and ribs, missiles rise inside the circular hedge from the Gotham stories.

All the billboards in block letters, laid flat, or lifted up on one elbow, can't explain it. There IS a road leading back to ready complacency... You MAY follow it with a liquid intent.

The signs warn not to take it beyond the curve though, where self-awareness might narrow into rocky tightness.

Right there also a path splits off to the piney knob of the skull. Puts the lid on.