

1972

# Saguaro

Ruth Stone

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Love was touch and unity.  
Parting and joining. The Trinity  
Was flesh, the mind and the will to be.  
The world grew through me like a tree.

Flesh was the citadel. But Rome  
Was right as rain. From my humble home  
I walked to the scaffold of pain, and the dome  
Of heaven wept for her sensual son  
Whom the Romans slew.

Was it I who was old when you hung, my Jew?  
I shuffled and snuffled and whined for you.  
And the child climbed up where the dead tree grew  
And slowly died while she wept for you.

The *goyim* wept for the beautiful Jew.

*Ruth Stone*

#### S A G U A R O

Buttoned up, nailed, exactly riveted ribs  
Coming together at the top of the idiot head  
With a bloom and pale shock of what might be hair.  
Don't endanger yourself, but feel that green skin.  
They're so human. The stubs at the ends  
Of those beseeching arms with little fruits  
Like maimed fingers. And the high whistle  
Air makes rushing up those spines. You feel  
That presently when they have grown more arms  
They will be useful. Do something. March in file.  
*Ruth Stone*

#### T H E P E R I P H E R Y

You are not wanted  
I said to the older body  
Who was listening near the cupboards.  
But outside on the porch  
They were all eating.  
The body dared not  
Put its fingers in its mouth.  
Behave, I whispered.  
You have a wart on your cheek  
And everyone knows you drink.  
But that's all right, I relented,