

Mushrooms

Paul Kelly

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly
Very quietly
Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam
Acquire the air
Nobody sees us
Stops us, betrays us
The small grains make room
Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles
The leafy bedding
Even the paving
Our hammers, our rams
Earless and eyeless
Perfectly voiceless
Widen the crannies
Shoulder through holes
We diet on water
On crumbs of shadow
Bland-mannered, asking
Little or nothing
So many of us
So many of us
We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek
We are edible
Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves
Our kind multiplies
We shall by morning
Inherit the earth
Our foot's in the door
Our foot's in the door
So many of us
So many of us
So many of us