

## 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