

Toadstool

It began with an old mattress, discarded
in the gateway of a meadow,
springing up over night;
an enormous fleshy fungus,
gills wrapped beneath its cap,
though not a death cap or a destroying angel,
still mushrooming, a nuclear cloud;
the fallout fatal;
sporing a proliferation of puff ball pillows, an ink cap duvet
and polystyrene stinkhorn bed legs;
an ever expanding fairy ring of waste.
These mouldering fungi are a lure for
swarms of bin bags, settling upon them
like giant beetle-black flies.
No toad to devour them.

Amy Clennel