

To Teresa of Avila

If my feet touch the ground,
does my head touch the sky?
Where do high and low begin
and end, and how far do they go?
What is illuminated by darkness,
and what is obscured by light?

If God is in my soup,
and life is in the crypt,
then where, mother Teresa,
are truth and falsehood?

Closing my eyes I read
your drunken words,
and in the darkness I see
the doors to your mansions.

To enter into your rooms
without ceilings or floors
a god lends me some wings.
But not the god of heaven.

—Translated from the Spanish of Ángel Crespo by Steven J. Stewart