

## Landfill Chakras...

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Beneath the ancient Tree, along the meandering grid, tedious to consider, you-as-me and me-as-you, we set out anyway, take up the cause of The Void, even partially assume its guise.

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The guitar is god-in-self, today, okay; the rainbow snores in its deep watery cave. The cave's mouth freezes as the billboards are planted. But for which archaeologist? for which shepherd? to uncover.

This site may be a kind of place where one might finally leap out the fist of the target, while the sky begins swelling into the space provided and it seems neglectful and easy to establish an earth of stone tablets.

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When just then an urn churns out goodness as spirals in the neighborhood and a picture of tranquility appears in the logo, little devourer houses panting disbelief.

And a group in the head is sketched lightly. Like a pile of purple. In the form of a purple feeling.

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The mindset that gave the Void corners then regrets the distress it caused the entire system: Mere traces and shards of chakras remaining,

Tests prove it will never be stark as it was, but better as a result of concentration.