

when I was a mushroom

Susan Hawthorne

when I was a mushroom
life was simple
the world was dark and warm
and very safe

around me were fungal rhizomes
sprinklings of spores
the odd hard rock and root
and pliable soil

but I was offered advancement
progress, they said
to human form, and now in the light
I feel lost in darkness

so many troubles, wars, torture
economic collapse
I long for regress, to slip back
into the silence of the mushroom