

Ode to the Blue Milky

Each year, the September season fruits—
harvest changing:

Paw paw, quince, elderberry—

This year the fruit is azure,
deepest shade of blue.

“Life is mushrooming!”

said the mycologist
on one of our woodland walks—

Then, an indigo glow
grown from the hyphae and mycelium
in the duff beneath the white pine—
soft cap revealing dusty gills, sturdy stem,
connection to the earth.

I’ve been waiting for this
my whole life:

a color that rises up,
stops you in mid-step.

Lactarius indigo

Blue Milky—

Delicate flavor, rare treat.

Mushroom, teacher, fruiting body.

###