

Mycelium

For Chiune Sugihara

Given the few hearts left, handing him Hillel's words;
The mushrooms were to be expunged, but they were too nutritious for that.

His masters; he asked for permission,
To write, To sign, To stamp.

But they heard how some have poison, the burden they seemed to be,
And recommended him, of richer, satisfactory growths.

Fungi, he thought, is just as natural, after all, it is vital for the forest.
So he ignored his masters, and the fungicides he met.

And remembered, unlike others, how to think with his pen.
So all night he wrote, he signed, he stamped, the *Visas for life*.

A risk worth taking, for mushrooms spread
Strong and resilient, and will let him rest with content.

Why? he thought, Must masters reject whom they master;
Like the fatherland losing its children.
But there's always one who rings the alarm.

He never forgot my mushroom troop, Their stems, Their caps.
He wrote, on boxes, instructions for their refuge.

He risked his job, his life he built to help the fungi survive,
Securing his righteousness.

They put him on a train, Content with being menial,
Bid adieu from those he liberated,
Safe now, with their families, unlike temporarily, lightly, his.

And so now I live; A mushroom, with my thriving cluster,
With Sugihara and Hillel's words with me,
Living amongst the thousands he saved.