

A Mushroom

The smell of apricots
behind the log
a curl

chanterelles
chantez!...elles chantent
'the little ones sing'

From the sea
and rooted still
oil-rich, in this
clay...

Small feet trample rainpockets
grey beards tucked in socks

parapluie/parasol/soleil
a drop, rocked into magic

a polka dot

Susan Landell