

More than matter

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Nothing matters more
than being high
on synergy.
believe me.

We. Two
solid forms of matter,
scatter into shattered specks
by a look.
Simple look.
Accidental
Vulnerable
sentimental
a few seconds in a parallel universe

and *pfwaaa!*
the portal opens;
the vacuum sucks,
and will goes bust
as if will were a mere speck of dust;
an ant- sized influence
in the spectrum of universal dominance
as if that even matters.

In the end,
in the beginning
it's always the light;
the light energy
synergy
(Believe me)
that draws
gives cause.

Shaaaa
Kaboommm
light attracts light
and we sky—rocket upwards
floating toward the unknown
away from darkness
drawn to do things we never thought of before
before.
before?

unlike solid matter
nothing matters more
like the matter of being high.
bright
white
light