

## *Quantum Theory of Moss*

The world's slowest moving magic carpet,  
knitting the years across the sodden ground.  
A velvet pole star, frizzled, fallen, rootbound.  
The green man's goatee, overgrown and matted.  
A secret diary of the damp, the dark,  
its tangled thoughts an urgent scribbled mess.  
A concrete car-park's favourite summer dress,  
flock wallpaper adorning knotty bark.  
Disheveled grass. A mop to blot the dew.  
Entwined necklaces strung with emerald beads,  
a glass of chartreuse drunk amid the weeds,  
spring-soft mattress and morning after hairdo.  
The songs of home, holding stones in place.  
Waves of reflected leaf-light, moving at snail's pace.