

Mulberries

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [September 2022](#) issue

Flies swarm
over mulberries
 mashed on the road,
purple pulp fermenting
 in the heat beneath the tree's
heavy shadow.

Rorschach blots.

What else do the seething stains
 summon? What bird
or bat might descend
 for the seeds? What doe
or fox might approach
 to lick the macadam?
Does it matter who gets fed
 & why?

Is there a God
 if it's a butterfly?
Is the very idea of him, or her,
 dead in its tracks
if it's a wolf
 who, dissatisfied
with meatless juice, turns
 toward the doe?