

The Wood Wide Web

Deep in shadow, beneath the fruitful lands,
Lurks I in the darkness, the black and beautiful sands.
I am the connector, uniter of the woods,
I am the giver, and the transfer of goods.

All information passes through me,
The doings of all, is all that I see.
A complex of fungi under the ground,
A Queen of knowledge with a kingdom unbound.

My thread-like fingers wrap around roots,
Tendrils spread to others, now my recruits.
Sugars are bestowed to me by my workforce,
So they are rewarded with nutrients, a plentiful source.

I'll tell you my name, Mycelium, that's me.
But I beg you tread carefully. Once you've joined you'll never be free.
Like my distant cousin, I too can be hacked.
Poison is spread, resources ransacked.

With all of the plants, I have made a pact,
The practise of which is a delicate craft.
When a member is attacked a chemical is released,
A warning that defences ought be increased.

The world is dangerous but I can protect you,
In a myriad of lies, that, I promise is true.
I am so beautifully crafted, like a sparkling web,
So I welcome you to the wood, wide web.