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Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz

Pauline Cook

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SONNET

Feliciano loves me constantly;
Lisardo hates me, who his name adore.
For the indifferent one my tears will pour.
I have no taste for him who weeps for me.
To those who tarnish most I give my soul;
The would-be worshippers I but despise.
I scorn the man who would my honor prize,
And favor him who goes away heart-whole.
If I reproach myself with slighting one,
The other takes offense at my misdeed.
Between the two I finally am undone.
They vex me with a torment cruel indeed,
The one in asking that of which I've none,
The other lacking that for which I plead.

Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz
Translated by Pauline Cook

THE CALL

Those who know that they know not,
The equally bewildered,
The voice parrots in a cage
Speaking for the word
By a word that will do.

I am, and you,
With unneighbored house,
With scattering children,
With peopled prejudice,
Possessed of the illness, not the cure,
The malady visited upon all.

And when the day,
It is not far off,
Comes,
That the flow in me shall cease away,
Winds blow over me like sand,