

## 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