

Molly McQuade

Congregating

Tomatoes were made for this: a loud, fierce sucking.
Word gets around. Whiteflies
come drubbing.
They're beating on pulp with ashy-flaked feelers
sneaking blood
and fruit slops them silly
with dunked hallelujahs.
There's a scandal deep down
where seeds swirl golden
as larvae
—it's an opera, no keeping
of aria for next time.
And no sermon.
Weed fields are flighty. Tomatoes are rotting.
Glom on.
In voices thin as children's, they scream *savior*
and squeeze red rainbow.