

Fireflies

Nhylar

A walk on the countryside road,
a cool summer breeze,
a dusky lavender sky,
my dangling ass
moving along with
the marijuana smoke.
It joins the glowing balls of energy
as if an orchestra just emerged:
a representation of my stoned mind.

When I feel the THC shutting off,
the default mode network of my brain
enabling new signals to pass through,
the orchestra begins; for some reason
it's always a jazz troupe
a dinner party-esque situation
attendants, all the grey matter tenants
what an incredible reality we find when the ego takes a break
to think that fireflies exist in this same moment as me
is the kinda shit that makes it worthwhile