

Saguaro Poem

by Mark Waldrop

I thought I would write a poem
About a saguaro trying to please God
The saguaro would spend a hundred years
Growing an arm and offering flowers in its fist —
God barely notices.
The saguaro flowers a crown for God.
More arms.
God then loses his patience with the saguaro
And strikes it dead as fuck with lightening
Zap.
But then I began to hate the poem
And the saguaro, and
I could see why God could care less.

