

Blind in Saint Peter's

The blind man comes to see the Vatican. His eyes roll in their sockets over the flight of stairs, still united in their reason for not being. He enters the temple: they float from pope's tomb to pope's tomb, now separated from their useless center, and hear, without reading it, the word *cupola*.

And, uselessly, they don't get lost. Everything is made of invisible substances. The marbles and the columns are too tactile. The gold and the wood advance in vain. And the eyes of the blind man bolt: they touch scrolls and cornices, they slide across the altars, abacuses, cavities, cross-sleeves, arches, and great pommels.

And, finally, they fall at the feet of the gilded glory. Despairing of the answer.

-translated from the Spanish of Ángel Crespo by Steven J. Stewart