

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,