

MUSHROOMS

Rain, and then
 the cool pursed
 lips of the wind
 draw them
 out of the ground —
 red and yellow skulls
 pummeling upward
 through leaves,
 through grasses,
 through sand; astonishing
 in their suddenness,
 their quietude,
 their wetness, they appear
 on fall mornings, some
 balancing in the earth
 on one hoof
 packed with poison,
 others billowing
 chunkily, and delicious —
 those who know
 walk out to gather, choosing
 the benign from flocks
 of glitterers, sorcerers,
 russulas,
 panther caps,
 shark-white death angels
 in their torii veils
 looking innocent as sugar
 but full of paralysis:
 to eat

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is to stagger down
 fast as mushrooms themselves
 when they are done being perfect
 and overnight
 slide back under the shining
 fields of rain.

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— Many
over

• WHAT TECHNIQUES
 DOES OVER USE IN
 THIS POEM?

• WHY MIGHT SHE USE
 THESE TECHNIQUES WITH
 THIS SUBJECT MATTER?

5