**Bullet Mushroom**

Lisa López Smith

No stray bullets

of either the *fiscalía*

or the cartel

penetrated our fenceline

but outside my children

find a bullet casing—

brass coloured: GFL WIN 308.

Investigating online, I discover

it’s a hunting /sniper rifle casing,

barreling me into a new wiki-world: *sectional density*

*vs. ballistic coefficient*, and *muzzle velocity,*

and *recoil chamberings* until I understand

that this was a weapon of *high terminal performance,*

used on the highway in front of my house

by humans hunting each other on a sunny Thursday afternoon.

I go hunting for more cases along the highway,

like watching the news, why look for more evidence for fear? Also

strange, only last month I went hunting

for mushrooms in the *cerro* and back fields:

the strangeness of foraging mushrooms the first time,

then slicing them into the pan for lunch.

They were brownish-white, firm; at least three sources con-

firmed their edibility, identifiable by colour and shape.

The wild mushroom is a symbol of the soil reviving.

The *mycelium network* in this *agro-ecosystem* breathing

life in my backyard; the *diverse fungal populations* are essential

to *holistic farming* and *soil regeneration* and *climate mitigation,* but back to bullets,

and people carrying them—pursued and pursing—

how they too planted beans in plastic cups back in kindergarten,

and I wonder if their grandmothers took them foraging

for wild ciruela, nopal, hongos.

Maybe the letters stamped on a bullet casing

are all the clarification we want, simplifying

what is *good*

or *evil*. Who wouldn’t

learn to kill

and pluck a chicken to feed the kids

or learn to forage if the economy evaporated again,

or how to load a gun or saddle a horse if your job required it;

we’ve all sat in pews listening for God,

we’ve watched clouds and the ribbon of highway

the wheels of unmarked vehicles passing.