

Marijuana

by Scott Ennis

It's just a bud of cannabis I light
And let it grow again, within my mind
It might not grow, but, then again, it might
Beneath the neurons where I seek to find

The structure of the words I bend and shape
The way my bud-lit neurons light the way
To where my words have always found escape
Regardless of the essence of the day

The word is god who made the bud I smoke
And cannabis is more than just a word
Inhale the word like something you'd invoke
Then listen to the sounds you thought you'd heard

Perceptions all are changed by herb, alight
It might not be a god, and yet, it might.