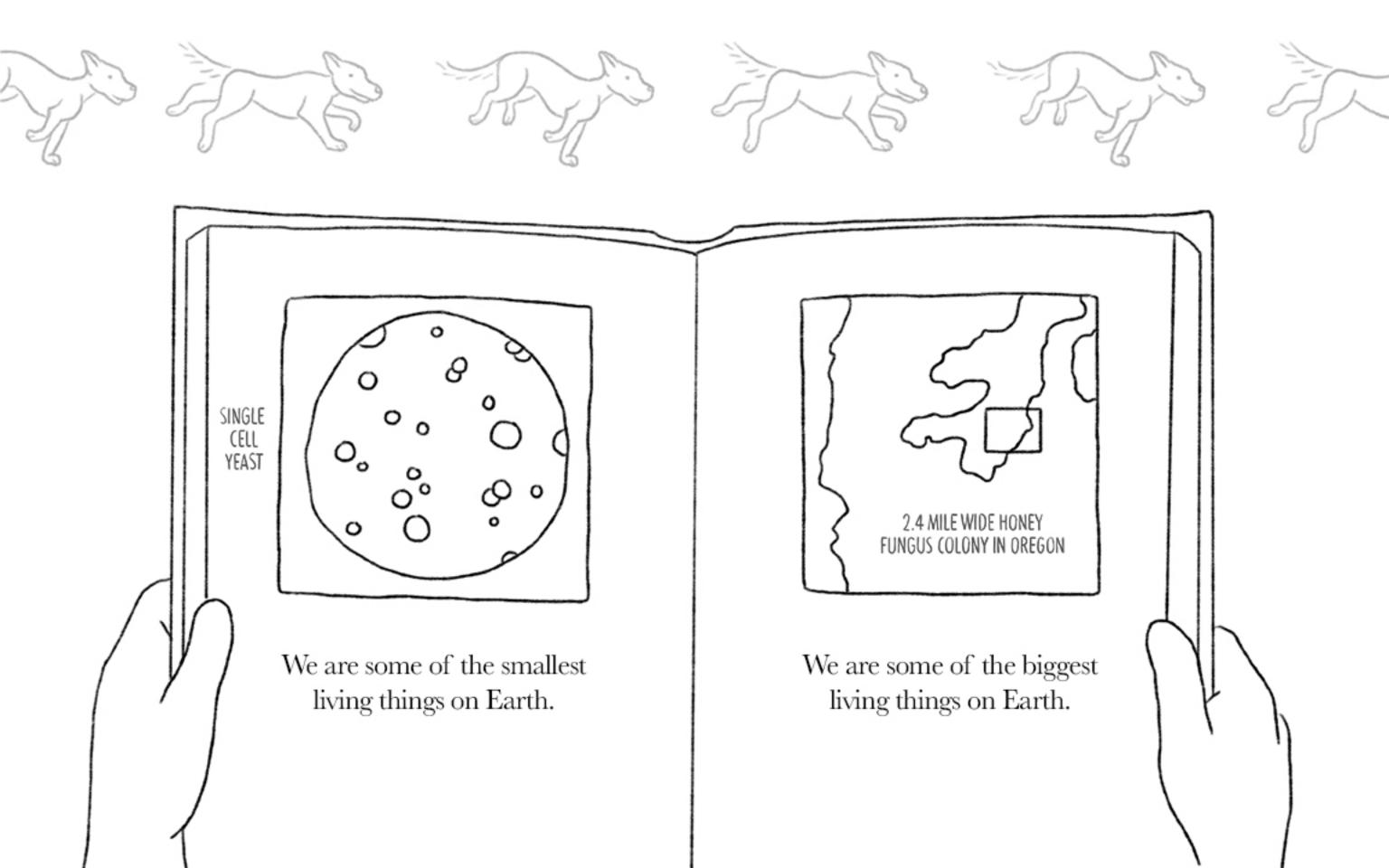
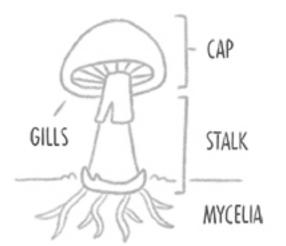
Fungi

Words and pictures by Christine Fleming





We have pores and gills. We have wrinkles and caps.



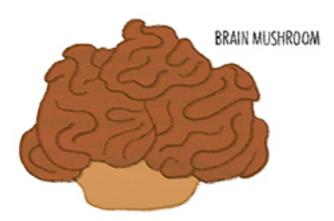




We are white and we are yellow. We are brown and we are pink.









We look like slimey brains,



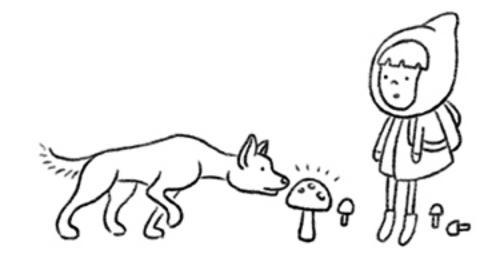


And we look like strings of hair.

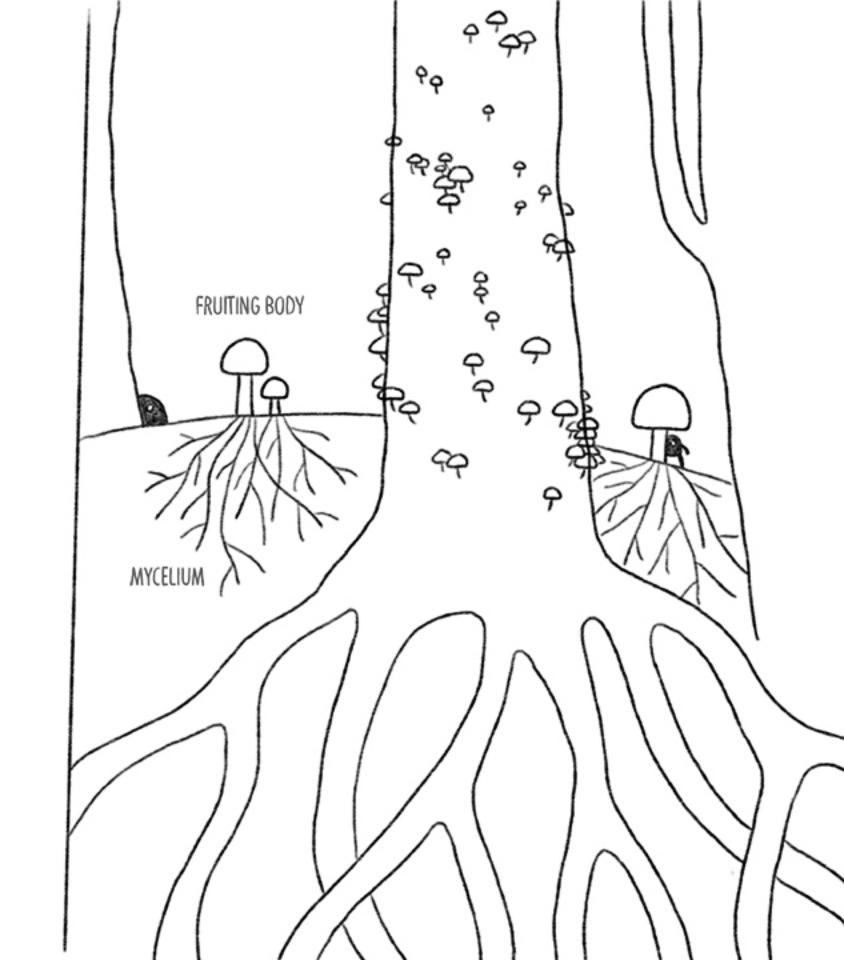


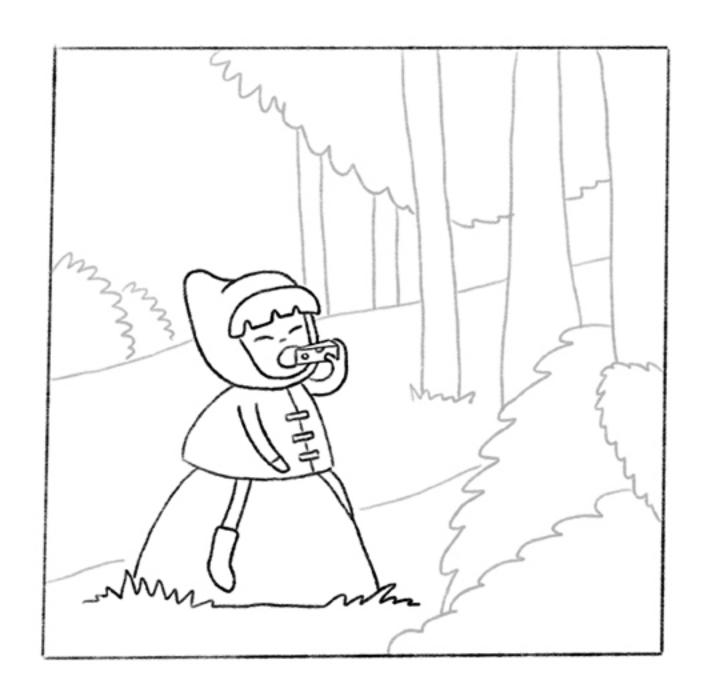


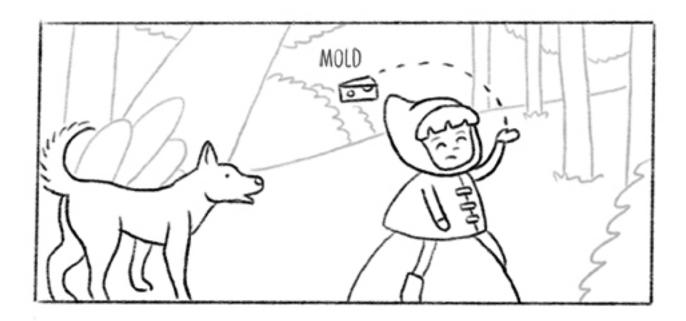
We climb high above.



And we slither down below.



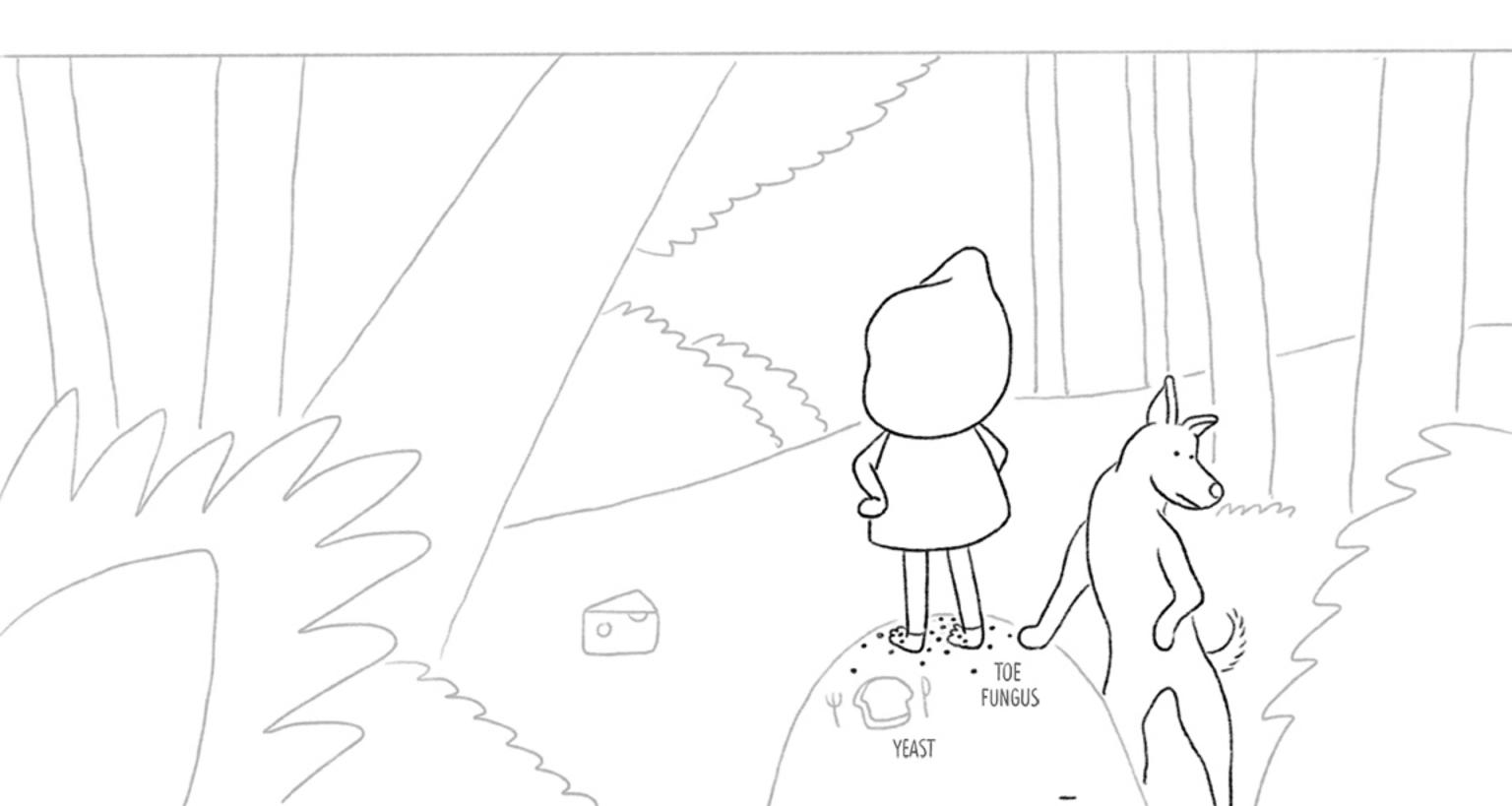






We sprout up between dead leaves beneath the forest floor.

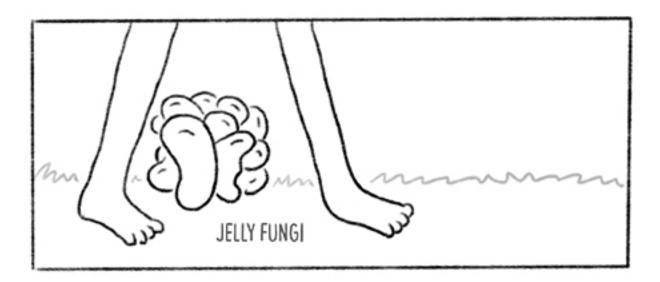
And we invade the cheese forgotten in your refridgerator door.



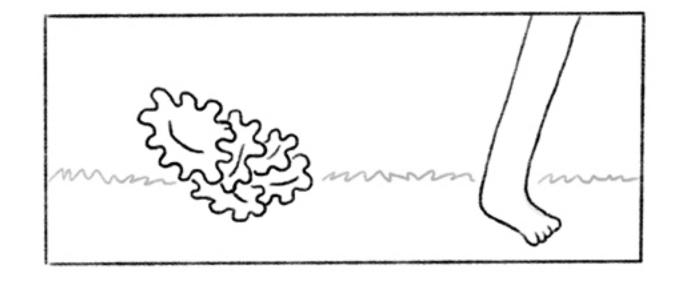




We glow green in the dark of night, And we commune in fairy rings.

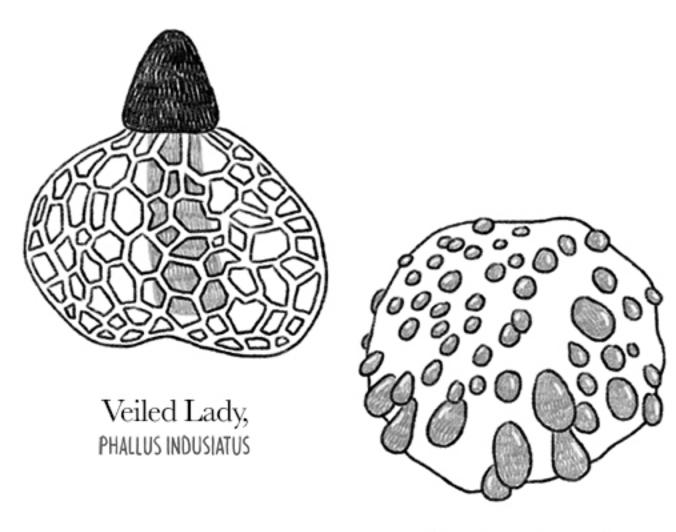


We bulge when the air is dripping and damp.

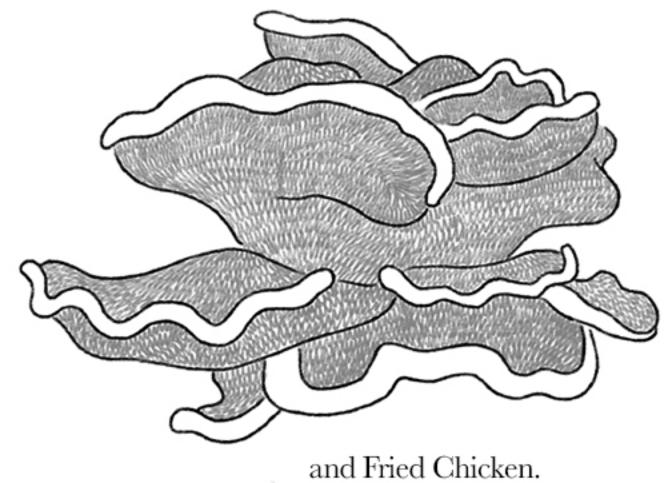


We shrivel up when the air is parched and dry.

We have weird names like:



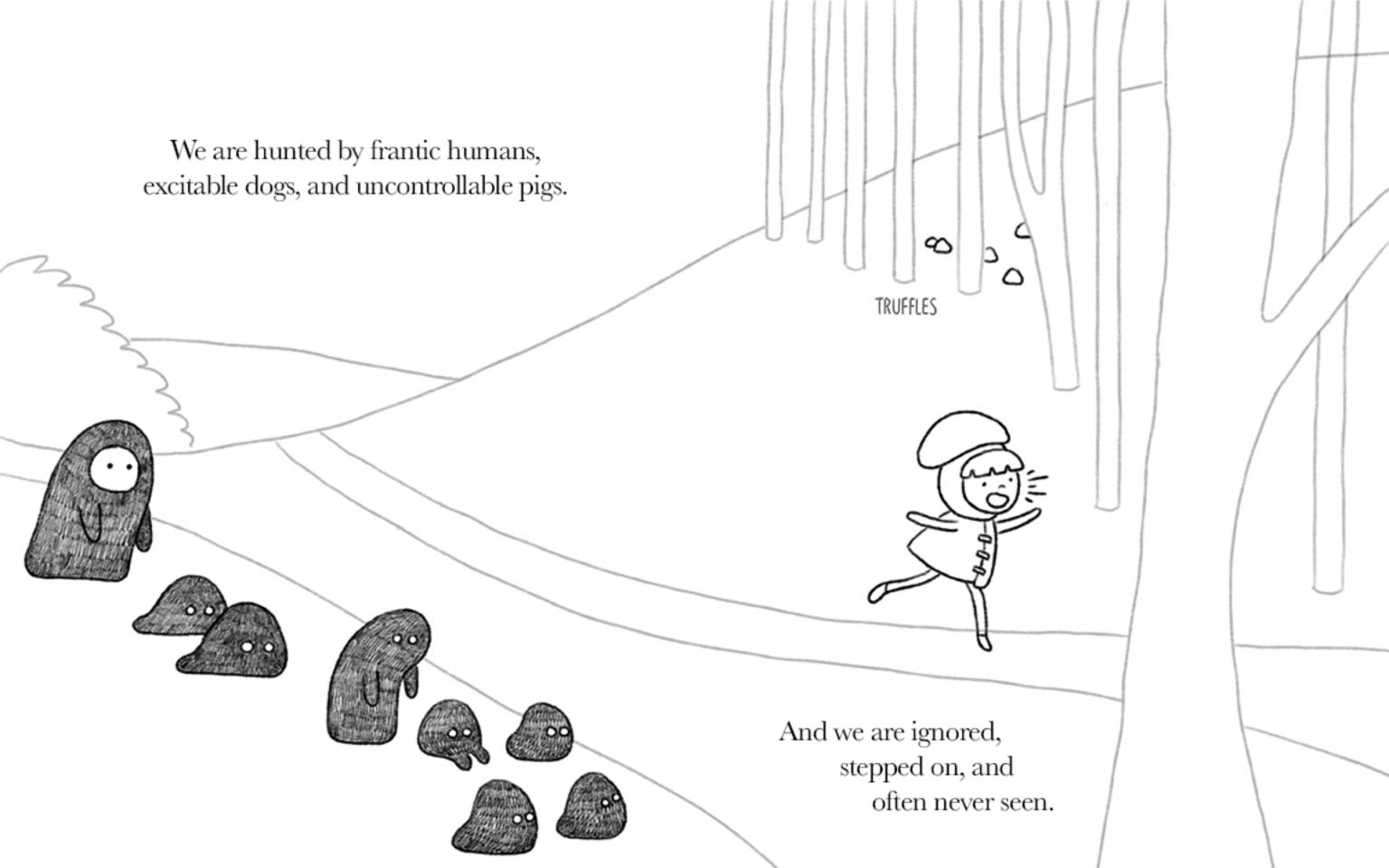
Bleeding Tooth,



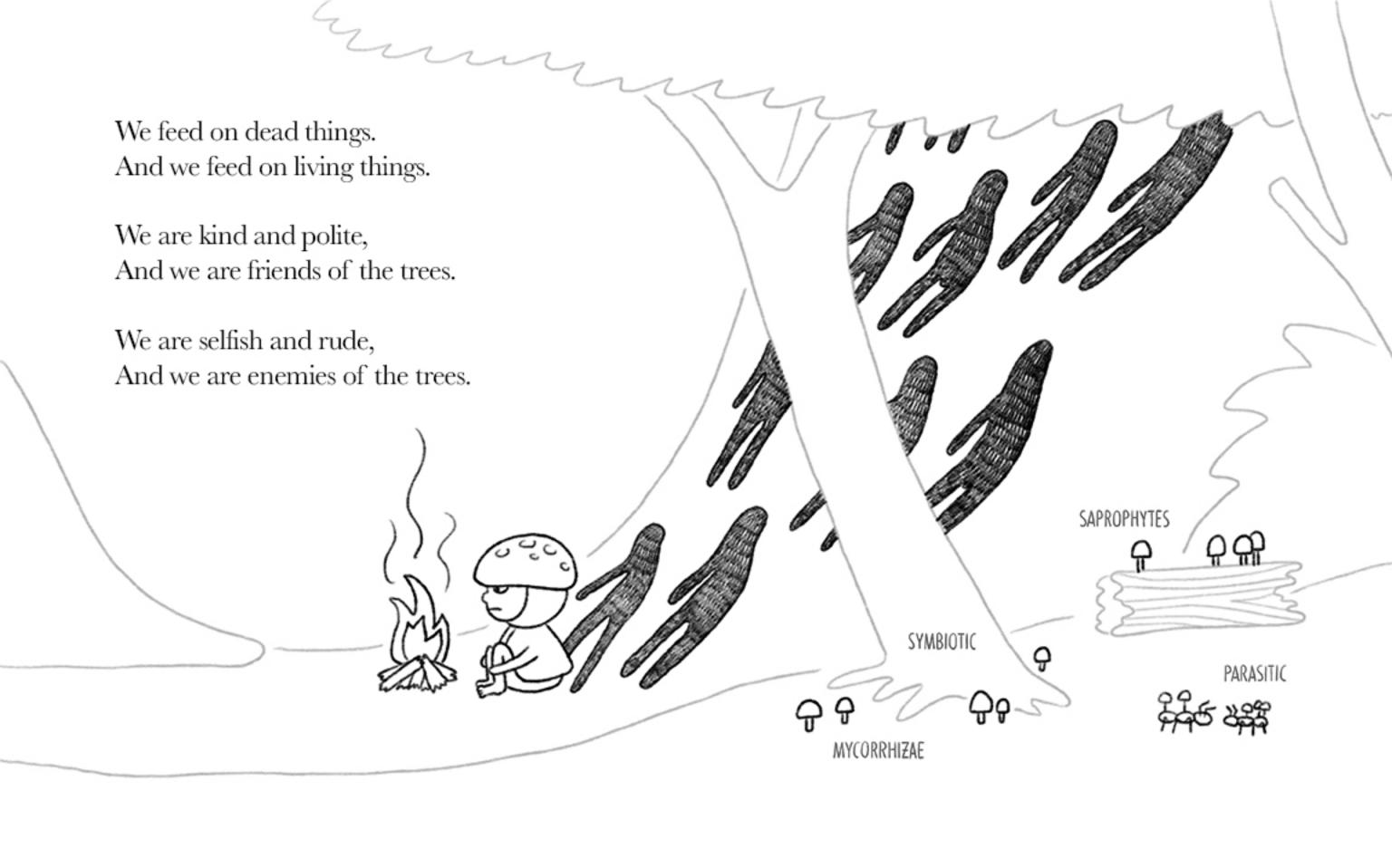
and Fried Chicken.
LYOPHYLLUM DECASTES

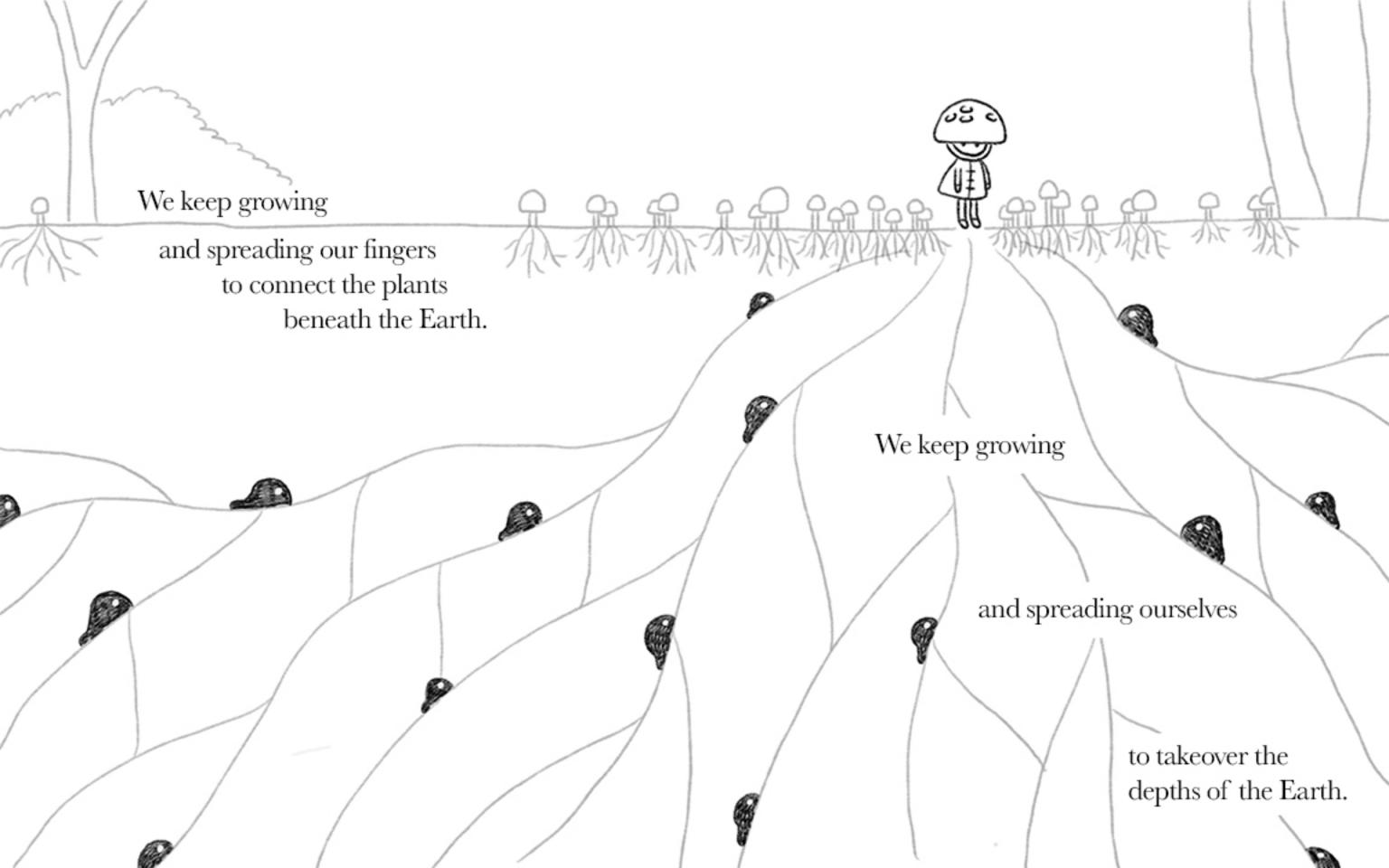




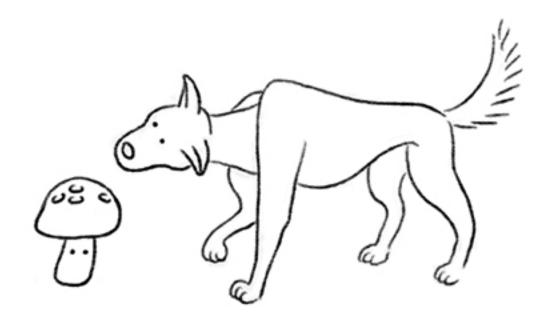












And now you are one of us.

