



Art Eyes Science

Salvaged Stone

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(John 21)

Paul Arveson

By palm trees swaying
In balmy breezes,
With spineless, pineless
Coldless sneezes,
Seven missing, fishing,
Wishing, sorry sailors
Seated in the sea.

By sandy smoky
Campy beachfire,
Whiteclothed one-man,
Beard and sandal
(Bruise and scandal)
Waving sadly.

In the seaboat
Saw the sailors
One-man waving
(Seashore waving).
Immersed boldly,
Swimming strongly
Cephas shoreward.

Fishes sizzling,
Smoking skyward,
Sandy barefoot
Spikewounds sealed!
Standing—handing,
His healed handholes
Served the sailors fish.

These healed handholes
Held the sins
Of seven sailors
With iron pins.
Then the Servant
Said in the breeze,
“Do you love me
More than these?”

Paul Arveson has a B.S. in physics and an M.S. in computer systems management. He has served as a physicist in the Navy, a web developer for NASDAQ, a technology architect in the Office of Science, and is now a strategic planning consultant. His wife Kathy is a pastoral counselor, and he has two daughters: one is a nurse and the other just received her BA (cum laude). Paul joined ASA in 1974.