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Decomposition

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Decomposition

Claude Blair

“Can you feel how your body lives?” The *mushroom* said
Sitting patiently out of a dead stump as the human in front of it breathes heavy, quick
Like a scared rabbit, heart beating rapidly,
Or like a threatened wolf, poised to strike

“Can you feel how your heart beats, your pulse quickens, your shoulders tense?
Can you feel the thrumming energy throughout you? Feel what you humans call being ‘alive?’
Every bit of you is operated by a smaller piece, every function comes along with tiny biomes
and bits that keep you alive
You yourself are an ecosystem, with millions of microbes and animals and plants that you
cannot see, but can feel.”

The human raises a pistol to *mushroom*, cocked and ready,
“You don’t scare me,” Says the human,
“Tell me the truth of our existence, you fungal piece of shit.”

“But I am,” says the toadstool, red and glistening as it slowly saps the nutrients from the
corpse of the tree
“The truth of everything is that the ‘you’ you value so much doesn’t exist.
You are simply an environment. Your cells are and flesh are the dirt that the flora and fauna
exist on.
You believe yourself to have great purpose, and perhaps in this unnatural, incomprehensible
society that your species has built, you do.
Perhaps you have a purpose that is beyond the understanding of the primal wilderness that
you so eagerly abandoned.
But you will never escape your true purpose. Try as you might, you are still an animal, and
still just a vessel for the wilderness that lives inside of you.
You can build, you can use your ‘sciences’, you can do all you can to escape from your
origins and your truth
But you cannot escape from the microcosms. From the fauna. From the flora.
You can never fully escape from the wilderness inside you.
Because despite all your efforts, you will eventually die.”

The toadstool cannot shy away from the threat pointed at it,
But it does not need to.

“And the wilderness within you will feast.”