

## 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?