

## 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.