

Title: SHROOM
Category: Poem
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SHROOM

Smooth like cream,
The sky above like tissue paper beams,
The edges glistening with the dew drops of rain,
Perched upon citron straws smelling of mustiness and grain.

At times hiding or elusive under a mossy twig
or a nestle of flat paper layers with colors so big,
Exposing itself in its inconspicuous way,
Innocently opening itself up to be prey.

Satin soft, plain beauty and faceted gem,
Awakening from its moist dark rem,
Stretching upward and onward silently so,
Reaching for the sunshines glow.