



Jennifer Woodhouse

MUSHROOM

I slice a mushroom from the supermarket—
its damp aroma catches me off guard,
pungent with vignettes of rain-washed paddocks
delicate with traceries of grass in seed;
seeping into memory cells
as raindrops infiltrate parched leaves,
with pastel fragrances of early childhood.

The laminex strips down to rougher surfaces
of rudimentary benches and a cast-iron stove,
and I breathe other airs, where with a basket
on my arm, I squelch across the ford
to where the whitest mushrooms grow.

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