

Toadstools

by [Laurie Klein](#) in the [June 8, 2016](#) issue

Born of damp and demise,
little prodigies haunt the shadows,
like conversations we live
to forget. Wild mushrooms
lift their spongy overnight ears,
and muscle aside the fallen
eye-shine of chestnuts. Among us,
the old argument crops up,
and both parties hunker down
in the woods. This is where
we get the verb mushroom:
we, who launch our ripostes, seeding
the air beyond what it can hold.
What if we can't find the truth?
The man losing his faith in speech
utters blurred shapes, like those caps
and stems, ghostly with foxfire,
savvy and sprouting, in hopes
they illumine the woodland floor.