**Mushroom, some to everlasting life**

Marci Rae Johnson

It’s delicious, this little

death. Release. Priest of air

& leaf returns this tree

to the loam from which it came:

home, /or

the place where you first

learned your name the one

you carry with you, secret

on the tongue—

No need for light

or sound. No need

to speak /to hear the words

we might have prayed in the sun

had the forest opened up

to glade.