

Mother was a mushroom hunter.  
She used to rummage 'round the woods,  
Drag us out right with her,  
Challenge us to appreciate the smell of mossy soil.

Mushrooms were just one of the mysterious ways  
In which she would connect to the natural world.  
Sometimes it would be the herbs in a shady monastery garden:  
Other days, the flowers which she'd braid into our hair.

A mother's love is sacred,  
It weaves itself into you  
Until you stop right in your tracks  
To inhale the scent of distant rain.

She'd keep the fever off our backs  
With cold compresses 'round our ankles.  
She'd soothe our worries into sleep  
With melodies and old-time stories.  
She'd keep so stark and straight,  
Her head held high, despite the turmoil just within it.

And did I recognise her pain, mirror melting into fist?  
Did I try to hold her, keep her sane?  
I don't remember what I did.  
I was only three, or eight, or six.  
What's left is just a haze.

I cut a mushroom now and smell its flesh,  
Soft and soothing like her touch.  
I miss her terribly.  
I don't know how to find her.  
Yet, songs still ride on evening's wing,  
Her touch resides within me.