

# Lucky Strike

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Tendrils of fired molecules

shunned so long in hippocampus reservoirs  
they've grown verklempt  
and reminiscent amongst themselves

Resurrecting happier times  
when they entered eager lungs hungry from deep and sweaty love  
and when they rode the Dopamine Express  
to smart scenarios of conjured bliss

And complemented morning brews  
and spirits after evening meals

Ah, that daring toasted taste  
that ritual that aromatic spell  
that look that style  
that...goddam cough that spoiled it all

