

# Fungi light/ Fungi Language

*by* Darryl Price

I'm sitting in the dark of my  
own kitchen, because it is dark  
outside, not from night but from clouds.  
I guess that's where I'll start talking  
from. This isn't about you. I'm  
not sure it's even about me.  
It's probably about the all  
or nothing, since everything is

connected to everything else,  
through the mycorrhizal fungi  
that covers the earth, inside and  
far outside the lingering shine  
of stardust in our veins. Why do  
you think music travels so far  
and fast? It's the most common form  
of a common language. It

arrives scattering in our brains  
like a waterfall of lightning.  
I'm sitting in the dark, but they  
still tell me I am being filled  
with angelic light from within,  
the good magic kingdom of our  
heaven. It's in the cells of my  
body and the atoms whirling

me through space and time, like a loose  
fleshy satellite or a spy

balloon. A time bomb, if you will,  
waiting to explode or slowly  
decompose. But how does this help  
any of us in the sacred  
quest to find love? I'm thinking it's  
there to remind us to not take

everything so seriously.  
But that could be just me making  
poor excuses for sitting here  
in the dark. The fungi says not  
to worry, everything's working  
perfectly, to correct the screwed  
up pathways in and around us,  
above and below us. But how

does this help any of us to  
be loved? I'm sure there's a really  
neat science explanation for  
it, but I'd like to hear it from  
the factory man or woman  
first. I don't believe in Kings. I  
don't believe in fascist churches.  
I trust my own deepest feelings.

2 Bonus poems:

The Waterfalls by Darryl Price

We stand among stars. We live surrounded  
by trees on all sides. Clouds roll over our

heads on painter's wheels. Leaves sprinkle on our  
street. Today's wind is a wild hog! Birds fly  
in and out of our lives on rays of shine,

like flashes of lightning bugs. The moon sets  
up her tent in our field of vision. We

walk among stars. We flow with all growing  
things. There is something alive beneath our

feet. There is something alive in our eyes  
that sees itself in all other eyes. There's  
something in motion at all times, and in

all places, even our thoughts, even dreams.  
We are among stones. We're being carried

over the waterfalls. We rise and shine,  
like a rainbow, stretching its fingers in

celebration of everything and of  
nothing. We're in stardust. Something's pouring  
into us. Great Forests are trying to

reach us to tell us something important.  
The ocean releases a small bubble.

A pebble lets go of a stream. Somewhere  
an owl sits in silence. Listening clouds

tower over us, let it rain. We run  
and laugh, soak to the bone. Right here we are  
among the stars, throwing them down like bones

into a teacup, looking for stories  
to tell. Wisdom to know what to believe.

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George Harrison's birthday

The Sadness (Never) Takes A Holiday  
by Darryl Price

The sadness takes a direct hit  
on some, but we all feel it. The  
ocean never stops reaching, and  
crawling up onto sand, but then  
falls back with perfectly timed grace.  
Some people come face to face with  
fire breathing evil, they are  
the front lines of humanity,

but they are not alone as long  
as we walk on this earthly orb.  
The universe will do what it  
takes to balance its whole self out,  
however long it takes, and we  
will do whatever we can to  
remain true to ourselves and each  
other. But the sorrow is such

a harsh burden for some that we  
instead choose the illusion of  
material goods over help,  
not because we are weak, but we  
are afraid. Not today. Let us  
remember now that even the

smallest thing may bring us to joy  
again by being no more than

here with us on the battlefield.  
Open flowers, new budding trees.  
Changing skies and rolling earth. Wind  
and rain. Sunshine. Stars. Little hands  
that need holding. Old faces to  
kiss. Aching arms to wrap and be  
closely held. Songs to sing. Bunches  
of birds sailing through clouds, and tree

limbs trying to catch them. And as  
always, the light in our eyes. That  
is the true victory. That we  
are home, no matter where we find  
ourselves next. That we are ever  
signaling our unity to  
everyone everywhere. That we  
believe in love over all hate.

