

Mycelium of Stability

A rosette of *Trametes versicolor*, ripped out the wound of a tree, whorl over whorl, little fan-shaped nodules growing out of overlapping waves; zones of silk and velvet pressed down by the cold. Surface brittle. Zones chestnut, mustard, burgundy. Pore surface orange-gray, the clusters of pores blasted apart by age, like dead coral, 1-2 pores/mm. Stem absent but all whorls fused to a common strip of oak. Odor of faint old polypore; taste as odor: and too stiff to chew, though saliva brightens the colors.

The mailman, trundling from yard to yard, a stout, short tanned man, in gunmetal shorts and highsocks, walks with his head down.

The saliva releasing the shroom's scent.

Pale patches of cloud drifting wispily across the sky; the cold slowly slowing my fingers.

Dog yips in the kitchen.

One hand, palm out, is up; the other hand, palm in, is down.

—It's the...

—Mudra?

—...for peace.

A skateboarder, tall and darkly dressed, rolls on his dark skinny board to the top of the hill and steps off, the board gliding forward, free. A sack, two sacks of groceries, in his hand. Dark jeans and dark puffy jacket. A college student living in the shinglehouse below: honing in.

—You're up to no good: I can tell.

As I stand by the sweets-plate in the kitchen she looks up from the couch in pajamas: crimson sweater and aquamarine sweats, now walking through the hall to my door:

—...never thinks my jokes are funny... Hello?

—Yes?

—Dad got another one of these bright orange envelopes... Look what I wrote on it:

...yet another
Thank you. J. Schaeffer

A car scudding up the hill, old tan sedan, with a flag of smoke flapping out of its tailpipe, white tassels.

Around 1 pm.

—Is that your hat out there on the lawn?

—It must have been there for days!

—Amm? The door opens. —He's reeling em in! Her fist circles round.