

Mushroom in the woods

Oh how small little brown tree
With soft holes engraved like craters on the moon
And your smooth stem the cooler of the majestic tree beside you
Hiding you from the little box turtle that wants you for a tasty supper

Oh the hunters are here they will watch every step
If they find you they will cut your fragile stem
And put you in a dirty bag

They cook you
Till you sizzle
Coat you with flower
Then the end is near and you will breath your very last