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The Big Green Nugget Delusion

A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

While smoking weed with friends one particular night on the back deck of a bar, I happened to look down and see what I thought was a "bud" of marijuana under the bench in the weak light emanating from the bar. "Hey man, does that look like weed to you?" I ask the wife. "Oh Wow!" she says, "it does look like pot. Grab it!" she barks. Her vision is worse than mine and I realized the futility of asking her. But it really does look like a big ol' "top" bud.

I ask a younger friend to take a look in hopes his eyes work better than us older folks but he locks into my wishful thinking and he says "Wow! I think that is a big ol' nugget!" as he contemplates the shape in the shadows.

It's a little bit of a chore to reach underneath the bench especially for older party people so before making the effort it's always wise to verify the reward. It sure does look like a big ol' tasty green bud that someone must have dropped as this particular spot is a favorite amongst the locals to roll and smoke "one."

It was a little too breezy to keep a lighter lit in an attempt to throw some light on the subject. No one had a handy dandy key chain light and this was before cell phones so...

"I would hate for a nice looking bud to go to waste," I tell the wife. Good weed was a lot harder to come by at the time and I was raised "Waste not, want not". My mother didn't leave a piece of gristle on a chicken bone. I could not overcome my programming and I had to look.

I stoop down, 100 pounds overweight, half drunk, half stoned, half blind and com-

pletely crazy, I finally get all that weight settled on my knees on the uneven board-walk planks, back sore and hurting I bend to look under the bench, dripping sweat and gasping for air.

I try flicking the lighter again but to no avail. I'm huffing and puffing in a pool of sweat and finally say "F&%\$ it!" and grab what really does look like a cone shaped bud with "crystals" glistening in the weak light. One of those primo, high dollar, hydroponic, super strain weed that you only see on the pages of "High Times" magazine. Amsterdam quality marijuana that we've only dreamed of up to that point.

So with oxygen getting harder to suck in, sweat pouring in my eyes and dreams of "unicorns and pixie dust" dancing in my head I grab what quickly became a mockery of my dreams in the form of canine excrement, definitely not the "shit" I was hoping for.

Damn it man! I hope there's still some soap and paper towels in the bathroom. At this point I'm hoping that it's just dog shit and not where some nasty ass took a dump off the bench, I gag a little at that thought.

Here's to not always being able to see things for what they really are but that's what makes us the insufferable beings that we are!

Fast forward to December 2022...

While playing Saturday night at some point I looked down and noticed what look to be a wadded up brown paper napkin or snot rag. It wasn't in my immediate path so I continued playing the rest of the set. I kept looking at it

wondering exactly what that was that was down there just out of toe range as I play barefooted.

I usually play with my eyes shut that's why I didn't notice where that object came from, I glance down occasionally to get my bearings on my foot pedals that's how I noticed the wadded up snot rag.

As a musician you learn to deal with biting flies, the occasional flying bra or panties and other weird shit because the show must go on. That's the way to tell the difference between a professional musician and an amateur, the amateur stops playing when they make a mistake or something not so strange happens like a bar fight.

We were having a really great night, the energy was good in the room so I forgot all about that object on the floor by my foot.

We get to the end of the night and we're starting to pack up our stuff. I almost always put my guitars away first and put the hard cover on my amp head. Then I put on my glasses and start to roll up cords. That's when I noticed that wadded up snot rag looking thing on the floor again.

Peace and Love!



Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.



For more info:
www.lukesommerglenn.com