

*A Fungus Watcher's  
Garden of  
Mushroom Verses*



Bill Russell

*Beautiful Purple Gill Laccaria,  
if I were a mushroom, I would marry ya.  
Your lovely shape and pretty colors  
make me feel, unlike the others,  
that your taste would be superior.  
But I think it's quite inferior.*



*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
how do your Morels grow?  
"I got the kit two years ago,  
and now there's nothing yet to show."  
That's bad news, and I am curious  
why you are not feeling furious  
about the kit, but you should know  
there is another way to go.  
Why not grow the easy Oyster?  
All it takes is light an moisture.*



*Scientists, when they choose to talk  
of Varnish Caps upon Hemlock,  
say, if some day there is a chance you're  
going to have to deal with cancer,  
you surely want to think of trying  
the tea, to help you keep from dying.*



*Amanita tries to tell us  
eating you will likely kill us.*

*With your angel's pristine glow,  
warns us that we ought to know  
to leave you where you find you growing,  
rather than to end up knowing,  
on that grim and dreadful news day,  
we'll all be dead before next Tuesday*



*All day I've been gathering Hen of the Wood.  
I know I'm taking much more than I should.  
But if I don't get them now, I fear  
they not appear at all next year.  
So it's good to get them now than later  
and preserve them in my dehydrator.*



*My wife likes to cook with Shiitake.  
She loves to tell, when she is talking  
about the dishes of cuisine so fine  
it makes when cooked with garlic and wine  
If you don't grow them, you'll find it pays ya  
To get them fresh, in the markets of Asia.*



*On yonder hill, I think I spy  
a Phallus ravenelii,  
using flies, beyond all mores,  
to help it sow its wild spores,  
to spread its population among us,  
and have its fungus while it's youngus.*



*Galerina marginata*

*How I wish I hadn't ate ya.  
But I was sure you were the Honey.  
So certain, I'd have laid my money.  
So yummy in that deadly gravy,  
A simple pore print would have saved me.*



*Jack 'O Lantern glowing bright  
In the forest of the night.  
Orange and lovely, quite abundant.  
Yet I know it's quite redundant  
Wishing you were safely edible.  
But it always seems incredible  
How you give our innards trouble,  
and pop another mushroom bubble.*



*They tell me Honeys are growing here  
on stumps and logs, so late in the year.  
I found but one, and not another.  
I think they went to someone other.  
If I don't see them, never fear:  
I 'm sure to get my share next year.  
The mushrooms are like me, I know,  
fast to grow, but quick to go .  
And soon to be asleep in snow.  
I fold my pocket knife and go.*



*I'm glad to know the Devil's Urn  
holds the ashes of those who burn  
for robbing my secret morel site,  
through the day, and even at night,  
and all those times when I can't catch them.  
But sooner or later the Devil will snatch them*



*Jack be slimy, Jack be slick,  
slippery Jack has a sneaky trick.  
For those unaware to be so moved,  
the skin of the caps has to be removed.  
A meal for you who are susceptible,  
will cause your bowels to be detestable.  
Quick relief we all do wish you,  
as you roll off toilet tissue.*



*Why did the chicken cross the road?*

*It almost didn't, because the load  
of chicken mushrooms in my basket  
made it such a heavy task, it  
took two to carry it so far  
across the road to the waiting car*



*Like Humpty Dumpty on a wall,  
Brickies appear on logs in the fall.*

*Brick Top mushrooms we really call them.  
So many appear that we have to haul them  
in baskets, boxes, and wheelbarrows, too.  
It seems a shame to take only a few.*

*But to avoid the legal danger,  
you better check with the local ranger.*





*I want to use this time to tell  
how much I like the Chanterelle.  
Egg yolk-yellow, and it cooks  
with eggs, and tastes as good as it looks.  
With its scent of fruit and rose,  
a clever chef most surely knows,  
with heavy praise and deep affection,  
how to get your day's collection.*



*Little miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating  
her Black Trumpet stew.*

*Along came a spider that sat down beside  
her and said, "I'll have some of that too".*

*So she game him a hot steamy bowl of the  
stuff to warm his little interior.*

*And after a taste, with a smile on his face,  
said, "I think your stew is superior".*



*Mary had a Shaggy Mane,  
its fleece was white as snow.*

*The poor girl kept it much too long,  
because she didn't know  
if you don't use it right away,  
it makes an inky mess.*

*The black stuff smeared her hands and face,  
and even messed her dress.*

*Next time she gathered Shaggie Manes,  
she knew to keep them nice:  
leave the old and take the young,  
and pack them home on ice.*



*If you eat the Jim you'll find  
it does some strange things to your mind.*

*In twenty minutes, perhaps after,  
you'll fill the room with peals of laughter.*

*Another hour, or maybe longer,  
your laughing will be even stronger.*

*You'll even laugh at thoughts of dying,  
all, without your even trying,*

