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Mushrooms.

At dawn the flats are grey with mist
Before the fields are sunrise-kissed,
And hopping field-fares stray and stir
About the mushroom-gatherer.

Whiskered, swart-grey to match the fruit
That best in dank green meads can shoot,
When dawn is young and birds awake
He hurries through the dripping brake.

Light fungi from the sopping fells
The mushroom-merchant dourly sells,
And when at length they come to you
The sun is high, the sky is blue.

Through running streams, by sodden trees,
At dawn of dewy harmonies,
The flapping hat and pipe grown rank
Pass where the mould is lush and dank.

O children of the morning mist
Before the world is sunrise-kissed,
You're borne, when day is well astir,
By the old fungus-gatherer.

And when the sun is hot and high
The mushroom-merchant will come by;
He saw the first gold sun-streak stir,
The old grey wrinkled gatherer.

Victor B. Neuburg