

Casting wafers

by [Kemmer Anderson](#) in the [April 6, 2010](#) issue

In the back ward of the Alzheimer unit,
I prepare a table for communion
and drop two wafers on the silver plate
with a quick hand motion—a throw.

Dropping on the tray, two dice
tossed below the foot of the cross
stare back at me with their white face
uncubed, flat, and circled.

A shiver shoots through my spine:
we are soldiers still casting lots
for Jesus' robe. I stare at the snake eyes
and wonder what I have won.

Two signatures: the sign of white crosses
stamped, nailed an imprinted metaphor
of bread stumbled through my eyes:
the body of Christ passes over my tongue.