

# 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 lightning  
Zap.  
But then I began to hate the poem  
And the saguaro, and  
I could see why God could care less.

