

A Full Pane

The distance is disappearing
out of the corner of my eyes. Nothing relates
except when I make the attempt
to hold it together
with the power
of the large fungus that grows in my garden.

Not one of those suddenly appearing mush
rooms!

that rise on an autumn morning
when the earth is moist and warm

O

no. This particular fungus began
to grow a long time ago
right outside the back of the house.
It's grown so large now that
it's difficult to tell whether
it's actually growing
on the wall or whether it's
slowly shuffling off
with an autonomous life of its own.

Not quite I think: even when I prowl
among corridors
trying out the doors and feeling
on the dirt heaped up in
dusty corners for draughts
I'm always aware of its presence
out there.

Perhaps there's a slight
constriction in the wall
at least so I fancy
when the lights are down and a thin
candle dances with its shadow.
Other times I press
my palm to the tight plaster and
wonder if there isn't even a slight touch of
damp coming through.
It's beginning to get harder to see out.

The valley lies there below
In its green silken splendour. I know
the sun shines warm upon each natural surface
but day by day
as I part the curtains and slide my
eyelids open to watch,
the window grows smaller and
it almost seems—
just now when the frost
freezes obliquely
across the panes
and the fungus with grey and spotted
viridian on its rind
continues to swell hour
by hour with the slow pulse
of a heart
pressing into darkness—
it almost seems that the landscape
of the window
is about
to disappear
altogether.

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