

Exercising the Priesthood

Derk Michael Koldewyn

A Wednesday evening
down in the back
of the chapel, we played
King of the Mountain on the
steep soft slope; sliding
stifflegged into each other,
legs all a tangle, staining our
jeans a dark forest green.

Then Ken slid hard into Mike,
his brother, who hit him back,
hard. They tumbled downhill,
flailing, shouting,
till Rich broke it up.

They sat there, shouting, shoving,
when I got up to go home.
And, walking away, silent
anger and fear in my stomach,
I thought of our deacon's quorum
the Sunday before, our teacher
showing us our duties in the scriptures.

"Do you know," he said,
"that you have the power
to command angels?" I didn't
but now I did, and so I walked
around the rock face of the chapel,
and knelt

fervent and unseen.