

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?