

# The Mushroom's Soliloquy

O, what, and whence am I, 'mid damps and dust,  
And darkness, into sudden being thrust?  
What was I yesterday? and what will be,  
Perchance, to-morrow, seen or heard of me?

Poor – lone – unfriended – ignorant – forlorn,  
To bear the new, full glory of the morn, –  
Beneath the garden wall I stand aside,  
With all before me beauty, show, and pride.

Ah! why did Nature shoot me thus to light,  
A thing unfit for use – unfit for sight;  
Less like her work than like a piece of Art,  
Whirled out and trimmed – exact in every part?

Unlike the graceful shrub, and flexible vine,  
No fruit – no branch – nor leaf, nor bud, is mine.  
No singing bird, nor butterfly, nor bee  
Will come to cheer, caress, or flatter me.

No beauteous flower adorns my humble head,  
No spicy odors on the air I shed;  
But here I'm stationed, in my sombre suit,  
With only top and stem – I've scarce a root!

Untaught of my beginning or my end,  
I know not whence I sprung, or where I tend:  
Yet I will wait, and trust; nor dare presume  
To question Justice – I, a frail Mushroom!

~ *Hannah Flagg Gould* ~