

## Morel-Floored Forest

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks  
so longeth my soul after thee . . .  
—Psalm 42, *Coverdale Bible*

O  
mushrooms  
so epicurean,  
as knights their grail,  
shepherdesses their lambs,  
thus I  
search  
for you  
morels,  
grown up  
below oak—  
fungi that jut from leaf-mulch  
ground that fosters musty birth  
of such saintly/earthy fleshpots

O  
the paroxysms  
of my disbelief greet  
fist-fat conical hats (on  
cream-bottomed stems) which  
strive to achieve tower height  
such that  
my basket  
black masses—  
gargantuan drowzers to be plucked  
from their beds: the mushroom sheep  
take up plump and bulbous positions

Morels along the paths of forest floor, when one kneels to them, always bestow an annunciation (sometimes seconded by sunbeam, dappled through tree-crown) upon the seeker of their lift-of-sorrow essence/their lichen-sprung luscious pungency/their undeniably desirable spongy glory.

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