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Homage to José Martí

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The Spanish bishop covets
pillars for his altar:
in my church, on the hill,
elm is altar.

Floor is fern,
walls birch,
the light comes down
from the blue ceiling.

At night the bishop
goes out to sing;
he rides, in silence,
on a pine-kernel.

I sleep sound
on a stone bed;
a bee grazes my lips,
and in my body the world grows.

Tell the blind bishop,
the old bishop of Spain,
to come to my church
on the hill.

Homenaje a José Martí

El obispo español codicia
pilares para su altar:
en mi iglesia, sobre la colina,
el olmo es altar.

El suelo es helecho,
las paredes abedul,
la luz desciende
del cielorraso azul.

Por la noche el obispo
sale a cantar;
monta, en silencio,
sobre un piñón.

Yo duermo profundamente
sobre una cama de piedra;
una abeja me roza los labios,
y en mi cuerpo el mundo crece.

Dile al ciego obispo,
al viejo obispo de España,
que venga a mi iglesia
sobre la colina.