

KATHLEEN MA



Mulberry fields the sea and back
in X PUBLICATION

Mulberry fields the sea and back



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The exit is near a mulberry field.
Through that cracked open door,
fetus-wide.
I take my great traitorous head &
we go
nowhere fast. Days that squat

between years. I don' t look at
the flies by
the window, birthed out of hol-
lowed ginger,
larvae snug and parallel to earth.
An atom erupts:

mountains sag out of the sea, to
roll
over salt and powdered bone.
10,000 beings are
born of me. Without warning and
to avoid exit, I become
the mulberry field.

when fish is
clicked, drop
down text roll
out box



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Kathleen Ma is a writer, translator and artist.

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