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The Dogwood

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The Dogwood

God cursed that tree,
the dogwood, stooped and crabbed,
that once grew tall on blessed hills.
Roman or Jew or slave, oh, anyone,
driven randomly to this and only this
election, axed and hacked that innocence
to one and only one rude measure.
The wood bled sap like water. Scurrilous the God
condemns the bidden lamb to slaughter.
Damn, too, the player. Yet
in this and every spring's cold passion,
the dogwood crowns its naked limbs with alb-white bracts,
taking the same fierce pride in its damnation
saints do in their martyrdom.

About Rick Rohdenburg

Rick Rohdenburg lives in Atlanta, Georgia with his wife and a racing of greyhounds. He works as a systems analyst.