

## 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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