

Poems presented in Class 2

A Prayer of Saint Teresa

*Nada te turbe,
nada te espante,
todo se pasa;
Dios no se muda.
La paciencia
todo lo alcanza;
Quien a Dios tiene,
nada le falta;
Solo Dios basta.*

Let nothing disturb you,
Let nothing frighten you,
All things are passing away:
God never changes.
Patience obtains all things
Whoever has God lacks nothing;
God alone suffices.

“Shepherd, hark,” by Teresa of Avila

translation by Arthur Symons

*Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are and the day is dawning.
What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come Bras, now the day is here.
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd hark that calling!
Angels they are and the day is dawning.
O, is this the Alcade's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?
She is daughter of God the Father,
And she shines like a star.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are and the day is dawning.*

The First Vilancio (excerpt), by Sor Juana Inés

translation by Alan S. Trueblood

Since Love is shivering
in the ice and cold,
since hoarfrost and snow
have ringed him round,
who will come to his aid?

Water!

Earth!

Air!

No, Fire will!

Since the Child is assailed
by pains and ills
and has no breath left
to face his woes,
who will come to his aid?

Fire!

Earth!

Water!

No, but Air will!

Since the loving Child
is burning hot,
that he breathes a volcanic
deluge of flame,
who will come to his aid?

Air!

Fire!

Earth!

No, Water will!

Since today the Child
leaves heaven for earth
and finds nowhere to rest
his head in this world,
who will come to his aid?

Water!

Fire!

Air!

No, but Earth will!

Sonnet, by Sor Juana Inés

Love opened a mortal wound.
In agony, I worked the blade
to make it deeper. Please,
I begged, let death come quick.

Wild, distracted, sick,
I counted, counted
all the ways love hurt me.
One life, I thought—a thousand deaths.

Blow after blow, my heart
couldn't survive this beating.
Then—how can I explain it?

I came to my senses. I said,
Why do I suffer? What lover
ever had so much pleasure?

The First Dream (excerpt), by Sor Juana Inés

adaptation by Peter M. Krask

Last night . . . my first dream . . .
I looked out from my high window,
And saw endless red ears of wheat.
There were no walls or boundaries,
Only fields empty of defeat.
I saw a man formed out of corn.
His body was dripping with blood.
And in his hands, so perfectly formed,
Were hyacinths and the sun.
And on his back, and on his hair,
He wore a cloth woven in waves of air.
I looked out and I could see,
This infinite wheaten tapestry.
I wanted to go to live in this place;
To leap from my window,
And fall into grace.
To leap and fall.