

Of Food

The Mushroom

THE mushroom's not a clever chap,
To link its lot with *homo sap.*,
Believing life is for the best in-
Side some idiot's intestine.

Even so, the mushroom knows
The sort of stuff in which it grows —
The kind of compost it adores,
For dusting with its sprinkled spores,
To launch a life whose final fate
Is someone's garlic-garnished plate.

It's wonderful, to have among us
Such a trusting, simple fungus.
