

Lucky Strike

by Mathew Paust

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

