

Caustic fluids dripping from the gills underneath
Give rise to the pilar and the shroud deep beneath
Moist from the dew caught in a web glistening
The reverberating grating filaments bristling
If better trained was I
No flower would die
With the fatehr's sigh
You are all destined to lie
Glossy unbroken and sleek, smooth space
Obscured naked spored fungals, sporidesmium