

1975

# Spring Morels

Mark Halperin

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Halperin, Mark. "Spring Morels." *The Iowa Review* 6.3 (1975): 59-59. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1915>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

for bark chips!  
Then we both laughed.

I don't think she ever did  
any tree chewing though.  
I didn't ask her.

*Translated by Howard Norman*

---

POETRY / HALPERIN, BELL

---

Spring Morels / Mark Halperin

The light stripes, flecked with a red  
like the cheekplates, longed to fill  
the nearest hole. Tendril  
and tongue—what swayed was a stalk  
and flowerhead, a snakehead  
and flowing, a slip of scales, muscle  
laying itself over itself in coils.

I stood in myself and kept quiet.  
I inched back, making room  
as it wound around a stone,  
curves sharper, as it brushed  
a stick and seemed to announce: this visit  
is over, thinner, half memory, lost  
in the distance, when I noticed the first,

the last thing its tail had flicked then  
left, a spring morel, one  
mushroom in a field of mushrooms.

On the mornings I come  
to scatter last year's leaves and pick them  
I wonder how I missed them in the past,  
knowing, in the night light, they can't last.

The Wild Cherry Tree Out Back /  
Marvin Bell

The leaves are kites.  
What are their goals?