

Mycelium

Ma Yongfeng

01

I am the tremor beyond the clock's hands, seated on time's pedestal, Weary as a fungus,
Seeping into the hunger for damp, conjuring the swamp's own hymns.
Burdened plants sprawl outward, dark emotions irrigate them, black soil entombs them.

I am the miner amid the cries, the halo in the ring of algae reefs,
The union of star-born dust, the comet dragged beyond its vanishing border.
A thousand plateaus pulse, entwining Gaia's nerves, misting the air with spore-born haze.

Within the totem, quantum fungi bloom, spreading ancient *Nine Songs*, loosing braids to the wind.

I am the sleepless tremble, the mutual aid in spasm, the one beyond the wild rays,
Carving words deep into soil, into the gleaming veins of wood.

Earthworm tears, moss whispers, pulse-fed etymologies —
I am the child in song, the breath of the distiller, crafting the rhetoric that binds the plants,
And the twenty-four histories of wings, distilling the void into pure oxygen.

02

Spores drift down, mycelium spreads wide, dust blankets tangled whispers.
Within plants, cultivation and freedom surrender to disguise, to rootless tribes.
The singer of ancient odes rises, grasping the pillar, Taking the edges for order,

Symbiosis for ceremony, the river's drift for wisdom, passion's tremors
weaving the fibered layers, stirring the promise of string theory.
Pollinators wield the grammar of plants, mycelium scripts organic magnetic fields.

Fungi, formless and void of definition, sprout fruiting bodies at random,
Mending meaningless lives, resetting time unbound by time.
The empathic forest lines up its interdependent scripts, Hoarding the fervor and decay of dark, rich humus.

Rippled poems, songs of the boughs, sing the photosynthesis of inverted tales.
Children dive into the chemical chronicles of fungal realms, guided by the bee's dance,
dosed with visions,
Defying the endless branching trials, circling death-traps of recursion.

03

Time's miller stores within the earth, a thousand strands of crystalline rites.
Song and cry intertwine, as water bodies unfurl waterfalls of roots.
Hunger crouches in the gut of the mycelium, brewing shamanic trances and spectral limbs of spirit.

Even if music is buried, passion and sorrow will still root themselves deep.
Piercing stone, curling through branch and blade, like the silence before clouds learn to

bloom.

Sunlight scalds the mycelium with blazing verses; mushrooms awaken as vessels of random insight.

Tasting every herb, boiling the dew, the gatherer wavers between sacrifice and spiritual quest.

Scarcity cannot mend the self, nor can austerity unmake its nature.

Like spectra and tides, rising and falling, beyond even the usurper's reach.

The entire forest, a labyrinth of poetics, treats infection itself as a path to cultivation.

Reciting riddles knotted like bamboo joints, weaving mycelial songs that cross all species.

Leafless and self-born, branchless in spread, flowerless, fruitless — a meditation beyond organs.

September-November, 2024

菌丝体

马永峰

01

我是指针外的颤动 坐在时间的基座 疲倦如真菌
渗入对于潮湿的期待 召唤沼泽诗篇
负植物蔓延 暗情绪浇灌 黑土壤掩埋

我是鸣叫中的采掘 是环形藻礁中的光晕
星际尘埃的耦合 甚至丧失结界的彗星拖拽
千高原泵 缠绕盖娅神经 淋洒孢子植物的氤氲

图腾内的量子菌体 蔓延九歌 散开发辩
我是痉挛中的失眠和互勉 是蛮荒射线之外
深入土壤的书写 深入木材的激滟

蚯蚓泪 苔藓语 透过脉搏怂恿的训诂
我是放歌的童子 蒸馏酿造者的呼吸 营造植物之间的修辞
和翅膀的二十四史 提炼纯氧的虚无

02

孢子降落 菌丝蔓延 灰尘覆盖着交错的低语
植物内部的修炼和逍遥 交给掩饰 交给无主部落
哼唱诗经的人 抱柱上升 以边缘为顺序

以共生为礼 以流域的浮动为智 以震荡的
激情编织纤维地层 激发弦理论的承诺
授粉者挥舞着植物语法 菌丝编撰着有机磁场

菌无定形 空无定义 随机出现的子实体
修复无意义的生活 重置无时间的时间
共情森林 排列共依的书写 积攒着腐殖质的激越和溃烂

涟漪诗 枝桠歌 唱出反向叙事的光合作用
孩子深入菌落的化学史 以蜂舞为灵媒 以致幻的剂量
抵挡无限分叉的磨难 绕行致命回溯中的障碍

03

时间研磨者在地层存储着 千丝万缕的晶体仪式
歌唱和呐喊相互交错 任水体展开根系的瀑布
饥饿蹲在菌丝之胃 酝酿萨满的通灵术和精神节肢

如果试着将音乐埋葬 情动和感伤也会扎根
穿石凿井 缠枝卷草 就像云朵发芽前的沉默
阳光用炙热诗行参透菌丝 蘑菇只是随机的觉悟体

尝百草 煮露珠 采集者在祭祀和灵修中不知取舍
稀缺无法弥补自我 苦行无从淘汰自性
就像僭主也无法掌握的光谱 潮汐 起落之事

整个森林作为诗学迷宫 奉行感染即修行
背诵竹节般的推敲 编织菌丝体跨物种的行吟
无叶自生 无枝蔓延 无花无果 更是无器官的冥想

2024年9月-11月