

THE WORDS OF SAINT PETER
FROM HIS THRONE IN THE
VATICAN

Carma de Jong Anderson*



Seat me on a plank of wood
That bends and creaks with muscled weight—
Not palace marble, cold, immovable,
For I would *move*
The feet of Galileans
And all the world of Gentiles
To a holier ground!
Give me the roughened wood
From licking waters
And the stains of storms
That roil the fishes and color my nets
With every hue of Israel.
My metal is not bronze
In polished greens,
But iron for the strength of ships,
The ferrous blacks and oranges
Of fiery souls!
My keys and crowns are neither
Bronze nor iron of this earth,
But gifted me of God.

*Mrs. Richard L. Anderson is a wife, mother, painter, and dramatist in Provo.