In passing, you felt for years and years unexplained,
    Creeping, wet coolness - like despair -

Where the forest opened to settling mist, quivering
    Shadows, and primitive green things sucking on rot;

But you stopped once when the wind rose
    To watch the ferns splash and dive and bend

In a weird dance that reminded you of
    Waves breaking on rock, or stones thrown in a pond,

Or the sting - like nausea - of her tears
    On your cheek as she pressed pity,

Wrenching sour wine, or the spurt of that last
    Gasp that went unheard, being too heavy.
And you thought to run, but the ferns calmed
  In resolution and then rose en masse
To sway the wind, all of it - the music!
  And a tender hand, green-white, clasped you
By the neck, drawing ice through
  Arteries, to dance to the airy dirge
For the thousand green corpses entombed in
  Mouldering earth. Eyes frosted quartz and
Ferns pulsed kaleidoscope in geometric rhythm,
  Throwing you into the dirt where you found
Your regrets dipped in quicksilver,
  Wrapped in moss.
And with hands blue as the vein over your
  Lover's breast and with thoughts running Fire-
Cold, you plucked a fern while it still fanned coolly,
  Dipped it in a mushroom, and with that -
Wrote poetry.