

## Visual Snow

A shimmer awakens, relentless and unjust,  
Illuminating sparks on a flurry of fine dust.  
This isn't a dream or a wild jest,  
But a dance of neurons and a firing of signals that will never rest.

Tiny dots compromise the full field of view,  
Dynamic and shifting, in perpetual skew.  
The world becomes static, the sight never still,  
The snowstorm eternal outside of one's own will.  
Palinopsia haunts with its lingering trace,  
After-images follow, in similar embrace.  
Enhanced entoptic phenomena take flight,  
Whilst excessive floaters live in sight.  
Photophobia grips with an aversion to light,  
As the sun sets, nyctalopia reigns, causing a problem in the night.

A relentless snowstorm becomes the new norm,  
Where an optic symphony persistently storms.  
Networks of glutamate dance less in tune, in the anterior cingulate, an interruption that is new,  
Serotonin's pathways may hold the key, is that where the answer to this puzzle may be?

Few patients live with snow,  
An exploration that only some will know.  
For those who live in the snow's constant gleam,  
Their reality has merged into a never-ending dream.  
Yet within its mystery, art and science intertwine,  
In the gallery of neurons, the answer is defined.