

## **Macho Chakras**

A milkiness, maybe.

The presence of phallic symbols points to the stag man, a skin under which at least four men stagger.

Looking back through the smoke they point to the Marine with the rose-colored eyeglasses, hanging out with the Music and Art students.

The original flower, maybe.

The sensitive tough guy staring fixedly in the eye of the bugaboo that resides in the kitchen  
and speaks the language appropriate there –

Innuendos arise from the pool by the half-moon.     arch over the prickwork; *brickwork*

I mean, blazes as if it were only freaky hair-rays!

leaping from a blow-fish center...

As if just then a voice around the corner had spattered out from the blood pump: *Take a picture!*  
of that flag they run up-torso daily, and so consistently,  
to find any human halo surrounding any site of vibration,

an icy truism, that some say, burdens the thousand-petaled turbine  
with paralysis and the Third Eye with mental staring, on occasion.

Still you might wonder what's gathering at the topknot if not a continuum of lightning.