

# 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.