

1976

# Translation of an Unwritten Spanish Poem: Santa Clara

Steven Goldsberry

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Goldsberry, Steven. "Translation of an Unwritten Spanish Poem: Santa Clara." *The Iowa Review* 7.4 (1976): 57-58. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2100>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

These are the numbers  
of the sleepless, rising  
in the power  
of their true names:

In the name of crowbar  
which is 1.  
In the name of broken back  
which is 2.

This is the penis  
that lugs and sweats like a horse.  
These are hands  
in their crust of dead lights.

Let the sun and moon go,  
the black roof,  
the seams of the earth  
gathering water.

This is the animal  
that grew tired and slept.  
These are words  
left out in the rain.

## Translation of an Unwritten Spanish Poem / Steven Goldsberry

*Santa Clara*

Hail Mary, this is not my body,  
full of grace, but another drunken  
fisherman on his way home,  
trying to genuflect before the  
cathedral doorway, before the other  
drunken fishermen.

In the cathedral  
there is a smell  
of oranges  
and the bad cigarettes  
the old fruit vendors smoke.

This troubles my soul  
for it is not  
a religious smell.

My soul is the clear glass  
of the flask, my body is  
the wine. It has never been  
the other way around.

Sitting in a brown pew  
a slender woman weeps,  
and her body is in her tears.  
She catches her tears  
carefully; she is crying  
into her open hands.

The rectory is upstairs.  
Its white wall crumbles like chalk.  
The paintings are really windows  
of clear, thin glass.

There are certain acts, once done,  
that make you a prophet.  
I have no way of knowing  
what they are.

## The Dream of Execution / Henry Carlile

At dawn they led a man out and tied him to a stake.  
They were going to shoot him and leave him there.  
There was nothing anyone could do about it.  
The commanding officer stood smoking a cigarette  
while the firing squad composed mostly of conscripts