

Mushrooms

A cluster of them, as bald and chubby
as statues of Buddha, as white as clouds,

their under-rings pink and delicate
as the gills of a fish, having nudged

and shoved one rainy frog-sung night
up through the holy humus of the soil

glistened at sunrise below a great tree
among small mosses, twigs and stones.

Nothing unusual, you could of course say,
an event, in fact, of no significance at all

when set against the politics of the planet,
the age of the cosmos, the roar of the stars

except that a child knelt and touched
their tender, rain-dewed dawn-lit domes

and was for a moment all astonishment,
all curiosity, all joy – before she passed by,

before she and the moment passed by.

