

# St. Peter's Basilica

*by J. L. Symonds Patel*

The great arches stretch above carved rock to pull in the sun,  
Grey gold glistening in light showing overshadowed beauty.  
How can you look at it all and not stand in dazed awe.  
The flowing flesh of cold stone able to move stone-cold hearts.

But in each glazed face lies a glimpse of sadness.  
Since we often look in wonder at that fine marble,  
as the show and gaze of the time, yet no more.

After a second glance it's hard to ignore  
the likely fate of this smallest state. If taken by mistake,  
these statues will be seen for the sake of stature,  
And will stand only as tall as the sand they make.

In the end that art we stare at was given a duty to fulfill.  
So if we care, we will let those frozen hands  
Carve us through our open eyes.

Frankly, it's all too easy to let stone die.  
So here our duty is given to keep it alive.  
For the images we see in solid rock  
Are only secondary to their flesh and blood.