

Oh Com

Kitty J. Cox

Oh Com,

When Lincoln asked if the Confederate's vessel could be stopped,
you named the Vanderbilt,
its bow a promise of ruin,
its weight a measure no rebel could bear.

The ironclad rose once,
a warning to the South,
guns trembling at your bow.

Now, oh Com, your legacy lives
in polished steps and donor whispers,
in policies that favor gold over justice,
and the pride of rebels
is again measured
in the quiet exclusion of the free.