

Portal
Sarah Wallis

Spinning joyful in bad weather
seven kids on a bright red and yellow
roundabout are drawing delirious

circles in the playground, they don't see
me march past, I've got to walk the eldritch
world yet, the black forest

sprawling the fat, field mushroom
flesh, all a jostle, all of a rustle, creeping
for cover, the dark forest floor, canopies open

where they umbrella themselves,
so fruitful, so many, so safety
in numbers, so, oh we're fine and plenty.

Drawn to the dance to watch the fly agarics
flounce a full toxic petticoat, like skaters, floating
double axels through air, while the ceps are sheer

delicacy, a pale bonnet cry on a young maid's
head, they describe a slow circle, form a fairy ring,
everyone holds their breath, waits to begin...