

The Story Of The Raven And The Mushroom Man

Lisa Mitchell

Late the other day when the earth turned away
I found a little book in the grey
flower drawn like a child on the cover
It was the story of the raven and the mushroom man
He was the first real friend he ever had

I never want to be like that serious man
Telling himself he is serious
Always counting those numbers
He's got a red face and a mushroom head
He's been too long in the rat race
Too long in the dead days

If only a raven with a sore wing
Could fall at his feet with eyes full of mercy
The little mushroom man might fashion
A little splint out of driftwood
And he might feel a little light shine
He might see his own kindness
And think that maybe counting isn't everything
Maybe there are more ravens that need me more than numbers

The mushroom man loved the raven so
And deep inside his heart grew a thing called hope
One Sunday night the raven was weak
He didn't wake up and the mushroom man weeped
Caused his planet to leak

Well he buried his friend and he buried his books
He looked out to space and his head he shook
As he looked out across the escape
A sapling rose grew from the raven's grave
From the raven's grave hope had sprung
He knew then how it had been done
As he tended to the raven's wing a seed of hope had grown withi
n
And now it grows for all to see and his planet is no longer jus
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